

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXVIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912.

NO. 17

## A HAPPY HOME

Is one where health abounds.  
With impure blood there cannot be good health.  
With a disordered LIVER there cannot be good blood.

## Tutt's Pills

revivify the torpid LIVER and restore its natural action.  
A healthy LIVER means pure blood.  
Pure blood means health.  
Health means happiness.  
Take no Substitute. All Druggists.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**J. S. COOK,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Office Patterson Building  
Second Floor.

**DAMERON & LONG**  
Attorneys-at-Law  
R. S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG  
Phone 250, Phone 1008  
Piedmont Building, Raleigh, N. C.

**DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.**  
DENTIST  
Graham, N. C.  
North Carolina  
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING  
JACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG  
LONG & LONG,  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**JOHN H. VERNON**  
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law  
PHONES—Office 653—Residence 337  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

**The Raleigh Daily Times**  
RALEIGH, N. C.

The Great Home Newspaper of the State.

The news of the world is gathered by private leased wires and by the well-known special correspondents of the Times and sent before the readers in a concise and interesting manner each afternoon.  
As a chronicle of world events the Times is indispensable, while its Bureau in Washington and New York makes its news from the legislative and financial centers of the country the best that can be obtained.  
As a woman's paper the Times has an superior, being morally and intellectually a paper of the highest type. It publishes the best features that can be written on fashion and miscellaneous matters.  
The Times makes it a business to make it a business man's necessity for the farmer, merchant and the broker can depend upon complete and reliable information upon their various lines of trade.  
Subscription Rates:  
Daily (mail) 1 mo. \$5; 3 mo. \$12; 6 mo. \$20; 12 mo. \$35.  
Address all orders to  
The Raleigh Daily Times  
J. V. Simms, Publishers.

## ARE YOU UP TO DATE

If you are not the NEWS AND OBSERVER is. Subscribe for it at once and it will keep you abreast of the times.

Full Associated Press dispatches. All the news—foreign, domestic, national, state and local all the time.

Daily News and Observer \$7 per year, 35c for 6 mos.  
Weekly North Carolinian \$1 per year, 50c for 6 mos.  
NEWS & OBSERVER PUB. CO.,  
RALEIGH, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office. Graham, N. C.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, swellings, ringbones, stifles, sprains all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure known. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

Last March B. F. Board, of Alexandria, Va., while on a visit to his brother-in-law, W. R. Powell, at Wake Forest, fell from the top of a water tower, where it is claimed he had climbed to adjust some part of the machinery, and met instant death. It was reported to be a case of suicide but this denied by the family. Board had \$30,000 of life insurance and the companies have refused to pay on the ground of suicide. Suit has been brought to recover.

## THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"He took care not to do so, monsieur. On the contrary, he came up to me and said: 'It is your mother I am going to see. He is at this moment and I, since he knows everything and I know nothing, I will believe he is arrested, and that will give him time. In three days I will tell him who I am, and they cannot fail to set me at liberty again.' Poor Chevreuse! I am sorry, I don't know where he is, the Bastille or Fort-Eveque. Two remained with the black men, who rummaged every place and took all the papers. The two last mounted guard at the door during this examination. Then, when all was over, they went away, leaving the house empty and the doors open."

"And Porthos and Aramis?"  
"I could not find them. They did not come."  
"Well, don't stir. If they come tell them what has happened. Let them wait. He is at the Pont Neuf. Here it would be dangerous. The house may be watched. I will wait to M. de Treville to tell him all this and will join them there."

"Very well, monsieur," said Porthos.  
"But you will remain, will you not? You are not afraid?" said D'Artagnan, coming back to recommend courage to his lackey.

"Be satisfied, monsieur. There is nothing I would not do to prove to monsieur that I am attached to him."  
"Good!" said D'Artagnan, and with all the civilities of his legs, already a little fatigued, however, with the exercise of the day and night, he directed his course toward M. de Treville's.  
M. de Treville was not at his hotel. His company was on guard at the Louvre. He was at the Louvre with his company. He must not stir at M. de Treville. It was of importance that he should be informed of what was going on. D'Artagnan resolved to endeavor to get into the Louvre.

He therefore went down the Rue des Petits Augustins and came up to the quay in order to take the Pont Neuf. As he gained the top of the Rue Guenegaud he saw two persons coming



"In the name of heaven, milord!" cried M. de Chevreuse, throwing himself between the combatants.

whose appearance very much struck him. One was a man and the other a woman; the latter very much like M. de Chevreuse in size and step, the former could be nobody but Aramis.

Besides, the woman had on that black cloak which M. de Chevreuse could still see reflected upon the shutter of the Rue de Valenciennes and upon the door of the Rue de la Harpe.

And still further, the man wore the uniform of a musketeer.

They took the bridge. That was D'Artagnan's red, and M. de Chevreuse going to the Louvre. D'Artagnan followed them.

He had not gone twenty steps before he became convinced that the woman was really M. de Chevreuse and the man Aramis.

He felt himself doubly betrayed. M. de Chevreuse had declared to him by all that was holy that she did not know Aramis, and a quarter of an hour after having made this assertion he found her hanging on the arm of Aramis. D'Artagnan resolved to unravel the mystery.

"And now you may ruin us all," said M. de Chevreuse, I am a hundred pardons! But I love her, milord, and was jealous. You know what it is to love, milord. Pardon me, and then tell me how I can risk my life to serve your grace!"

"You are a brave young man!" said Buckingham, holding out his hand to D'Artagnan, who pressed it respectfully. "You offer me your services. With the same frankness I accept them. Follow us at a distance of twenty paces to the Louvre, and if any one watches us slay him!"

Fortunately D'Artagnan had no opportunity to give the duke this proof of his devotion, and the young woman and the handsome musketeer entered the Louvre by the wicket of the Rochelle without meeting with any interruption.

As for D'Artagnan, he immediately repaired to the cabinet of the Pomme de Pin, where he found Porthos and Aramis, who were waiting for him. But without giving them any explanation of the alarm and inconvenience he had caused them he told them that he had terminated the affair alone, in which he had for a moment thought D'Artagnan should stand in need of their assistance.

CHAPTER IX.  
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the duke entered the Louvre without difficulty. Once entered into the interior of the court, the duke and the young woman kept along the wall for about twenty-five steps. This space passed, M. de Chevreuse pushed a little aside the door, open by day, but generally closed at night. After traversing various passages she introduced a key into a lock, opened a door and pushed the duke into an apartment lighted only by a night lamp, saying: "Remain here, milord duke. Some one will come." She then went out by the same door, which she locked, so that the duke found himself a prisoner.

Nevertheless, isolated as he was, he must say that the Duke of Buckingham did not experience an instant of fear. Brave, even rash, and enterprising, he had learned that the pretended message from Anne of Austria, upon the faith of which he had come to Paris, was a snare, and instead of regaining England he had, abusing the position in which he had been placed, declared to the queen that he would not go back again without having seen her. The queen had at first positively refused, but at length became afraid that the duke, if exasperated, would commit some rashness. She had already decided upon seeing him and urging his immediate departure when on the very evening of coming to this decision M. de Chevreuse, who was charged with going to fetch the duke and conducting him to the Louvre, was carried off. During two days it was not known what had become of her, and everything remained in suspense. But when once she was placed in communication with Laporte matters resumed their course, and she accomplished the perilous enterprise which but for her abduction would have been executed three days earlier.

Buckingham on being left alone walked toward a mirror. His lackey's uniform became him wonderfully well.

At thirty-five, which was then his age, he passed, with just title, for the handsome gentleman and the most elegant cavalier of France or England. He succeeded in gaining access several times to the beautiful and haughty Anne of Austria, consort of King Louis XIII., and making himself loved by her as nothing else.

A door concealed in the tapestry opened, and a woman appeared. Buckingham saw this apparition in the glass. He uttered a cry. It was the queen.

Anne of Austria was then twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age; that is to say, she was in the full splendor of her beauty. Her carriage was that of a queen or a goddess. She was dressed in a simple robe of white satin and accompanied by Donna Estafania, the only one of her Spanish women that had not been driven from her by the jealousy of the king or by the persecutions of the cardinal.

Anne of Austria made two steps forward. Buckingham threw himself on his knees and before the queen could prevent him kissed the hem of her dress.

"Duke, you already know that it is not I who have caused you to be written to."

"Yes, yes, madame; yes, your majesty," cried the duke. "This voyage is not a loss since I see you."

"And now you may ruin us all," said M. de Chevreuse, I am a hundred pardons! But I love her, milord, and was jealous. You know what it is to love, milord. Pardon me, and then tell me how I can risk my life to serve your grace!"

"You are a brave young man!" said Buckingham, holding out his hand to D'Artagnan, who pressed it respectfully. "You offer me your services. With the same frankness I accept them. Follow us at a distance of twenty paces to the Louvre, and if any one watches us slay him!"

Fortunately D'Artagnan had no opportunity to give the duke this proof of his devotion, and the young woman and the handsome musketeer entered the Louvre by the wicket of the Rochelle without meeting with any interruption.

As for D'Artagnan, he immediately repaired to the cabinet of the Pomme de Pin, where he found Porthos and Aramis, who were waiting for him. But without giving them any explanation of the alarm and inconvenience he had caused them he told them that he had terminated the affair alone, in which he had for a moment thought D'Artagnan should stand in need of their assistance.

CHAPTER IX.  
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the duke entered the Louvre without difficulty. Once entered into the interior of the court, the duke and the young woman kept along the wall for about twenty-five steps. This space passed, M. de Chevreuse pushed a little aside the door, open by day, but generally closed at night. After traversing various passages she introduced a key into a lock, opened a door and pushed the duke into an apartment lighted only by a night lamp, saying: "Remain here, milord duke. Some one will come." She then went out by the same door, which she locked, so that the duke found himself a prisoner.

Nevertheless, isolated as he was, he must say that the Duke of Buckingham did not experience an instant of fear. Brave, even rash, and enterprising, he had learned that the pretended message from Anne of Austria, upon the faith of which he had come to Paris, was a snare, and instead of regaining England he had, abusing the position in which he had been placed, declared to the queen that he would not go back again without having seen her. The queen had at first positively refused, but at length became afraid that the duke, if exasperated, would commit some rashness. She had already decided upon seeing him and urging his immediate departure when on the very evening of coming to this decision M. de Chevreuse, who was charged with going to fetch the duke and conducting him to the Louvre, was carried off. During two days it was not known what had become of her, and everything remained in suspense. But when once she was placed in communication with Laporte matters resumed their course, and she accomplished the perilous enterprise which but for her abduction would have been executed three days earlier.

Buckingham on being left alone walked toward a mirror. His lackey's uniform became him wonderfully well.

At thirty-five, which was then his age, he passed, with just title, for the handsome gentleman and the most elegant cavalier of France or England. He succeeded in gaining access several times to the beautiful and haughty Anne of Austria, consort of King Louis XIII., and making himself loved by her as nothing else.

A door concealed in the tapestry opened, and a woman appeared. Buckingham saw this apparition in the glass. He uttered a cry. It was the queen.

Anne of Austria was then twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age; that is to say, she was in the full splendor of her beauty. Her carriage was that of a queen or a goddess. She was dressed in a simple robe of white satin and accompanied by Donna Estafania, the only one of her Spanish women that had not been driven from her by the jealousy of the king or by the persecutions of the cardinal.

Anne of Austria made two steps forward. Buckingham threw himself on his knees and before the queen could prevent him kissed the hem of her dress.

"Duke, you already know that it is not I who have caused you to be written to."

"Yes, yes, madame; yes, your majesty," cried the duke. "This voyage is not a loss since I see you."

madame, your maid, and a servant." Buckingham applied his lips passionately to that beautiful hand, and then raised his head.

"Within six months if I am not dead I shall have seen you again, madame; even if I have confounded the whole world for that object, I shall have seen you again."

In the corridor he met M. de Chevreuse, who waited for him and who conducted him out of the Louvre.

The officers who had arrested M. de Chevreuse conducted him to the Bastille, where he became the object of the grossest insults and the harshest treatment. He was taken before a committee, and M. de Chevreuse, a man, with a pointed nose, yellow and sallient cheek bones, small but keen penetrating eyes.

He began by asking M. de Chevreuse his name, prenames, age, condition and abode.

The accused replied that his name was Jacques Michel Bonacieux, that he was fifty-one years old, was a retired mercer and lived in the Rue des Fosseuses, No. 14.

The commissary then, instead of continuing to interrogate him, made him long speech upon the danger there is for an obscure bourgeois to meddle with public matters, especially when they concerned M. Cardinal.

The character of M. Bonacieux was one of profound selfishness, mixed with sordid avarice, the whole seasoned with extreme cowardice. The love which his young wife had inspired him was a secondary sentiment.

"But, M. le Commissaire," said he timidly, "I beg you to believe that I know and appreciate more than anybody the merits of the incomparable sentence by which we have the honor to be governed."

"You must nevertheless have committed a crime since you are here and are accused of high treason."

"Of high treason?" cried the terrified Bonacieux. "Of high treason! How is it possible for a poor mercer, who detests all Huguenots and who abhors all Spaniards, to be accused of high treason?"

"M. Bonacieux," said the commissary, looking at the accused as if his little eyes had the faculty of reading to the very depths of his soul; "M. Bonacieux, have a wife?"

"Yes, monsieur, that is to say, I had one. She has been carried off from me, monsieur."

"She has been carried off?" said the commissary. "And do you know who the man is that has committed this outrage?"

"I think I know him."

M. Bonacieux was in the greatest perplexity possible. Had he better do anything or tell everything? He decided upon telling nothing.

"I am happy in an error do not say anything or tell everything," said he, a tall, dark man of lofty carriage, who has the air of a great lord. He has followed us several times, as I think, when I have waited for my wife at the wicket of the Louvre to fetch her home."

The commissary appeared to experience some difficulty in understanding the meaning of the words "as I think," and "when I have waited for my wife at the wicket of the Louvre to fetch her home."

"Your name?" asked the commissary of the mustache and the beard.

"Your name?" asked the commissary of the mustache and the beard.

"But you said that your name was D'Artagnan."

"My guards said to me, 'You are M. d'Artagnan?' I answered, 'You think so, do you?' My guards again exclaimed that they were sure I was."

"But, tell me, M. le Commissaire," cried Bonacieux, "there is not the least doubt about the matter. M. d'Artagnan is my tenant, although he does not pay me my rent, and even better on that account ought I to know him. M. d'Artagnan is a young man, scarcely nineteen, and this gentleman must be thirty at least."

At this moment the door was opened quickly and a messenger, introduced by one of the gatekeepers of the Bastille, gave a letter to the commissary.

"Oh! unhappy woman!" cried the commissary.

"How! what do you say of whom do you speak? It is not of my wife, I hope!"

"On the contrary, it is of her. Your affair is becoming a pretty one."

"But," said the agitated mercer, "do me the pleasure, monsieur, to tell me how my own proper affair can become the worse by anything my wife does while I am in prison?"

"Because that which she does is part of a plan concerted between you and an infernal plan."

"I swear to you, M. le Commissaire, you are sure that I am innocent, and that if she committed any follies I renounce her. I abjure her, I curse her."

"Reconduct the prisoners to their dungeons," said the commissary, designating, by the same gesture, Athos and Bonacieux, and then he then he bade more closely than ever.

"And yet," said Athos, with his habitual calmness, "if it be M. d'Artagnan who is concerned in this matter I do not perceive too clearly how I can take his place."

They led back the mercer to the same dungeon in which he had passed the night and left him to himself during the day. Bonacieux wept away the hours. In the evening at the moment he had made his mind up to lie down upon the bed he heard steps in his corridor. These steps drew near to his dungeon, which he had thrown open, and the guards appeared.

"Follow me," said an exempt, who came behind the guards.

"Ah, my God, my God," murmured the poor mercer, "how indeed I am lost! And he followed the guards who came for him mechanically and without resistance."

He was put in a carriage, which was put in motion as slowly as a funeral car.

They reached Croix du Trahoir, the place where obscure criminals were executed. Bonacieux could not yet see the dreadful cross, but he felt as if it were in some sort coming to meet him. When he was within twenty paces of it he heard a noise of people, and the carriage stopped. This was more than poor Bonacieux could endure, depressed as he was by the successive emotions which he had experienced. He uttered a feeble groan, which might have been taken for the last sigh of a dying man.

moral power which made of him one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed, preparing to drive the English from the Isle of Re and lay siege to La Rochelle.

At first sight nothing denoted the cardinal, and it was impossible for those who did not know his face to guess in whose presence they were.

The poor mercer remained standing at the door, while the eyes of the cardinal were fixed upon him.

"Is this that Bonacieux?" asked he after a moment of silence.

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the officer.

"That's well. Give me those papers and leave us."

At the end of ten minutes reading the cardinal was satisfied.

"You are accused of high treason," said he slowly.

"So I have been told already, monseigneur," cried Bonacieux, giving his interrogator the title he had heard the officer give him, "but I swear to you that I know nothing about it."

The cardinal repressed a smile.

"Then you are ignorant of your wife, with M. de Chevreuse and with M. d'Artagnan?"

"In fact, monseigneur, I have heard her pronounce all those names."

"And on what occasion?"

"She said that the Cardinal de Richelieu had ordered the Duke of Buckingham to Paris to ruin him and to ruin the queen."

"She said that?" cried the cardinal with violence.

"Yes, monseigneur. But I told her she was wrong to talk about such things."

"Your wife has escaped. Did you know that?"

"No, monseigneur. I learned it since I have been in prison and that from the conversation of monsieur the commissary, a very good kind of man."

The cardinal repressed another smile.

"Then you are ignorant of what has become of your wife since her flight?"

**A NEW ORIGIN**  
**WEBSTER'S**  
**NEW**  
**INTERNATIONAL**  
**DICTIONARY**  
THE MERIAM WEBSTER  
The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years.  
Contains the pit and essence of an authoritative library.  
Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book.  
The Only Dictionary with the New Divided Page.  
400,000 Words. 7000 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars.  
Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.  
Write for sample pages, full price, and name this paper and we will send you a set of Webster's Maps.

North Carolina's Foremost Newspaper  
**THE**  
**Charlotte Observer**

Every Day in the Year  
**CALDWELL & TOMPKINS**  
PUBLISHERS.

\$8 per Year

THE OBSERVER—  
Receives the largest telegraphic news service delivered to any paper between Washington and Atlanta, and its special service is the greatest ever handled by a North Carolina paper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER—  
Is largely made up of original matter and is up-to-date in all departments and contains many special features.

Send for sample copies.

Address  
**THE Observer**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

LIVES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS

This book, entitled as above, contains over 200 memoirs of Ministers in the Christian Church with historical references. An interesting volume—nicely printed and bound. Price per copy: cloth, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.50. By mail 20c extra. Orders may be sent to

P. J. KERNODLE,  
1012 E. Marshall St.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Orders may be left at this office.

**PATENTS**  
We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign  
Trade-Marks & Copyrights  
**CASNOW & CO.**  
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

You Know What You Are Taking  
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, No Pay. 50c.

A High Grade Blood Purifier.  
Go to Alamance Pharmacy and buy a bottle of B. B. B. (Bottled Blood Balm). It will purify and enrich your blood and build up your weakened and broken down system. B. B. B. is guaranteed to cure all blood diseases and skin humors, such as Rheumatism, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Catarrh, Eczema, Itching Humors, Rashes and Bumps, Bone Pains, Pimples, Old Sores, Scrofula or Kernels, Suppurating Sores, Boils, Carbuncles. B. B. B. cures all these blood troubles by killing this poison humor and expelling from the system. B. B. B. is the only blood remedy that can do this—therefore it cures and heals all sores when all else fails. \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.