

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1917

NO. 50

Get Rid of Tan, Wrinkles and Freckles

By using HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm.

Acts instantly. Stops the burning, clears your complexion of Tan and freckles. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thousands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White, Pink, Rose-Red.

SAMPLE FREE.

LYON MFG. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

EL RERA Spring Water FROM EUREKA SPRING, Graham, N. C.

A valuable mineral spring has been discovered by W. H. Ausley on his place in Graham. It was noticed that it brought health to the users of the water, and upon being analyzed it was found to be a water strong in mineral properties and good for stomach and blood troubles. Physicians who have seen the analysis and what it does, recommend its use.

Analysis and testimonials will be furnished upon request. Why buy expensive mineral waters from a distance, when there is a good water recommended by physicians right at home? For further information and for the water, if you desire it apply to the undersigned.

W. H. AUSLEY.

BLANK BOOKS

Journals, Ledgers, Day Books, Time Books, Counter Books, Tally Books, Order Books, Large Books, Small Books, Pocket Memo., Vest Pocket Memo., &c., &c.

For Sale At
The Gleaner
Printing Office
Graham, N. C.

Sale of Real Estate

Under and by virtue of the terms of a certain mortgage deed executed and delivered to Alamance Insurance & Real Estate Company, recorded in Book No. 61 of Mortgage Deeds, page 267, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, to secure an indebtedness evidenced by a certain note therein described, default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness, the undersigned has on

MONDAY, JANUARY 29, 1917, at 1:30 o'clock, at the court house door, in Graham, North Carolina, offer for sale at public outcry to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described land and premises, to-wit: In the city of Burlington, Alamance county, N. C., adjoining Oak Street, lots No. 33, 34 and 35, and bounded as follows: Beginning on East side of Oak Street, corner with lot No. 16; thence with the line of lot No. 16 to North 51 deg. 40 min. East 156 ft. to corner of lot No. 33; thence with the line of lot No. 33 50 feet to the beginning, being a part of tract of land known as Witherdale Heights, a copy of which is shown in Plot Book in the Register of Deeds office in Graham, N. C.

This December 22, 1916.
Alamance Ins. & Real Estate Co., Mortgagee.

The LONE STAR RANGER

AROMANCE OF THE BORDER

By ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS" "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE", ETC.

The crowd shifted and trampled in eagerness. Duane saw two men coming fast, one of whom, in the lead, was of stalwart build. He had a gun in his hand, and his manner was that of fierce energy.

The cowboy Sibert thrust open the jostling circle of men.

"Hold on, Jeff," he called, and he blocked the man with the gun. He spoke so low Duane could not hear what he said, and his form hid Aiken's face.

At that juncture the crowd spread out, closed in, and Aiken and Sibert were caught in the circle. There was a pushing forward, a pressing of many bodies, hoarse cries and flinging hands—again the insane tumult was about to break out—the demand for an outlaw's blood, the call for wild justice executed a thousand times before on Texas' bloody soil.

Sibert belatedly in the dark encircling mass. The cowboys with him bent and cuffed in vain.

"Jeff, will you listen?" broke in Sibert, hurriedly, his hands on the other man's arm.

Aiken nodded coolly. Duane, who had seen many men in perfect control of themselves under circumstances like these, recognized the spirit that dominated Aiken. He was white, cold, passionless. There were lines of bitter grief deep round his lips. If Duane ever felt the meaning of death he felt it then.

"Sure this 's your game, Aiken," said Sibert. "But he's a minute. A minute. I rode thirty miles to-day—near what he has to say."

Then for the first time the drawn-faced, hungry-eyed giant turned his gaze upon Duane. He had intelligence which was not yet subservient to passion. Moreover, he seemed the kind of man Duane would care to have judge him in a critical moment like this.

"Listen," said Duane, gravely, with his eyes steady on Aiken's. "I'm Buck Duane. I never led to any man in my life. I was forced into outlawry. I've never had a chance to leave the country. I've killed men to save my own life. I rode thirty miles to-day—deliberately to see what this reward was, who made it, what for. When I read the placard I went sick to the bottom of my soul. So I rode in here to find you—better hold on till you hear what he has to say."

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"I met Jeff Aiken to-day," said Duane. "He sent me—"

"You've met Aiken?" exclaimed MacNelly, sharp, eager, low. "By all that's bully!" Then he appeared to catch himself, to grow restrained.

"Men, fall back, leave us alone a moment."

The rangers slowly withdrew.

"Buck Duane! It's you?" he whispered, eagerly.

"If I give you my word you'll not be arrested—you'll be treated fairly—will you come into camp and consult with me?"

"Certainly."

"Duane, I'm sure glad to meet you," went on MacNelly; and he extended his hand.

Amazed and touched, scarcely realizing this actually, Duane gave his hand and felt an unmistakable grip of warmth.

"It doesn't seem natural, Captain MacNelly, but I believe I'm glad to meet you," said Duane, soberly.

"You will, now. We'll go back to camp. Keep your identity mum for the present."

He led Duane in the direction of the camp-fire.

"Pickens, go back 'on duty," he ordered. "And, Beeson, you look after the horse."

When Duane got beyond the line of mesquite, which had a good view of the camp site, he saw a group of perhaps fifteen rangers sitting around the fire, near a long, low shed where horses were feeding, and a small adobe house on one side.

"We've just had grub, but I'll see you get some. Then we'll talk," said MacNelly. "I've taken up temporary quarters here. Have a rustler job on hand. Now, when you've eaten, come right into the house."

Duane was hungry, but he hurried through the adobe house, where he set before him, urged on by curiosity and astonishment. While eating he had been keen eyes around him. After a first quick scrutiny the rangers apparently paid no more attention to him. They were all veterans in service—Duane saw a few honest citizens, a few men of iron constitution, despite a general conversation of campfire nature, Duane was not deceived about the fact that his advent had been an unusual and striking one, which had caused an undercurrent of conjecture and even consternation among them. These rangers were not trained to appear openly curious about their captain's guest. As it was, Duane felt a suspense that must have been due to a hint of his identity.

He was not long in presenting himself at the door of the house.

"Come in and have a chair," said MacNelly, motioning for the one other occupant of the room to rise. "Leave us, Russell, and close the door. I'll be through in a minute."

MacNelly sat at a table upon which was a lamp and various papers. Seen in the light he was a fine-looking, middle-aged man of about forty years, dark haired and dark-eyed, with a bronzed face, shrewd, stern, strong, yet not lacking in kindness. He seemed to have a keen sense of humor, and he smiled, and finally put them in envelopes. Settling back in his chair, he faced Duane, making a vain attempt to hide what must have been the fulfillment of a long-nourished curiosity.

"Duane, I've been hoping for this for two years," he began.

Duane smiled a little, but he felt strange on his face. He had never felt strange of a talker. And speech here seemed more than ordinarily difficult.

MacNelly must have felt that.

He looked long and earnestly at Duane, and his quick, nervous manner changed to grave thoughtfulness.

"Ever hear from home since you left Wellston?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," replied Duane, sadly.

"That's tough. I'm glad to be able to tell you that up to just lately your mother, sister, uncle—all your folks, believe—were well. I've kept posted, but haven't heard lately."

Duane averted his face a moment, hesitated till the swelling left his throat, and then said, "It's worth what I went through to-day to hear that."

"I can imagine how you feel about it. When I was in the war—but let's get down to the business of this meeting."

He pulled his chair close to Duane's.

"You've had word more than once in the last two years that I wanted to see you, why didn't you hunt me up?"

"I supposed you imagined me one of those gun-fighters who couldn't take a dare and expected me to ride up to your camp and be arrested."

"That was natural, I suppose," went on MacNelly. "You didn't know me, otherwise you would have come. I've been a long time getting to you. But the nature of my job, as far as you're concerned, made me cautious. Duane, you're aware of the hard name you bear all over the Southwest?"

"Once in a while I'm jerked into remembrance," replied Duane, grimly.

"It's the hardest, harshest name that's ever been put on a man's back. But there's this difference. Murrell in his day was known to deserve his infamous name. Cheseldine in his day also. But I've found hundreds of men in southwest Texas whose very friends, who swear you never committed a crime. The farther south I get the clearer this becomes. What I want to know is the truth. Have you ever done anything criminal? Tell me the truth, Duane. It won't make any difference in my plan. And when I say crime I mean what I would call crime, or any reasonable Texas."

"That way my hands are clean," replied Duane.

"You never held up a man, robbed a store for grub, stole a horse when you needed him, had—never anything like that?"

"Somehow I always kept out of that, just when pressed the hardest."

CHAPTER XIV.

When Duane reached the crossing of the roads the name Fairchild on the sign-post seemed to be the thing that tipped the oscillating balance of decision in favor of that direction. If he had been driven to hunt up Aiken, now he was called to find this unknown ranger captain. In Duane's state of mind clear reasoning, common sense, or keeness were out of the question. He went because he felt he was compelled.

Dusk had fallen when he rode into a town which inquiry discovered to be Fairchild.

There did not appear to be any camp on the outskirts of the town. But as Duane sat his horse, peering around and undecided what further move to make, he caught the glint of flickering lights through the darkness. Pending toward them he saw the moving forms of men and heard horses. He advanced cautiously, expecting any moment to be halted.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp call out of the gloom.

Duane pulled his horse. The gloom was impenetrable.

"One man—alone," replied Duane.

"What do you want?"

"I'm trying to find the ranger camp."

"You've struck it. What's your errand?"

"I want to see Captain MacNelly."

"Get down and advance. Slow. Don't move your hands. It's dark, but I can see."

Duane dismounted, and, lending his horse, slowly advanced a few paces. He saw a dimly lighted place—a gateway before he discovered the man who held it. A few more steps showed a dark figure blocking the trail. Here Duane halted.

"Here, ranger, understand this. My visit is peaceful—friendly if you'll let it be. Mind, I was asked to come here—"

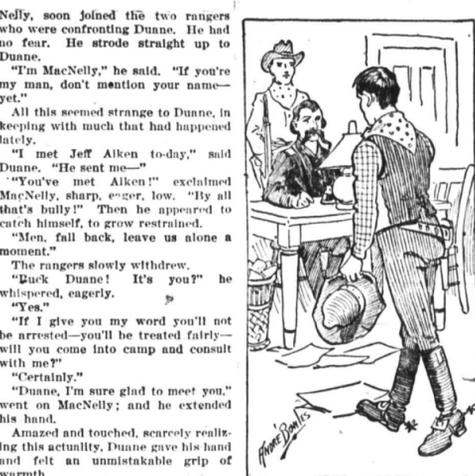
Duane's clear, penetrating voice carried far. The listening rangers at the camp-fire heard what he said.

"Ho, Pickens! Tell that fellow to wait," replied an authoritative voice. Then a slim figure detached itself from the dark, moving close to the camp-fire and hurried out.

"Better be fast, Cap," shouted a ranger, in warning.

"Shut up—all of you," was the reply.

This officer, obviously Captain Mac-



Nelly, soon joined the two rangers who were confronting Duane. He had no fear. He strode straight up to Duane.

"I'm MacNelly," he said. "If you're my man, don't mention your name—yet."

All this seemed strange to Duane, in keeping with much that had happened lately.

"I met Jeff Aiken to-day," said Duane. "He sent me—"

"You've met Aiken?" exclaimed MacNelly, sharp, eager, low. "By all that's bully!" Then he appeared to catch himself, to grow restrained.

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"You never held up a man, robbed a store for grub, stole a horse when you needed him, had—never anything like that?"

"Somehow I always kept out of that, just when pressed the hardest."

"Come in and have a chair."

"Duane, I'm glad," MacNelly exclaimed, gripping Duane's hand. "Glad for your mother's sake! But, all the same, in spite of this, you are a Texas outlaw accountable to the state. You're perfectly aware that under existing circumstances, if you fell into the hands of the law, you'd probably hang, at least go to jail for a long time."

"That's what kept me on the dodge all these years," replied Duane.

"Certainly," MacNelly's eyes narrowed and glittered. The muscles along his bronzed cheeks set hard and tense. He leaned close to Duane, laid snowy, pressing fingers upon Duane's knee.

"Listen to this," he whispered, hoarsely. "If I place a pardon in your hand—make you free of honest citizens once more, clear your name of infamy, make your mother, your sister proud of you—will you swear yourself to a service, any service I demand of you?"

Duane sat stock still, stunned.

Slowly, more persuasively, with show of earnest agitation, Captain MacNelly reiterated his startling query.

"My God!" burst from Duane. "What's this? MacNelly, you can't be in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. I've a deep game. I'm playing it square. What do you say?"

He rose to his feet. Duane, as if impelled, rose with him. Ranger and outlaw then looked eyes that searched each other's souls. In MacNelly's Duane read truth, strong, fiery purpose, hope, even gladness, and a fugitive mounting assurance of victory.

Twice Duane endeavored to speak, failed of all save a hoarse, incoherent sound, until, forcing back a flood of speech, he found a voice.

"Any service? Every service! MacNelly, I give my word," said Duane.

A light played over MacNelly's face, warning out all the grim darkness. He held out his hand. Duane met it with his in a clasp that man unconsciously give in moments of stress and when they unclasped and Duane stepped back to drop into a chair MacNelly fumbled for a cigar and, lighting it, turned to his visitor, now calm and cool. He had the look of a man who had just won something at considerable cost. His next words were to take a long leather case from his pocket, extract from it several folded papers.

"Here's your pardon from the Governor," he said, quietly. "You'll see, when you look it over, that it's conditional. When you sign this paper I have here the condition will be met."

He smoothed out the paper, handed Duane any other man you were trailing. No, not goodly—alms, Duane! May we meet again?"

CHAPTER XV.

West of the Pecos River Texas extended a vast wild region, barren in the north where the Llano Estacado spread its shifting sands, fertile in the south along the Rio Grande. A railroad marked an undulating course across five hundred miles of this country, and the only villages and towns lay on or near this line of steel. Unsettled as was this western Texas, and despite the acknowledged dominance of the outlaw bands, the pioneers pushed steadily into it.

The Rio Grande flowed almost due south along the western boundary for a thousand miles, and then, weary of its course, turned abruptly north, to make what was called the Big Bend. The railroad, running west, cut across his bend and all that country bounded on the north by the railroad and on the south by the river was as wild as the Staked Plains. Across the face of this Big Bend, and it is to judge it stretched the Old mountain range. In the valleys of the foothills and out across the plains were ranches, and farther north, villages, and the towns of Alpine and Marfa.

Like other parts of the great Lone Star State, this section of Texas was a world in itself, a world where the rules of the rancher were ever overriding the law. The village closest to the gateway of this outlaw-infested region was a little place called Red, named after the dark peak that loomed some miles to the south.

Toward the close of a day in September a stranger rode into Red, and in a community where all men were remarkable for one reason or another he excited interest. His horse, perhaps, needed the first and most outgoing attention—horses in that region being apparently more important than men. This particular horse at first glance seemed ugly. But he was a giant, black as coal, huge in every way. A bystander remarked that he had a grand head. His face was solid black, except in the middle of his forehead, where there was a round spot of white.

The rider, like his horse, was a giant in stature, but rarer, not so heavily built. Otherwise the only striking thing about him was his somber face

with its piercing eyes, and hair white over the temples. He packed two guns, both low down—but that was too common a thing to attract notice in the Big Bend. A close observer, however, would have noted a singular fact—this rider's right hand was more bronzed, more weather-beaten than his left. He never wore a glove on that right hand!

He had dismounted before a ramshackle structure that bore upon its wide, high-boarded front the sign, "Hotel." The hotel had a wide platform in front, and this did duty as porch and sidewalk. Upon it, and leaning against a hitching rack, were men of varying ages, most of them slovenly in old jeans and slouched sombreros. Some were booted, belted, and spurred. No man there wore a coat, but all wore vests. The guns in that group would have outnumbered the men.

It was a crowd seemingly too lazy to be curious. These men were idlers; what else, perhaps, was easy to conjecture. Certainly to this arriving stranger, who flashed a keen eye over them, they were an atmosphere never associated with work.

Presently a tall man, with a drooping, sandy mustache, leisurely detached himself from the crowd.

"Howdy, stranger," he said.

The stranger had bent over to loosen the cinches; he stretched up and nodded. "Howdy, Jim Fletcher!"

That brought a broad smile to the face. It was characteristic greeting. One and all looked after the stranger into the hotel. It was a dark, ill-smelling barn of a place, with a bar as high as a short man's head. A bartender with a scowled face was serving drinks.

"Line up, gent," said the stranger.

They piled over one another to get to the bar, with coarse jests and oaths and laughter. None of them noted that the stranger did not appear so thirsty as he claimed to be. In fact, though he drank enough the motions, he did not drink at all.

"My name's Jim Fletcher," said the tall man with the drooping, sandy mustache. He spoke laconically, nevertheless there was a tone that showed he expected to be known. Something went with that name. The stranger did not appear to be impressed.

"My name might be Blazes, but it ain't," he replied. "What do you call this burg?"

"Stranger, this here metropolis bears the handle Ored. Is that new to you?"

He leaned back against the bar, and now his little yellow eyes, clear as crystal, flashed as a hawk's, fixed on the stranger. Other men crowded close, forming a circle, curious, ready to be friendly or otherwise, according to how the tall interrogator marked the newcomer.

"Ored's a little strange to me, off the railroad some, ain't it? Fummy tricks hereabouts?"

"How far was you from?"

"I reckon I was gone as far as I could," replied the stranger, with a hard laugh.

His reply had subtle reaction on that listening circle. Some of the men exchanged glances. Fletcher stroked his drooping mustache, seemed thoughtful, but lost something of that piercing scrutiny.

"Wal, Ored's the jumpin'-off place," he said, presently. "Sure you've heard of the Big Bend country?"

"I sure have, an' was makin' tracks for it," replied the stranger.

Fletcher turned toward a man in the outer circle of the group. "Knell, come in here."

This individual showed his way in and was seen to be scarcely more than a boy, almost pale beside those bronzed men, with a long, expressionless face, thin and sharp.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Make Silk Sausage Skins.

Germany now is making sausage skins of raw silk, according to the Hirschfeld Westfaelische Zeitung. Before the war experiments were being conducted in the making of a hollow casing of raw silk to be filled with sausage meat. The Elberfeld ribbon factory is now turning out great lengths of this sausage casing. Just now, however, owing to the shortage of meat, very large quantities of casing are being made and the ordinary prices of raw silk prevailing the new casing is no dearer than the usual sausage skins.

The Berliner Lokal Anzeiger of August 3 says that a new invention has been introduced by the Berlin inventors Bureau for putting meat in briquettes for transport. These briquettes, it is said, are impervious to the attack of insects.

Y. M. C. A. Service.

Chicago commerce reports that the Y. M. C. A. is discharging an important civic service this summer in the giving of 52 free illustrated lectures on civic, patriotic and sanitary subjects, in six of the parks under the control of south park commissioners. In the stockyards territory, these parks being Cornell, Davis, Hardin, Mark White, Fuller and Sherman. This service ended September 3.

Many thousands of citizens are being both entertained and instructed by this work. Such subjects are illustrated as the fly pest, milk supply, safety first, Americanization, tuberculosis, infant mortality, dentistry, typhoid fever, malaria, Panama canal, family budget and savings and Chicago budget.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Most Effective.

"I have taken a great many bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and have received the first and most enduring relief. I have found it most effective for a hacking cough and for colds. After taking it a cough always disappears," writes R. Moore, Lost Valley, Ga. Obtainable everywhere.

The Cotton Manufacturers' Association of North Carolina, in session at Raleigh the past week, reaffirmed their position favoring compulsory school laws and the raising of the age limit to 14 years as soon as possible.

With its piercing eyes, and hair white over the temples. He packed two guns, both low down—but that was too common a thing to attract notice in the Big Bend. A close observer, however, would have noted a singular fact—this rider's right hand was more bronzed, more weather-beaten than his left. He never wore a glove on that right hand!

He had dismounted before a ramshackle structure that bore upon its wide, high-boarded front the sign, "Hotel." The hotel had a wide platform in front, and this did duty as porch and sidewalk. Upon it, and leaning against a hitching rack, were men of varying ages, most of them slovenly in old jeans and slouched sombreros. Some were booted, belted, and spurred. No man there wore a coat, but all wore vests. The guns in that group would have outnumbered the men.

It was a crowd seemingly too lazy to be curious. These men were idlers; what else, perhaps, was easy to conjecture. Certainly to this arriving stranger, who flashed a keen eye over them, they were an atmosphere never associated with work.

Presently a tall man, with a drooping, sandy mustache, leisurely detached himself from the crowd.

"Howdy, stranger," he said.

The stranger had bent over to loosen the cinches; he stretched up and nodded. "Howdy, Jim Fletcher!"

That brought a broad smile to the face. It was characteristic greeting. One and all looked after the stranger into the hotel. It was a dark, ill-smelling barn of a place, with a bar as high as a short man's head. A bartender with a scowled face was serving drinks.

"Line up, gent," said the stranger.

They piled over one another to get to the bar, with coarse jests and oaths and laughter. None of them noted that the stranger did not appear so thirsty as he claimed to be. In fact, though he drank enough the motions, he did not drink at all.

"My name's Jim Fletcher," said the tall man with the drooping, sandy mustache. He spoke laconically, nevertheless there was a tone that showed he expected to be known. Something went with that name. The stranger did not appear to be impressed.

"My name might be Blazes, but it ain't," he replied. "What do you call this burg?"

"Stranger, this here metropolis bears the handle Ored. Is that new to you?"

He leaned back against the bar, and now his little yellow eyes, clear as crystal, flashed as a hawk's, fixed on the stranger. Other men crowded close, forming a circle, curious, ready to be friendly or otherwise, according to how the tall interrogator marked the newcomer.

"Ored's a little strange to me, off the railroad some, ain't it? Fummy tricks hereabouts?"

"How far was you from?"

"I reckon I was gone as far as I could," replied the stranger, with a hard laugh.

His reply had subtle reaction on that listening circle. Some of the men exchanged glances. Fletcher stroked his drooping mustache, seemed thoughtful, but lost something of that piercing scrutiny.

"Wal, Ored's the jumpin'-off place," he said, presently. "Sure you've heard of the Big Bend country?"

"I sure have, an' was makin' tracks for it," replied the stranger.

Fletcher turned toward a man in the outer circle of the group. "Knell, come in here."

This individual showed his way in and was seen to be scarcely more than a boy, almost pale beside those bronzed men, with a long, expressionless face, thin and sharp.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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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.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truitt. 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. Truitt, Pastor. Preaching every second and fourth Sunday nights at 8:00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.

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Presbyterian—W. Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

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