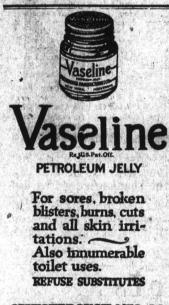
THE ALAMANCE GLEANER, GRAHAM, N. C.

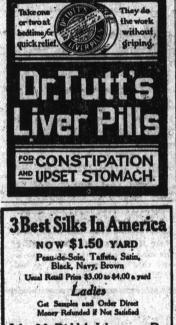
Shave With Coticure Soas And double your razor enciency as well as promote skin purity, skin com-fort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation, even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses shaving, bathing and shampooing.—Adv. Explained.

"What do you call this brew?" "Tm undecided between 'Army Mule,' 'Grandfather's Rida, or "Sixty-Yard Punt." -Judge.

Most of the family skeletons refuse to stay in the closet.



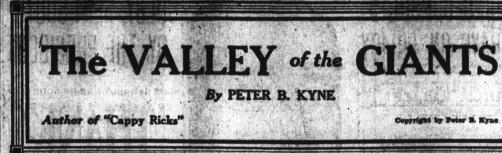
CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York



John M. Riddel, Johnstown, Pa. In Great Britain at London and Aberde m in 1884 and not a single of



"A T the very first twinge, down comes my bottle of Sloan's; then quick relief, without rubbing, for it's stimulating and scatters congestion. The boys use is for



CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"Has Poundstone returned your car?" he queried. "Why, yes, What makes you ask?" "Oh, I had a suspicion he might. You see, I called him up and suggest-

ed it; somehow his honor is peculiar-ly susceptible to suggestions from me, "Bryce Cardigan," she declared, "you're a sly rascal-that's what you "You re a siy rascat—that's what you are. I shan't tell you another thing." "I hope you had a stenographer at the dictograph when the mayor and your uncle cooked up their little deal. That was thoughful of you, Shirley. It was a bully club to have up your sleeve at the final showdown, for with it you can make Unkiedunk behave

himself and force that compromis you spoke of. Seriously, however, I don't want you to use it, Shirley. We must avoid a scandal by all means; and praise he, I don't need your club to beat your uncle's brains out. I'm taking his club away from him to use for that purposes" "Really, I believe you're happy to-

day." "Happy? I should tell a man! If the streets of Sequola were paved with eggs, I could walk them all day

without making an omelette." "It must be nice to feel so happy, after so many months of the blues." "Indeed it is, Shirley. You see until very recently I was very much wor-ried as to your attitude toward me. I couldn't believe you'd so far forget yourself as to love me in spite of everything—so I never took the trouble to ask you. And now I don't have to

ask you. I know! And I'll be around to see you after I get that crossing in !" "You're perfectly horrid," she blazed, and hung up without the formality of saying good-by.

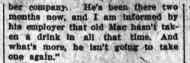
Shortly after Shirley's departure from his office, Bryce had a visit from Buck Ogilvy. The latter wore a neatly pressed suit of Shepherd plaid, with a white carnation in his lapel, and he was apparently the most light-hearted young man in Humboldt county. He struck an attitude and demanded:

Boss, what do you think of my new suit?" "You lunatic! Don't you know red blonds should never wear light shades? You're dressed like a negro minstrel." "Well, I feel as happy as an end-man. And by the way, you're all

chirked up yourself. Who's been help-ing you to the elixir of life? When we parted last night, you were forty fathoms deep in the slough of despond." "No less a divinity than Miss Shir-

ley Sumner! She called this morning to explain that last night's flasco was one of her making, and quite inno cently she imparted the information that old Pennington lighted out for San Francisco at one o'clock this morning. Wherefore I laugh. Te-he! Ha-hah!" "Three long, loud raucous cheers for

Uncle. He's gone to rush a restrain-ing order through the United States



"How do you know?" "Because I make it my business to find out. Mac was the finest woods-boss this county ever knew; hence you do not assume that I would lose the old scoundrel without making a fight old scoundrel without making a fight for him, do you? Why, Buck, he's been on the Cardigan pay roll thirty years, and I only fired him in order to reform him. Well, last week I sent one of Mac's old friends down to Willits purposely to call on him and invite him out 'for a time;' but Mac wouldn't drink with him. No, sir, he couldn't drink with him. No, sir, he

couldn't be tempted. On the contrary, he told the tempter that I had prom-ised to give him back his job if he remained on the water wagon for on year; he was resolved to win back his ob and his self-respect." "I know what your plan is," Ogllvy interrupted. "Listen, now, to father's words of wisdom. Didn't you hear me

tell that girl and her villainous avuncular relative last night that I had another ace up my kimono?" Bryce nodded. "That was not brag, old dear. I had

the ace, and this morning I played it -wherefore in my heart there is that peace that passeth understandingparticularly since I have just had a elegram informing me that my ace

took the odd trick. "You will recall that from the very instant we decided to cut in that jumpcrossing, we commenced to plan against interference by Pennington; in consequence we kept, or tried to keep, our decision a secret. However, there existed at all times the possibility that Pennington might discover our benevolent intentions and block us with his only weapon-a restraining order issued by the judge of the United States listrict court.

"Now, one of the most delightful things I know about a court is that it is open to all men seeking justice—or injustice disguised as justice. Also there is a wise old saw to the effect that battles are won by the fellow who gets there first with the most men. The situation from the start was absurdly simple. If Pennington got to the dis-

trict court first, we were lost !" "You mean you got there first?" exlaimed Bryce.

"I did-by the very simple method of preparing to get there first in case anything slipped. Something did slip -last night! However, I was ready so all I had to do was press the but ton, for as Omar Khayyam remarked: What shall it avail a man if he buyeth a padlock for his stable after his favorite stallion hath been lifted?' Several days ago, my boy, I wrote a long letter to our attorney in San Francisco explaining every detail of our predicament; the instant I received that temorary franchise from the city council I mailed a certified copy of it to our attorney also. Then, in anticipation of our discovery by Pennington, I instructed the attorney to prepare the complaint and petition for a restraining order against Seth Pennington et al, and stand by to rush to the judge with it the instant he heard from me! "Well, about the time old Pennington started for San Francisco this morning, I had our attorney out of bed and on the long-distance telephone; at nine o'clock this morning he appeared in the United States district court; at

est but forebore to interfere in this high-handed closing of a public thot-

opghfare. To Sexton's annoyance and secret apprehension, Bryce Cardigan and Buck Ogilvy promptly appeared on the scene, both very cheerful and lavish with expert advice as to the best method of expediting the job in hand. To Bryce's surprise Jules Rondeau appeared to take secret enjoyment of this good-natured chaffing of the Laguna Grande manager. Occasionally he eyed Bryce curiously but without animus, and presently he flashed the latter a lightning wink, as if to say: "What a fool Sexton is to opp you !' "Well, Rondeau," Bryce halled the

woods-boss cheerfully, "I see you have quite recovered from that working over I gave you some time ago. No hard feelings, I trust. I shouldn't care to have that job to do over again You're a tough one." "By gar, she don' pay for have hard

feelings wiz you, m'sleur," Rondeau answered bluntly. "We have one fine fight, but"-he shrugged-"I don some more," He approached Bryce and lowered his voice. "For one month



am no good all ze tam. We don fight some more, m'sieur. And I have feel ashame' for dose Black Minorca feller. Always wiz him eet is ze knife

or ze club-and now eet is ze rifie. Cochon! W'en I fight, I fight wiz what le bon Dieu give me." 'You appear to have a certain code, after all." Bryce laughed. "I am inclined to like you for it. You're sporty in your way, you tremendous scoun-

drel !' "Mebbeso," Rondeau suggested hope fully, "M'sieur likes me for woods

"Why, what's the matter with Penaington? Is he tired of you?" The color mounted slowly to the

woods bully's swarthy cheek. "Made moiselle Summair, he's tell me pretty soon he's goin' be boss of Laguns Grande an' stop all thees fight. An' w'en Mademoiselle, he is in the saddle, good-bye Jules Rondeau. Thees coun-try-I like him. I feel sad, M'sleur, leave dose beeg trees." He paused, looking rather wistfully at Bryce. am fine woods-boss for somebody," he

struck it aside and refused to accept struct it aside and returned to accept it--whereupon the deputy marshal tap-ped him on the shoulder with it. "Tag! You're out of, the game, my friend," he said pleasantly. "As the doftment fluttered to Sex-top's feet, the latter turned to Jules Ronderu. "I can no longer take charge here, Rondeau," he explained. "I am forbidden to interfere."

"Jules Rondeau can do ze job." the roods-boss replied easily. "Ze lay, woods-boss replied easily. "Ze law, she have not restrain' me. I guess, mebbéso, you don' take dose theengs away, eh. M'sieur Cardigan. Myself, lak cos ". I lak see."

The deputy marshal handed Ron deau a paper, at the same time show-ing his badge. "You're out, too, my friend," he laughed. "Don't be fool-

ish to try to buck the law. If you do, I shall have to place a nice little pair of handcuffs on you and throw yo jall-and if you resist arrest, I shall it is useless to try to beat this game on a technicality."

Sexton, who still lingered, made a gesture of surrender. "Dismiss your crew, Rondeau," he ordered. "We're whipped to a frazzle."

A gleam of pleasure, not unmixed with triumph, lighted the dark eyes of the French-Canadian. "I to!' M'sieur Sexton she canot fight M'sieur Cardi-gan and win," he said simply. "Now mebbe he believe that Jules Rondeau know something."

"Shut up," Sexton roared petulantly. Rondeau shrugged contemptuous ly, turned, and with a sweep of his great arm indicated to his men that they were to go; then, without a back-ward glance to see that they followed, the woods boss strode away in the direction of the Laguna Grande mill. Arrived at the mill office, he entered took down the telephone, and called up Shirley Sumner.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "Jules Rondeau speaks to you. I have for you zee good news. Bryce Cardigan. she puts in the crossing today. One man of the law she comes from San Francisco with papers, and M'sleur Sexton say to me: 'Rondeau, we are whip. Deesmess your men.' So I have deesmess doze men, and now I dees-mess myself. Mebbeso bimeby I go to work for M'sleur Cardigan. For Mademoiselle I have no weesh to make trouble to fire me. I queet. I will not fight dose dirty fight some more Au revoir, mademoiselle. I go.' And without further ado he hung

up. "What's this, what's this?" Sexton demanded. "You're going to guit? Nonsense, Rondeau, nonsense!"

"I will have my time, M'sieur," said Jules Rondeau. "I go to work for a man. Mebbeso I am not woods boss

for heem, but-I work." "You'll have to wait until the Col-

nel returns, Rondeau." "I will have my time," said Jules Rondeau patiently. "Then you'll wait till pay day for

it, Rondeau. You know our rules. Any man who quits without notice walts until the regular pay day for his money."

Jules advanced until he towered di rectly over the manager. "I tol' M'sleur I would have my time," he repeated once more. "Is M'sieur deaf in ze ears?" He raised his right hand, much as a bear raises its paw his blunt fingers worked a little and there was a smoldering fire in his dark eyes.

Without further protest Sexton opened the safe, counted out the wages due, and took Rondeau's recelpt.

"Thank you, M'sieur," the woods boss growled as he swept the coin into his pocket. "Now I work for M'sieur Cardigan; so, M'sieur, I will have zee switch engine weeth two flat cars and zee wrecking car. Doze dam trash on zee crossing-M'sleur Cardigan does not like, and by gar, I take heem away. You onderstand, M'sieur? I am Jules Rondeau, and I work for M'sieur Cardigan. La la, M'sieur!" The great hand closed over Sexton's collar. "Not zee pistol hopefully. -no, not for Jules Rondeau." "You think Miss Sumner dislike Quite as easily as a woman dresses you then, Rondeau?" a baby, he gagged Sexton with Sex-ton's own handkerchief, laid him gent-"I don' theenk. I know." He sighed; his huge body seemed to droop. ly on the floor and departed, locking "I am out of zee good luck now," murmured bitterly. "Everybody, she hate Jules Rondeau." Again he the door behind him and taking the key. At the corner of the building, sighed. "Dose beeg trees ly In Quebec where the telephone line entered the we have none. In zee woods, M'sieur, I feel-here!" And he laid his great office, he paused, jerked once at the wire, and passed on, leaving the brokcalloused, hairy hand over his heart. en ends on the ground. "W'en I cut your beeg trees, M'sieur, I feel like hell." In the roundhouse he found the switch engine crew on duty, waiting for steam in the boiler. The with-"That infernal gorilla of a man is drawal of both locomotives, brief as a poet," Buck Ogilvy declared. "I'd think twice before I let him get out had been their absence, had caused of the country, Bryce." a glut of logs at the Laguna Grande landings, and Sexton was catching up Whose salt he ests, his song he sings,'" quoth Bryce. "I forgive you, Rondeau, and when I need a woodswith the traffic by sending the switch engine crew out for one trainload, even though it was Sunday. The crew had been used to receiving orders boss like you, I'll send for you." from Rondeau, and moreover they At eleven o'clock Saturday night the were not aware of his recent action ; deputy United States marshal arrived in Sequoia. Upon the advice of Buck hence at his command they ran the switch engine out of the roundhouse. Ogilvy, however, he made no attempt coupled up the two flat cars and the at service that night, notwithstanding the fact that Jules Rondeau and his wrecking car, and backed down to the bullies still guarded the crossing. At crossing. Upon arrival, Jules Ron eight o'clock Sunday morning, howdeau leaned out of the cab window and halled Bryce. "M'sleur," he said, "do not bozzer to make zee derrick. ever, Bryce Cardigan drove him down to the crossing. Buck Ogilvy was al-ready there with his men, superintend-I have here zee wrecking car-all you ing erection of a huge derrick close need; pretty soon we lift him off zee crossing, I tell you, eh, M'sieur Cardito the heap of obstructions placed on the crossing. Sexton was watching him uneasily, and fushed as Ogilvy gan ?"

leetle pig and lock her in her affice I work now for M'sieur. And he did. He waited not for a confirmation from his new master but proceeded to direct operations like the born driver and leader of mea the born driver and leader of mes-that he was. With his late employ-er's gear he fastened to the old cast-ings and the boiler, lifted them with the derrick on the wrecking car, and swing them up and around onto the flat cars. By the middle of the after-noon the crossing was once more clear. Then the Cardigan crew fell upon it while Jules Rondeau ran the train buck to the Laguna Grande yards, dis-missed his crew, returned to the mik-office, and released the manager.

office, and released the manager. office, and released the manager. "You'll pay, through the nose for this, you scoundrel," Sexton whim-pered. "I'll fix you, you traitor." "You feex nothing. M'sleur Sextoh." Rondeau replied imperturbably. "Who is witness Jules Rondeau tie you up? Somehody see you, no? I suess you Somebody see you, no? I guess you don' feex me. Sacre [I guess you don' try."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Colonel Pennington's discovery al

San Francisco that Bryce Cardigan had stolen his thunder and turned the bolt upon him, was the hardest blow Seth Pennington could remember hav ing received throughout his thirty-odd years of give and take. He was to old and experienced a campaigner however, to permit a futile rage to his reason; he prided h cloud upon being a foeman worthy of any nan's steel. On Tuesday he returned to Sequoia

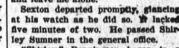
Sexton related to him in detail the events which had transpired since his departure, but elicited nothing more than a noncommittal grunt.

"There is one more matter, sir, which will doubtless be of interest to you,' Sexton continued apologetically. "Miss Sumner called me on the telephone yesterday and instructed me formally to notify the board of directors of the Laguna Grande company of a special meeting of the board, to be held here at two o'clock this afternoon. In view of the impossibility of communicating with you while you were en route, I conformed to her wishes. Our by-laws, as you know, stipulate that no meeting of the board shall be called without formal written notice to each director mailed twenty-four hours previously."

"What the devil do you mean, Sexton, by conforming to her wishes? Miss Sumner is not a director of this company." Pennington's voice was harsh and trembled apprehensively. "Miss Sumner controls forty per cent of the Laguna Grande stock, air,

took that into consideration." "You lie!" Pennington all but reamed. "You took into considera tion your job as secretary and general manager. Damnation !"

He rose and commenced pacing up and down his office. Suddenly he paused. Sexton still stood beside his desk, watching him respectfully. "You fool !" he snarled. "Get out of here and leave me alone."



"Shirley," Pennington began in a hoarse voice as she entered his office, "what is the meaning of this direct ors' meeting you have requested?"

"Be seated, Uncle Seth," the girl answered quietly. "If you will only be ulet and reasonable, perhaps we can lispense with this directors' meeting which appears to frighten you so." He sat down promptly, a look at :

lef on his face. "I scarcely know how to begin. Uncle Seth," Shirley commenced sadly.



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MOTHERI

the package, then you are sure yo child is having the best and most harm-less physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. • Full directions on each bott You must say "California."—Adv.

Must Move Swiftly. "Riches have wings." "They've got to nowadays to get anywhere near the cost of living."

Thousands Have Kidney **Trouble and Never** Suspect It

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Judging from reports from dru who are constantly in direct touch the public, there is one preparation has been very successful in overec these conditions. The mild and he influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Re soon realized. It stands the higher its remarkable record of success.

non realized. If stands the highest new its remarkable record of success. An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the as-tonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are re-iected is because kidney trouble is no common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applies-tions are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sub-at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send for cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. X., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

The English derby has been won by the favorite on more than fifty of sions.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are dim ply a good old-fashioned medicine for regu-iating the stomach, the liver and however fet a box and try them.--My.

It's an easy matter to pose as former as long as you are out of

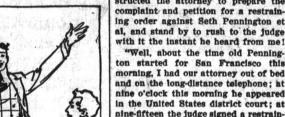


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Some men get into office with little opposition and get out with none at





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OME TO HALDWIN COUNTY, ALABAMA Algh grade farming land and improved arms. Best living conditions, excellent sol , ex A. Nest



"Three Long, Lou id, Raucous Cheer for Uncle."

district court. Wonder why he didn't wire his attorney to attend to the natter for him."

"He has the crossing blocked, and nasmuch as the mayor feeds out of Pennington's hand, the Colonel is guite confident that said crossing will remain blocked. As for the restraining order-well, if one wants a thing well done, one should do it oneself."

"All that doesn't explain your cheerful attitude, though." "Oh, but it does. I've told you about old Duncan McTavish, Motra's father, haven't I?" Ogilvy nodded, and Bryce continued: "When I fired the scoundrel for boozing, it almost broke his heart : he had to leave Hum oldt, where everybody knew him, se he wandered down into Mendocino county and got a job sticking lumber in the drying yard of the Willits Lum-

United States marshal started in an automobile for Sequoia, via the over-land route. He will arrive late tomorrow night, and on Sunday we will get that locomotive out of our way and install our crossing."

ing order forbidding our enemies to

interfere with us in the exercise of a

Sequola, and at nine-thirty a deputy

right legally granted us by the city of

"And Pennington-"Ah, the poor Pennington! Mon pauvre Seth !" Buck sighed comical-"He will be just twenty-four hours

late." "You old he-fox !" Bryce murmured.

"You wicked, wicked man !" Buck Oglivy lifted his lapel and sniffed luxuriously at his white carnation, the while a thin little smile played around the corners of his hu-morous mouth. "Ah," he murmured presently, "life's pretty sweet, isn't

CHAPTER XVII.

1t?"

Events followed each other with refreshing rapidity. While the crew of the big locomotive on the crossing busied themselves getting up steam, Sexton and Jules Rondeau tolled at the loading of the discarded boiler and heavy castings aboard two flat cars. By utilizing the steel derrick on the company's wrecking car, this task was completed by noon, and after luncheon the mogul backed up the main line past the switch into the Laguna Grande yards; whereupon the switch engine kicked the two flat cars and the wrecking car out of the yard and down to the crossing, where the obstructions were promptly unloaded. The police watched the operation with alert inter-

Bryce stepped over to the switch ed him out to the marshal. engine and looked up at his late en emy. "By whose orders is this train here?" he queried. "Mine," Rondeau quickly answered.

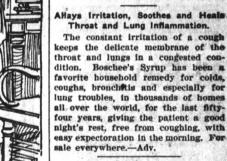
"There's your meat, marshal," he announced. The marshal approached and extended toward Sexton a copy of the restraining order. The latter "M'sleur Sexton I have the like one

"I Cannot Trust You to Manage My Financial Affairs in the Future."

hurts me terribly to be forced to hurt you, but there doesn't appear to be any other way out of it. I cannot trust you to manage my financial affairs in the future-this for a number of reaons, the principal one being-" "Young Cardigan," he interrupted in low voice. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Charles V Had Faith In Women. The famous emperor Charles V, whe ers of his time, had such confide in the ability of women to govern that he appointed three successively as so gents of the Netherlands.

Cremation is Jepsen. Oremation establishments under an control of the government are to be cound in all the object cities of Jages.



No, Luke, you can't convince a woman that any man who has proposed to her is a fool.

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The man who imagines he never did foolish act isn't wise enough to know what folly is.

