

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XL

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1914.

NO. 30

Tutt's Pills

FOR TORPID LIVER.
A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces
**SICK HEADACHE,
Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.**
There is no better remedy for these common diseases than **TUTT'S LIVER PILLS**, as a trial will prove. **Take No Substitute.**

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office Patterson Building
Second Floor.

DAMERON & LONG
Attorneys-at-Law
S. W. DAMERON, J. ADOLPH LONG
Phone 200, Phone 108
Fidmout Building, High-Nicholson Bldg.
Burlington, N. C. Graham, N. C.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C. North Carolina
OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

ACOB A. LONG, J. ELMER LONG
LONG & LONG,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN H. VERNON
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law
PHONES—Office 865—Residence 331
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Dr. J. J. Barefoot
OFFICE OVER HADLEY'S STORE
Leave Messages at Alamance Pharmacy
Phone 97 Residence Phone 382
Office Hours 2-4 p. m. and by Appointment.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gile*

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams
Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

The body of an unknown woman partly handcuffed is found at Lonesome Cove. Chester Kent, a scientist, investigates the mystery.

He means that Sedgwick, an old friend, who is suspected of killing her and plans to help him.

Sedgwick tells of meeting a beautiful young woman, name unknown, with whom he has fallen in love.

Kent and Sedgwick go to the Inquest upon the woman's body and engage Adam Bain as Sedgwick's lawyer.

Sheriff Schlager and Coroner Breed suddenly withdraw the body from public view. Gansett, Jim, an Indian, accuses Sedgwick of murder.

Kent secures an embroidered silver star found on top of the cliff above Lonesome Cove, the night the woman died.

Kent believes the woman was handcuffed to a man who wore the star. He meets Alexander Blair, who acts in a suspicious manner.

Gansett Jim, thinking Sedgwick murdered the woman, tries to kill him. Kent hears of Wilfrid Blair, Alexander's escapee son.

Wilfrid Blair has died suddenly, and Coroner Breed is helping Alexander Blair to suppress the news.

Kent and Sedgwick discover an 1880 picture, which is like the dead woman of the beach. Kent spies upon Wilfrid Blair's funeral.

Kent and Sedgwick dig up Wilfrid Blair's body and are caught at work by Sheriff Schlager and Alexander Blair.

"How did he know?"

Alexander Blair:

"Because I had worn them when I sat in him for my picture," said Marjorie Blair quietly.

"The stranger," continued Kent, "refused to give Sedgwick any explanation, and when he threatened to follow him with a rock and escaped. Some distance down the road the wayfarer encountered Simon P. Groot, the itinerant merchant. Sedgwick afterward met him and made inquiries, but obtained no satisfaction.

"Sedgwick was back in his house by 9 o'clock, and we have a witness here who was talking with the wearer of the necklace at that hour. Jax, let us have your statement."

Holding the copy of the confession in his hand in case of confusion of

memory, the starmaster told of his rendezvous, of the swift savage attack, of the appalling incident of the manacles, of the wild race across the heights and of the final tragedy.

"I've thought and wondered and figured day and night," he said in conclusion, "and I can't get at what that rope and the handcuffs meant."

"The handcuffs must have come from that dreadful collection of Captain Hoag's things in the big hallway at Hedgrows house," said Marjorie Blair.

"Yes," assented Kent, "and the dim clue to their purpose goes back again. I fancy, to the strange mysticism of the original Astraea. The disordered mind, with which we have to deal, seems to have been guarding against any such separation as divided in death Astraea from her Hermann."

"It was the other man that killed her," said Preston Jax, "the man I heard yell when she went over. But what became of him?"

"Simon P. Groot spoke of hearing that man's scream, too," confirmed Kent. "Gansett Jim got any clue to him, Professor Kent?"

"The other man was Francis Sedgwick," declared Alexander Blair doggedly.

Chester Kent shook his head.

"I've got a witness against that theory from your own side, Mr. Blair," said he. "Gansett Jim at first thought as you do. In that belief he tried to kill Mr. Sedgwick. Now he knows his mistake. Isn't that so, Jim?"

"Yeh," grunted the old breed.

"There was no other man," said Chester Kent. "Don't you understand, Mr. Blair," he added, with significant emphasis, "the source of that cry in the night heard by Jax and Simon P. Groot?"

A flash of enlightenment swept Blair's face. "Ah-h-h!" he said in a long drawn breath. Then: "I was wrong. I beg Mr. Sedgwick's pardon."

Sedgwick bowed. Marjorie Blair's hand went out, and her fingers closed softly on the tawny hand of her father-in-law.

"No third person had any part whatsoever in the drama which Jax has recounted to us," pursued Kent. "In the morning the body was discovered. Sheriff Schlager was sent for. He found in the pocket something that betrayed the connection of the body with Hedgrows house."

"A bit of writing paper with the heading still legible," said the sheriff.

"With this he accosted Gansett Jim, who after a night long search had come out on the cliff. Jim, assuming that the sheriff knew all, told him of the identity of the body. The sheriff saw a chance for money in it. If I do you an injustice, Schlager, you'll correct me."

"Go right ahead. Don't mind me. I'll take my medicine."

"Very well," Schlager adopted the ready-made theory which Mr. Jax had prepared for him, so to speak, that the

body was washed ashore, and arranged, with the connivance of Dr. Breed, the medical officer, to bury it as an unknown. For this perversion of their duty Mr. Blair rewarded them handsomely. As I understand it, he decried any publicity attaching itself to Hedgrows house and his family.

"To avoid this, Mr. Blair was willing even to let the supposed murderer, whom he believed to be Sedgwick, go unscathed of justice. By chance I saw the body on the beach. Not until the inquest, however, did I realize the really startling and unique feature of the case. There is where you and Dr. Breed made your fatal error, Mr. Sheriff."

"That's right. You saw the face when we lifted the lid, I s'pose."

"No. You were too quick in replacing it."

"Then how did you get on to the thing?"

"From seeing the face after the body was returned to the courtroom."

CHAPTER XX
The Face in the Coffin.

"HOLD on a bit," interrupted Lawyer Bain. "I remember there was a fuss about the corpse not being publicly shown for identification. Some of us insisted the sheriff give in. The coffin lid wasn't quartered off when Breed gave a yell and clapped it on again, and they took the body back to his house and shut themselves in with it for half an hour before they took it to the hall again. I rather opined that some one had changed bodies."

"That's what made you so cussed curious, was it, Adam?" queried the sheriff.

"There was no exchange of bodies," said Kent. "But there was a change in the body itself."

"What kind of a change?" asked Sedgwick.

"Has it ever occurred to you to think that after death the hair grows fast?"

"I've heard it said," said Lawyer Bain, "that it grows faster than in life."

"And that it grows not only on the head, but on the face as well?"

"The face? A woman's face?" exclaimed Sedgwick.

"No—a man's."

"What man?"

"The man in the coffin."

"Have you lost your mind, Chet? The body in the coffin was that of the woman who met me at the entrance to the Nook."

"No. It was the body of the man who, dressed in woman's clothing, met you at the Nook and knocked you down with a stone swung overhead as not one woman in a thousand could have thrown it. That, in itself, ought to have suggested the secret to me long before I discovered it."

"But how did you discover it?" inquired Sedgwick in bewilderment.

"By the cut on the cheek. You see the sheriff had failed to foresee that tallow beard. They had the body taken to the house and did the best they could. That cut on the cheek was a razor cut. Having realized that much, I had to deal therewith with the mystery of a dead man masquerading as a woman and being abetted in the deception by the officers of the law."

"Astraea a man?" broke in Preston Jax, his chin in a spasm. "No wonder she—she—she was put up such a fight. Who was he?"

"My son, Wilfrid Blair," said Alexander Blair.

"You see, Mrs. Blair," said Kent very gently, "it isn't so bad as you feared. There was no other woman in the case, no disgrace, no shame. You feel nothing but pity for an unhappy, wretched maid, for which death was the happiest refuge."

"But the man's voice!" exclaimed Jax. "The voice of the man on the cliff?"

"Wilfrid Blair's," said Kent. "In the final moment he came to himself. At last he resumed his voice. Up to then he had been in voice, manner, thought, purpose, unconsciously playing a part."

"Astraea!" said Sedgwick and Jax in a breath.

"Yes. It was one of those strange and complete assumptions of personality which puzzle the alienists. Wilfrid Blair's diseased mind had fastened upon the strange history of his ancestress and brooded on it until he became convinced that her spirit was reincarnated in himself. Undoubtedly his striking likeness to the portrait of Camilla Grosvenor powerfully aided the obsession."

"The toulou was broken by a tremendous sigh. All eyes turned to Preston Jax, who had risen and was leaning against the wall, his chin jerking galvanically.

"Well?" said Kent.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You? Oh, you go back to Irene."

"I must understand this all," said Marjorie. "Wilfrid's body is where?"

"In Annalaka churchyard."

"Then who—what is buried in his grave at Hedgrows house?"

"Nothing," said Alexander Blair. "A mock funeral!"

"My dear," said the man—he seemed to have grown suddenly old under the unspoken arraignment—"I could not tell you what I thought the truth. I thought then that Wilfrid had encountered Mr. Sedgwick and that—there had been a fight; in which he was killed. Rather than face the scandal of a murder trial, a scandal in which the family name would have been dragged through the mire of the public prints again, I chose the part of deceit."

"But you made me believe that Mr. Sedgwick killed Wilfrid," she accused. "I believed it myself," he retorted. "But what basis had you for suspecting me of the crime?" cried Sedgwick, turning to Marjorie Blair.

"I—I thought," she murmured, "that he might have known of our acquaintance and have misconstrued; that he might have gone to find you and attacked you and that you killed him. In self defense, I mean."

"Thank you for that last at least," said Sedgwick rather bitterly; then, as he saw her wince, "Forgive me!" he added in a low tone. "But to be suspected by you, even though you were misled"—He stopped, catching Kent's frowning glance.

"Who discovered that the burial was a false one?" she asked after a pause.

"Professor Kent," said Blair. "He and Mr. Sedgwick examined the coffin."

"That was the night"—Her eyes questioned Sedgwick.

"That I found you at Hedgrows house. Yes," he said gently.

"Whatever Wilfrid may have been," she continued after a moment's silence, "he was my husband. I bear his name, and to leave him in a nameless grave is to dishonor it; him alone, but myself."

"You would claim the body?" cried Alexander Blair.

"What else is there for us to do?" she countered.

"And bring down upon us, unavoidably the publicity which we have escaped at so bitter a price?" cried the old Blair. "I have not suffered enough from the scandal of his life that we should be further involved in the scandal of his death?"

"He's right, subs. It won't do," said the sheriff kindly.

"The toulou was broken by a tremendous sigh. All eyes turned to Preston Jax, who had risen and was leaning against the wall, his chin jerking galvanically.

"Well?" said Kent.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You? Oh, you go back to Irene."

"I must understand this all," said Marjorie. "Wilfrid's body is where?"

"In Annalaka churchyard."

"Then who—what is buried in his grave at Hedgrows house?"

"Nothing," said Alexander Blair. "A mock funeral!"

"My dear," said the man—he seemed to have grown suddenly old under the unspoken arraignment—"I could not tell you what I thought the truth. I thought then that Wilfrid had encountered Mr. Sedgwick and that—there had been a fight; in which he was killed. Rather than face the scandal of a murder trial, a scandal in which the family name would have been dragged through the mire of the public prints again, I chose the part of deceit."

"But you made me believe that Mr. Sedgwick killed Wilfrid," she accused. "I believed it myself," he retorted. "But what basis had you for suspecting me of the crime?" cried Sedgwick, turning to Marjorie Blair.

"that lesson will last."

An Marjorie Blair stood smiling, soft eyes, at the door whence the overcomer starmaster had disappeared. Sedgwick started to pass. With quick and unexpected tact, Alexander Blair drew the sheriff and the lawyer aside, giving to the young people their moment. She looked up at Sedgwick with lifted eyebrows.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" she said sorrowfully.

"What is there to say, except one thing—and that I may not say now."

"No, no!" she whispered, in affront.

"You! For what?"

"For having believed, even for an instant, what Father Blair said, that you were the murderer."

Sedgwick smiled bravely. "That is all past."

"And you'll think of me at least kindly?"

"I'll think of you with every beat of my heart," he said passionately.

Across her face passed the look of fairly wistfulness that was all her own.

"No," she said, "it would be better for both of us—that you should forget, for the time."

He leaned over her:

"What shall assuage the unforgetten pain And teach the unforgetful to forget?" he quoted very low.

"And yet," she persisted, "it would be easier, now that I am going away."

"Going away! For long?"

She nodded with compressed lips. Sedgwick turned very white.

"Oh, don't look like that," she faltered. "I can't bear it! Can't you see that after what has happened I must go? I must have time to forget. There is so much to forget! Surely you can be patient—and trust."

He drew her gaze to his own, held it for the space of a heart beat and was gone.

Summer had waned from the coast and with it had passed the keenness of local interest in the strangest victim of Lonesome Cove. Other subjects of absorbing interest superseded during the long winter, among them the rumor that Hedgrows house was to be sold before summer.

"And young Blair's body along with it, I expect," remarked Elder Dennett malevolently. "Seems to me, if I was a millionaire like Alexander Blair, I wouldn't sell my own flesh and blood, dead or alive."

Of Alexander Blair himself nothing had been seen in the neighborhood since mid-July nor of his daughter-in-law. Hedgrows house was in charge of Gansett Jim as caretaker. Professor Kent had left about the same time as the Blairs, but Francis Sedgwick had stuck to the Nook. Though his work prospered, the worker had paled. Wind borne on the blast of a mid-March '21, Chester Kent drooped.

Continued on page 4

Indigestion AND Dyspepsia USE Kodol

When your stomach cannot properly digest food, of itself, it needs a little assistance—and this assistance is readily supplied by Kodol. Kodol assists the stomach, by temporarily digesting all of the food in the stomach, so that the stomach may rest and recuperate.

Our Guarantee. Get a dollar bottle of Kodol. If you are not benefited—the doctor will issue return your money. Don't hesitate; see that the dollar bottle contains 2 1/2 times as much as the 50c bottle. Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of Dr. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Graham Drug Co.

The Charlotte Daily Observer

Subscription Rates
Daily and Sunday 8.00
Sunday 2.00
The Semi-Weekly Observer
Tues. and Friday - 1.00

The Charlotte Daily Observer, is used Daily and Sunday is the leading newspaper between Washington, D. C. and Atlanta, Ga. It gives all the news of North Carolina besides the complete Associated Press Service.

The Semi-Weekly Observer issued on Tuesday and Friday for \$1 per year gives the reader a full report of the week's news. The leading Semi-Weekly of the State. Address all orders to

The Observer COMPANY.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER \$1.00 A YEAR.

The ALAMANCE Fair

Will Be Held This Year

Sept. 29 - 30, Oct. 1 - 2, 1914

Largest Number Of Special Premiums Ever--Worth Competing. Send For The List.

250 People--- 10 Carloads

Paraphernalia with The LIBERTY SHOWS

Which have been book for FAIR WEEK. Come to it, bring the children and have a Good Time. Send Postal Card to Sec'y R. A. Freeman, Burlington, for Premium List.