

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO 16.

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SPRINGTIME

Novelized by Porter Emerson Browne From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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CHAPTER I—M. de Valette dwells on his plantation in Louisiana during the period of Andrew Jackson's military career, 1815. The servants procure candles to burn before the coffin of a dead slave. II—Raoul middle aged cousin of M. de Valette, comes to meet the beautiful 17-year-old daughter, Madeleine de Valette, who has been pledged to him in marriage by De Valette. III—A dancing girl, D'Audience, appears and is revealed as a former sweetheart of Raoul, whom he has discarded. IV—Madeleine meets M. Raoul for the first time and describes him as "a quiet and old gentleman." V—Madeleine meets Gilbert Steele, a dashing young American, and they fall deeply in love with each other love at first sight. But she tells him she is betrothed to M. Raoul de Valette. VI—Steele is antagonized by Madeleine's father and, believing the girl lost to him, goes to war with Jackson's troops, joining Wolf's sharpshooters. Madeleine flees from her home to escape Raoul and to join Gilbert Steele, and in the forest she meets the dancer L'Acadienne. VII—Madeleine is discovered by Gilbert, and they tell each other of their love for one another. The young girl insists on remaining with her love. VIII—Gilbert carries her to a plantation house where she can walk no more, where she spends the night. He rejoins the army. IX—A battle occurs. Gilbert takes part gallantly in a charge against the British and is struck down beside a cannon. X—Raoul, in search of Madeleine, meets L'Acadienne, who tells him that the girl has joined Gilbert Steele the day before in the forest. XI—Madeleine, worn, disheveled, dress torn, comes before Raoul, her father and Father O'Mara, and then she hears news that Gilbert has been killed in battle.

Chapter 12

It was Father O'Mara who lifted the crumpled little form from the forest mud. He reached her side even before L'Acadienne, and that was quickly indeed. He bore her back to Valette, and he and the old servant left of the many of other days did what they could for her. She came to herself at length. Round



"IT CAME TO HER JUST AS A ROSE COMES TO ITS BUSH."

wondering eyes opened, but she said no word; only a little moan passed her lips. Father O'Mara brought the candle closer. Round eyes turned up to his. He started back, for in those eyes there was no expression save a great emptiness. He shivered a little. Old Louisa crossed herself. "The soul is gone!" she cried. "God be merciful to us!" It was no more than a day and a night ere she was able to rise from the bed. She seemed to know people there was neither pain nor joy nor of that which lies between. All was a great emptiness and nothing more. Father O'Mara, his heart pain arranged much time with her—much hope, helpless, crazily reverent. Old Louisa waited that she was there. Her father knew that she was there, yet he came not to see her, and he forbade the of his household to go

ty voice continued. "I remember that Raoul said it came to you all at once; it absorbed you, so that not fear nor shame nor death could stop you. And I remember that it did come to me just as he said. You see how well I remember that. That was just the way it was then." "You ought to think of your punishment!" "Ought I?" Empty eyes were raised. "Was that a punishment when I lost my soul? I don't see how it can be. Punishing is hurting, isn't it? How



"I CHANGED WHEN GILBERT DIED. I LOST MY SOUL THEN."

can I be punished when nothing hurts me?" "But it ought to! You must feel it!" "But I can't. Don't you see? I am dead. The candles are lighted for me. I don't know where my soul is. I lost it when I died. If you do that you can never find it again. There was the forest, and I followed him and found him there. And I loved him very much. That is why I died. I think all the time, you see, and I have found out that if you love any one very much you must lose your soul for it and die." "Mlle. de Valette shook her head slowly. "Broken wings!" murmured the priest. "Why do you cry?" the empty voice asked. "That's only one of God's ways, isn't it?" "God's ways!" cried Mlle. de Valette. "God's punishment of sin!" The priest turned upon her. "God's way!" he cried vehemently. "Do you think a worm in the dust can understand why a man rides by? Do you think that because we can see the beginning of one of God's thoughts our little minds can follow to the end of what he is thinking? Down here in the dust we call them God's ways, but they are only man's mistakes. Down the river there were men—God's creatures, brothers they should have been—killing each other! And they killed this boy! There's one old man over yonder so filled with phantoms and demons and the ghosts of things that shouldn't have been that he lets his pride murder the father in him. And the two crimes together are destroying this child. You call that God's way? I'll tell you one thing I know about God's way, by faith! That he never punished the good love, and I say to you this was a good love! It came to her just as a rose comes to its bush in spring; she had a right to it as much as the tree to its blossoms, and like them, it was good. I tell you there was no fault in her that will offend God, and in the end he will give her peace."

Now it came to pass that Crawley, the servant of the shock hair and the nervous spine, had died. The massacre that he had seen had been no massacre. The defeat had been a victory. While the others had fought shoulder to shoulder, he had lain low by the light of fear deep in the forest. And that Fear had breathed into his ear the things that he had come back to tell—breathed so insistently that he almost as he believed them. Gilbert Steele came back from the battle, for the blow that struck him was not deadly—came back with joy in his heart and gladness in his eyes—came back to Madeleine—Madeleine de Valette. In the village they told him where she was. They would have told him more, but he would not wait, and wonder was hurried under anticipation. He met the gypsy woman who had wrought the harm—L'Acadienne. She had come with the news. It was in her to do what little she might in atonement. Stopping him, she said: "M'dear Gilbert, you must go to the chapel of Valette and pray for her." "She is not dead!" he cried hoarsely. She shook her head. "No," she said

Then, tensely: "Listen! I know this. The old people taught me when I was a child that when a soul is lost the one who loved it most shall go to the place where it was lost and pray for it to come back. Go to the chapel at Valette. There you will see the candles that her father keeps burning for her. There she will pray for her there! You loved her in the parlance of fear: 'What foolishness are you talking?' 'It is true,' he replied. 'If you are the one who loved her most pray for her there, and the miracle will be granted. Oh, I beg you to do it!' passionately. 'My own soul will not rest until you have! Go to Valette—so he said and pray!"

So Gilbert went. He found her there in the great room of Valette. O'Mara was there, and her father, but of them he took little heed, for when he saw her he started forward, arms outstretched. "Madeleine!" he cried chokingly. She looked at him. "Yes?" she said. He said hoarsely: "You're angry with me?"

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1910.

In the visit of the entire state legislature of Louisiana Washington has a experience somewhat unique in its history. The Governor of the state, the Mayor of New Orleans and Mayors of numerous other southern cities with many prominent unofficial citizens of the south arrived on a special train with the legislature. Their object is to urge Congress to make New Orleans the theatre for the celebration of the opening of Panama Canal. This delegation has been treated with unusual honors in the capital city, for the peaceful and patriotic invasion has received nation-wide attention. The delegation was received at the Union Station by Senators Emory and Foster of Louisiana and by the Representatives in Congress from that state, and automobiles were on hand to convey the entire party to the New Willard Hotel. Later in the day the U. S. S. Dolphin, under charge of the Secretary of the Navy, conveyed the guests to Mt. Vernon. The President had expressed a wish to entertain the entire party at a dinner at the White House, but notwithstanding its spaciousness, the dining room it is said is not large enough for this immense throng, and the plan has been changed to a reception at the White House which will be given later in the week. The Louisiana representation is decidedly larger and more imposing, with a guaranteed fund of ten millions, than was the somewhat meager delegation from San Francisco with its guarantee of five millions, and if it becomes a question of the relative bigness of delegations and of money, New Orleans will hold the stage until a bigger crowd with a bigger purse appears. These considerations, however, do not touch the question that the United States Capitol is the proper place for an International Celebration.

The passage of the tariff board item, an amendment by which \$250,000 is appropriated for a special tariff board of experts to investigate and report upon the tariff question, is considered by the Republicans of the House to be a very important accomplishment in that it is expected to take this troublesome question to some extent out of politics and out of the hands of those who have manipulated and twisted the tariff for their own advantage. If the Senate adopts the bill as it passed the House, it will leave in the hands of the President an ample sum for this investigation. The board to be appointed is called the "President's Tariff Board" and it is expected that it will go to work busily on the passage of the bill and collate facts which the President can submit to Congress from time to time when in his judgment further revision is required. It is of interest to know that the tariff board is already abroad in search of facts which will enable it to estimate differences in cost of production at home and abroad with the expectation or hope that the tariff may be adjusted accordingly. There is, of course, a great lack of harmony with reference to this generous financing of the "President's Tariff Board". The stand—pat stalwarts in the Senate and in the House feel themselves on very unsafe ground and are not happy at the suggestion that the tariff question may be decided on cold facts relating to the difference in cost of production here and abroad.

At this writing Senator La Follette is in the midst of a two or three days' speech in which he is assailing the railway bill. He charged that modifications of the original revisions of the bill have weakened it to meet the wishes of the railroad presidents. He favors the Cummins amendment to the bill, which requires approval of changes in rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission before these rates are put into effect by the railroads. Asserting that the railroads have had their way in legislation for forty years, he said: "If Senators listen to me, I will bring them to the realization of the fact that they have the sine of many Congresses to atone for before they pass this bill." He argued that the present freight

rates are much too high, and that the pending bill provides no measure by which the railroad commission can decide the reasonableness of any rate. He argued in favor of the valuation of railroad property as a basis for freight rates, and that the roads should not advance rates without investigation by the Commission. He said that it was well known that the railroads constantly employed thousands of expert rate men to enlarge the dividends by increasing the rates, never in the interest of the shippers, but of the stockholders. It is not expected that this bill will come to a vote until next week.

HAD FEW ATTRACTIONS.

The Post of Private Tutor in New York in 1788.

When a young Englishman named John Davis landed in New York in 1788 it was his intention to become the architect of his own fortune by getting into some family as a private tutor. This scheme he confided to Mr. Cartat, a bookseller, only to be discouraged. "Alas," runs the gentleman's statement in a page of Mr. Davis' book, entitled "Travels of Four and a Half Years in the United States of America," "the labor of Sisyphus is not equal to that of a private tutor in America!" "Let me examine you a little," said the bookseller. "Do you write a good hand and understand all the intricacies of calculation?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. It is not your Latin and Greek, but your handwriting and ciphering, that will decide your character. Penmanship and the figures of arithmetic will recommend you more than logic and the figures of rhetoric. Can you passively submit to be called schoolmaster by the children and 'cool massa' by the negroes?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you comply with the humility of giving only one rap at the door that the family may distinguish that it is the private tutor, and can you wait half an hour with good humor on the steps till the footman or housemaid condescends to open the door?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you maintain a profound silence in company to denote your ferocity, and can you endure to be helped last always at the table—aye, after the clerk of the counting house?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you hold your eyes with your hands and cry 'Amen' when grace is said, and can you carry the children's Bibles and prayer books to church twice every Sunday?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you rise with the sun and teach till breakfast, swallow your breakfast and teach till dinner, devour your dinner and teach till tea time and from tea time to bedtime sink into insignificance in the parlor?" "No." "Then you will not do for a private tutor. Do you expect good wages?" "Yes." "Then you will never do for a private tutor. No, sir; the place of private tutor is the last I would advise for you, for, as Pompey when he entered a tyrant's dominions quoted a verse from Euripides that signified his liberty was gone, so a man of letters when he undertakes the tuition of a family in America may exclaim he has lost his independence."

How Tropical Fruits Are Protected.

How have struck you that most tropical fruits have thick or hard or nauseous rinds, which need to be torn off before the monkey or bird for whose use they are intended can get at them and eat them. Our northern strawberries, raspberries, currants and whortleberries, developed with a single eye to the pretty robins and flocks of temperate climates, can be puffed into the mouth whole and eaten as they stand. They are meant for small birds to devour and to disperse the tiny undigested, nutlike seeds in return for the bribe of the soft pulp that surrounds them. But it is quite otherwise with oranges, shaddocks, bananas, plantains, mangoes and pineapples. These great tropical fruits can only be eaten properly after stripping off the hard and often acrid rind that guards and preserves them. They lay them selves out for dispersion by monkeys, toucans and other relatively large and powerful fruit eaters, and the rind is put there as a barrier against small thieves who would rob the sweet pulp but be absolutely incapable of carrying away and dispersing the large and richly stored seeds it covers.—Cornhill Magazine.

An African Cannibal Race.

One of the queer customs of the Bambara race in Africa is cannibalism of a particularly loathsome form, according to a writer in the Geographical Journal. Families exchange their young children, who are then eaten. He continues that the Bambara in many cases die quite general. This practice is not quite general, but this practice is not quite general. The Bambaras are jovial despite these singular characteristics. The Bambaras, another tribe, have an unpleasant custom of extracting the four lower incisors, which causes the upper teeth to grow forward, imparting to their mouths a most unbecoming rabbit-like appearance. The Bambara, he says again, believe vaguely in an all powerful deity, who is associated mainly with rain, thunder and other weather phenomena. They endeavor to propitiate various deities, most of whom are connected with the prevalent diseases, by erecting joss houses in which food and beer are placed. They invariably carry round the neck wooden charms of small gods' horns which have been invested with magical power by the medicine men and usually wear wire bracelets and anklets.

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The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, isostasis, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to trouble the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, head ache, back ache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and better health in that organ is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. Swamp-Root corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pains passing it, and overcomes the rapidness and frequency of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest because of its remarkable health restoring properties. A trial will convince anyone. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—If you do you will be disappointed.

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