THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.



the dancer L'Acadienne. VII-

Madeleine is discovered by Gil-

bert, and they tell each other of

hapter

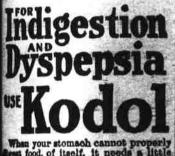
Repairing. HADLEY & LOY is betrothed to M. Raoul de Valette. VI .- Steele is antagon-GRAAAM, N. C.

FOR

VOL. XXXVI.

NCK HEADACHE,

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6

"All of you perhaps," she returned. "Because we have not found Mile. Madeleine?" in love with each other-love at "Perhaps because you search only in first sight. But she tells him she the woods for her."

He asked slowly: "Where do you think we should look ized by Madeleine's father and, for her?"

believing the girl lost to him, goes She answered deliberately: to war with Jackson's troops, "Nowhere where you are, M'sleur

joining Wolf's sharpshooters. Madeleine flees from her home ta Raoul. "Then." he said musingly, "you do not think that she is lost." escape Raoul and to join Gilbert "Oh, maybe." Steele, and in the forest she meets

"ALL I MAY DO IS TO PBAY THAT MY BROTHER HAS FOUND HER."

"You mean because she wishes to their love for one anoher. The be lost?"

young girl insists on remaining "Who can tell?" with her love. VIII-Gilbert "That is, she hides."

carries her to a plantation house "Who knows?" He said, with a half smile:

"I find the idea singularly unflattering to myself." He turned to find himself face to face with Father O'Mara, tired of face, with broad shoulders bowed a little. "You bring good news, I trust, sir?"

inquired Raoul. O'Mara shook his head.

"None," he said, and then: "M. de Valette is coming back. I persuaded HERE was despair at Valette, him. If he does not rest- Not a despair profound. A night had (word, not a trace, of her anywhere. At come and gone, and now it any other time we could have had all was morning, and still she the neighborhood to help us. But the REE TRIP to, the had not been found. Leagues they had young men marched tast the rest won't assist-not out of heart-the rest won't assist-not out of heart-lessness. There's come a rumor that ACIFIC COAST through road and forest path-a father grim eyed, grim jawed: a priest with General Jackson fought a great battle ARE YOU ONE Little old man who could do nothing but play the organ. And the bride-

voice low and tense, "you speak of a he said slowly: demoiselle De Valette. I could forget that you are my cousin. I cannot forhaven't. But he"-be indicated the get that you are a guest in my house." young recruit with a little jerk of his He turned on his heel and left him, and Father O'Mara followed. head-"he bas." Raoul de Valette watched them go. De Valette turned sharply to Craw He smilled a little, flickering from silkley. And then it was that there came en hose with cambric handkerchief an imaginery bit of dust. The sound of among them Madeleine. She came a singing came to him. It was a voice wan little figure, golden hair, in which that he knew. He listened to the the sunbeams dwelt, disheveled, white dress draggled, torn. She came slowwords: ly and with infinite weariness, yet

"l'ete de nuit est le tempe le plus. Pour lesciseaux amants qui cherchant le repose. Le coucou a vole le nid de l'orior. Pauvre p'tit marii Pauvre l'oriot!"

He repeated the words, translating: "In summer at night the mating is best. At twilight they're winging their way home to rest. nome to rest. The cuckoo has stolen the oriole's nest. Poor little husband! Poor oriole!''

And then she came following her

oug. She saw him; she stopped; the mocking smile was on her lips. He said sterniv "I told you to go!" She returned with great pretense of

sympathy-of concern: "Ah, my Raoul! Could I leave you alone, unprotected, among these people! They might fool you. They might marry you, after all, to that little one who yesterday was a child!" "What do you know of her?" he denanded swiftly.

She laughed wildly, "M'sieur Raoul de Valette is guite an old gentleman!" she cried "Oulte an old gentleman?" Her mirth rang loud. "If M. de Valette hears that you know anything of his daughter." he said through his teeth, "he'll not stop at half measures to get it out of you." Again she laughed, this time scornfully.

"Half measures!" she repeated. They are not needed. I came to tell. Only I stop to observe that M. Raoul is not half so young and not nearly so pretty as"-"As whom?" he demanded violently.

She looked at him over one rounded shoulder tantalizingly "As-shall we say M'sleur Glibert Steele?

"That boy who found her asleep yesterday!" Yet

again she laugh swiftly. him!" He stood for a moment in silence. Then he said slowly. harshly:

LAST NIGHT! THAT "Last night!

yet her heart was light. "Father!" she cried. And again "Father!" arms-clasping her to him. "My daughter!" he said. Ills voice broke a little. "You've come back to US. "I'm so very tire !," she sighed. "I've

come so far." Her e es fell on M. Raoul de Valette stat ding there look-

"I said I had no explanation. I

with great gladness, too, for, though

the way had been long and very hard,



He turned to her, taking her in his

Gilbert!" She turned swiftiy to the priest. "Father, you said he was the God of love. Perhaps if I pray to him Gilbert will come back, just as love

Absolutely

COMPLETE INCO

UTEN

Pure

Her voice fell suddenly. It was al most a whisper.

"But Gilbert cannot come back! He can never come back-never, never! They were all killed! And Gilbert is dead! His soul is lost too! Gilbert! Gilbert!"

English Names For Towns. Many names of towns in England have been appropriated for a similar use in this country. These names frequently indicate in themselves the origin of the towns. For instance, names ending in "chester" or "cester" or "caster," such as Dorchester, Worcester and Laucaster, undoubtedly apply to sites of old military settlements or camps, and the termination is derived from "castra," the Latin word for

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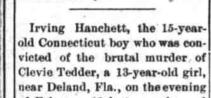
dient, the active principle, to

camp. If the name of a place ends in "coln." like Lincoln, then it, too, is of Roman origin, because the Latin word for colony is colonia. When the syllrble "by" ends the word, like Rugb; we then know that the Dunes are responsible for the name, for the Danish word for town is by.

The Head of All. of the grand staircase in a certain cleanser and regulator. The English episcopal palace. The bishop heard of the incident and sent for the offender. The boy dragged his lagging feet into the library and stood quak-

ing in the lordly presence. "Well, sir," said the bishop in his most imposing manner, "this palace is no place for your nonsense. You know that, don't you? Who is it that is it this house nlways, in every part of it, who sees everything, hears everything,

punishes all ill doing?" "The missus, my lord," replied the page, quivering, yet not without a twinkle in his eye.



the session of the Western North Carolina Conference which meets in Winston-Salem November 16. Bishop Atkins, of this State, is assigned to hold Conference in New Mexico and Texas and Bishop Kilgo is assigned to Kentucky, Alabama and Florida. Kline, crouble is particularly

to be dreaded because its pres is not asually discovered until it has assumed one of its worst forms — diabetes, dropsy, or Bright's disease. If you suspect that your kidneys are affected, by A merry little page was caught in the act of sliding down the banisters Mountain Tea-the great systemic son Drug Co.

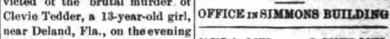
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ENDS IT."

"He has awak ened her!" She continued in altered tones "She came looking for him in the woods. She had forgotten you. He had to go after the soldiers, and she went after

"You were with Gilbert Steele, wer you not?" De Valette started. "With Gilbert Steele?" he repeate And again, "With Gilbert Steele?"

back? Is the battle over?"

He answered slowly:

"You!" she cried.

She nodded lightly. "Why, yes," she said. "But Gilber had to go on."

She did not see her father's look She went on lightly, easily, explaining: "You see, it was just as M'sleur Raoul said. It comes all in one second.

ber. She rove, courtseying

"Ah, M'sieur Raoul," she said a little

shyly, "I-I'm afreid I can't marry

you-now. I-you see, it was just as

you said. One clings to another in

spite of fear or shame or"- Weary

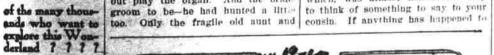
eyes fell upon the shock haired young

the soldiers! Why have you come

"You were with

recruit. Weary eyes grew round.

came"-





WE GO TO PRAY FOR ONE WHO WAS LOVED, BUT IS NO MORE."

the bent old servant had remained where had once been the splendor of Valette, the one too delicate, the other

you are not the NEWS AN It was moraing again. Lemaitre had come from the woods Lemaitre, who played the organ in EXVER is. Subscribe for it at and it will keep you abreast the chapel. Aunt Marguerite saw him All the news find the parter of the gate. She was wait-All the news-foreign, do-

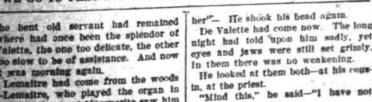
swered the look of eyes, shaking his bead. Bhe cried softly:

"My poor brother?" "Come, ma'm'selle," said Louise; one must not give up hope that she aily News and Observer \$7. rar, 3.50 for 6 mos. Tekly North Carolinian \$1 has been safe all the time." "Safe!" exclaimed Mile, de Valette. Little Madeleine alone in the foresti r, 50c for 6 mos.

S& OBSERVER PUR. CO. And all I may do is to pray that my brother has found her?" Louise shrugged her bent shoulders. "That cold blooded M. Raoul there RALEIGH, N. C.

North Carolinian and Tars ANCE GLEANER will be sent in advance. Apply at THE I think if one sort of bridegroomi Assessment of the search is one sort of misfortune has it think if one sort of misfortune has it think if one sort of misfortune.

everyboby owns an airby 'one sort of misfortune?' won't have any need for ill then it is better policy ue the split-log drag and laime has been lost. Hal If she had wished to be found, abe would have tew thousand now and whiched to be found, and without telling anythody. I have though to myself: "Why did she do that? Was it beto build permanent high-



given up." Raoul said slowly:

"If I may suggest, isn't there just a possibility- Could it be that you

seek in the wrong direction?" "She was seen to enter the woods." returned De Valette.

"But," persisted Raoul, "suppose she berself had not wished to be seen. It is a test to my modesty, but I am

willing to admit that Mile. de Valette may not have been captivated by the alliance you proposed to her." "That is unthinkable, sir!" cried De

Valette, "Her obedience is unquestioned." "Obedience," repeated Raoul. "Tes,

be does not need any one to pray be him! Bee him! How calmiy he perhaps. But the circumstances are on the porch yonder! He gave peculiar, even significant. I am preup the search pretty early, ch? Ab. that is one sort of bridegroomi And sented to her as her betrothed. Then she vanished. Her motive? I argue a previous fancy."

"Be more definite," commanded De "One sort of misfortune," repeated Valette Mile, de Valette. "What do you mean

"But what is more natural," inelated Raoul, with a light shrug of his shoul-"I have my ideas," replied old outse sagety. "Now it is more than wenty-four hours that Mile. Made ders. "than that a young lady, in her chase for butterflies, perhaps, may meet a youth to her inclination"-He stopped. De Valette had come door to him and was looking at him with his grim eres. "M Racul de Valette," he said,

ALL DE LE CONTRACTOR Chapter

"That ends it."

walting, Raot O L'Acadlenne, 10 turned.

"Go," he commanded. She moved slowly away in

dejected manner. "Yes, M'sleur Raoul, 1 will go." she "Perhaps some day you will"said. She started, with a little cry. She called suddenly: "Crawley! Dick Crawley! Come here! I want you!" She turned again to Raoul, who was still unbending. "There is one who marched in Captain Wolf's company. Ask him if there

was a young lady with the lad Gilbert Steele. Crawley was beside them now, be draggled, with the heavy dust thick upon face and shoes and clothing. "You called me?" he muttered, and then: "I carry bad news. What is it

you want?" L'Acadienne said slowly: "You and Gilbert Steele both were

with Captain Wolf's company?" He nodded. "Yes," he replied. There was a young lady with Gilbert Steele?"

He thought for a moment, then h said: "Yes; I remember." "She was fair," persisted L'Acadienne, "of slight figure-very young?" "Yes; I think so. I don't quite re

member. It was at the"-He stopped. There had come to their ears the sound of volces-De Valette's voice and Father O'Mara's, O'Mara. good man of God and of men, was protesting. "Now, now, sir," he was saying.

"you're in no condition to go out again You must rest." They came through the gateway

from the bouse. De Valette answered adly: "Rest! How can I rest?" His eyes

fell upon the little group of three, ey ing them closely. "Who is this boy?" he demanded: then quickly: "You have news of my daughter? She has been found-burt Why don't you tell me? perhaps? Speak!" Raoul de Valette said slowly: "I know nothing of your daughter-nothing except"- He stopped. De

Valette cried, impatient: "Except what?" "Except." went on Baoul evening "that she left the house imm after being betrothed to me." He pausel. In a different tone he co "My consin. I am obliged to declin the hand of Mille, de Valette."

De Valette's brows contracted. His eyes grew narrow. His voice 12.23

"Are you aware," he demand "that such a statement must have an Raoul shrugged his shoulders "Explanation." he repeated, "She saw me and went away. That is quite

flicient for me.' But for you added. He did not finish. I

And it did to us. The very n I saw Gilbert- You mustn't be angry, father. You mustn't punish me for something I couldn't help. Gilbert had to go. But as soon as he conquers the British he's coming back for me, and then"-

She glanced up at last. She say his face and the look thereon. It did not need his word to check her speech. "I thought you were only lost," he said slowly, very slowly, and his voice

was low and clear and cold. "But, father," she protested, fearing now a little, "you don't understand! Gilbert is coming back for me! M'sieur Raoul is not angry. See? He forgives me, don't you, m'sleur? He"- She paused helpless; further words she

could not find. It was then that Crawley started to go, but a word from the priest checked him. The boy protested. "But I must hurry to the village," he

asserted doggedly. "I carry bad Madeleine's eyes grew wide with fear.

"Not of the soldiers!" she cried. "Not of"-"The English have beaten us," he declared. "It was a massacre.

"But Gilbert!" Her voice was almo "They put us out in front-right up

to the British guns," the boy continued. "They were all killed." For a moment she was silent, helpless in the horror of it all. Then her

voice rose shrilly. "Not Gilberti Ah, Godi Not Gilbert! At length she heard, as from a great

distance, the voice of her father. "Gilbert Steele has paid the penalty in death." it said. "Another shall pay it in the living. Sister, we go to the chapel to pray for Madeleine, who was a De Valette. There is a duty to perform-the custom of our house. Louise, the candles." Then she heard her own

Scarcely did she know it. "The candles!" it cried. "The chape What can it sli mean? There is no

"I MURT HURRY TO THE VILLAGE.

one dead here! Father-Aunt Marguerite-Louise"-The roice of M. de Valette said sic

17: to pray for one loved, but is no more." The priest came forward. He clasp ed in his arms the frail, frightened lit-

tie body that held the frail, frightened little soul. He cried: "Stop! You say you pray. To whom ?"

"To God," replied De Valette ster "You put your bellef in a God so

warped in your own false traditions that he would help you avenge a griev-ance of family pride?"

The priest was as stern as the m "Remember," he went on, "that the

great God is the God of love. Pray, but pray to him?" Madelsine had turned from him ere

he finished. She spoke swiftly, wildly. "He said for me to prhy-to pray for the lost soul of Madeleine! He took the candles for the altar! Aunt Mar-guerite would not speak to me, nor Louise! Gilbert!" she crisd. "No, no, no! A magazers-all killed-but not



She swayed a little, clasping he hands over white brows, twining her angers in the sun kissed masses of her hair. She swayed again and turned genuine is in a yellow package. slowly. Remember the name, Foley's "Where are you going?"

It was Father O'Mara who spoke. Honey and Tar and refuse substi-"To pray," she said dazedly-"to pray tutes. Sold by all druggists. for two lost souls. It was in the forest Raleig' aldermen recently inthat I found him. It was there I left, him-it was there we lost our souls reased the tax on druggists sell-You must not stop me! Forhaps he is ing liquor from \$125 to \$500 per waiting there-his soul-and mine, that was lost with his." Her eyes were set annum. The druggists refused to now-staring eyes that were not hers pay the tax and the tax was re-Her voice rose shrilly. duced to the former figure.

"Pray for the lost soul of Madeleine de Valette!" she wailed. If your Stomach, Heart, or

She sank to her knees, clutching the Kidneys are weak, try at least, a skirt of the priest's garment. "Come!" she cried feverishly. "We'll prayyou and L" Then swiftly she rose again.

"But Gilbert is dead!" she cried. The little, frail figure rose straight. rigid, tense. The slender white arms went forth, and then, with another wild, piercing cry, she darted from among them and was gone-gone into the depths of the dark woods.



[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jall's Effect on the Figure

aething always happens to man's shape if he stays in jail long enough," said a warden in Brookiyn. "Sometimes that change in former in "Sometimes that change in figure is due to putting off or taking on flesh, dealers.

leaves jail weighing to the very ounce what he weighed when he went in his

man's figure seems to swell out her and shrink away there, to become elongated or sawed off during imprismment. The clothes that he wore into jail may be first class as to quality and fit, but when the man gets rendy

for freedom they have a regular jail set, and he can never feel right till e gets a new suit."-New York Globe.

Virtue and Knowledge.

Virtue is an angel, but she is blind one and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sh or under the banners of righteo ready to forge cannon balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a corsalr's vessel or a missionary ship.-Horace Mann.

of February 12 last, was hanged LONG & LONG, at Deland Friday. Attomeys and Counselors at Law

Watch for the Comet.

Mr. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury,

for 24 years chairman of the Dem-

ocratic executive committee of

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part of the State, died Thursday

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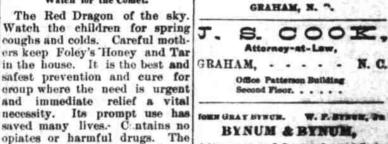
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