

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXVIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1912.

NO. 24

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NOTICE !

North Carolina—Alamance County, In the Superior Court, Before the Clerk.

H. B. Ireland, adm'r. c. t. of James Henry Long, deceased, Bank Book and her husband Henry Long.

Henry Long, Martha McCulloch and her husband, Charley McCulloch.

The defendant, Martha McCulloch and her husband Charley McCulloch, will take notice that a Special Proceedings as above entitled has been commenced before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Alamance County, North Carolina, wherein the said petitioners are asking for an order of said court for the sale of the lands of the late James Henry Long, deceased, and in equity to the said Martha McCulloch and her husband of the said James Henry Long, and in equity to the said Martha McCulloch and her husband of the said James Henry Long, and in equity to the said Martha McCulloch and her husband of the said James Henry Long.

That the said Martha McCulloch and her husband Charley McCulloch, do hereby certify that they are not the parties to the said Special Proceedings, and that they do not intend to appear in the said Special Proceedings, and that they do not intend to be bound by the said Special Proceedings, and that they do not intend to be bound by the said Special Proceedings.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 24th day of July, 1912.

J. D. KERNOLDE,
Clerk Superior Court.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

At this moment Planchet entered to inform his master that the horses were sufficiently refreshed and that it would be possible to sleep at Clermont.

D'Artagnan wished that that answer might be prompt and favorable, and after having again recomposed himself, he thought to the case of Mousqueton and paid his expenses at the hotel, he resumed his route with Planchet, who was already relieved of one of his led horses.

CHAPTER XX.
Aramis' Thesis.
D'ARTAGNAN had appeared to believe all that Porthos had told him, convinced that no friendship will hold out against a surprised secret, particularly when pride is deeply interested in that secret. Now, in his projects of intrigue for the future and determined to be wise to make his three friends the instruments of his fortune, D'ARTAGNAN was not sorry at getting in his grasp beforehand the invisible strings by which he reckoned upon moving them.

And yet as he journeyed along a profound gloom descended upon his heart. He thought of young and pretty Mme. Bonacieux. He feared that some serious misfortune had befallen the poor woman. He had no doubt she was a victim of the cardinal's vengeance, and, as was well known, the vengeance of his eminence was terrible.

At the Crevecoeur Inn, where he had left Aramis, it was not a host, but a hostess, who received him. D'Artagnan was a physiognomist. His eye took in at a glance the plump, cheerful countenance of the mistress of the place, and he at once perceived there was no occasion for dissimulation with her. "My good dame," asked D'Artagnan, "can you tell me what is become of one of my friends whom we were obliged to leave here about twelve days ago?"

"A handsome young man, three or four and twenty years old, mild, amiable and well liked," she replied. "Exactly the man—wounded, moreover, in the shoulder?"

"Just so. Well, monsieur, he is still here!"

"And so, Aramis, you are decidedly going into the church? What will your two friends say? What will M. de Treville say? They will treat you as a deserter, I warn you."

"I do not enter the church; I re-enter it. I deserted the church for the world, for you know that I committed violence upon myself when I became a musketeer."

"Who?—I know nothing about it." "You don't know how I quitted the army?"

"This is my history then." And Aramis told D'Artagnan how he had been compelled to leave the theological seminary after killing a man in a duel fought about a woman. He continued: "As to my acquaintance I made about that period, and Porthos, who had taught me some effective tricks of fence, prevailed upon me to solicit the uniform of a musketeer. The king entertained great regard for my father, who had fallen at the siege of Arras, and the uniform was granted. You may understand that the moment I arrived for me to re-enter into the bosom of the church. This wound, my dear D'Artagnan, has been a warning to me from heaven."

"This wound? Beh! it is nearly healed, and I am sure that it is not that which at the present moment gives you the most pain."

"What do you think it is, then?" "A wound, monsieur, a wound made by a woman."

"The eyes of Aramis kindled in spite of himself. "Ah," said he, dissembling his emotion under a feigned carelessness, "according to your idea, then, my brain is turned! And for whom—for some one with whom I have trifled in some garden? Eh?"

CHAPTER XXI. The Wife of Athos.

"WELL, we have now to search for Athos," said D'Artagnan to the vivacious Aramis when he had informed him of all that had passed since the departure from the capital with a good dinner had made one of them forget his theology and the other his fatigue.

"Do you think, then, that any harm can have happened to him?" asked Aramis. "Athos is so cool, so brave and handles his sword so skillfully."

"There is no doubt of all that. But I fear lest Athos should have been beaten down by a mob of serving men. This is my reason for wishing to set out again as soon as I possibly can."

"I will try to accompany you," said Aramis, "though I scarcely feel in condition to mount on horseback. When do you mean to set out?"

"Tomorrow at daybreak." "I'll be there," said Aramis, "for, iron served as you are, you must stand in need of repose."

"That gentleman, your friend, defended himself desperately. Having placed two men in combat with his pistols, he retreated, fighting with his sword, which he disabled one of my men and stunned me with a blow of the flat side of it."

"But, cried D'Artagnan, 'Athos—what is become of Athos?'"

Nov. gentlemen. If it's battle you want you shall have it!"

"Ah!" cried the hollow voice of Athos. "I can bear D'Artagnan, I think."

"Yes," cried D'Artagnan, "I am here!"

"The gentlemen had drawn their swords, but they found themselves taken between two fires. They still hesitated an instant, but, as before, pride prevailed, and a second kick split the door from bottom to top."

"Stand on one side," cried Athos, "stand on one side!"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed D'Artagnan, "whom reflection never abandoned, gentlemen, think of what you are about! Patience, Athos! You are running your heads into a very silly affair. You will be killed. My lackey and I will have three shots at you, and you will get as many from the cellar."

"We will provide you replace your pistols in your belt."

"I am going to fire!"

"It's worth 80 pistoles, take it, and there ends the matter."

"What?" cried Athos, "are you selling my horse, my Bajazet? And pray upon what shall I make my campaign, upon my lackey?"

"I have brought you another," said D'Artagnan. "And a magnificent one too!" cried the host.

"Well, since there is another finer and younger, why, you may take the old one and let us have some wine."

"Some of that near the bottom, near the lath; there are twenty-five bottles of it left. Bring up six of them."

"And don't forget," said D'Artagnan, "to bring up four bottles of the same sort for the two English gentlemen."

D'Artagnan related how he had found Porthos in bed with a strained knee and Aramis at a table between two English gentlemen.

"And now," said Athos, "while they are bringing up the wine, tell me, D'Artagnan, what has become of the others. Come!"

"D'Artagnan related how he had found Porthos in bed with a strained knee and Aramis at a table between two English gentlemen.

"The Englishmen, overcome by these peaceful proceedings, sheathed their swords grumblingly. The history of Athos' imprisonment was then related to them, and as they were really gentlemen they pronounced the host in the wrong."

"Now, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "go up to your room again and in ten minutes, I will answer for it, you shall have all you desire."

"Now I am alone, my dear Athos," said D'Artagnan, "open the door. I beg of you."

"An instant after the broken door was removed and the pale face of Athos appeared, who with a rapid glance took a survey of the environs."



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