## HE ALAMANCE CIEANER

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899.

NO. 12.



BURLINGTON: DAVIS & DAVIS, Proprs. A. L. DAVIS, Manager.



PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

→ JACOB A. LONG, ❖ Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM,

IGHE GRAY BYNUN. W. P. BYNUN, JU BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Lav GREENSBORO, N. C. Practice regularly to the courts of Alamanco county. Aug. 2, 94 ly

DR. J. R. STUCKARD Dentist,





MARTYRS TO CUSTOM.

Anner Things We Do by Justinet Rather Than Reason. Why does a dog walk round in a little circle before lying down? Because his ancestors had to bent out a hele in the grass or the anow to make a com-fortable bed. Why does he lay his nose fortable bed. Why does he lay his nose on the paws! Because his ancestors had to keep their noses clear of the dust or snow, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Why does a cat wash herself so carefully! Because her ancestors had to be clean, or their prey would smell them and escape. Instances might be cited by thousands of ancient habits preserved by animals long after they have ceased to be useful. Now, man does exactly the same thing, without knowing it—preserves innumerable habits for centuries after they have ceased to have any meaning.

Man as a street building animal is guided by instinct far more than by reason. A builder is accustomed to houses with windows all over. Suppose he puts up a corner house, where windows are needed only on the front. Still dows are needed only on the front. Still be makes imitation windows on the side wall, with lintel, ledge and silla, and in some cases actually paints sashes and curtains inside the frame. No matter how hideous the result, he is accus-tomed to windows on every wall, re-

Posts are planted at street corners to keep vehicles off the pavement. Old cannon were often need as being both

for seen, because long after covelages one invented people distrusted the man and etill used way for eccurity.

Autmalia have insusperable necless with the for every one of these we can have 100 almost unaccountable bluss.

"MY MA, SHE KNOWS."

My pa, he socials me jon' becum
He says I'm wittin "'tough;"
He says my face is move clean,
My hapds are always rough;
I'm not behavin like I should.
An goth wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an pair my hand
An amiles, becur she knows!

An amiles, becur sine known!

My pa hain's got no use for boye;
He wantn'em always men.
I wonder if he's clean forget.
The boy he ment 'a' been?
For me, she says they're all alike.
Bout face an hands an clothes.
An says I'll learn to be a man;
An ma-I guess she known!

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin anything;
I'd rather fool away the timo
An whistle, play an sing;
But ma, she entles an says I'm young,
An then she up an goes
An klasses me an shows me how,
For ma, you bet she knowe!

My pa, he says I'll never be
A beniness man lite him,
Beens I hain's got any "drive"
An' get up," "plack" an "wim;"
Dat ma, she says, so selemnlike,
A man's a boy that grows,
An boys must have their player spell,
An ma's a trump an known!

My pe, he shekes his head an sigha An says he doem't see Where I got all the careless ways. That seem jee' here in me. An ma, she hughs an laughs an laughs, Till pa's face crimson grows, An then she says, "Tis very queer," But annebow me, she known!

My ma, she knows most everything
'Bout boys an what they like;
She's neves scoldin 'bout the muss
I make with kites an bike;
She any she wants mu to be good
An conquer all my foss,
An you jee' bet I'm goin to be,
'Cus my sweet ma, she knows!
—Birch Arnold in Detroit Journal.

BY BUDYARD KIPLING. They tell the tale even now among the sal groves of the Berbulda bill and for corroboration point to the roofless and windowless mission house. The great god Dungara, the god of things as they are, most terrible, one eyed, bearing the red elephant task, did it all, and he who refuses to believe in Dun-gara will assuredly be emitten by the madness of Yat—the madness that fell upon the sons and the daughters of the Buria Kol when they turned aside from Dungara and put on clothes. So says Athon Daze, who is high priest of the shrine and warden of the red elephant tuck. But if you ask the assistant col-lector and agent in charge of the Buria Kol, he will laugh—not because he bears any malice against missions, but because he himself saw the vengeance

of Dungara executed upon the spiritual children of the Rev. Justus Krenk, pas-tor of the Tubingen mission, and upon Lotts, his virtuous wife. Posts are planted at street corners to keep vehicles off the pavement. Old cannon were often used as being both useful and ornamental—ships guns sunk to the trunnious and a round shot lodged in the muzzle to keep out refuse. The supply fell short, but as cannon were popular they were made on purpose for corner posts.

Looks, his virtuous wife.

Yet if ever a man merited good treatment of the gods it was the reverend Justos, one time of Heidelburg, who, on the faith of a call, went into the wilderness and took the blond, bine eyed Lotta with him. "We will these heathen now by idolatrous practices so darkened better make," said Justus in the carly days of his career. "Yes.," he add-

were popular they were made on purpose for corner poets.

Look at a corner poet now, and you will see that it is ahaped and bauded like an old gun, with a half ball on top in memory of the round shot in the muzsle. Look at any iron railing. The poets are shaped, like spears, shaft and tip, in memory of some ancient, forgotion usage of weapons. Spears were used for the fenciog of tiltyards in the tournaments of the middle ages.

On gatepoets you will frequently find a sione hall. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gatepoets were the heads of the family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepoet. On the gate of towns were stuck the heads of the family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepoet. On the gate of towns were stuck the heads of the family enemies? It was once the trigion gate and Tomple list were always decorated with ghastly relies of the kind, and he memory of the customs survives out he gatepoets of modern suburhan vietame out to gut the station to which government has ever sun buttons, because our ancestors needed them as rests for their sword belt. And the modern dress for word play has no tall battoms.

When railways first cause into use, now could be a supported to be sured play has no tall battoms.

When railways first cause into use, now could be a supported to that it is molded and gainted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts the doubtful and the upties of that it is molded and painted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts the doubtful and the upties of that it is molded and painted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts the doubtful and the upties of that it is molded and painted in you.

In the morning, with a patter of soft feet, the converts the doubtful and the upties of that it is molded and painted in your personal responsibility in your Maker, to pick out of the cause, have read any read any read

be considered and it is for you, as you believe in your personal responsibility to your Maker, to pick out of the clamoring crowd any grain of spirituality that may lie therein. If so the cure of wails you add that of bodies, your task will be all the more difficult, for the sick and the maimed will profess my and every creed for the sake of healing and will laugh at you because you are simple enough to believe them.

As the day wears and the impetus of the morning dies away there will come spon you an overwhelming sense of the meleances of your toil. This must be striven against and the only spur in your side will be the belief that you are playing against the devil for the living soul. It is a great and a joyous belief, but he who can hold it unwarening for four and twenty consecutive hours must be blessed with an abundantly strong physique and equable nerve.

Ask the gray heads of the Barmockburn meedical crusade what manner of

And Gallio, the assistant collector of the country side, "cared for none of these things." He had been long in these things." He had been long in the district, and the Buria Kei loved him soil brought him offerings of speared 6sh. crehids from the dim. moist heart of the forests and as much game as he could est. In return he gave them quinine, and with Athon Dase, the high priest, controlled their simple

policies.
"When you have been some years in
the country," said Gallio at the Krenks' table, "you grow to find one creed as goed as another. I'll give you all the

good as another. I'll give you all the assistance in my power, of course, but don't hurt my Buria Kol. They are good people, and they frust me."

"I will them the word of the Lord teach," said Justus, his round face beaming with, enthusiasm, "and I will assuredly to their prejudices no wrong hastily without thinking make. But, ob, my friend, this in the mind impartiality of creed judgment belooking is very bad."

"Heigh-bo!" said Gallio, "I have "Heigh-bo!" said Gallie, "I have their bodies and the district to see to.

but you can fry what you can do for their souls. Only don't behave as you predecessor did, or I'm afraid that I can't guarantee your life."
"And that?" said Lotta, sturdily, nanding him a cup of tea.

"He went up to the temple of Dun-gara—to be sure he was new to the country — and began hammering old Dungara over the head with an um-brella; so the Buria Kol turned out and hammered him rather savagely. I was in the district, and he sent a runner to me with a note saying: 'Persecuted for the Lord's sake. Send wing of regiment. The nearest troops were 200 miles off, but I guessed what he had been doing. I rode to Panth and talk-ed to old Athon Daze like a father, telling him that a man of his wisdom ought to have known that the sahib had sunstroke and was mad. You never saw a eople more sorry in your life. Athon Daze apologized, sent wood and milk and fowls and all sorts of things, and I gave 5 rapees to the shrine and told Macnamara that he had been injudi-cious. He said that I had bowed down in the bouse of Rimmon, but if he had only just gone over the brow of the hill and insulted Palin Deo, the idol of the Suria Krol, he would have been impaled have done snything, and then I should have had to have hanged some of the poor brutes. Be gentle with them, padri —but I don't think you'll do much."

"Not I," said Justus, "but my Mas-ter. We will with the little children begin. Many of them will be sick—that is so. After the children the mothers, and then the men. But I would greatly that you were in internal sympathies with us prefer.

Gallio departed to risk his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. A knockkneed, shambling young man was Gallio, naturally deed or reverence, with a lon absolute power which his undesirable

district gratified. "No one wants my post," he used to say grimly, "and my collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite cer-tain that there is no faver. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athon Daze is my

Because Gallio prided himself on his supreme disregard of human life— though he never extended the theory beyond his own—he naturally rode 40 miles to the mission with a tiny brown baby on his saddlebow.

"Here is something for you, padri," said he. "The Kois leave their surplus

children to die. Don't see why they shouldn't, but you may rear this one. I picked it up beyond the Berbulda fork. I've a notion that the mother has peen following me through the woods

Justus, and Lotta caught up the screaming morsel to her bosom and hoshed it craftily, while, as a wolf hangs in the field, Matni, who had borne it and, in field, Matni, who had borne it and, in accordance with the law of her tribe, had exposed it to die, panted wearily and foctsore in the bumboo brake, watching the house with hungry mother eyes. What would the omnipotent assistant collector do? Would the little man in the black coat eat her daughter alive, as Athon Daze said was the custom of all men in black coats?

Matni waited among the bamboos

Matri waited among the bamboos through the long night, and in the morning there came forth a fair, white woman, the like of whom Matri had woman, the like of whom Matui had never seen, and in her arms was Matui's daughter, clad in spotless raiment. Lotta knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother speech is easy to understand. By the hands stretched timidiy to the homof her gown, by the passionate gutturals and the longing eyes. Letta understood with whom she had to deal. So Matui took her child again—would be a servant, even a slave, to this wonderful white woman, for her cown tribe would recognize her no users. And Lotts wept with her exhaustively after the German fashion, which includes much blowing of the nose.

"First the child, then the mother, and last the man and to the glory of God all," said Justus the bopefal. And the usen came, with a bow and arrows.

very angry indeed, for there was no one to cook for him. But the tale of the mission is a long

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

meditated revenge for the tribal neglect of Dungara. With savage canning be feigned friendship toward Justus, even hinting at his own conversion, but to the congregation of Dungara he said darkly: "They of the padri's flock have put on clothes and worship a busy god. Therefore Dungara will afflict them grievously till they throw themselves howling into the waters of the Berbuldar." At night the red elephant tusk boomed and groaned among the bills, and the faithful waked and said: "The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were transhed then the descreted school for three months, could Lotta or Justus coax back even the most promising of their flock. No: the end of conversion was the fire of the bad place—fire that ran through the limbs and gnawed into the bones. Who dare a second time tempt the anger of Dungara? Let the little man and his wife go elsewhere. The Buria Kol would have none of them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a hair of their heads were

and the faithful waked and said: "The god of things as they are matures revenge against the backsliders. Be merciful, Dungara, to us, thy children, and give us all their crops!"

Late in the cold weather the collector and his wife came into the Buria Kol country. "Go and look at Krenk's mission," said Gallio. "He is doing good work in his own way, and I think he'd be pleased if you opened the bamboo be pleased if you opened the bamboo chapel that he has managed to run up. At any rate, you'll see a civilized Buria Kol."

Great was the stir in the mission.

"Now he and the gracious lady will that we have done good work with their own eyes see, and—yes—we will him our converts in all their new clothes by their own hands constructed exhibit. It will a great day be—for the Lord always," said Justus, and Lotta said "Amen."

Justus had, in his quiet way, felt jealous of the Basel weaving mission, his own converts being unhandy, but Athon Daze had latterly induced some of them to hackle the glossy silky fibers of a plant that grew plenteously on the Panth hill. It yielded a cloth white and smooth almost as the tappa of the south seas, and that day the converts were to wear for the first time clothes made therefrom. Justus was proud of his

"They shall in white clothes clothed meet the collector and his well born lady come down singing 'Now thank we all our God.' Then he will the chapel open, and, yea, even Gallio to believe will begin. Stand so, my chil-dren, two by two, and—Lotta, why do they thus themselves scratch? It is not seemly to wriggle, Nala, my child. The collector will be here and be pained." The collector, his wife and Gallio climbed the hill to the mission station.

The converts were drawn up in two lines, a shining band nearly 40 strong. "Hah!" said the collector, whose ac-quisitive bent of mind led him to be-lieve that he had fostered the institution from the first. "Advancing, I see, by leaps

mission was advancing exactly as he had said—at first by little hops and shuffles of shamefaced uneasiness, but soon by the leaps of fly stung horses and the bounds of maddened kangaroos. From the hill of Panth the red elephant tusk delivered a dry and anguished blare. The ranks of the converts way ered, broke and scattered with yells and shricks of pain, while Justus and Lotta

stood horror stricken.
"It is the judgment of Dungara!"
shouted a voice. "I burn! To

the river or we die!"

The mob wheeled and headed for the The mob wheeled and headed for the rocks that overhung the Berbulda, writhing, stamping, twisting and shedding its garments as it ran, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of Dungara. Justus and Lotta fied to the collector almost in tears.

en following me through the woods "I cannot understand! Yesterday," er since."
"It is the first of the fold," said parted Justus, "they had the Ten Commanduments— What is this? Praise the Lord, all good spirits by land or by sea.

Nala! Oh, shame!" With a bound and a scream there alighted on the rocks above their heads Nals, once the pride of the mission, a maiden of 14 summers, good, docide and virtuous—now naked as the dawn and

virtuous—now naked as the dawn and apitting like a wildcat.

"Was it for this!" she raved, hurling her petticost at Justus. "Was it for this I left my people and Dungara—for the fires of your bad place? Blind ape, little earthworm, dried fish that you are, you said that I should never burn! Oh, Dungara, I burn now! I burn now! Have mercy, God of things

burn now! Have mercy, God of things as they are!"

She turned and flung herself into the Berbulda, and the trumpet of Dungara beliowed jubilantly. The last of the converts of the Tubingen mission had put a quarter of a mile of rapid river between herself and her teachers.

"Yesterday," gulped Justua, "she taught in the school A, B, C, D. Oh! It is the work of satan!"

But Gallio was curiously regarding the maiden's petticoat where it had fallen at his feet. He felt its texture, drew tack his shirt sleeve beyond the deep in of his hand and pressed a fold of hie cloth against the flesh. A blotch of ingry red rose on the white skin.

"Ah!" said Gallio calmiy. "I thought so."

"What is it!" said Justus.

"What is it?" said Justus. "I should call it the shirt of No

"I should call it the shirt of Nasses, but— Where did you get the fiber of this cloth from?"

"Athor Daze," said Justus. "He showed the boys how it should manufactured be."

"The old fox! Do you know that be has given you the Nilgiri nettle—scorpion—Girardenis hetswophylls—to work up. No wonder they squirmed! Why, it stings even when they make bridge ropes of it, unless it's souked for sir weeks. The cruning brute! It would take about half an hour to burn through their thick hides and then.—

them. An unofficial message to Athon Daze that if a bair of their heads were touched Athon Daze and the priests of Dungara would be hanged by Gallio at the temple shrine protected Justus and Lotts from the stumpy poisoned arrows of the Buria Kol, but neither fish nor fowl, honeycomb, salt nor young pig was brought to their doors any more.

And, alas, man cannot live by grace alone if meat be wanting!
"Let us go, mine wife," said Justus. "There is no good here, and the Lord has willed that some other man shall

has willed that some other man shall the work take—in good time—in his own good time. We will go away, and I will—yes—some botany bestudy."

If any one is anxious to convert the Buria Kol afresh, there lies at least the core of a mission bouse under the hill of Panth. But the chapel and school have long since fallen back into jungle.

Taught Him a Lesson. In the life of Henry Bradley Plant is s story which shows that mercy may sometimes temper justice to good effect by awakening in an offender a loyalty which he has never before shown. Mr. Plant was one day traveling in a

baggage war when he saw an express-man, in handling a box marked "Glass," turn it wrong side up.
"Here!" he called to the man. "That box is marked 'Glass' and should be kept glass side up, as indicated."
"Oh, I know it's marked 'Glass,'"
said the expressman, "but I never pay
any attention to that."

Mr. Plant said no more, but later, when the superintendent of the office was alone with the man, he asked him: "Do you know who that gentleman was who spoke to you about the box marked 'Glass?'

"Well, that was Mr. Plant." "Then that means my dismissal."
"I think it does. I shall have to dis-

miss you."

Later the superintendent said to Mr.

Plant, "I shall dismiss that man, of

"No," said the president, "don't discharge him. Call him into your office and impress it upon him that that is

ness. He won't forget it."

He did not forget it. No more loyal employee was to be found in the com-

Expected Too Much. A well known man who gives much to charity was walking along Grant street when he was accounted by a "pro-fessional macer," who said he needed "a dime to get a bed." He was given a quarter. After that the man who gave "a dime to get a bed." He was given a quarter. After that the man who gave it was marked. A few days later the one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful

petl, in Mexico, and visiting its crater, says that he was able to return from the top of the mountain to the snow line in 15 minutes, covering a distance which had required six hours to ascend. One sees things like that often in common life. A man struggles for years to build up a good reputation for honesty and integrity among his fellow men, and then in an unguarded hour be takes a fatal toboggan alide that burishim in a single act below where he began to climb 90 or 80 years ago. It is those who persevere unto the end who those who persevere unto the end who win the crown, and no one can afford to gaow careless or to cease to be watchful against temptation.—Homiletic Re-

Manufacturers' Agent—Is the bead buyer up stairs? Accommodating Page 1 Accommodating Employee—No; he's ent. But the subseller is down stairs. —Chicago Tribuna.

Good Read Towns. Brookline, Mass., will spend \$100,500 on her streets during the year, and the Newtons will devote \$292,550 to the maintenance and improvements of their highways.

Proper maintenance of good reads is iese expensive than the improper and perfunctory care of hid ones.

Feedbay Poteta,
Low route are what you want.
Young ducks will heat broilers.
If you have poor, undy land, gut poul

## Greensboro Tobacco Market ROR HIGH PRICES.

Sold over 5,000,000 pounds last year for an average of \$7.87 per FF. This is the highest average made by any market in pietos.

Over \$1,260,00 paid out daily to farmers for tobacco during the It is the best market in the State for the farmer.

Our Warehouses are large, commodious and up-to-date, whose properties stand without a peer as slesmen of the weed.

Every large firm in the United States and a number of foreign firms are represented by our buyers.

Tobacco centre, manufacturing centre, trade centre, milrord centre educational centre.

Our own manufacturers have a large capacity and are increasing their rade daily and must have tobacco.

We have the strongest corps of buyers in the world for the warehouse

We want more tobacco and must have it if high averages will bring to Try us with your next load and be convinced of our merit.

Greensboro Tobacco Association.

## INSURANCE!

I wish to call the attention of insurers in Alamance county to the fact that the Burlington Insurance Agency, established in 1893 by the late firm of Tate & Albright, is still in the ring.

There is no insurance agency in North Carolina with better facilities for placing large lines of insurance, that can give lower rates or better indemnity. Only first-class companies, in every branch of the business, find a lodgement in my office. With a practical experience of more than ten years, I feel warranted in soliciting a share of the local patronage. I guarantee full satisfaction in every instance. Correspondence solicited upon all matters pertaining to insurance.

I am making a specialty of Life Insurance and will make it to the interest of all who desire protection for their families or their estates, or who wish to make absolutely safe and profitable investment, to confer with me before giving their applications to other agents.

> Very respectfully, JAMES P. ALBRIGHT. BURLINGTON, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER,

\$1.00 per Year in Advance.

same "macer" met him.

"Please, sir," he said, "will you give me nickel to get a cup of coffee!"

He was given a dime. The following to get to beaven and climb above the was the same and climb above the manufacture. me a nickel to get a cup of coffee?"

He was given a dime. The following time the beggar wanted a "dime to get somethin to eat."

"See here, my man," said the charitable, one, "don't you think you are pushing this a little too far? It is not so very long ago that I gave you a quarter and again a dime. Isn't it time to stop saking?"

"What do you expect of a man, anyhow?" indignantly asked the "macer."

"Do you think I can live on 35 cents for two weeks?"—Pittsburg News.

See Easy to Go Down Hill.

A recent traveler, in giving a description of his climbing Mount Popocate petl, in Mexico, and visiting its crater, says that he was able to return from the top of the mountain to the snow line in 15 minutes, covering a distance." In the strain springs up at first dies down before the close into Shelley's ever haunting melancholy."

Like Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song. It does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspire that quivering, ascending embodiment of joyousness, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens. The skylark may be

summer heavens. The skylark may be beard as early as January—I heard it this year in November—as may also the rarer wood lark, whose song, uttered from trees or when flying, we recognize from its likeness to that of the skylark, though it lacks much of its rush and spirit and haste.—Gentleman's Maga-sine.

Gambling is prohibited in every large club in New York city, and in most of them the members who live in the club-house find that it is unwise to give

them the members who live in the clubhouse find that it is unwise to give poker parties in their rooms. One of the charter members of a club which now numbers more than a thousand members said last week that this club was started by a lot of men who played poker regularly for high stakes. "Poker for high stakes is still played in this city," he said, "but not by the same class of men that started this club. I have sat in when men at the table lost \$15,000 or \$20,000 in a night, and on the whole it was a very costly amusement for me, much as I enjoyed it.

"The men in that little cotoris who played poker were nither wealthy men themselves who could afford it or the sons of wealthy men, and from the latter I received a good many I O. U'a, which I still have. The men who played were supposed to be gentlemen. When the club was organised, we played there, and other members did not criticize us. That sort of gambling does not exist in any decent club in New York now. It worked out its own end in this club. Men who could not afford to lose lost heavily. Several disagreeable cith scandals came of it, and the game was stopped. That sort of play is now left for the professional gambler, and the clubs are free from it."—New York Sen.



Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Rotary Motion and Ball Bearing

and Durable. Purchasers say: It runs as light as a feather." Great improvement over anythics far."

Easy Running, Quiet, Rapid.

It turns drudgery into a per The magic Silent Sewer." All sizes and styles of sewing or chines for Cloth and Leather.

The best machine on cart see it before you buy.
ONEIDA STORE CO J. M. HAYES, Agent.



NONE BETTER AT ANY PE THE McCALL COMPANY,

MAGAZE

Z. T. HADLE