

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1916

NO. 44

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Granam Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Trull.
Preaching services every second and fourth Sundays, at 11.00 a. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. G. Arnt, Pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—A. Bayliff, Superintendent.
Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45 o'clock.

Methodist—North of Granam Public School—Rev. Fleming Alford, Pastor.
Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—Main and Maple Sts.—H. E. Myers, Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal, North—Main Street, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor.
Preaching first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—McElm Street—Rev. J. M. Watson, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every second and fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

E. C. DERBY
Civil Engineer.
GRAHAM, N. C.
National Bank of Alamance Bldg.
BURLINGTON, N. C.,
Room 16, 1st National Bank Building.
Phone 470

JOHN J. HENDERSON
Attorney-at-Law
GRAHAM, N. C.
Office over National Bank of Alamance

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

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DENTIST
North Carolina
FAMOUS BUILDING

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JOHN H. VERNON
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Dr. J. J. Barfoot
OFFICE OVER HADLEY'S STORE
Leaves messages at Alamance Pharmacy Phone 97 Residence Phone 362 Office Hours 2-4 p. m. and by Appointment.

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OFFICE OVER HADLEY'S STORE
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The IRON STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER
BY ZANE GREY
AUTHOR OF
"THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS"
"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE", ETC.
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—In Wellston, Texas, it becomes with Buckley Duane a case of fight or run from Cal Balm. Duane kills his man and becomes an outlaw.

CHAPTER II—He meets Luke Stevens, an outlaw.

CHAPTER III.

Late that day, a couple of hours before sunset, Duane and Stevens, having rested their horses in the shade of some mesquites in the town of Wellston, saddled up and prepared to move. "Buck, as we're lookin' for grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang up on here," Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriff's an' rangers are always lookin' for new fellers gone bad. They sort of forget most of the old boys, except those as are plumb bad. Now, nobody in Mercer will take notice of me. Reckon there's been a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since yours truly. You jest wait 'ere an' be ready to ride hard. 'Money' declared Stevens in admiration. In which case there'll be—

"His pause was significant. He grinned, and his brown eyes danced with a kind of wild humor. "Stevens, have you got any money?" asked Duane. "Money?" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I never owned a two-bit piece since—well, for some time." "I'll furnish you for grub," returned Duane. "And for whiskey, too, providin' you hurry back here—without making trouble." "Shore you're a downright good party," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an' I'm here to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look fer me back quick."

With that he spurred his horse and rode out of the mesquites toward the town. At that distance, about a quarter of a mile, Mercer appeared to be a cluster of low adobe houses set in a grove of cottonwoods. Pastures of alfalfa were dotted by horses and cattle. Duane saw a sheep herder driving in a meager flock. Presently Stevens rode out of sight into the town. Duane waited, hoping the outlaw would be good his word, but he did not return. It was a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Duane heard the clatter of a Winchester rifle, the clatter of rapid hoofbeats, and yells unmistakably the kind to mean danger for a man like Stevens. Duane mounted and rode to the edge of the mesquites.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road and a bay horse running fast. Stevens apparently had not been wounded by any of the shots, for he had a steady seat in his saddle, and his riding, even at that moment, struck Duane as admirable. He carried a large pack over the pommel, and he kept looking back. The shots had ceased, but the yells increased. Duane saw several men running and waving their arms. Then he spurred his horse and got into a swift stride, so Stevens would not pass him. Presently the outlaw caught up with him. Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. "No losses in that bunch to worry us," called out Stevens. Duane had the same conviction, and he did not look back again. He rode somewhat to the fore, and was constantly aware of the rapid thudding of hoofbeats, as Stevens kept close to him. At sunset they reached the willow brakes and the river. Duane's horse was winded and lashed with sweat and lather. It was not until the crossing had been accomplished that Duane halted to rest his animal. Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. He reeled in the saddle. With an exclamation of surprise, Duane leaped off and ran to the outlaw's side. Stevens was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood.

"You're shot!" cried Duane. "Well, who said I wasn't? Would you mind givin' me a lift—on this here pack?" Duane lifted the heavy pack down and then helped Stevens to dismount. The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood. "Oh, why didn't you say so?" cried Duane. "I never thought. You seemed all right." "Well, Luke Stevens may be as gabby as an old woman, but sometimes he doesn't say anything. It wouldn't have done no good."



He Made Stevens as Comfortable as Possible.

J. reekon any of the other gangs would be better for you than ain't you'd it alone."

"Feller's name—was Brown," Stevens said. "Me an' him fell out over a hoss I stole from him over in Huntsville. We had a shootin' scrape then. Well, as I was studdin' my hoss back there in Mercer I seen this Brown, an' soon him before he seen me. Could he have killed him, too. But I wasn't breathin' my word to you. I kind of half-he wouldn't spot me. But he did—an' first shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?" "It's pretty bad," replied Duane; and he could not look the cheerful outlaw in the eyes.

"What would you do in my case?" asked Duane curiously. "Well, I reckon I'd clear out an' save my hide," replied Stevens. Duane felt inclined to doubt the outlaw's assertion. For his own part, he decided his conduct without further speech. First he watered the horses, filled canteens and water bag, and then he took up his own horse. That done, he lifted Stevens upon his horse, and, holding him in the saddle, turned into the brakes, being careful to pick out hard or grassy ground that left little signs of tracks. Just about dark he ran across a trail that Stevens said was a good one to take into the hill country.

"Reckon you'd better keep right on in the dark—hill, I drop," continued Stevens, with a laugh. All that night Duane, gloomy and thoughtful, attentive to the wounded outlaw, walked the trail and never halted. Dawn caught the fugitives at a green camping site on the bank of a rocky little stream. Stevens fell a dead weight into Duane's arms, and one look at the haggard face showed Duane that the outlaw had taken his last ride. He knew it, too. Yet that cheerfulness prevailed.

"Buck, will you take off my boots?" he asked, with a faint smile on his pale lips. Duane removed them, wondering if the outlaw had the thought that he did not want to die with his boots on. Stevens seemed to read his mind. "Buck, my old daddy used to say that I wasn't—no' dyin' with your boots on in this here world, was it, buck?" "You've a chance to get over this," said Duane. "Shore. But I want to be correct about the boots—no' say, pard, if I do go over, jest you remember that I was appreciatin' your kindness."

forward, had a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a thatch of sandy hair. "Stranger, who are you an' where in the h—l did you git that hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glittering, hard light upon to Duane. Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Balm. Only now it was different, and more powerful.



"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly. "My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly. "An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence. "That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosomer cursed furiously, and flourished his fist, trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness on his part.

"I want the hoss an' them guns," during which the men looked at him. Bosomer began to twist the ends of his beard. "Reckon he's dead, all right, or nobody'd hev his hoss an' gun," presently said Duane. "Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in low, stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side partner, an' I reckon you'd better be honest. Say, Buck, maybe you'll meet Brown some day—You an' me are pards now."

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted. "You or anybody else can have them, for all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," put in Euchre. "That about Luke wantin' his boots took—that satisfies me. Luke had a mortal dread of flyin' with his boots on."

stand alone. When Bosomer saw Duane standing motionless and watching him, he changed his position quickly in him. He halted in his tracks, and as he did that the men who had followed him out piled over one another in their hurry to get to one side. Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front. The outlaw had been, and he had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened antagonist. Duane knew he was neither. He felt like iron, and yet thrill after thrill ran through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And now, though somewhat checked by the stand of his enemy, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

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"Some comes across from Mexico, an' the rest down the river. That river trip is a bird. It's more'n five hundred miles to any supply point. Bland has muzzes, greaser boatmen. Sometimes, too, he gets supplies in from down-river. You see, Bland sells thousands in cattle in Cuba. An' all this stock has to go down by boat to meet the ships."

"Where on earth are the cattle driven down to the river?" asked Duane. "That's not my secret," replied Euchre shortly. "Fact is, I don't know. I've rustled cattle for Bland, but he never sent me through the Rim Rock with them."

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Cotton Mill Property For Sale!

Under and by virtue of the authority given me undersigned by an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, in a proceeding judicially made and entered in a proceeding in rem pending entitled, "C. F. Albright, who does on behalf of himself, as trustee, vs. Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company," the undersigned has sold on the premises of said Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company, and immediately in front of the same building, in the village of Saw River, Alamance County, North Carolina, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1916,
at twelve o'clock, noon, the following property, to-wit:

A tract of land and containing about one hundred and thirty acres, upon which are factory buildings, tenement houses, a roller mill, store buildings, and other buildings, cotton manufacturing equipment, and all that property going to make up the manufacturing plant of the Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company, as fully described in a deed of trust executed by the Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company to the undersigned trustees, and bearing date of July 1st, 1911.

This deed of trust is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance County, and parties desiring to investigate this property will find full description in this deed of trust and can obtain information concerning said property by applying to the undersigned or its attorneys.

This property will be offered by the undersigned both as Receiver of said Holt-Granite Manufacturing Company, and as trustee under said deed of trust, and will be sold at public outcry to the best bidder, and will be sold by the undersigned at a public sale on the premises thereof within five days after making said sale.

Terms of sale, CASH.
VIRGINIA TRUST CO.,
Parcel of Receiver and Trustee,
John W. Graham,
Hillsboro, N. C.
E. S. Parker, Jr.,
Granam, N. C., Attys.

Land of the Long Leaf Pine

Short Paragraphs of State News That Have Been Condensed for Busy People of the State.

Gaston County is to have an all-time health officer.

Gastonia would have a municipal Christmas tree.

A new bridge is being built across Rocky River at Bat Cave.

He Hodges, aged 5, of Spray, was burned to death a few days ago.

Alexander County has just sold \$150,000 worth of road bonds.

L. A. Allen of South Carolina was killed when two freight trains collided near Elkin recently.

Machinery has been bought for an additional 20,000 spindles for the mill at Maysworth, Mecklenburg County.

Rowland McEntire of Big Lick, Stanly County, is 107 years old, and is said to be the oldest voter in the state.

Union County was awarded a flag by the State Democratic Committee for showing the largest Democratic gain in the recent election.

With not over half a crop of sweet potatoes in Catawba County, and the rest of the sweet potato area, according to producers, the price of this delicacy will go soaring along towards spring.

The half million dollar extract plant being erected at Morganton by A. M. Kiefer, in connection with the industry, awaits only the turning on of the electric current, which will probably be ready in a few days.

Building activity in Albemarle is more pronounced than it has been since the European war began, and it is conservatively estimated that there is around a half a million dollars worth of buildings now under construction in the town.

An orphanage for the Free Will Baptists will soon be established at Middlesex, on the Norfolk Southern railroad, midway between Wilson and Raleigh. Forty acres of land has been donated by Rev. B. B. Deans on which the building, to cost \$10,000 will be erected at an early date.

Seats are being rapidly engaged now by members-elect of the 1917 general assembly to convene January 3. Probably the biggest legislative program to be worked out will be the general acts that must be passed to put into operation the constitutional amendments for the local control of municipal and county affairs and the appointment of emergency judges. Considerable advance will be asked in state prohibition regulations and there will be sharp contests as to these issues.

The Baptist convention closed its 86th session at Elizabeth City under the head of the general topic of social service the orphanage, prohibition and ministerial relief was discussed. Also liquor advertisements in the public prints and the transportation of liquor by public carrier. The adopted report on temperance recommended that Baptists press for national prohibition. Superintendent Kesler of the Thomasville orphanage was directed to provide two swimming pools at that institution.

"God knows," replied Duane, hopefully. "I'll make my money last as long as possible 'till it staves."

"Well, I'm pretty sure, but you'll never starve while I get anything."

Here it struck Buck again—that something human and kind and eager which he had seen in Stevens. Duane's estimate of outlaws had lacked this quality. He had not accorded them any virtues. To him, as to the outside world, they had been merely vicious men without one redeeming feature.

"I'm much obliged to you, Euchre," replied Duane. "But of course I won't live with anyone unless I can pay my share."

"Have it any way you like, my son," said Euchre, good-humoredly. "You make a fire, an' I'll set about gettin' grub. I'm a sour-dough, Buck. That man doesn't live who can beat my bread."

"How do you ever pack supplies in here?" asked Duane, thinking of the almost inaccessible nature of the valley.

Land Sale!

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, in a proceeding judicially made and entered in a proceeding in rem pending entitled, "The Piedmont Trust Company, as administrator of Miss Fannie Albright, deceased, vs. Mrs. Martha Thompson, John Thompson, John Sallier, and others," the undersigned administrator will, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1916,
at 12 o'clock, noon, at the court house door in Graham, North Carolina, offer for sale to the best bidder for cash that certain tract or parcels of land lying in the corner of Alamance County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Phillip Isley and others, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

The same being known as lot No. 6, and beginning at a stone, a corner with lot No. 5 and on the isley line N. 43 deg. W. 1 chain and 61 links to a still lying in Isley's corner; thence on with Isley's line N. 72 deg. W. 7 chains and 50 links to a stake, another corner with Isley; thence on with Isley's line N. 72 deg. W. 15 chains and 50 links to a stone on Isley's line; thence S. 47 deg. E. 4 chains to a stone; thence N. 67 deg. E. 15 chains and 10 links to the beginning; containing eleven and seven-tenths acres, more or less.

Terms of sale, CASH.
This is December 1916.
THE PIEDMONT TRUST CO.,
Administrator.

Sale of Real Estate Under Trust Deed.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by James F. Longueur and wife to the undersigned Alamance Ins. & Real Estate Company on January 19th, 1914, for the purpose of securing a loan of \$20,000.00, the undersigned has sold to the best bidder of cash, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The same being known as lot No. 6, and beginning at a stone, a corner with lot No. 5 and on the isley line N. 43 deg. W. 1 chain and 61 links to a still lying in Isley's corner; thence on with Isley's line N. 72 deg. W. 7 chains and 50 links to a stake, another corner with Isley; thence on with Isley's line N. 72 deg. W. 15 chains and 50 links to a stone on Isley's line; thence S. 47 deg. E. 4 chains to a stone; thence N. 67 deg. E. 15 chains and 10 links to the beginning; containing eleven and seven-tenths acres, more or less.

Terms of sale, CASH.
This is December 1916.
THE PIEDMONT TRUST CO.,
Administrator.

It is Getting Common!

"What ails you, I caught the Lord's Prayer and found it much to his taste. For a few days he kept repeating it with great faithfulness, and then announced to his mother in great disgust: 'I heard another fellow say that prayer today, mother. First thing we know it's going to get all around town.'—Exchange.

Cough Medicine for Children.
Mrs. Hugh Cook, Scottsville, N. Y., says: "About five years ago when we were living in Garbutt, N. Y., I doctored two of my children suffering from colds with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and found it just as represented in every way. It promptly checked their coughing and cured their colds quicker than anything I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.

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