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DR. C. McLANE'S

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint.

DYSPEPSIA AND BILE HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

DRAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side, the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and is frequently extended to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with flatulency, eructations and belching; the bowels are generally constipated, sometimes watery with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression **DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.** The genuine **McLANE'S LIVER PILLS** bear the signatures of **McLANE** and **FLEMING** on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine **DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS,** prepared by **Fleming Bros.,** of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name **McLane,** spelled differently but same pronunciation.

THE END OF THE GREAT DRY.

(From the New York World.)

When the ex-Prince Imperial of France set out for South Africa, the wife of the boulevard tragedian, who was inventing mock tragedies in which figured "Loulou" and les Zoulofs, little dreaming, let us hope, that Napoleon IV. was indeed to die in a meadow field in Zululand by the assault of a savage. Africa is fatal to the Bonapartes. Napoleon I., with whom the line began, died on a rock off the African coast.

Prince Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Bonaparte was born at the Tuilleries March 16, 1856. He was the only son of the late Emperor of the French, Napoleon III., and of the Empress Eugenie de Guzman. Porto-Carrero and Calfax, fourth Countess of Teba, a lady of illustrious Spanish blood on one side and on the other of Scottish descent, who was the younger daughter of Count Oribiano de Montijo and Miranda, her sister being the Duchess of Alva. The boy in his childhood was very delicate and had to be nursed with the greatest care till he reached the age of eleven. He had an English nurse and a German valet, his mother addressed him in Spanish and his father and his governess in French, so that the Prince Imperial grew up a linguist and at seven could read and speak four languages easily. He was quiet and studious, and spent much of the time when kept through the doctors' orders indoors in reading his grandfather's campaigns. When he was two years old he was appointed corporal in the Imperial Guard, and at five was promoted sergeant. For having disobeyed the Empress her Majesty caused his stripes to be taken away from him and he was reduced to the ranks for a whole year, which disgraced very deeply affected him, for he was very fond of showing off his uniform before the children who were invited to the palace to play with him. His first tutor was a "philosopher" under whose teaching the young Prince advanced so rapidly that one day at dessert he electrified the diners at the Tuilleries by remarking to an Austrian Archduke that his ideas were those of the old times that had passed by. "The people is an ocean; if you resist it, it will sweep you away." General Frossart was his next governor—a clever anti-ogist on paper and a fair average scholar—in whose charge the Prince and his young companion, Louis Comgout, son of the faithful surgeon who had assisted Napoleon III. to escape from the Castle of Ham made fair progress. While a child he traveled much in France, and not a few interesting anecdotes are told of his life at this period, as of his presiding at the Sorbonne in 1868, when the prizes were awarded to the students of the Parisian schools when General Cavagnac's widow, her son's name being called, rose and amid a scene of great excitement forbade him to receive his prize from the Prince. A still more pathetic story has escaped most of the chroniclers. With his father the Prince Imperial saw Isabella II. and her son Alfonso driving rapidly into Biarritz, both of them in tears, on their way from Spain. "Where is the little boy going to?" asked the Prince. "To exile," answered the Emperor. "And what is exile?" the child persisted. "O, that will be explained to you when you grow up," answered his father.

The meaning of the word "exile" was to be explained long before he grew up to the son of the Emperor. In July, 1870, the war with France broke out and his health having meanwhile greatly improved, he accompanied his father to the front and received his memorable "baptism of fire" at Sedan. Louis has since received his baptism of fire. The Emperor telegraphed to his wife. He showed admirable coolness and was not at all affected. "We were in the front rank, but the bullets and cannon balls did not hurt us. Louis has kept a bullet which fell quite close to him. Some of the soldiers wept at seeing him so calm. But in a few days the whole situation of affairs was changed. Just before the battle of Sedan the Prussians were separated from his father and sent across the Rhine into Belgium. He escaped from the Hotel de Coisard at Mons at night and tried to make his way back to his father but was politely stopped and conducted to the hotel, from which two squires the next day conveyed him to Dover, where he landed September the 6th, his mother joining him at Hastings three days later. Subsequently with his illustrious parents the Prince Imperial resided at Chislehurst.

The Prince joined the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich is a gentlemanly cadet and pursued his studies without intermission (save for the brief period at the death of his father in February 1873) till February, 1875, when he passed his final examination, standing seventh in a class of thirty-four, a position which would have entitled him, had he desired to enter the British Army, to elect service in the engineers or artillery. He was a general favorite with the cadets, among whom he left the reputation of a quiet, thoughtful youth of fair parts and much application. There is a remarkable bust of him in the west room at Shoeburyness, taken under droll circumstances. A pupil at Woolwich, who had a taste at sculpturing, asked the Prince to allow him to take a cast of his face. The request was a joke, but the Prince entered into it *au sérieux*. A mold of soft clay was prepared, and H. I. H. was bidden to kneel down and impress his face into it. He did so naively, but the hoaxer, not content, caught him by the nape of the neck and

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Old John Watts was a gambler by nature. He would bet on everything, and that Thursday, when he died in his little room on Tenth street, the last words he uttered were: "I bet you I get well." There were no takers, for his son—a respected and able physician practicing in New Jersey, stood by his bedside and watched over the dying man only to alleviate the pangs of death, not with any hope of saving a life. They carried Watts out to Mount Moriah yesterday, and the humble little funeral cortege that paid the last tokens of respect to the gambler's memory passed out of the gate of the cemetery as the long line of mourners that came to bury Major Maguire filed in ostentatious hundreds up the road from the railroad station. Watts was not known much in Philadelphia, but more than a score of years ago his face was much seen on the Western river steamboats, and his name was as well known as any man in the Mississippi Valley. He was the typical river gambler. Elegant of address, unexcitable, calculating, skilled at cards and willing to bet on anything in the world, he lacked nothing that could distinguish him in his calling.

He was one of the men who travelled on the lower Mississippi in ante-bellum days, when the entire lower cabin of the steamers were given up to card parties, poker, their game, and the stakes thousands. It was in those days that the pistol and bowie knife often came in as referees in discussions over the game; but that occurred only when somebody did a mean thing with an ace or filled a pair by stealing a card, or doing some such little pleasantries in a way so shamefully bold and mischievous that detection could not help but ensue. Watts would not do that, it is said. He played fair and demanded fair play or fight. That those encounters were not of unfrequent occurrence with him two bullet holes in his cheeks, others in his body and knife wounds of greater or less dimension—all over him gave testimony. For many years he traveled on the New Orleans, St. Louis and Louisville line of boats. His peculiarity of traveling was that he always made the full trip; for instance, it bound to St. Louis on one steamer, if there was no play, or if luck went against him he would not drop off at Memphis, Vicksburg or Cairo and try a "how lay." He was always the best dressed man on the river.

His jewelry was unostentatious and his clothes of the latest fashion. He had his measure at Bell's, in London, and that Regent street artist supplied him. A swell tailor in New Orleans once solicited Watts for an order, and importuned him so that he finally gave it. Watts wore the clothes for some time, and talked much and in high praise of them, but refused to pay the bill when presented. By this means he found himself a defendant in a suit of law, but, setting up the plea that in descending to wear the clothes he rendered the tailor full value by adding to the reputation of the maker, he thus won his case. Although Watts professed to be a man of honor—although a gambler—he was by no means of the very best of morals, and he did not object to take advantage of his fellow man in this way. For instance: With his friend and accomplice he would board the boat at Louisville and, securing the passenger list, pick out for his victim some old card player of wealth with whom he was personally acquainted. To these people he would go very quietly and say of his own accomplice, "There is a man who plays high, and we can beat him; you join with me and we'll do it." The victim agrees, the party is made up, but Watts always succeeded in regaining success the wrong way for his victim, and thus the would-be biter was often bitten.

One time he was accused of swindling in that way, the charge being made in the heat of play by a man from whom Watts' accomplice had just won \$10,000. "Is that your opinion?" he quietly asked. "Yes, sir; that's what I think," roared the loser; "you swindled me, and I stigmatize you as a scoundrel." The hour was late, and only the watchman and the party engaged in playing heard the charge, but all of them drew back and held their breath, for they were sure Jack would take a life to wipe out the insult. It is said that he has done that thing. "I will give you \$5,000 right here if you will not make that opinion any further public," said Watts, drawing forth his pocket-book. "No, sir, I do not want the money, you cannot buy my silence with money." Then Watts smiled in his wicked way and held a pistol in one hand and the money in the other, and said quietly as before: "My friend, for the suppression of your opinion I offered you \$5,000. You refused. Now I offer you that amount of money and your life. Do you accept?" The man looked into Jack's cold, steel gray eyes and what he read there was convincing. He took the money and his life and kept silent.

Many stories are told of old Watts which are not traceable to any good foundation like this one, but here is one he vouched for the truth: "I was always an ardent race course better, and I followed the Kentucky stables for many a season. My last racing was the season McGrath's great race horse Tom Bowling broke down. I was breaking up myself then. We were in Saratoga, and Barron, the negro minstrel singer, came into Morrissey's club house one night with a party, and somebody proposed that he give us a song. John Matthews, the actor was with him and urged Barron to go ahead. He bowed and sat down to the piano. The chords and arpeggio from their game, and the Barron striking a

few chords, without other prelude struck up. Here a cheer, but less poor Tom Bowling. The darling of our crew. He sang it through with feeling and expression and I looked down on my cards, and by Jove, there was a tear right on the ace. Just then in bursts McGrath. He caught Barron by the hand and pressed it fervently, trying to say, "thank you," but he couldn't. All he could ejaculate as he went out of the door with his eyes full of tears was: "two baskets of wine." It was not until we were well into the second basket that we lost our impressions of the most pathetic scenes one that moved more sporting men's hearts than I ever witnessed in a gambling house.

All relations concurred that the great steamboat race between the R. E. Lee and Natchez from New Orleans to St. Louis broke old John Watts heart, depleted his purse and even unsettled his mind. He staked every dollar he had, some \$20,000 on the Natchez and lost it. He took a state room on board of his favorite to make the trip and to see the race, but he never occupied it. Night and day for the five days and odd hours the race lasted he stood on the upper deck leaning over the rail, just where he wanted the champion trophy placed when the Lee had shown that he was only the second best boat on the river, watching the contest of Leviathans. When the Natchez fell back and the Lee swept by and passed on so far ahead that there was no longer any hope, old John, for he had come to be known as old, stamped, raved and swore, and finally rushed down to the bar room and took the first drink of liquor that ever passed his lips. He paid up his losses and came East and took up racing as a betting event. In his early life he married a young Ohio girl, whose heart it is said was broken when she discovered his vocation. So died shortly leaving him one son, whose education was carefully cared for. The schools of Europe contributed to his learning and the old man stopped at no expense in advancing his son's welfare and position. The boy was not ungrateful, for when age and adversity had brought the old gambler to the threshold of want his son came forward and cared for him lovingly and tenderly. For nearly a year the old man has been in Philadelphia receiving treatment from a great specialist in nervous affections. The old gambler preserved till the day of his death the pack of cards with which he first learned to play poker and all fours. They were worn dirty, but he would have no other, and it was with a game of solitaire with these old cards the paralytic old gambler solaced the last days of his life. He was 74 years of age and he used to say he was the best child born west of the Mississippi.

Few people are aware that the proud boast of Englishmen that the sun never sets on the British Empire is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the furthest Atlantic line, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport Me. Our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way around the globe. The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian in commenting on this fact, says: "When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Algonian fishermen, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe." *Philadelphia Record.*

THE GREAT STEAMBOAT RACE.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

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How FAR THE EAGLE SOARS.—Few people are aware that the proud boast of Englishmen that the sun never sets on the British Empire is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the furthest Atlantic line, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport Me. Our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way around the globe. The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian in commenting on this fact, says: "When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Algonian fishermen, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe." *Philadelphia Record.*

WAS DENIED REWARD IN LOUISVILLE.

(Washington Chronicle.)

Old Major Throckmorton, keeper of the Galt House, in Louisville is dead. He was a good old man, and Kentucky to the bone. When Dickens came to his house in 1846 the major graciously and hospitably addressed him thus, while the assembled crowd looked on and listened with admiration and awe to enthusiasm: "Mr. Dickens, we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and will reckon it a privilege to extend to you the hospitalities of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host, I beg that you will command me for my service in my power to render." Mr. Dickens received this with a bright stare. "When I need you, landlord," he said pointing to the door, "I will ring." The next moment the distinguished author was half way out of the window, the major's boots under his coat-tail and numerous Kentuckians holding the major's coat-tail, for the major viewed insults from a strictly Kentucky point of view, and the only mention of that incident in the "American Notes" is that Dickens saw a pig shooting in the streets of Louisville, which proves that great novelists are more careful about their fiction than their facts.

A POETESS SINGS.

(The I were dead my heart would beat for thee.) This would certainly be a "dead end," and it strikes us the poetess assumes too much poetic license. —*Norristown Herald.*

VERY DELICATE INSTRUMENTS.

The New Orleans Times describes the fine gold weighing scales which were made in Philadelphia for the New Orleans mint, have lately been placed in position. They are marvels of mechanical ingenuity and accurate workmanship. The larger of the two has a capacity of ten thousand ounces Troy, or about six hundred and eighty-six pounds avoirdupois, and when loaded to its full weight will indicate a variation of one-thousandth part of an ounce, or the millionth part of its weighing capacity. The other pair of scales is intended for weighing gold only. It has bearings composed of the finest agates, which have been ground with the utmost precision. So delicate is this machine that it will give the precise weight of a human hair, and is susceptible to the slightest atmospheric changes. Millions of dollars' worth of precious metals will be weighed annually upon these scales.

TABLETS AND ANECDOTES.

SOME NATIF NIGGER IN AFRICKY.

They had a big wudden idle with they worshipping they set it was a god, and one day they shot up a pig in a pen which was built around the idle, so they sed; "To morrow we will sacrifice that pig and make a burnt offer to our god."

But nex mornin wen the proests went to kill the pig there was a missionary preacher, and the preacher he left like he wud bust, and he sed: "I got you now, you galloots, jest look wot kind of a god you got wich paitis such libbertys as that, see he cant hollup hisself."

So they looked, and there they seen the pig a scratchin hisself against the idle and gruntin like it was mity nice.

Jest then the pig it stop scratchin and went to rootin with the snoot of its nose, and pime pi it got it under the idle and upset it in a aminit in the mud. Then the missionary preacher he danced, and alaid his leg, and hollered wild, and sed: "Wot a all powfs feller yure God is, to be sars, set him up agin, boozay."

Then the high prest was the furious-est feller you ever saw, and he jumped in the pen, and kicked the idle as hard as ever he cude, and bust all its hed with his tommyhook, and all the natif niggers they sed: "Wot a golly he dump busted ole feed that idle was, jest like the missionary preacher sed."

Then the preacher went rite off and heif a thankgiven preach, and rote his bishop the joyse news about the natif niggers change of hart. But wen he cum back with a bole of wotter for to baptise em they was all down on their knees a worshipping the pig.

Pigs tails roasted is splendor than any thing, but a Sunday school book is the feller for me. —*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Hawk came from the hotel at 2 o'clock, and thought he would take a wash. Unfortunately Mrs. Hawk had been told that a wash-bowl of water sprinkled with meal would catch all the mice, and had tried the experiment that night. Hawk got his hands full, and, bounding around the room, cried, "Jerusha! by the Lord Harry! I've got 'em again!" —*Eric Herald.*