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THE ACCUSING FOOTSTEPS

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ALWAYS the footsteps behind me, dull, hollow, but echoing—never before. Did they but precede I might have had hope, for then they might guide me to some haven of rest, peace for my tired heart.

I was not a wicked man, nor a mean man, nor a dissipated man. I was only a murderer—to the world never that, but to my own conscience, yes. A thousand deaths were in my heart and one poor victory—if I could call it that.

"I consent to the marriage."
"Secret, of course?"
"It must be that way under the circumstances."

Burned into my brain were these three sentences, for they started the train of circumstances that resulted in a terrible tragedy.

It was six weeks since that I overheard Huldah Evans speak the first, Vance Telford made reply. Then her final words—"my love, my adored one!" She whom I worshiped was a party to a clandestine complication with a rival I had never feared, nor before that even suspected.

He had come to the village, a stranger. He had made several calls on Huldah. I was curious, but she never apprised me as to the personality of her new acquaintance nor his motive in visiting her. That vividly remembered afternoon I was lining a high hedge surrounding the Evans place when I heard the brief colloquy noted. I had come to the spot with my heart full of hope and love. I left it vengeful, embittered, my soul immersed in the blackest despair.

I wandered towards the narrow but deep rolling stream at the edge of the town, my spirit dazed, my heart distracted. This, then, was the end of it. She loved another! I flung myself on the grassy bank, watching the swift eddies just above the waterfall. It was an unrequited spot for the present, for the old foot bridge had been condemned, as all the regular townsmen knew, a new structure being proposed, and the roadway on either side of the stream was blockaded some distance back. There signs were up, warning the approaching driver and pedestrian of peril.

I sat in a daze, staring blankly at the rushing waters, madly tempted to plunge beneath their surface and end all my misery. It was getting on toward dusk when a sharp, cheery whistle attracted my attention.

There, not fifty yards distant, was Telford. He was warbling a careless carol, swinging along like a man in love with life, as if he had just heard some joyful news.

In a flash I pictured the situation. He, my hated rival, was beloved by Huldah. I was the despised one. A blur of blood passed before my eyes, and then—

"He is headed for the bridge—he doesn't know!" I uttered breathlessly. I started up in wild alarm. In a flash I saw that, making a short cut for the town by an unaccustomed route, Telford had struck into the road at a point ahead of the blockade. He had missed the danger sign. He had no knowledge of the condition of the bridge. Two days previous a horse and wagon had gone through the rotted plankway, a great hole gaped in the center of the bridge, and some of the stringers were hanging suspended by mere splinters.

"Stop!"
The word died in my throat meaningless, for the devil had seized me. What was this man to me, that I should not allow him to go headlong on his careless way? He had embittered by existence, why should I seek to save his life? My manhood cowed. Hatred, cowardice, guilt, held me spell-bound beyond the saving moment.

Crash!—a shriek, a splash, a gurgle, and all was over—all save the footsteps proceeding across the hollow echoing plankway—tramp! tramp! tramp!
But now all that was human within me aroused. In horror I regarded my wilful act of crime. I ran to the edge of the bridge, I shouted wildly. I tore down the dim shore, calling madly the name of the man I had—murdered.

Only the sound of the waves, the roar of the falls below, the night bird's thrill answered me. The void had opened up and swallowed my rival. Huldah was free, but I—tramp! tramp! tramp! ever the accusing footsteps, and always behind me, pursuing, challenging, accusing.

Looking back now I marvel how I passed those dreadful days, those wakeful nights of the two weeks succeeding. Twice I had called upon Huldah. I was amazed at the fact that she betrayed no anxiety, none of the suspense of a bride expectant whose object of devotion had mysteriously

disappeared. My guilt drove me to make my visits brief and constrained, although Huldah seemed glad to see me. She had with her now a cousin, a pale-faced, hopeless-eyed girl, who seemed an invalid, Martha Dawes.

No word of the fate of Telford had reached the newspapers. I had lined the river for miles, making cautious inquiries, but with no result. Then one evening those torturing footsteps drove me to a resolution: I would see Huldah once more, confess and leave the place forever.

It was twilight when I reached her home. She sat in a rustic chair in the garden humming a low tune. Miss Dawes, near by, was gazing with sad, far-away eyes at the crescent moon. I leaned over the chair and said to Huldah:

"I wish to tell you something of Vance Telford."

She started, glanced quickly at her guest, and, her finger on her lip, led me to a distance.

"What of Mr. Telford?" she challenged, with a certain sternness that chilled me.

"He is dead, and I—am his murderer!"

And then the words leaped over each other tumultuously as I told my story, all of it, without reservation.

She grasped a tree for support, her face a white void.

"Go away!" she faltered, waving her hand distractedly. "I must think!"

It was all over! She hated me, she despised me! I wandered about aimlessly, but the influence of fatality drew me to the river. Ever, it seemed, calling to me, for miles I trod its banks, the footsteps—tramp! tramp! tramp!—beating incessantly on my agonized ears.

I must have gone several miles, when I drew behind a bush near the shelving shore of the stream to avoid meeting a man progressing slowly with the aid of a cane. I was in no mood for companionship. I moved too far, my foot slipped, I went headlong, and was conscious of my head striking the water and a rock at the same time. Then I was insensible.

My blood curdled as I regained consciousness, for I recognized that the man bending over me had dragged me to safety, and that man, in form and substance, Vance Telford!

Within an hour I knew all the story of his rescue down the stream, his convalescence, his helira now to the Evans home. And then I learned that it was the sad-hearted Miss Dawes who loved him, and that Huldah had arranged for their clandestine marriage because her cousin could not live without him. Her family did not like Telford, nor did Huldah, but it was arranged that Telford was to wed Miss Dawes secretly and then go away and make a man of himself, for he had been a sad profligate.

But now I knew the man was in earnest when he told me how his narrow graze of death had reformed him. Arm in arm we went to the Evans home, to make two anxious hearts happy, for Huldah really loved him. And then—the footsteps died out forever.

Notoriety and Fame

Mandy was very fond of telling jokes to her neighbors, so one morning she decided to keep Rachel guessing this one.

"Rachel, what is the difference between notoriety and fame?"

"Law's, Mandy, I can't ever guess that one," said Rachel.

"Well, a thousand dollars worth of roses will barely fill a room with perfume, but with a dollar's worth of fried onions you could scent up the whole town. Now, Rachel, that's the difference."—Everybody's.

Healing Power of Light

Research shows that light in the form of rays of the sun has been employed therapeutically from earliest recorded time. Aristotle wrote of their value as early as 350 B. C., and medical men prescribed them for their patients. Herodotus said that light was to be regarded by the physician who knew his business as a means of repelling illness.

His Achievement

"See that old fellow tottering along on the other side of the street there?" asked the landlord of the tavern at Peewecuddyhump. "That's Hod Durrmitt, our oldest inhabitant."
"Hm," responded the hypercritical guest. "What has he ever done of any consequence?"
"Done! Why cat-fetch it, he's lived here all his life!"—Kansas City Star.

Didn't Meet Requirements

Glady's—Bill offered me his hand and fortune last night, but I refused them both.

Myrtle—But why?
Glady's—One was too large and the other too small.

Finnish Christmas Custom

A Christmas custom in Finland and Scandinavia is to place a small stack of corn upon the roof, so that the wild birds may share in the festival.

Tales from the Jury Room



W HAT goes on behind the locked doors of the jury room? How do twelve men, sitting in judgment of evidence on which rests the fate of a human being, deport themselves? Lawyers and judges can't tell you because they are barred from jury service. No one is supposed to know but the jurors themselves. But information leaks out, and in many cases eavesdroppers have overheard the entire proceedings in supposedly sealed jury rooms.

Recently a jury was deciding the fate of a murderer. The case had attracted national attention. All through the night and on into the morning the jury remained out. When the twelve men finally filed out of the stuffy room with their verdict they were amazed to see morning newspapers, printed several hours earlier, carrying news of the verdict they were about to announce. It was "Guilty," and the newspapers said "Guilty." The only part of the proceedings the papers lacked was the penalty.

Investigation later revealed the method by which the newspapers had "scooped" the jury itself. A reporter, using a physician's stethoscope applied to a pipe connecting with a steam radiator in the jury room, had been able to overhear practically everything said in the room above. Decision as to the guilt of the defendant had been arrived at by the jury just in time to allow the reporter to inform his paper before the presses started rolling for the final edition. In three more hours the jury had fixed the penalty, but the big news already was out.

The secrecy that envelops the debates held within the frequently hideous, dirty, smoky jury room has a fascination for almost any imagination, says the New York Times. Just what brought the decision in such a case? What were the facts that tipped the scales in favor of a defendant whom all the world thought guilty? Even judges themselves are curious about the workings of the jury's minds—for it is of many minds.

"I'd like to hear those fellows deliberate," once said a judge, who had charged countless juries.

"You can, your honor," spoke up a court attendant. "There's a crack in the wall where we often listen to 'em. I'll take you there."
Somewhat incredulous, the judge followed his guide. The crevice was found. He placed his ear to it.

Loud voices issued forth. "What makes you believe that?" "It's not so!" "You." "I—" "Who said so?" "The judge." "Well, what does he know about it, the old fossil?"
"I think I have heard enough," said his honor, removing his ear from the opening—which, by the way, was sealed up soon after.

On how slim a thread the life of a man hangs only those know who have sat around the table in the sealed chamber. The slightest circumstantial may save a man from or condemn him to prison; yes, and even the chair.

The weight of another human being's existence rests heavily on the shoulders of those who have it in their power to make or break it. They grasp at any favoring evidence.

Not long ago, in a case tried in the Criminal court of New York, some men were accused of having thrown a waiter out of a hotel window. The strongest witness for the plaintiff was a woman who testified that she had seen the act committed from her room window at a distance of about 100 feet. The jury had been out for hours. They seemed hopelessly deadlocked.

Half of the men were unwilling to believe that the woman could have seen so far; the remainder were disposed to accept her testimony. The dinner hour came and the controversy was temporarily brought to an end. When the court attendants saw the guarded jury return from their evening meal they sighed, expecting an all-night session.

The twelve returned to the jury room. The night was hot and sultry. Like caged animals they paced back and forth, snarling and snapping, for they wanted to get home. One man stepped to the open window for a breath of air. Bright lights were shining in a printing establishment more than two blocks away. Every movement of the typesetters was plainly visible. "Here, you fellows, look!" His companions crowded around him. In less than half an hour the jury was of one mind.

Any one familiar with juries and jury duty will tell you that, with rare exceptions, the men serving in criminal cases are tremendously conscious of their responsibility. "There is a genuine effort to be fair," to quote a man who has served in both criminal and civil cases. "The juror in a Criminal court feels the gravity of the situation. Not so, however, the one in a civil court. In the civil case his human qualities enter into play—he is prone to be swayed by prejudice."

Regarding the seriousness with which the juror takes his responsibility when he is called on to judge between right and wrong, the well-known example can be cited of a dozen who went out to determine the guilt or innocence of a youth accused of grand larceny. They began to talk the matter over before the guard had fairly closed and locked the door. They weighed what the lawyers had said, they spoke of the cast in the defendant's eye, they removed their coats and, as their conversation became more heated, their collars. They puffed great clouds of blue smoke into the dense atmosphere.

After four hours they were still talking. "Let's take a vote," at last spoke up a self-constituted leader. No one had thought of that before—they were all novices at criminal jury duty. Every mother's son of them wrote "guilty" on the page that he tore from his note book!

Gentlemen of the jury fall into certain distinct types. The most amusing of them is the one who, in the vernacular of the courtroom, is called the "peewee." He is a very small person at home, and in his place of business no one listens to him. It is when he gets inside of a jury room that he has his innings.

"I was the guy that decided that case," he tells his wife when he goes home. "You should have heard me talk it over with the judge afterward. I said to him . . . and he agreed with me."
Some peewees even bring their wives to the courthouse, so that those ladies can behold them as they stride majestically into the box with the air of a torenator who is about to confront the bull.

Then there is the "jury lawyer," the man from the business world, who, in his college days, took a course in law. He remembers just enough of Blackstone to be convinced that he knows more of the legal aspect of the trial than the lawyers, and sets forth his knowledge in a lengthy oration.

Many a time it is the member with a prejudice who forms the stumbling block in the way of a peaceful settlement; perhaps his prejudice is religious, perhaps racial.

Last, but not least, there is the naturally stubborn man—the bugbear of every jury.

In civil suits one of the difficult problems that confront jurors is the awarding of just compensation in personal injury cases. Here prejudices of all kinds enter. Many are the tricks the gentlemen of the jury play on one another in the settling of these disputes. On one occasion a woman sued a trucking company. Her injury was slight, and was largely due to her own carelessness, most of the jury felt. Eleven voted to give her \$500, the twelfth held out for \$1,000. "Let's compromise," spoke a man having initiative. "Every one of us will write down the sum we think should be given her. We'll total the figures and divide by twelve." They agreed. Much to the surprise of the twelfth man the answer was \$500. "I don't believe it has occurred to him that I put down zero," the speaker later whispered to his companions.

Justice and fair play are, on the whole, the rule of the game, says a business man who has served on seven juries. "Several times I have heard it discussed how a large verdict could be rendered with the probable chance that the court would permit it to stand and not set it aside. A well man who depends on his health and strength to make his living for himself and family, which is the position of nine out of ten jurors, cannot measure in his own mind the amount of damages that would compensate for the loss of such health."

A man was run into by a motor car that was driven without proper regard for the rights of pedestrians. He was injured so that he could not do any hard labor that required him to be on his feet. The evidence seemed conclusive as to the injury. He was a naturalized citizen. One of his own race was on the jury. The foreman asked this juror what he thought was fair under the circumstances, and the juror answered: "His lawyer will want at least \$2,500; it has probably cost the man about \$2,000 thus far for the loss of time and for expenses. If he had \$10,000 in cash he could buy a little business on which he and his wife could support themselves. So I should say a verdict of \$14,500 would be fair." The jury awarded him \$15,000.

POULTRY FACTS

GEESE THRIVE ON YOUNG VEGETATION

The most perplexing season of the year for the rationing of geese seems to be the late summer and fall, particularly if the season is a dry one. Geese are primarily grazing fowls and the growing stock, especially, requires a constant supply of young and tender vegetation upon which to forage. Therefore, unless such is provided, they will cease to thrive, and frequently a large percentage are lost, writes Oscar Grow in the National Poultry Journal. During the latter part of a hot dry summer the grass becomes tough and fibrous, even though it may still appear green, and then it not only lacks nourishment, but becomes indigestible as well, thus resulting in malnutrition and sometimes stoppage of the bowels, which, in turn, is more likely than not to prove fatal.

It is very important, therefore, to supplement the pasturage with other rations at such times. The younger goslings may be permitted to forage in the corn fields, where it will be found they greatly relish many of the weeds and grasses growing therein, in addition to the lower leaves and "suckers" developing upon the corn stalks. The older geese may be given access to second-growth clover, when available, or, better still, to a field of rape or similar crops, sown for this purpose. Such resources are equally suitable for the growing flock and should be provided for in event they are liable to be required.

A critical period in the rearing of goslings is ushered in about the time of the first frost. Something resulting from the action of the frost upon the grass apparently causes goose septicaemia or goose cholera. At least both have a habit of appearing at about the same time. Septicaemia is very fatal and often a large percentage of the flock is lost before there is any indication of infection. Many individuals apparently in good health at evening time are dead the next morning, while others may linger for several hours or even days before succumbing.

Good Summer Care of the Chicken Flock

Summer eggs are more than fresh air and sunshine. Mash containing protein, and pasture, shade and water are important factors of summer management of the laying flock.

A large mash consumption is necessary for the maximum number of eggs. It pays to induce the laying hens to eat as much mash as possible. One way is to reduce the amount of grain fed by feeding it only in the evening. This will keep the hens hungry and eating mash.

Be sure there is space enough at the hoppers at any time the hens want to eat or they will start to forage for themselves. One foot of hopper space for every five hens is recommended for maximum consumption.

Keep suggesting mash to the flock by placing the hoppers where the chickens congregate during the day. If the poultry house is stuffy during the day the hens will leave it and the hoppers for the orchard shade.

Laying House Should Be Cleaned Before Autumn

The laying house should be thoroughly cleaned before the pullets are put in it. A common method is to remove all the interior fixtures and clean thoroughly by sweeping down the walls and removing all the litter and dirt from the floor. Prepare a good disinfectant by adding 5 parts of some good standard stock dip to 95 parts of water, and with the use of a force pump saturate the interior of the building with this disinfectant. The same method should be used for cleaning the interior equipment. After a day's exposure to the sunlight for thorough drying, the poultry house fixtures may be put in place. Spread clean sand over the floor and cover it with 3 to 4 inches of bright clean straw. This will put the house in condition for the early maturing pullets which should go in the next week.

Poultry Notes

It is the mash feed that makes the high egg production.

Cull the flock and increase the profits from the laying hens later.

A suitable mash, fed throughout the summer, balances the grain ration and keeps the chicks growing without any setbacks.

The DAIRY

USE ONLY TRIED AND TESTED SIRE

This is the season of the year when all farmers ought to be looking out for bulls for use this fall, if a change is necessary. There are many breeders who have tested their cattle for production records, have good blood lines, and are offering good dairy bulls for sale. Farmers who have an opportunity to buy a bull which is a proved product should not hesitate to buy him on account of his age or disposition. But we find many farmers in the state that are now offering dairy bulls for sale from three to six years of age, and in most cases there are no buyers. This indicates that purchasers want young bull calves. There are probably three reasons for this condition, says J. P. LaMaster, chief of the dairy division of Clemson college, South Carolina.

1. Those desiring bulls do not realize the value of a sire which has been proved. That is, one with daughters in milk which show their production, disposition as feeders, and general conformation. The ability of a bull to get a reasonably large number of desirable daughters is the only real proof that he is worth using, and often pure-bred animals with very best pedigrees are disappointing when the results of this real test become known.

2. Farmers do not like to handle an aged bull, explains Professor LaMaster, because he often has a mean disposition. All dairy bulls should be considered dangerous. That is, no one can tell when a dairy bull, even though normally of good disposition and easy handling qualities, may turn on its handler and cause serious injury. The pure-bred dairy bull of today is the result of selection and breeding up during a long period of time, and in this process of improvement, in order to get the greatest dairy capacities, animals of considerable nerve force have been developed, and it is largely through this nerve force that we secure the greatest production.

3. To some extent there is the spirit of the gambler in the hearts of all people. That is, we are led to take chances with the hope that it will turn out for the best. The dairy farmer will select a young calf which is untried and take a chance on improving his dairy herd rather than to use a proved sire, which often times he can buy from a neighbor at less than the calf cost. These older bulls have usually served their time in one herd and must be disposed of to prevent inbreeding.

Chute and Stanchion Are Favored for Dehorning

A strong chute and stanchion is recommended by the Missouri dairy department for ringing and dehorning, and for any other work with mature animals in the herd. This chute is 26 inches wide, 5 feet high and 7 feet long with flaring wings to make it easier to get animals into it. A stanchion is made at the end of 4 by 4's, 8 inches apart when closed.

In the absence of a chute the bull should be thrown and securely tied when ringing or dehorning. Most farmers know how to throw an animal with ropes. One of the simplest ways is to use three ropes, one to tie the animal to a post or tree, using a knot around the neck that will not draw. The second rope should be longer and is tied with a slipknot loosely about the neck back of the first rope. It is then run between the forelegs and looped about the chest with another loop around the flank and the loose end passed back between the hind legs. By pulling on this rope the bull may be thrown and the third rope used to tie his legs. Both ropes should be tightened and securely tied to a tree or post.

Cheap Gains Made With Heifers During Summer

Every day that a heifer does not grow is time wasted as well as feed lost, according to W. J. Fraser, University of Illinois. Cheap gains can be made in the summer months and farmers should keep this in mind in the management of their herd.

The same thing is true of young dairy calves. A grain ration fed with pasture and skim milk will push them along rapidly. A good ration is composed of 83 pounds each of ground corn, ground oats and wheat bran with 10 pounds of linseed oil meal. Legume hay should be fed with this ration when the calves are old enough to eat it. When good pasture or legume hay is not available the linseed oil meal should make up one quarter of the grain mixture.