

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1912.

NO. 26

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NOTICE !

North Carolina—Alamance County, In the Superior Court,

Before the Clerk,
H. K. Ireland, adm'r c. t. s. of James Henry Long, deceased, Sarah Booth and her husband Henry Booth;

Henry Long, Martha McCulloch and her husband, Charles McCulloch;

The defendants, Martha McCulloch and her husband Charles McCulloch, will take notice that a Special Proceeding, will be had in the Superior Court of Alamance County, North Carolina, wherein the said petitioners are asking for an order of court for the sale of the lands of the late James Henry Long, deceased, and in which the said Martha McCulloch and her husband, Charles McCulloch, and the said Henry Long, has an interest, for the purpose of creating debts and for partition; and the said defendants will further take notice that they are duly notified to appear in said court, on or before the 20th day of August, 1912, and answer to the petition which has been deposited in the office of the said Clerk, and the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said petition.

This 24th day of July, 1912.
J. D. KERNOLDE,
Clerk Superior Court.

Hay fever and asthma make August a month of intense suffering to many people. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound gives prompt relief and relief to the inflamed membrane. W. H. Moore, N. Searcy, Md., says: "I have had a severe attack of asthma and less than a bottle cured me. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all druggists."

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"Oh, I inquired after him for the purpose of hanging him, because he had been beheaded with me. He had killed the curate instantly. He was doubtless the first lover who had pretended to be a cure for the purpose of getting his mistress married and securing her position. He has been hanged below the gibbet."

"D'Artagnan could no longer endure this conversation, which had terrified away his senses. He felt quite bewildered, and, allowing his head to sink upon his hand, he pretended to sleep.

"Young fellows can come of them drunk," said Athos, looking at him with pity, "and yet this is one of the best of them too."

CHAPTER XXII.
The Return.
D'ARTAGNAN was astonished by the terrible confidence of Athos, and yet many things appeared very obscure to him in this partial revelation. In the first place, it had been made by a man quite drunk, and who was half-drunken and yet in spite of the uncertainty which the vapor of three or four bottles of Burgundy carries with it to the brain, D'Artagnan, when awaking on the following morning, had a very word of Athos as present to his memory as if they fell from his mouth; they had been impressed upon his mind. He found Athos quite himself again—that is to say, the most shrewd and impetuous of men.

"I was pretty drunk yesterday," D'Artagnan said. "I would lay a wager I uttered a thousand absurdities."

"No," replied D'Artagnan. "I recollect what you said it was nothing out of the common way."

"Indeed, you surprise me. I thought I had related a most lamentable history to you?" And he looked at the young man as if he would read to the very depths of his heart.

"Oh," said D'Artagnan, "it would appear that I was more drunk than you, since I remember nothing of the kind."

But this did not deceive Athos, and he resumed:

"I certainly never will get drunk again," D'Artagnan—it is too bad a habit."

D'Artagnan remained silent.

Then Athos, changing the conversation:

"By the bye, I thank you for the horse you have brought me," said he. "I have parted with him."

"How?"

"I sold him," said the simple man. "I was spending it at work, and I did not know what to do with myself. I was still stupid from our yesterday's debauch. As I came into the public room I saw one of our Englishmen bargaining with a dealer for a horse. His own having died yesterday from bleeding, I drew near and found he was bidding 100 pistoles for a fine chestnut nag. My good gentleman, I have a horse to sell, too," said he.

"Ay, and a very fine one! I saw him yesterday—your friend's lackey was leading him."

"Do you think he is worth 100 pistoles?"

"Yes; will you sell him to me for that sum?"

"No; but I will play at dice for him."

"No sooner said than done, and I lost the horse. Ah, but please to observe I won back the caparison," cried Athos.

D'Artagnan looked much discontented.

"That is true; the horse shall be made known in the day of battle. It was a pious—a religious—ABON, you have done very wrong."

"It vexes me greatly," continued Athos, "that you attach so much importance to these animals, for I am not yet at the end of my story."

"What else have you done?"

"After having lost my own horse, I also bought ten—yes, ten—pistoles I formed an idea of striking you."

"Yes; but you stopped at the idea, I hope?"

"No; for I put it in execution that very minute."

"And the consequence?" said D'Artagnan in great anxiety.

"I threw, and I lost."

"What my horse?"

"Your horse."

"Athos, this is frightful!"

"Stop a minute; you don't know all yet. I should make an excellent gambler if I were not too hot-headed; but I became so, just as I was drinking. Well, I was not headed then."

"Well, but what else could you play for—you had nothing left?"

"Oh, yes, my friend; there was still that diamond left which sparkles on your finger, and which I observed yesterday."

"This diamond?" said D'Artagnan, placing his hand eagerly on his ring.

"And as I am a connoisseur in such things, having had a few of my own once, I estimated it at 1,000 pistoles."

"I hope," said D'Artagnan, half dead with fright, "you made no mention of my diamond?"

"On the contrary, my dear friend, this diamond became my only resource. With it I might regain our horse and their furniture, and still further, money to pay our expenses on the road."

"Athos, you make me tremble," cried D'Artagnan.

"I do not tremble," said Athos. "I had a plan. The Englishman was an original. I had seen him conversing that morning with Grimaud, and Grimaud had told me that he had made his proposals to enter into his service. I asked Grimaud—the silent Grimaud—divided into ten portions. Ten portions of 100 pistoles each—ten throws of 100 pistoles each—ten throws without revenge. In thirteen throws I lost all—thirteen throws."

"Heaven!" cried D'Artagnan, rising from the table.

"Patience, patience," said Athos. "I had a plan. The Englishman was an original. I had seen him conversing that morning with Grimaud, and Grimaud had told me that he had made his proposals to enter into his service. I asked Grimaud—the silent Grimaud—divided into ten portions. Ten portions of 100 pistoles each—ten throws without revenge. In thirteen throws I lost all—thirteen throws."

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Athos did not leave his chamber. He made up his mind not to take a single step to provide for his equipment.

"We have still a fortnight before us," said he to his friends. "Well, if at the end of a fortnight I have found nothing, or rather, if nothing has come to find me, as I am too good a Catholic to myself with a pistol bullet, I will seek a good cause of quarrel with four of the eminence's guards or with eight Englishmen. I will fight until one of them has killed me, which, considering the number, cannot fail to happen. It will then be said of me that I died for the king, so that I shall have performed my duty without the expense of equipment."

Porthos continued to wait about with his hands behind his head and his feet apart.

"I shall follow up my idea."

Aramis, anxious and negligently dressed, said nothing.

As Porthos had first found an idea and had thought of it earnestly afterward, he was the first to act. D'Artagnan perceived him one day walking into the church of St. Leu and followed him instinctively. As D'Artagnan took some precautions to conceal himself, Porthos believed he had not been seen. D'Artagnan entered behind him. Porthos went and leaned against the side of a pillar; D'Artagnan, still unperceived, supported himself against the other side of it.

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There happened to be a sermon, the reds in the church very full. Porthos took a cushion, and sat down to read the book of the day. Thanks to the care of Monqueton, the exterior was far from announcing the distress of the interior, and Porthos was still the handsome Porthos.

D'Artagnan observed, on the bench upon which he sat, a young man, who looked like a young man of the world, rather yellow and rather dry, but erect and haughty, under her black hood. The eyes of Porthos were furiously cast upon this lady and then roved about at large over the nave.

On her side, the lady, who from time to time blushed, darted with the rapidity of lightning a glance toward the contact Porthos. He, seeing this, began to make signals to a beautiful lady who was near the choir and who not only was a beautiful lady, but still further no doubt, a great lady, for she had brought the cushion on which she knelt, and a female servant.

The lady with the red cushion proved a great effect—she was very handsome—upon the lady with the black hood, who saw in her rival really to be dreading; a great effect upon Porthos, who thought her much more pretty than the lady with the black hood; a great effect upon D'Artagnan, who recognized in her the lady of Meung, of Calais and Dover, whom his persecutor, the man with the scar, had saluted by the name of mi lady.

D'Artagnan, without losing sight of the lady of the red cushion, continued to watch the proceedings of Porthos, which amused him greatly. He directly guessed that the lady of the black hood was the lawyer's wife mentioned by the keeper of Chantilly as Porthos's duchess.

He guessed, likewise, that Porthos was taking his revenge for the defeat of Chantilly, when the woman had proved so refractory with respect to her purse.

The sermon over, the lawyer's wife advanced toward the basin of holy water. Porthos went before her and, instead of a flourish, he held his whole hand in the procurator's smile, thinking that it was for that Porthos put himself to this expense, but she was cruelly and promptly undeceived. When she was only about three steps from him he turned his head round, fixing his eyes invariably upon the lady of the red cushion, who was approaching, followed by her black boy and her maid.

When the lady of the red cushion came close to Porthos, Porthos drew his dripping hand from the basin. The fair devotee touched the great hand of Porthos with her delicate fingers, smiled, and the sign of the cross and left the church.

This was too much for the other woman. She entertained no doubt that there was an affair of gallantry between this lady and Porthos. She contented herself with saying to the musician, consequently my cousin, you come from Noyon, in Picardy; you have several law suits and no lawyer. Can you collect all that?

"And be upon your guard before my husband, who is rather shrewd notwithstanding his seventy-six years. The poor man may be expected to leave a widow every hour," continued she, throwing a significant glance at Porthos. "Fortunately by our marriage contract the survivor takes everything."

"I was within two paces of you, monsieur," replied she, "but you did not perceive me because you had no eyes but for the pretty lady to whom you just gave the holy water."

Porthos pretended to be confused.

"Yes," said he, "that is a duchess of my acquaintance with whom I have a great trouble to meet on account of the jealousy of her husband and who sent me word that she should come today."

"M. Porthos," said the procurator, "will you have the kindness to offer me your arm for five minutes? I have something to say to you."

"Certainly, madame," said Porthos, winking to himself. At that moment D'Artagnan passed in pursuit of mi lady. He cast a passing glance at Porthos and beheld this triumphant look.

"Ah, M. Porthos," cried she, "ah, M. Porthos, you are a great conqueror, it appears. That must be a princess at least, that lady with her negro boy and her maid."

"Madame, you are deceived; she is simply a duchess."

"Ah, you are quite the pet of the ladies, M. Porthos! How quickly men forget!"

"Still less quickly than the women, in my opinion," replied Porthos; "as a proof, madame, I may say I was your friend; when wounded, I was abandoned by the surgeon; I was the spring of a noble family, who placed reliance upon your friendship, and I was nearly dying of my wounds at first and of hunger afterward, in a beggary inn at Chantilly, without your ever deigning to reply to the burning letters I addressed to you."

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was certainly the man in the black cloak who had carried off Mme. Bonacieux the second time, as he had carried her off the first.

At St. Germain he rode up a very quiet street, looking to the right and the left to see if he could catch any of the terrace English women, when from the terrace in front of a pretty house which had no window toward the street he saw a face peep out with which he thought he was acquainted.

"Eh, monsieur," said Planchet, addressing D'Artagnan, "don't you remember that face which is gazing about yonder? It is poor Lubin, the lackey of the Count de Wardes, he whom you so well accommodated a month ago at Calais, on the road to the governor's country house."

"Who? You think he would recollect you?"

"I don't think he can have retained a very clear recollection of me."

"Well, find out, if you can, whether his master is dead or not."

Planchet dismounted and went straight up to Lubin, who did not at all remember him, and the two lackeys began to chat with the best understanding possible, while D'Artagnan turned the two horses into a lane and went round the house, coming back to watch the conference from behind a hedge of nut trees.

Soon he heard the noise of a carriage and speedily saw that of mi lady stop opposite to him. She put her charming face out of the window and gave her orders to her female attendant. The latter, a pretty girl of about twenty years of age, made her way toward the carriage, to which D'Artagnan had perceived Lubin.

D'Artagnan followed the girl with his eyes and saw her go toward the terrace. But it happened that some one in the house called Lubin, so that Planchet remained alone, looking in all directions for his master.

The said Engrandissement Planchet, whom she took for Lubin, and holding out a little bill to him—

"For your master," said she, "it is of consequence—take it quickly."

Thereupon she ran toward the carriage, which had turned round toward the way it came, jumped upon the step, and the carriage drove off.

Planchet took the bill to D'Artagnan. He opened the letter and read these words:

A person who takes more interest in you than she is willing to confess wishes to know on what day it will suit you to walk in the Rue de Tournai, at the Hotel of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, a lackey in black and red will wait for your reply.

"Oh, oh!" said D'Artagnan. "It appears that mi lady and I are anxious about the health of the same person. Well, Planchet, how is the good M. de Wardes; he is not dead, then?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, he is as well as a man can be with four sword wounds in his body."

"Now, Planchet, jump upon your horse and let us overtake the carriage." They soon effected this. At the end of five minutes they perceived the carriage drawn up by the roadside. A cavalier, richly dressed, was close to the coach door.

The conversation between mi lady and the cavalier was so animated that D'Artagnan stopped on the other side of the carriage without any one but the pretty maid being aware of his presence.

The cavalier took place in English, a language which D'Artagnan could not understand, but by the accent the young man plainly saw that the cavalier was an Englishman, and in a great rage. The cavalier broke into a loud laugh, which appeared to exasperate mi lady still more.

D'Artagnan thought this was the moment to interfere.

"Madame," said he, "will you permit me to offer you my services?"

At the first word mi lady turned round, looking at the young man with astonishment, and when he had finished:

"Monsieur," said she in very good French, "I should with great confidence place myself under your protection if the person with whom I quarrel were not my brother."

"Ah, excuse me, then," said D'Artagnan. "You must be aware that I was ignorant of that, madame."

"What is that stupid fellow troubling himself about?" cried the cavalier.

"Stupid fellow yourself!" said D'Artagnan.

The carriage went on. The cavalier made a movement as if to follow, but D'Artagnan, whose anger, already excited, was much increased by recognizing in him the Englishman of Amiens who had won his horse and was very near winning his diamond of Athos, caught at his bridle and stopped him.

"Well, monsieur," said he, "we will see if you can handle a sword as skillfully as you can a dice box."

"Where?"

"Behind the Luxembourg at 6 o'clock."

"That will do. I will be there."

"Approas you have probably one or two friends?"

"I am M. de Treville, a Gascon gentleman, serving in the guards in the company of M. Descaumont. And you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

See Water For Street Cleaning.
In Blackpool, a city of Lancashire, the authorities have given a great deal of attention to the prevention of street dirt. The principal streets are paved either with wood or asphalt and are swept from twelve to twenty times a day. The watering is done very thoroughly, and for this purpose a water is used almost exclusively, since it has been found by actual test that sea water prevents dust about three times as effectively as fresh water and that it has no injurious effect upon the road surface when properly applied. The streets are not merely sprinkled, but are thoroughly scrubbed, brushes being used on all the paved streets.—London Mail.

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