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## THE GLEANER

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### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Prices reduced

Perfected Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.	Price
One Horse No. 5	\$4.00
Two Horse No. 7	6.00
Four Horse No. 7 1/2	8.50
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For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNELL'S  
Killing Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S

Farmer Friend Plows at SCOTT & DONNELL'S

## THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

### SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gurgling sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure. IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

## DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

## AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to either taking Quinine. As a single purgative they are unequalled.

### Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. 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.

FOR SALE BY SCOTT & DONNELL'S

\$1500 TO \$3000 A YEAR, on \$2 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$3 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. If you want to try the business Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and entirely honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up yourself. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

### THE TRUEST CHARITY.

Miss Lacy's elegant carriage was standing at the curbstone, in front of a door on which a silver plate announced the name of Lyman North, M. D.; and Miss Lacy's liveried coachman sat solemnly and stylish on the box, having about all he could do to manage the restless, magnificent pair of bays.

Miss Lacy's footman stood in silent, respectful waiting, at the open door of the carriage—altogether making an aristocratic, imposing spectacle, at which Dr. North's handsome blue eyes wandered occasionally, as, in his office from his seat by the window, he was talking to Miss Lacy.

Not that the young lady was not worth all his attention—all the attention "any man could pay her, aside from her position in society, and her almost unlimited wealth; for a sweeter face was never lit in girl-like enthusiasm than hers, as her big, gray eyes, glowing darkly, her voice thrilling and earnest, she was telling Dr. North and his friend, another aspiring young M. D., a tale of suffering and sorrow and want, she had come across on one of her charity visits; and in her sweet, gracious way asking for their subscriptions on her list to ameliorate the sickness, the sorrow, and the want.

Doctor North listened, and looked from her lovely face, her elegant toilet, to the establishment outside, and smiled in concurrence with her views. 'Certainly, I will be delighted to do my little share, Miss Lacy. Put me down for fifty dollars on your list. I wish I could make it more. Jasper, here, will supplement it, of course.'

Nellie smiled delightedly, showing the distracting dimple in one peachy cheek, and her beautiful white teeth, so pearly and even. 'Oh, Doctor North, what a generous donation! Why, I had no idea you would subscribe so largely. No one has been so liberal yet that I have asked.'

Doctor North bowed in response to her impulsive little thanks. 'Don't speak of it; really it is not worth mentioning. It is a double pleasure you have afforded me, Miss Lacy, that of being of some actual, practical benefit to your charity cases, as well as—I hope—pleasing you.'

He gave her an ardent little look, that brought a swift little flush to Nellie's cheeks, and a certain delightful quickening of her heart throbs, that more than cure similarly happened in connection with Doctor North's handsome blue eyes, and fascinating smile, and melodious voice. 'You are very, very good!' she answered, lifting her sweet eyes for just one second—long enough to create fresh havoc and new elation in Dr. North's heart, and he glanced from the pure, glorious, girlish face, to the elegant equipment outside, with a very self-satisfied expression on his face.

### MISS LACY'S CARriage

Nellie flashed an indignant little look at the calm, cold spectacled eyes. 'Oh, auntie! Why he gave me fifty dollars for the O'Bannigan family! And he'd better have kept it, to my thinking. And where next, Nellie?' While in Dr. Lyman North's aristocratic office, with its velvet carpets on reception and private rooms, its plush furniture, and paintings on the frescoed walls, its rich draperies at the windows, that gentleman was sitting complacently in his official chair, his hands in his pockets, his handsomely botched feet stretched out, and returning Jasper's sarcastic look.

'Well, you look as though you didn't approve, Phil. 'I don't!' he returned, shortly. 'The idea of your giving away the sum of fifty dollars just because the fair beggar happens to be Miss Lacy, the heiress. You can no more afford it than I can, North. Your practice is no larger or better. You told me, not ten minutes before she came in, that you were still in debt for all this, indicating by a nod of his head the adornments of the suit of rooms.

'That's a fact, Phil. I'm running behind every day, and I owe the best part of a thousand dollars. All the same, I never made a better investment in my life than when I gave Miss Lacy the last dollar I have in the world.'

Jasper looked surprised. 'I see you don't take,' said Doctor North, lightly. 'It's just this in a nutshell; I'm resolved to marry Miss Lacy, if I can.'

'For just one second, an inscrutable look swept across Jasper's face, thoughtful face. 'Or her money—which?' he asked, with a little sharp bitterness in his voice.

'Both, Doctor North answered. 'Do you consider me too ambitious?' Doctor Jasper frowned slightly. 'My opinion might not be agreeable, Lyman, and—'

North interrupted with a laugh. 'As it evidently was not to the fair beggar.' How in the world had you the courage to tell her—actually tell her—you could not afford it? All the nobility in Philip Jasper's nature looked out of his dark eyes at that.

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### KISSING THE BABY.

How a Candidate for Governor of Missouri Conducts His Campaign, (St. Louis Times-Journal.)

While Colonel Alton was discussing national finances on the hotel piazza, Colonel Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circled among the crowd. He wore a delicate white-duck suit, blue neck-tie and patent leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the promises, Colonel Tom, with any eye to business, began, gazing the babies.

'Oh, you sweet little darling,' said Colonel Tom, addressing a fuzzy pop-eyed child that lolled lazily in its mother's arms under one of the trees: 'how old is it ma'am?'

'Four months, sir,' said the fond mother. 'A little girl, eh?' said Col. Tom. 'No, a boy,' replied the mother. 'Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely I detect the strong manly features of a boy,' the Colonel hastened to say, 'Please may I kiss the little cherub?'

Colonel Tom shut his eyes and exploded an oscillatory sound on the fuzzy face and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry. 'He is such a beautiful child,' murmured Colonel Tom, 'such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, a wealth of complexion, such a sweet tranquil expression.'

'La me, you don't really think so, do you?' simpered the flattered mother. 'I never saw a sweeter little cherub,' said Col. Tom; 'I believe I'll have to kiss him again.'

Having gone through a second oscillatory arrondissement, Colonel Tom assumed a scrupulous look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart, and got right down to business. 'I'm a candidate for Governor, said he, and nothing would give me greater joy than to rest assured that I had the support of the father of the sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!'

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy baby with profuse apologies about it not being well dressed, &c; hoped it would not trouble the gentleman, &c; glad to know he admired it so very much.

### Gleanings.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

The Grand Hotel, Paris, has been sold by auction for £284,000 (about \$4,272,000).

If Neff was a consistent Jew, what induced him to take Ham into the ark.—N. Y. Star.

Seventy-nine boys and girls have been taught to swim by Professor Lincke at his pond near Raleigh. He has given 2,320 free baths.

The Illinois crop of wheat according to figures of the Board of Agriculture amounts to 42,041,252 bushels, estimated as worth \$37,266,757.

They having been holding a scientific convention at Saratoga, but not one of the great men has tackled the question, 'what is the use of squitos?'

The Grant situation is about this: If he can get the Presidency he'll take it and if he can't he won't.—Chicago Times, Ind.

Abercrombie says he fell in love with a young lady once and fully intended to marry her, but abandoned the idea as soon as he discovered that she and all her family were opposed to it.

A carpet dealer in Burlington advertises 'new Brussels carpets that can't be beat.' 'That's the kind we want at our house. Send us half a dozen; you may keep the change.—Hamsey.

'Mv! what a steep hill! And see those ten or eleven wreathes packed in one wagon that the poor, staggering horse can hardly draw! 'Wretches? There are a Christianas, mum, goin' to the camp-meeting.'

Tennyson's brother changed his name to Turner in order to inherit an income of \$10,000 a year. He left no children, and Tennyson can get the estate now on the same terms, but he will not accept the condition.

More than one half of the glass used in the United States is produced in Pittsburgh, where over 5,000 hands are employed in making it; 12,110 tons soda ash were used in the business during last year, and the value of the glassware amounted to nearly \$7,000,000.

A Russian physician, M. Malarevsky, struck by the prevalence of short-sightedness among literary men, proposed that books should be printed in white ink on black paper, and he has made experiments with fifty persons which tend to confirm his view.

A Florida man, who owns 150,000 cattle and is richer than any other man in the State, is a recluse, living in a shanty which has neither fireplace nor chimney. He sells his surplus cattle in Cuba; he seldom sees men, and he hides his money in caves on his land.

G. W. Patterson, an old pioneer, died in Uvalde, Texas, on the 22d ult., aged 89. He was a native of North Carolina, lived a while in Tusculooona, Ala., moved to Texas in 1845, and commanded the spy company at the battle of Horse-shoe Bend, where he killed an Indian chief with a hatchet.

### EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

(From President Pritchard's Inaugural Address at Wake Forest College, reported in Raleigh Observer.)

The next point presented was the present condition of education in North Carolina. It was shown by reports of the Superintendent of Public Instruction that only one-half of the children of the State were enrolled in the public schools, and that the average attendance was only one in three, that the average length of term of the schools was only nine weeks, instead of nine months, and the amount of one dollar for each child's tuition for a year. We have four hundred thousand people who cannot read and write—about one in three. How long before we can hope to realize the boast of the Swiss statesman that there was not to be found in all his country a man or woman, not an idiot, who could not read and write?

Three things are necessary to the establishment of an effective school system. First, the people must be shown the value of education, so that they will be willing to be taxed to sustain schools; secondly, the politicians must be sufficiently intelligent to see this great interest in its true light, so as to be willing to pass the necessary laws; and, thirdly, competent teachers must be found. For these reasons we must have schools of higher learning—colleges, seminaries and universities—to lead the people. One educated man could mould the opinions of a thousand, and thus the blessings of education may be widely diffused.

We must have colleges, and our colleges must be more largely patronized, and in order to do the work expected of them they must be better equipped. They should have chairs of English Language and Literature, of Chemistry in its application to Agriculture, of Natural History, and they should have gymnastics too. They should have money and a good deal of it, to do these things. Then each college should have eight or ten good academies as feeders, and the basis of all the education taught them should be the Christian religion. Moral education was to be placed before mental.

### A POWERFUL MAGNET.

Prof. Smith was lecturing in Ossipee, on "Natural Philosophy," and in his experiments he introduced one of Corrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive of a greater attractive power?" the lecturer then demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine."

"Y'es, sir."

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose old Seth Wilcox. He was a genius in his way, and original of that. Said he:

"I ken give ye the facts. 'Squire, you can judge for yourself. When I was a young man, there were a piece of natural magnet done up in a ker and diamond, as was called Jane. She could draw me from every Sunday. Sakes alive, it was as natural as a bird's nest, and wa'n't no Russia's her, but o' yours is poety good, but I can't see no constance in the one that No, sir!"

### HE WAS MISTAKEN.

An old fellow living on the west side of Nashville, and who has a son just entering juvenile society, made a terrible mistake the other night. A note was laid at his plate, which said: Miss——, No—— street, requests your company Tuesday evening. He combed his bald head, and went there. A little girl ushered him into the parlor. 'Is Miss——in?' said he. 'Yes, that is my name,' said the girl. 'Isn't Johnny coming to-night?' Johnny was his son. It all occurred to the old man in a moment. He thought Miss——was an older sister. He wiped his bald head, took his hat, and said, 'No Johnny has the cholera infantum. Just called to tell you he could not be here.' And the old party went out and kicked himself.

Young man sent 25 cents to a New York firm for the purpose of learning how to get along without a blotter in writing, and received this reply: "Write with a lead pencil."—Rochester Democrat.