

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XL

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914.

NO. 19

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Lower the Cost of Living. Don't Use an Ax!

By MOES.

"POWERFUL indeed is the empire of habit," wrote Publus Syrus a long about the year 1.

Habit's stuff life is made of.

You get into the habit of eating three meals a day, of a cold plunge in the morning, of wearing a favorite color, of following the business routine of the office, of talking about the weather, of being grouchy or an optimist. Yes, life is all a habit. A powerful empire, indeed, is habit.

Habit automatically solves many of our problems. The habit of forgetting curses anger and sorrow. The habit of saving prevents want and misery. The habit of remembering saves waste and inefficiency.

EFFICIENT shoppers get the habit of following the ads. In this paper closely and intelligently. They know just where they can buy what they want at any time at the lowest prices.

INEFFICIENT shoppers, loose of habit, look up the ads only when they want something on the spur of the moment, or they even fail to do that. They lose, as a person of slovenly habits always loses.

Don't use an ax to lower the cost of living. USE HABIT.

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. adv.

The date of the unveiling of the Daniel Boone Monument in Salisbury has been postponed from June 24th to July 4th.

## DELMORE'S BUBBLE

"All's Well That Ends Well"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"I don't believe in bubbles!" cried Pauline Fane pettishly.

"You would believe in this one if you had heard Jim Hard tell the story," protested Delmore earnestly. "Of course I don't want to undertake such an expedition without your approval, but dear, it would make our future very happy and care free if I could discover that great diamond called the Bubble."

Pauline laughed at her lover's earnestness.

"Nonsense, Dick," she replied scornfully. "If you must go you must, but you will take with you my utter disbelief in the project and my disapproval of your risking what little money you have in such a hazardous undertaking. So there!"

Dick flushed painfully. He was looking thin and careworn as the result of a long illness, from which he had recovered to find that he had lost his position as sales manager for a man with some influence and considerable money with which to invest in the company's stock.

"The voyage down there will brace me up again," argued Dick for the twentieth time.

"Oh, you can take the voyage just the same, only don't risk your money on that insane venture," said Pauline.

"And if I decide to do that?" asked Dick quietly.

Pauline slowly drew Dick's ring from her finger.

"You will have this for a reminder of me," she said cruelly.

Dick slipped the ring into his pocket and turned away.

"And if I really discover the Bubble?" he asked dryly.

"Then I'll believe your story," smiled Pauline, rather unsmilingly. "If you bring the Bubble—and I really believe the

story to be a bubble of imagination on the part of a dying sailor—then you can replace the ring on my finger."

"In the meantime our engagement is broken because you do not approve of my going?" asked Dick wonderingly.

"Yes," she replied in a bored manner. Dick bade her a very formal farewell and went away. He did not offer to replace the ring on her finger, and after he had departed Pauline cried a little in her lace handkerchief, and then, because she was rather a spoiled child, she decided to forget about Dick.

Dick felt a strange sense of freedom as he sailed toward the southland where Jim Hard had told him the diamond was buried.

"You go to Porto Rico, sir," the man had whispered feebly. "In the city of San Juan you will hunt up a black named Maturin. Give him this bit of paper and he will take you in his boat to one of the outlying islands of the Virgin group. There you will land in a tiny cove. The island is only a few hundred feet in extent and is almost entirely covered at high tide, when nothing save a group of coconut palms is visible. You must land at

"DICK, OH, DICK! YOU ARE SAFE!"

By the time they had concluded their dinner the tide had begun to fall. Little by little a shelving, pebbly beach was uncovered until at last the receding waters bared the sandy bottom of the cove. Finally the tide went out beyond the entrance and at ebb lapped the teeth of the coral reef.

"Now!" exclaimed Dick, who had been impatiently waiting for this moment to arrive.

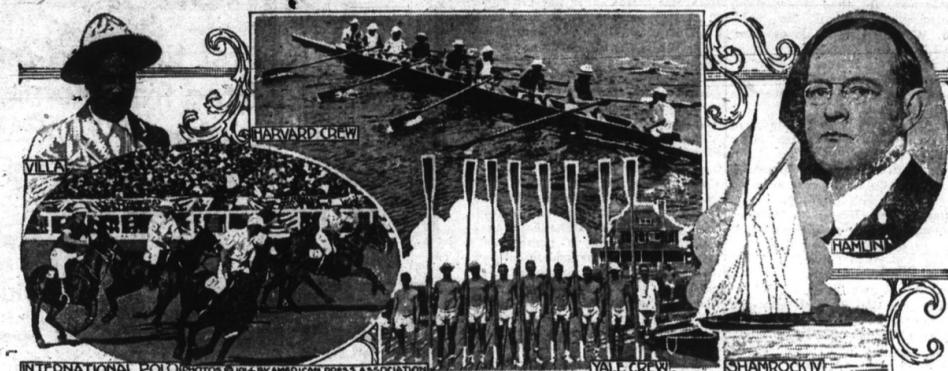
"He drew on a pair of hip boots of rubber, provided himself with pick and shovel, and, under the wondering, half-amused gaze of the black, Dick Delmore went to seek the Bubble of which he had come in search.

He carefully made the required measurements, and when he believed he had located the exact spot indicated on the little map which Jim Hard had placed in his hand at the last moment Dick thrust his shovel in the wet sand and worked steadily.

Suddenly the blade of the shovel clinked against metal.

In a few seconds he had uncovered the rusty link of a ship's anchor chain. It gave him a clue, and he changed the direction of his digging. In half an hour he had exposed three feet of chain, the shank and one fluke of a small anchor. In the mass of links where the chain caught the shank was embedded a large quantity of shellfish—that was all.

Or was it all?



## News Snapshots Of the Week

of the Federal Reserve Board by President Wilson. The Yale and Harvard crews rowed their annual contest on the Thames river near New London, Conn. The illustration shows the rival varsity eights as they appeared before the crew.

Sign time. With morning comes until the tide falls and the cove is only a bed of mud.

"Then you will follow directions on this little chart. A hundred and fifty feet due south from the big palm tree will take you to the middle of the cove. Dig there until you uncover a bit of rusty chain. Attached to the chain is a small iron box. If you can get it up you will find inside of it the diamond. It is yours. I hoped to get it, but I couldn't make out. If you find it send something to my old mother in Kansas. Thank you, sir. There is nothing else."

So Jim Hard passed away with his horny hand in Dick's, and it was characteristic of Dick Delmore that he wrote a sympathetic letter to Hard's mother and shipped the body to his western home and sent money to give the man decent burial and leave a sum over for the lonely old woman. Of course this dipped into his meager savings, but Pauline never knew of that.

One May morning Dick found himself in San Juan, Porto Rico, conferring with the black man named Maturin. He did not tell Maturin about the diamond. He merely told him that he was going to the coconut island to search for "hidden treasure" and Maturin had laughed good naturedly and told him that "plenty white man like you that a-way, suh!"

But Maturin was ready to set out in his sturdy little boat, and, with a plentiful supply of provisions and water, they sailed among the green islands, set like jewels in the deep blue waters, until on the second morning after their departure they came upon the group of coconut palms, apparently rising out of the sea.

"There was no other island in sight. On every side stretched the limitless ocean.

"This must be the island, boss," said Maturin as he beached the boat upon the scrap of sand under the trees of the island.

"Can you soon find out, Maturin," said Dick as he threw himself down under the shade of the palms and waited while the man prepared an appetizing meal.

By the time they had concluded their dinner the tide had begun to fall. Little by little a shelving, pebbly beach was uncovered until at last the receding waters bared the sandy bottom of the cove. Finally the tide went out beyond the entrance and at ebb lapped the teeth of the coral reef.

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson XIII.—Second Quarter, For June 28, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Heb. iv, 14 to v, 10. Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Luke xiv, 10.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Lesson I.—Christ's Table Talk, Luke xiv, 7-24. Golden Text, Luke xiv, 11. "Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbly himself shall be exalted"—a threefold message in the house of one of the chief Pharisees who had invited Him to eat bread on the Sabbath day; a message on humility for the guests, on recompense at the resurrection for the host and man's indifference to God's provision and invitation for one of the guests who spoke of the kingdom.

Lesson II.—The Journey to Emmaus, Luke xxiv, 13-35. Golden Text, Rom. viii, 34. "It is Christ Jesus that died, yea, rather, that was raised from the dead." Here we see the reality of Christ's resurrection body having the nail wounds in hands and feet, a tangible body of flesh and bones, that could be handled, that could walk and eat and also pass through unopened doors and vanish at pleasure.

Lesson III.—The Cost of Discipleship, Luke xiv, 25-35. Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 25. "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." The difference between being a Christian and a disciple is very marked, the cost of our salvation falling wholly on Christ, but the cost of discipleship on the believer, salvation being a gift, but reward in proportion to service.

Lesson IV.—The Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin, Luke xv, 1-10. Golden Text, Luke xv, 10. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"—a threefold parable concerning the love of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. This lesson concerns the Son and the Spirit, the sinner's helplessness and proneness to stray is seen in the sheep, and his deadness in the piece of money.

Lesson V.—The Lost Son, Luke xv, 11-24. Golden Text, Luke xv, 11. "I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight." That was not all he intended to say (verses 18, 19), but it was nearly all that he did say (verse 21). The father's welcome cut it short. The whole parable teaches us what God thinks of lost ones and how unwilling He is that any should perish.

Lesson VI.—The Unjust Steward, Luke xvi, 1-13. Golden Text, Luke xvi, 10. "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much, and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much." We are stewards of all that with which the Lord has entrusted us, whether it be the gospel or talents or time or money, and we are using it either for ourselves or for Him, for time or eternity.

Lesson VII.—The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi, 19-31. Golden Text, Prov. xxi, 13. "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall

## ONE WAY TO PAY A DEBT.

A Suit That Lincoln Settled in His Own Peculiar Manner.

A crick brained attorney who lived in Springfield, supported mainly by the other lawyers of the place, became indebted in the sum of \$250 to a wealthy citizen of the county. The creditor, failing after repeated efforts to collect the amount due him, came to Mr. Lincoln and asked him to settle the matter. Lincoln explained the man's condition and circumstances and advised his client to let the matter rest, but the creditor's temper was up, and he insisted on bringing suit. Again Lincoln urged him to let the matter drop, adding, "You can make nothing out of him, and it will cost you a good deal more than the debt to bring suit."

The creditor was still determined to have his way and threatened to seek some other attorney who would be more willing to take charge of the matter than Lincoln appeared to be. Lincoln then said, "Well, if you are determined that suit shall be brought, I will bring it, but my charge will be \$10." The creditor paid over the money and gave peremptory orders that the suit should be brought that very day.

After his client's departure Lincoln went out of the office. He returned in about an hour with an amused look on his face. He asked what pleased him, and he replied: "I brought suit against—and then hunted him up, told him what I had done, handed him half of the \$10, and we went over to the squire's office. He confessed judgment and paid the bill." Lincoln added that he did not see any other way to make things so generally satisfactory.—"The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln."

TRAGIC SLEEPWALKING.

Incident Upon Which Bellini Based His Celebrated Opera.

Somnambulists can maintain their footing in the most perilous places so long as they remain in a state of somnambulism, but if suddenly awakened they instantly lose their self-possession and balance.

On one occasion a young woman living in Dresden was seen at midnight walking on the edge of the roof of her house. Her family were immediately told of her plight, but were afraid to go near her. The neighbors gathered about the house and placed mattresses and blankets along the street in hopes that they might save her in case she fell.

She danced for over an hour on the slanting roof, apparently retaining her balance without difficulty, and every now and then she would advance to the edge and how to the silent crowd standing many feet below her.

At last she climbed down on to the wide gutter which ran in front of the window through which she had come, with the evident intention of re-entering the house. The crowd watching her so intently drew a sigh of relief. But, unfortunately, her terrified relatives, thinking to assist her, had placed two lighted candles in the room near the window, and as she approached the light fell directly in her eyes.

Instantly the shock awakened her, and she swayed back and forth in her perilous position; then, with a frightful scream, she fell headlong to the ground. She was fatally hurt and died in a few minutes. It was on this tragedy that Bellini wrote his celebrated opera "La Sonnambula."

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS.

We have been friends together, In sunshine and in shade, Since first beneath the chestnut trees

In infancy we played, But coldness dwells within thy heart,

A cloud is on thy brow; We have been friends no further— Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together, We have laughed at little fits, For the fount of hope was gushing— Warm and joyous in our breast,

But laughter now hath fled thy lip, And ailen glooms thy brow. We have been gay together— Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together, We have wept with bitter tears O'er the cross-grown graves where slumbered The hopes of early years, The voices which are silent there. Wouldst thou bid them clear thy brow, We have been sad together— Oh, what shall part us now? —Caroline Norton.

Considerate Censorship.

"Does your father know I love you?" "No, Papa isn't very well, and we've kept it from him."—Harper's Weekly.

ADDRESS TO A LADY.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yonder lee, on yonder lee, My plaidie to the angry air, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blow, around thee blow, Thy field should be my bosom, To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste, See bleak and bare, see bleak and bare, The desert were a paradise If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch of the globe, We'll thee to reign, we'll thee to reign, The brightest jewel in my crown Would be my queen, would be my queen. —Robert Burns.

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# 4th of July, 1914!

## Horse Racing, Base Ball, Brunswick Stew!

### At Alamance Fair Grounds.

Ball Game at 1:00 p. m. Racing at 3:00 p. m., Admission 25c and 15c  
Given Under Auspices of Alamance Fair Association.  
W. J. Nicks, A. Lacy Holt and John A. Ireland, Directors and Committee  
C. R. Davis, Manager of Races.