

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXVIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1912.

NO. 27

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NOTICE!

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

H. B. Ireland, adm'r. t. a. 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, who have notified 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 making for an order of sale for the sale of the lands of the late James Henry Long, deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said late James Henry Long, has an interest for the purpose of creating a lien and for partition, and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the said clerk of the court of Alamance County, on or before the 15th day of August, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause why they should not be held liable for the relief demanded in said complaint.

The 15th day of July, 1912.

J. D. KERNOLDE,
Clerk Superior Court.

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THE THREE GUARDSMEN

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

"I am the Lord de Winter, baron of Bismarck."
"Lord D'Arctagnan employed himself in arranging a little plan of which we shall hereafter see the execution and which promised him some agreeable adventures."
The hour being come, D'Arctagnan and the three guardsmen, with their four lackeys, repaired to a spot behind the Luxembourg. The lackeys were charged to act as sentinels.

The Englishmen were all men of rank. Consequently the extraordinary names of their adversaries were for them not only a matter of surprise, but of uneasiness.
"But, after all this," said Lord de Winter when the three friends had been named, "we do not know you are. As gentlemen we cannot fight with such."

"You gambled very willingly with us without knowing our real names," said Athos.
"That is true, but we fight with our equals only."
"And that is not just," said Athos, and he took aside that one of the four Englishmen with whom he was to fight and communicated his name in a low voice.

"Athos and Aramis did the same."
"You would have asked much more wisely if you had not required me to make myself known," said Athos.
"Because I am believed to be dead and have reason for wishing nobody should know I am living, so that I shall be obliged to kill you to prevent my secret getting wind."
The Englishman looked at Athos, believing that he was joking, but Athos was not joking the least in the world.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, addressing at the same time his companions and their adversaries, "guard!"
And immediately eight swords glittered in the rays of the setting sun.
Athos fenced with as much cunning and method as if he had been practicing in a school.

Porthos, corrected, no doubt, of his too great confidence by his adversary of Chamilly, advanced with a sword, and Aramis, who had the third canto of a poem to finish, made all the dispatch of a man very much pressed for time.
Athos, the first, killed his adversary. He hit him but once; but, as he had foretold, that hit was a mortal one.

Porthos, the next, attacked him, and upon the grass, with a wound through his thigh, and as the Englishman, with out making any further resistance, then surrendered his sword, Porthos took him up in his arms and carried him to his carriage.

Aramis, pushed back so vigorously, finally after going back fifty paces, he finished by fairly talking to his heels and disappeared amid the hooting of the spectators.
As to D'Arctagnan, he fought purely and simply on the defensive, and when he saw his adversary pretty well fatigued, he took a vigorous stride toward him, twisted the sword from his grasp and sent it glittering into the air.

"I could kill you, my lord," said he to the Englishman. "You are completely at my mercy, but I spare your life for the sake of your sister."
D'Arctagnan was the height of joy. He had realized the plan which he had fancied, the development of which had produced smiles upon his face.

The Englishman, delighted at having to do with a gentleman of such a kind disposition, possessed D'Arctagnan in his arms and paid a thousand compliments to the three musketeers, and as Porthos's adversary was already installed in the carriage, and as Aramis had run away, they had nothing to think about but the banquet. He was taken away by his friend.

"My young friend, if you will permit me, I hope to give you that name he said Lord de Winter, "on this very evening, if agreeable to you, I will present you to my sister, Lady Clark; for I am desirous that she should take you into her good graces, and as she is not in bad odor at court, she may perhaps on some future day speak a word that will not prove unprofitable to you."
D'Arctagnan blushed with pleasure, and bowed a sign of assent.

Lord de Winter, on quitting D'Arctagnan, gave him his sister's address. She lived in No. 6 Place Royale, near the fashionable quarter, and undertook to call and take him into her carriage to introduce him. D'Arctagnan appointed 8 o'clock at Athos's residence.

This introduction to Lady Clark occupied the head of our Gascon greatly. He remembered in what a strange manner the woman had hitherto been mixed up in his destiny. According to

or the cardinal's, and yet he felt himself inevitably drawn toward her by one of those sentiments for which we cannot account. His only fear was that Milady would recognize in him the man of Meung and of Dover. Then he knew that he was one of the friends of M. de Treville, and consequently, that he belonged body and soul to the king, which would make him lose a part of his advantage, since when known to Milady as he knew he had played only an equal game with her.

As to the commencement of an intrigue between her and M. de Wardes our presumptions here gave but little heed to that, although the marquise was young, handsome, rich and high in the cardinal's favor.
Milady Clark received D'Arctagnan ceremoniously. Her house was remarkably sumptuous, and while the most part of the English had quitted or were about to quit France on account of the war, Milady had just been laying out much money upon her residence, which proved that the general measure which drove the English from France did not affect her.

"You see," said Lord de Winter, presenting D'Arctagnan to his sister, a young gentleman who has spared my life. Thank him then, madame, if you have any affection for me."
Milady frowned slightly, a scarcely visible cloud passed over her brow, and so peculiar a smile appeared upon her lips that the young man who saw and observed this triple shade almost shuddered at it.
The brother did not perceive this; he had turned round to play with Milady's favorite monkey, which had pulled him by the doublet.
"You are welcome, monsieur," said Milady in a voice whose singular sweetness contrasted with the symptoms of all humor which D'Arctagnan had remarked. "You have truly acquired eternal rights to my gratitude."
Lord de Winter went to a table upon which was a salver with Spanish wine and glasses. He filled two and by a sign invited D'Arctagnan to drink.

D'Arctagnan knew it was considered dishonorable by an Englishman to refuse to pledge him, therefore drew near to the table and took the second glass. He did not, however, lose sight of Milady, and in a mirror perceived the change that took place in her face. Now that she believed herself to be no longer observed, a sentiment which resembled ferocity animated her countenance. She bit her handkerchief with all her might.

complaints. Your dinner has been a real feast. Lord, how I have eaten!"
Porthos fancied then, were mystifying him and began to curl his mustache and knit his eyebrows, but the knee of Mme. Coquenard came and gently advised him to be patient.

"This silence and this interruption in serving, which were unintelligible to Porthos, had, on the contrary, a terrible meaning for the clerks. Upon a look from the attorney, accompanied by a smile from Mme. Coquenard, they arose slowly from the table, folded their napkins more slowly still, bowed and retired.
"Go, young men. Go and promote digestion by working," said their master gravely.

Master Coquenard, after the luxuries of such a repast, felt the want of a doze. He was not satisfied till he was close to his chest, upon the edge of which, for still greater precaution, he placed his feet.
His wife took Porthos into an adjoining chamber, and they began to lay the basis of reconciliation.

"I have not answered my first note. Are you indisposed or have you forgot the glass I favored me with at the ball of Mme. de Guise? You have an opportunity now, count; do not allow it to escape."
D'Arctagnan became very pale; he was wounded in his self love; he thought that it was in his love.

"Poor, dear M. D'Arctagnan," said Kitty, in a voice full of compassion and pressing the young man's hand again.
"You know what it is to be in love?" said D'Arctagnan, looking at her for the first time with much attention.
"Alas, yes."
"Well, then, instead of pitying me, you would do much better to assist me in revenging myself of your mistress."
"I will triumph over her and supplant my rival."
"I will never help you in that, M. le Chevalier."
"Why not?"
"My mistress will never love you."
"How do you know that?"
"You have offended her to the very heart."
"I? In what can I have offended her? I, who ever since I have known her have lived at her feet like a slave! Speak, I beg of you."
"I will never confess that but to the person who scolded. Milady, the man who would read to the bottom of my soul."
D'Arctagnan looked at pretty Kitty for the second time.

"Kitty," said he, "I will read to the bottom of your soul whenever you like; don't let that disturb you." And came from Buckingham. The 300 lire of the first place and still further by the expression of the eyes of the young man, "is that in love—every one for herself!"
Then only D'Arctagnan saw at a glance all the advantage that might be derived from the love which Kitty had just confessed so innocently or so boldly—the interception of letters addressed to the Count de Wardes, intelligence on the spot, entrance at all hours into Kitty's chamber, which was contiguous to her mistress's. The perfidious deceiver was, as may plainly be perceived, already sacrificing in idea the poor girl to obtain Milady, whether she would or not.

"Well," said he to the young girl, "are you willing, my dear Kitty, that I should give you a proof of that love of which you doubt? Are you willing that I should this evening pass with you the usual time I generally spend with your mistress?"
"Oh, yes," said Kitty, clapping her hands, "very willing!"
"Well, then, come here, my dear," said D'Arctagnan, establishing himself in an armchair; "come and let me tell you that you are the prettiest girl I ever saw."
And he did tell her so much and so well that the poor girl, who asked nothing better than to believe him, did believe him. In such conversations time passes very rapidly. Twelve o'clock struck, and almost at the same time the bell was rung in Milady's chamber.

"Well," cried Kitty, "there is my mistress calling me! Go—go directly!"
D'Arctagnan rose, took his hat as if it had been his intention to obey, then, opening quickly the door of a large closet instead of that of the staircase, he plunged into the midst of robes and saw the young man's mistress.

D'Arctagnan heard the door of communication opened. He could hear the conversation turn upon himself while Kitty was assisting her mistress to undress.
"Well," said Milady, "I have not seen our Gascon this evening."
"Who?" cried Kitty, "has he not been?"
"Can he be inconstant before being happy?"
"Oh, no; he must have been prevented by M. de Treville or M. Desseaux."
"I understand my game, Kitty. I have him safe!"

"No, Kitty, you are mistaken. I do not love her, but I will revenge myself for her contempt of me."
D'Arctagnan took a pen and wrote:
Madame—Until the present moment I could not believe that it was to my young friend that you were addressing me. Besides, I was so seriously indisposed that I could not in any case have replied to them.
But now I am forced to believe in the excess of your kindness, since not only you tell me that you love me, but that I have the good fortune to be beloved by you.
I have no occasion to teach me the way in which a man of spirit may obtain his pardon. I will come and ask mine at 11 o'clock this evening.
To delay it a single day would be in my eyes now to commit a fresh offense. Whom you have rendered the happiest of men.

This note was in the first place a forgery; it was likewise an indelicacy; it was even, according to our present manners, something like an infamous insult.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVI.
Maid and Mistress.

In the meantime, in spite of the cries of his conscience and the sad looks of his mistress, D'Arctagnan became hourly more in love with Milady. Thus he never failed to pay his diurnal court to her, and the self-satisfied Gascon was convinced that sooner or later she could not fail to respond to him.

One day when he arrived with his hat in the air and as light as heart as a man who is in expectation of a shower of gold he found Kitty under the gateway of the hotel. But this time she was not contented with touching him as he passed; she took him gently by the hand.

"Good!" thought D'Arctagnan. "She is charged with some message for me from her mistress."
"I wish to say three words to you, M. le Chevalier," stammered the girl.
"Speak, my dear, speak," said D'Arctagnan. "I am all attention."
"Here? That's impossible. That which I have to say is too long and still more, too secret."
"Well, what is to be done?"
"If M. le Chevalier would follow me," said Kitty timidly.

And Kitty, who had not let go the hand of D'Arctagnan, led him up a little dark winding staircase and after ascending about fifteen steps opened a door.
"Come in here, M. le Chevalier," said she. "Here we shall be alone and can talk safely."
"And whose chamber is this, my pretty friend?"
"It is mine, M. le Chevalier. I communicate with my mistress by that door. But you need not fear. She will not hear what we say. She never goes to bed before midnight."
D'Arctagnan directed his eyes to the door.

"Kitty guessed what was passing in the mind of the young man and answered a deep sigh.
"You love my mistress, then, very dearly, M. le Chevalier?" said she.
"Oh, more than I can say, Kitty! I am mad for her!"
"Alas, monsieur!" said she. "That is a great pity."
"Because you see so pitiable in it?"
"Because, monsieur, replied Kitty, "my mistress does not love you at all. What do you think of this?"
And Kitty drew a little note from her bosom.
"For another?"
"His name, his name!" cried D'Arctagnan.
"Read the address."
"M. le Comte de Wardes."
The remembrance of the scene at St. Germain presented itself to the mind of the presumptuous Gascon. As quick as thought he tore open the letter in spite of the cry which Kitty uttered on seeing what he was going to do, or rather, what he was doing. He read:
You have not answered my first note. Are you indisposed or have you forgot the glass I favored me with at the ball of Mme. de Guise? You have an opportunity now, count; do not allow it to escape."
D'Arctagnan became very pale; he was wounded in his self love; he thought that it was in his love.

morrow's education shall be given me an answer to the letter I gave you."
D'Arctagnan heard the door close, then the noise of two bolts by which Milady fastened herself in on her side, but as softly as possible, Kitty turned the key of the lock, and then D'Arctagnan opened the closet door.

"Silence! silence! Be gone!" whispered Kitty. "There is nothing but a watchpost between my chamber and Milady's. Every word that is uttered in one can be heard in the other."
"I will go later." And he put his arm around her waist. D'Arctagnan's love for Kitty was little more than an idea of vengeance upon Milady. The first use he made of the language he had obtained over her was to endeavor to find out what had become of Mme. Bonacieux. But the poor girl swore that she was entirely ignorant on that head, her mistress never admitting her into half her secrets, only she believed she was able to say she was not dead.

As to the cause which was near making Milady lose the confidence of the cardinal, Kitty knew nothing about it. But this time D'Arctagnan was better informed than she was. As he had seen Milady on board a vessel at the moment he was leaving

England, he suspected that it was almost without a doubt on account of the diamond studs.
But what was clearest in all this was that the true hatred, the profound hatred, the bitter hatred of Milady was increased by his not having killed her brother-in-law.

The next evening after having left Milady he found Kitty at the gate and, as on the preceding evening, went up to her chamber. Kitty had been accused of negligence and consequently, she was given the promise that she would be allowed to remain in the house of the Count de Wardes, and she ordered Kitty to come at 9 o'clock in the morning to take a third letter.

D'Arctagnan made Kitty promise to bring him that letter on the following morning. The poor girl promised all her lover desired. She was mad.
At 11 o'clock the next morning Kitty came to him. She held in her hand a fresh billet from Milady.

D'Arctagnan opened the letter and read as follows:
This is the third time I have written to you to tell you that I love you. Here that I do not write to you a fourth time to tell you that I detest you!
If you refuse to be married in which you have acted toward me the young girl who brings you this will tell you how a man of spirit may obtain his pardon.
D'Arctagnan colored and grew pale several times while reading this billet.

"Oh, you love her still!" said Kitty, who had not taken her eyes off the young man's countenance for an instant.
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Why He Restrained Himself.
"I noticed," his wife said, "that you didn't kiss the bride. How did it happen? I could understand it if she had been old or homely, but why did you stand back when she was so young and so beautiful?"
"Well," he replied, "I noticed that you were watching."

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