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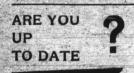
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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

gelic meekness of gesture and tone, "pardon this man, as I myself pardon him?" "Yes, pray accursed woman!" cried the baron. "Yohr prayer is so much the more generaus from your being. I swent to you in the power of a man who will never parlon you?" At the moment he went out a pierc ing giance daried through the opening of the nearly closed door, and she per-ceived Feiton, who draw quickly on one side to prevent being seen by her. Then she threw herself upon her knees and began to pray. The door opened genels, The beauti-fai supplicant profession to thear the noise, and, in a voice broken by tears she said: "God of vengeance, God of goodnessi

the noise, and, in a voice broken by tears she said: "God of vengennes, God of goodnessi Will you allow the frightful projects 1 of this man to be accomplished?" "I do not like to disturt those what pray, madame." said Feiton seriously. "Do not disturt yourself on my ac-count, I beseech you. Repeatance be-comes the guilty." "Guilty1 17" said mindy. "Say 1 am condemned, sit. If you please, but you know that God, who loves man-tyrs, sometimes permits the innocent to be condemned." "Were you a mariyt," replied Feiton, 1

"Were you a martyr," replied Feiton, the greater would be the necessity for "the greater would be the necessity for prayer." "Oh, you are a just man!" cried mi-

"Oh you are a just man?" cried mi-lady, throwing herself on her knees at his feet. "I can hold out no longer, for I fear I shall be wandering in strength in the moment at which I shall be forced to undergo the struggle and confess my fulth. I only ask you one favor, and if you grant it me I will bless you in this world and in the mert." next.'

"Speak to the master, madame," said "Speak to the master, madame," said Feltou; "happily I am neither charged with the power of pardoning nor pun-ishing. If you have marited shame, madame, you must submit to it as an offering to God."

offering to God." "When I speak of ignominy you think I speak of some punishment or other - of imprisonment or death. Would to heaven it were no more!" "It is I who no longer understand you, madame."

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BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

Felton saw it and started as if its Ight had revealed the abysses of this woman's heart. He recalled all at once the warnings of Dord de Winter; but, as if fascfinited by this strange creature, be could not remove his eyes from her eyes. Milady was not a woman to misun derstand the meaning of this hesita-tion. Before Felton replied she let her hands fail and as if the weakness of the woman overpowered the enthu-siasm of the inspired fanatic--"But no," said she. "The sword of Felton, and I an come." "Tou promised you I would come," said Felton, "and I an come." "Tou promised you I would come." "Here is the kaife" said Felton, drawing it from his pocket. "Let me see it," said milady. "Upon my bonar I will fastantly return it fo and you may remain between it and me." "But no," said she. "The sword of

"But no," said she. "The sword of the eternal is too heavy for my arm. Allow me then to avoid dishonor by death: let me take refuge in martyr-dom. I imptore you on my knees-let me die."

me die." At hearing that voice, so sweet and suppliant, at viewing that look, so tim-id and downcast, Felton reprosched himself.

Anse, and reacon, recan do but called upon that reining on and that con-prove for me you are a victim! But you, madame, so beautiful in reality, you so pure in appearance, must have committed great iniquities for Lord de Wining the number of these that the source and the sou

Winter to pursue you thus." "They have eyes," repeated milady, with an accent of indescribable grief, "and they will not see; they have ears and they will not see; they have ears and they will not hear." "But," cried the young officer, "speak-speak then!" "Confide my shame to you," cried milady, with, the blush of modesty upon her countenance. "Oh, never, never, never."

one circumstance reassured her-Felton had not spoken. Soon after she heard lighter steps never, never!" "But to me, to a brother?" said Fel-

Soon arter are neuron nguter score than those of the sentinel, which came from the bottom of the corridor and stopped before her door. "That is he," said she. And she began the same religious chant which had so strongly excited Faiton the scaning before.

ton. The young officer. In his turn a sup-pliant, clasped his hands. "Weil, then," said milady, "I confide in my brother, I will dare to"--At this moment the steps of Lord de Winter were heard. but this time the terrible brother-in-law of milady did not content himself, as on the preced-ing day, with passing before the door and going away again. He stopped, exchanged, two words, with the senti-nel, then the door opened and he ap-peared. Feiton the evening before. But, although her voice, sweet, full and sonorous, yibrated as harmonious-iy and as affectingly as ever, the door remained shut. It appeared, however, to milady that in one of the furtive glances she darted from time to time at the grating of the door she thought she saw the ardent eyes of the young

During these two words Felton drew back suddenly, and when Lord de Win-ter entered he was at several paces the saw the ardent cycs of the young man through the narrow opening. But he did not enter. The next day, when Felton entered blocks the same set of the se from the prisoner. "You have been a long time here,

milady's apartments, he found her standing, mounted upon a chair, hold-ing in her hands a rope made by means of torn cambric handkerchiefs. He advanced slowly toward milady, who had sat down, and took an end escape" said she. "Well, ask your worthy jaller what favor I was but this instant soliciting of him." "What favor, pray?" asked Lord de Winter. who had sat down, and took an end of the murderous rope. "What is this, madame?" he asked. "That? Nothing," said milady, smil-ing with that painful expression which

"A knife, which she would return to me through the grating of the door a minute after she had received it," re-"There is some one then concealed here whose throat this amiable lady is desirous of cutting," said De Winter. "There is myself," replied milady. Feiton feit a shudder run to the mar-row of his bones. Probably Lord de Winter perceived this emotion. "Mistrust yourself, John," said he. "I have placed reliance upon you, my

within a few paces of me. "A table with two covers bearing a supper ready prepared stood as if by marks in the middle of the anartmat "I have placed reliance upon you, my friend. Beware: I have warned you. But be of good courage, my lad. In

At 9 o'clock Lord de Winter made his customary visit and examined the win-dow and the bars. "Well," said he on leaving her, "you

complice of that child of Bellal, who is called Lord de Winter! You bellevel will not escape this night!"
At 10 o'clock Felton came and placed the sentinel. Milady recognized his step. Two hours after, as the clock struck 12 the sentine! was relieved. The new sentine! was relieved. The new sentine! was relieved. The new sentine! commenced his walk in the corridor.
"They will not hear."
"Yes, yes." said Felton, passing his hands over his brow, covered with sweat, as if to remove his last doubt "Yes, I recognize the features of the angel that appears to me every night, crying to my sonl which cannot sleep."
A fash of terrible joy, but rapid as thought, gleamed from the eyes of milady.
Felton saw it and started as if its

"I promised you I would come," said

Felton held the weapon to milady.

"Well," said she returning the knife to the young officer. "this is the and good steel. You are a faithful friend. Felton, if your sister, the daughter of your father, said to you: "Still young, unfortunately hand

suppliant, at viewing that look, so tim-id and downcat, Felton reproached himself. "Alas" said Felton, "I can de but called upon that religion and that God.

paralyze the resistance he could no paralyze the resistance he could not conquer. One evening he mixed a powerful narcotic with my water. Scarcely had I finished my repast when I felt myself sink by degrees into a strange torpor. I arose. I en-deavored to run to the window and

call for help, but my limba refused their office. I endeavored to speak. I could only utter inarticulate sounds and irresistible faintness came over

me. I supported myself by a chair feeling that I was about to fall, bu this support was soon useless for my weak arms. I sank down upon the floor, a prey to a sleep which resem-bled death.

"I awoke in bed in a round chamber the furniture of which was sumptu ous and into which light only pene

ous and into which light only pene-trated by an opening in the ceiling. No door gave entrance to the room. It might be called a magnificent prison. "I arose tremblingly. My clothes were near me on a chair. I neither re-membered having undressed myself nor going to bed. I was no longer in the house I had dwelt in. The day was already two-thirds gone. It was the evening before that I had fallen asleep. My alseen then

John," said De Winter. "Has this wo-man been relating her crimes to you? In that case I can comprehend the length of the conversation." "Ah, you fear your prisoner should escape!" said she. "Well, ask your

"There is some one then concealed here whose throat iNte

MRS. WOODROW WILSON veratio Presidential Nominee. Honorary President Weman's National Democratic League. Wife of the Der



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the new leader of Democracy and prob-After, Woodrow Wilson, wile of the new leader of Democracy and prob-able next mistress of the White House, is perhaps the most interesting wom-an in the United States today. This is inevitable—not because she wishes it, for she does not—and is as firm as a rock in her conviction that being the wife of a public man does not necessitate nor call for a woman's becoming a publicity seeker. She successfully resisted all appeals of photographers and interviewers until Mr. Wilson's nomination as Democratic candidate for the presidency was un fait accompli. This modesty is easily traced to her southern ancestry and training and is characteristic also of her distin-

She was born Ellen Louise Axson, daughter of a Presbyterian divine of Savannah, Ga., whose family, so far as he knows, is the only one of the name in America.

Like Mr. Wilson, she has one brother and one sister living, all in the

Like ar. Wison, she has one brother and one sister living, all in the same literary circle as the doctor and herself. In this atmosphere of learning Mrs. Wilson could hardly be expected to be other than she is-widely read, broad-minded and charitable, devoted to her home and the principles for which it stands. She has marked ability as an artist, and it is said that a portrait painter

Bhe has marked ability as an artist, and it is said that a portrait painter of ability was spoiled when she married the young barrister who had then given up the practice of his profession to specialize on the subject that has made him a presidential nominee. Mrs. Wilson's three daughters—Misses Margaret Woodrow Wilson, Jes-sie Woodrow Wilson and Eleanor Randolph Wilson—possess the mental characteristics of their father and their mother's artistic temperament, com-lead to work a work of the section of the

bined in such a way as to give seat to every moment of their lives and pro tection from the folbles of the world. They form, indeed, an ideal family circle, one that it would be well for every American household to emulate

MRS. THOMAS R. MARSHALL Wife of the Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee. Honorary Vice-President

Woman's National Democratic League. asleep. My sleep. then, must have lasted twenty-four hours. "I dressed myself as quickly as pos-sible; my slow and stiff motions all



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sweeney, ringbone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish eure known, Sold by Graham Drug Co.
Judge Mills L. Eure died a few, days ago at his home in Norfolk, Va. Thirty years ago he was a Superior Court judge in North Carolina. He had lived in Norfolk many years, where he was engaged in business.
To kill yourself" cried Feiton, with terror. Some one was heard in the corridor. Milady recognized the step of Lord de Winter.
The state on the step of Lord de Winter.
The state on the step of Lord de Winter.
The state on the step of Lord de Winter.
The state on the step of Lord de Winter.
Tody of Winter passed before the door without stopping, and the sound of his footsteps soon died away in the distance.
"It he tells the baron," said she, "I

engaged in business. Geo. T. Oraddock, Bubis, Ark., says: "I was bothered with hun-bago for seven years so bad I could not work. I tried several kinds of kidney medicine which gave ma lithe or no relief. Two bothesor Foley Kidney Pills cured me and now I can do any kind of work. I baeerfully recommend them to my triends." For sale by all Drug-gista. "He to the baron," said she, "I am lost, for the baron," said she, "I in the evening Lord de Winter so-companied the souper. "Sho" said mindo," is your presence an indiapanashie sceasaor of my captivity? Could you not spare me visits inlict upou me?" "Haw. my daar sistar?" said Lost Am

"Do you know him, then?" continued "Oh, know him-yes, to my misfe

"On, know him-yes, to my misfor-tune-to my eternal misfortune!" And milady wrung her hands. "Sir," cried she, "be kind, be clement Listen to my prayer. Give me a knife for a minute only, for mercy's, for pity's sake! I will restore it to you through the grating of the door." "To kill yourself!" cried Feiton, with terror.

4

not capable of such a chima." "Good!" said mlindy to herself. "Without knowing what it is he calls it a crime!"

Then aloud: "The friend of the infamous is capa "The friend of the instances is capa-ble of everything." "You mean George Villiers?" said Feiton, whose looks became agitated. "Whom Pagans and infide gentiles call Duke of Buckingham," replied mi-

The hand of the Lord is stretched over him," said Felton. "He will not escape the chastisement he deserves." Felton did but express, with regard to the duke, the feeling of execution which all the English had vowed to the duke. the duke.

eeddy. she knew so well how to give to hor sug that rope." The second second second second second to second second second second second the second seco moan." Felion stood hefore her like one pet-he, clasping his hands. "Art thou a measurger from God, art thou a min-ister from hell, art thou an angel or a

"Do you not know me, Felton? am neither an angel nor a demon. I am a daughter of earth; I am a sister of thy faith." -"Yes, yes!" said Felton. "I doubted, but now I holess".

out now I be "You believe and still you are an se-

three days we shall be delivered from this creature, and where I shall send her to she can burt nobody." The baron took the young officer by the arm, turning his head over his shoulder so as not to loss sight of mi-

Alloquer so as not to lose signt or mo-lady till he was gone out. Milady waited then with much im-patience, for she feared the day would pass away without her seeing Felton again. But in an hour she heard some ne enter

"What do you want with me?" said

"Listen." replied Felton in a low voice: "I have just sent away the sen-tine! The baron has just related a frightful bistory to ase."

Milady assumed her smile of a re-Milady assumed her smile of a re-signed victim and shook her head. "Either you are a demon," continued Feiton, "or the barou, my benefactor, my father, is a monster. "Tonight aft-er 12 1 will come and see, and listen to you, and you will convince me." "No. Feiton, no. my-brother; the sac-rifice is too great, and 1 feel what it must cost you. No. I am lost. Do not be lost with me."

"What's this, madame?" he asked coldly.

must cost your. No, I am man. Do not be lost with me?" "Be silient, madame," cried Felton, "and do not spent to me thus. If when, you have seen me again you still per-sist-well, then you shall be free, and myself will give you the weapon you

"Well," said milady, "for your sake

I will wait." He darted out of the room. As for her, she returned to her place with a smile of savage contempt upon her the.

CHAPTER XXXIX. The Fifth Day of Captivity.

"That man was he who had pursued me during a whole year, who had vow-ed my dishonor. He came to offer his fortune in exchange for my love." "Infamous villain!" murmured Fel-

in the

"All that the heart of a woman could Contain of haughts contempt and dis-dainful words I poured out upon this man. When he thought I had said all he advanced toward me.' I sprang to-ward the table, I selzed a knife, I thead it is one becaute

attested that the effects of the nar

cotic were not all yet dissipated. The chamber was evidently furnished for

twenty times in search of an outlet of some kind. There was none. I sank exhausted with fatigue and terror into

a chair. In the meantime night came on rapidly, and with night my terrors

Increased. Although I had eaten noth ing since the evening before, my fears prevented my feeling hunger. "All at once the noise of a door turn.

ing on its hinges made me start. A globe of fire appeared above the glazed opening of the ceiling, casting a strong light into my chamber, and I perceived

with terror that a map was standing

the reception of a woman. "I made the tour of the room at least

placed it to my breast. "'Make one step more,' said I, 'and in addition to my dishonor you shall have my death to reproach yourself

"'Your death?' said he. 'Oh. no; you are too charming a mistress to allow me to consent to lose you thus. Adleu, my charmer. I will wait to pay you my next visit till you are in a better humor."

humor." "At these words he blew a whistle. The globe of nre which lighted the roots resscended and disappeared. I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

They Carry the Sign. "I don't think it's fair," said Mrs. Knagger, "that one can tell whether

woman's married 'or single by her th tle, while all men are called mister." "Well," answered her husband "married mea don't need titles to dis

tinguish them from single ones. All you've got to do is just look at 'em."-

The Fifth-Day of Captivity. MillADY, being well prepared for the reception of Feiton, the should certainly return from her the should certainly return from her states that do only two days left. The should certainly return from her the should certainly return from her states in the doubt that a single instant, buit how long might this exili-stars for lose a year, two years, three the in after the death or diagrace of the cardinal, perhaps; to return when DYAT imphant, should have received from the queen the reward they had werder an entitie by the services they had render

Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the vice-presidential nominee of the Democratic party, is a keen student of affairs and as the constant compan-ion of her husband has had an exceptional opportunity of specialising on human nature. A very practical and far-reaching result of this peculiar in-terest in the larger family of the state—she has no children of her own— is found in the long list of humanitarian bills passed by the Indiana legisla-ture during her husband's regime as governor. A bill to curtail child labor heads the list, which numbers twenty, and includes almost every legal cor-rection for the immediate relief of labor, especially for that pertaining to women and children.

The Marshall home, like that of the Wilsons', is a home of books, and yet one does not feel "bookish" within its walls. On the contrary, one feels very much at home there the moment Mrs. Marshall appears upon the scene, and, if possible, more so when Mr. Marshall comes in."

They are such chums, this "tender-hearted" governor and his wife, and where one is the other is pretty sure to be found. They have traveled all over the country together, and if the Woman's National Democratic league has anything to do with it they will soon be going to Washington together.

Druggists.

Mrs. Marshall is honorary vice president of the league and keenly inter-ested in its work, not because it is part of the campaign, but because she recognizes the permanency of the movement to educate women in the primos the permane Democracy.

Bone Pains,
Pimples, Old Sores,
Scroful or Kernels,
Supurating Sores, Boils, Car-
but it's never said where pimples,
skin eruptions, blotches, or other
blood is back of them all, and
shows the need of Dr. King's New
the Pills. They promote health
and beauty. Try them. 25 cents
at Graham Drug Co.Mrs. Paul Webling, 316 Smith
St., Peoria, III., had kidney and
pladder trouble, with terrible
backache and pain across the hips.
Supurating Sores, Boils, Car-
burging her condition. She
further says: "I was also very
provous, had headaches and dizzy
spells, and was fast getting wore
at now all my troubles are enred.
Foley Kidney Pills have done so
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