

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 6.

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1880.

NO. 26.

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**ELDRIDGE & KERNODLE,**  
Graham, N. C.  
Rates of Subscription: Postage Paid:  
One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Three Months ..... .50  
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Transient advertisements payable in advance. Regularly advertised quarterly in advance.  
1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m.  
Square 3 11 3 00 4 00 6 00 10 00  
3 00 4 50 6 00 10 00 15 00  
Transient advertisements \$1 per square for best, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

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## Poetry.

(Written for the Gleaner)  
**I LOVED HER WHEN A LITTLE THING.**  
BY OBID.

I loved her when a little thing  
But seven years of age;  
For from her heart there seemed to spring  
A joy my griefs to suage.  
That helped me often to conceal  
My woe when she was near;  
For all her acts did well reveal  
Her heart to be sincere.

Little she knew how much I prized  
Her innocence and glee,  
And would have been, no doubt, surprised  
To find a friend in me!  
And yet, my love still grows apace,  
Well watered by my tears,  
'Till she in manners, form and face,  
Now beautiful appears!

I've watched her close, year after year,  
And all she's said and done;  
And till I've found she has no peer,  
And that she stands alone  
Without a rival in any race,  
An equal or counterpart;  
And well deserves the highest place  
In every manly heart.

And still she grows in loveliness,  
As years go rolling by;  
With her overflowing tenderness,  
Strong faith and charity.  
So were the globe but peopled o'er  
With beings such as she,  
Then would we have on earth no more,  
Discontent or misery.

For when dark clouds o'er spread my skies  
And earthly hopes grow dim,  
An angel then, she bids me rise  
In hope, and fly to Him  
Whose loving heart with mercy rife,  
Abounding rich and free,  
Can e'en in death, give to us life  
And immortality.

Oh, gentle spirit, true and brave,  
I fear, I'll worship thee!  
For now there's none this side the grave,  
That brings such joys to me!  
Thy smiles make all around me bright,  
As swiftly goes life's sun,  
And round me sheds a cheerful light,  
And will till life is done.

### NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON.

You see, I was sheriff of ——— county  
Arkansas, for a number of years, and I  
had some of the hardest kind of characters  
to deal with. Horse thieves, renegades,  
outlaws and highwaymen roamed over  
the State, and when they struck into  
my county we tried to make it hot for  
them. I had a number of deputies, who  
were bound to enforce the law at any  
cost, and when we wanted help there  
were a score of citizens who could be  
had at a moment's warning.

I had not served out my first term before  
our county had the name of being  
one of the safest and most orderly  
counties in the State. Desperadoes at length  
passed us by, and for weeks at a time  
not even an arrest was made.

I was jailor, of course. The county  
being poor, we had a wretched apology  
for a jail; in fact, any man who did not  
choose to remain could easily work his  
way out of it. It was for this reason  
that very few of the known desperadoes  
found their way into the jail. When run  
down they would be taken into the  
woods and left there, and no one ever  
heard of them again.

One day, while I was serving on my  
last six months, an outlaw called 'Bloody  
Tom' murdered a farmer within a mile  
of town, robbed the body, and then  
took to a swamp, and sent me word by  
a negro that I could not raise men  
enough in the county to take him.

I summoned a posse, surrounded the  
swamp and within four hours after the  
murder the outlaw was hanged to a limb.  
'Bloody Tom' had a brother who went  
by the name of 'Red Jack.' He was a  
wicked, cruel rascal, on whose head  
there was a dozen county rewards, and  
he lived mostly in the swamp and forest.

People said that he would be revenged  
on me for the death of Tom and I was  
advised to look out for him.

When they said "look out" in those  
days it meant business, and for a whole  
month I kept both eyes watching for  
Jack. One day when I was out of town  
he rode into the village, shot two men,  
tried to set fire to the jail, and rode out  
again no one daring to follow him. He  
even hitched his horse at the tavern and  
took a drink of whiskey, while the  
excitement was greatest, and he left word  
with the landlord that he might be expected  
back within the next month.

Upon returning home I scoured the  
country for miles around with a force of  
men, but Jack had made good his escape.  
I think the rewards for his cap-  
ture, dead or alive, footed up fifteen  
hundred dollars. He was outlawed and  
his death would be a public blessing. We  
therefore planned to effect it. There  
were four roads leading into town, and  
for the next two weeks two men were  
stationed in the bushes along each road

prepared to shoot Jack on sight.  
The fellow did not appear. He might  
have received warning, or he might not  
have been ready; at any rate the watch-  
ing all went on for nothing, and after  
the fourth week it was the general idea  
that he had fled from that part of the  
State, and I began to relax my vigilance  
and to grow careless.

About this time a young white boy,  
some twelve years of age, wandered into  
the village. His name was Daniel  
Smith, but everybody called him Dan.  
He worked at odd jobs for a few days;  
I then employed him to help me keep  
the jail in order, take care of my horses  
and render other useful aid. He was a  
very sedate lad, having little to say to  
anyone, and the most that I got out  
of him, in relation to his family history  
was that he was an orphan and had lived  
in Vicksburg all his life. He was prompt  
and obedient, and when not engaged at  
his work was sure to shoulder my shot  
gun and take a turn in the woods. He  
never came back without some sort of  
game, and finally he became a fixture in  
the family.

I think it was three months after  
Red Jack's raid on the village that I one  
morning received a letter asking my  
presence at Thornbush, six miles away.  
But when I told Dan to saddle my horse  
it was discovered that the horse had  
jumped the fence and taken to the woods.  
Dan shouldered the gun and went out to  
search, while I got ready for the jour-  
ney.

The morning passed and he did not re-  
turn, and at noon I went down across a  
vacant field to the edge of the woods,  
hoping to hear from him. It was in  
August, very warm weather, and I had  
no coat on. I did not intend to go far  
but getting down to the edge of the  
woods I found that the horse had passed  
that way, discovered Dan's tracks in the  
mud, and I kept on. There was an old  
road through the woods, running to  
what was called the "French clearing"  
two miles from town, and as grass was  
abundant there, it was pretty plain that  
the horse had taken that direction.

I grew indignant as I walked along, be-  
lieving that Dan had wandered from his  
errand in search of game, and I had  
never eyes nor ears for any thing about  
until suddenly I heard a voice cry out,  
"Halt!" I jumped to one side, and looked  
up, and there stood Red Jack. I had  
had never seen him before, but had often  
heard him described, and I recognized  
him almost instantly. He stood beside,  
a tree a cocked revolver in either hand,  
and as I halted he called out:

"Come here! If you try to run away I  
will shoot you!"  
I had no weapons, and it did not take  
long for me to understand that I was  
in the power of a man who had made some  
terrible threats against my life. He was  
not fifteen feet away, and if I had at-  
tempted to run he could easily have killed  
me. There was no other way but to  
obey his order, and I walked forward.

"Go into the woods," he said as I ap-  
proached him.  
He motioned with his hand for me to  
leave the trail. I never saw a more ugly  
face in my life. I knew he meant to  
murder me, and I stood for an instant  
and hesitated whether I should sud-  
denly assault him or obey; The revolvers  
were held steadily at my breast, his  
fingers on the triggers, and I left the road.  
He followed close behind me chuckling  
to himself, and as we walked through  
the woods he said:

"You remember I said I would come  
for you. You got the advantage of  
brother Tom, but I don't think you will  
get much ahead of me. Go more to the  
left."

After a walk of about twenty minutes  
he said:  
"Stop, now, and back up against that  
tree and put your hands behind you."

What was the use of asking him if he  
meant to murder me! Of course he did!  
I could read it in his looks and actions,  
and I wondered that he did not shoot me  
as we walked through the woods. I  
backed up to the tree, put my hands be-  
hind me, and he came around and drew  
them behind the tree and made them  
fast. I was sorry then that I had not  
made some effort to save my life, though  
any struggle of mine must have result-  
ed in my receiving a bullet.

"There! Now!" he said as he finished  
tying and came in front of me. You've  
raised — among the boys, banging and  
shooting, but you won't bother us any  
more! I'm going to scalp you the first  
thing, and then we'll do something else!"

"You can't be such an inhuman fiend  
as that!" I exclaimed, twisting at my  
bonds.

"Can't eh?" he laughed producing a  
bowie-knife and strapping it on his boot-  
leg.

"If you want to kill me why don't you  
shoot me?" I asked.

"Because that wouldn't hurt you  
enough!" he replied, rising up. 'I shall  
twist your scalp off as neatly as an In-  
dian could do it, and then I'll slice off  
your ears!"

I drew in my breath to shout, but he  
seized my throat and choked me until  
sparks of fire danced before my eyes.

"None o' that!" he growled, as he let  
go: 'Just give one yell and I'll open your  
throat from ear to ear!"

He threw off my hat, seized a handful  
of hair, and said: 'Here goes to revenge  
poor Tom!"

The last words were yet on his lips  
when he staggered back, raised his arm  
and I felt a pain in my shoulder. After  
what seemed a whole minute I heard  
the report of a shot gun, and Red Jack  
sank down. There was a boyish yell  
and little Dan bounded past me, waving  
the clubbed gun, and he struck the dy-  
ing outlaw over the head until the stock  
was broken and the barrel bent, though  
the man was dead when the first blow  
fell.

In searching for the horse, Dan had  
discovered Red Jack prowling through  
the woods. The boy found the pony,  
made a long circuit home, and reached  
there soon after I left. He knew Jack  
was waiting for me, and without say-  
ing a word to any one he shouldered the  
gun and took my trail, and came upon  
us just at the right moment. In firing  
the shot he buried a few of them in my  
shoulder, and the rest in the outlaw's  
juggular, but the wound I got was of no  
account.

When the villagers went out for the  
body, and heard the story, they made up  
a purse of \$200 for Dan, and I aided him  
to get the county rewards. I was made  
his guardian and to-day he is one of the  
most successful business men on the  
Southern sea-board, all the credit for  
which belongs to himself.

### ANOTHER BURIED CITY.

Considerable interest has been excited  
among the archaeologists of Southern Italy  
by reports of a late remarkable discovery.  
This was less than the disentanglement  
of another Pompeii. The scene is the  
neighborhood of Manfredonia, on the  
Adriatic coast, about 140 miles northwest  
of Brindisi, in the low lying ground  
which stretches from the foot of Monte  
Gargano to the sea; and the ancient city  
which has been revealed is Sipontum.  
Already the discoveries have brought to  
light a temple of Diana and a colonnade  
about sixty five feet long, and have par-  
tially explored an underground necropolis,  
which seems to be about forty feet  
or forty-five feet square. A portion of  
the inscriptions and numerous interest-  
ing objects which were found have been  
already deposited in the national Museum  
at Naples, and the Italian Govern-  
ment has given the requisite instructions  
in order that extensive explorations shall  
at once be carried out in a proper man-  
ner. The disappearance of Sipontum was  
not owing to showers of volcanic ashes,  
similar to those that buried the Neapoli-  
tan sisters, but to a sinking of the site  
on which it stood, the effect, probably,  
of successive earthquakes. It was a  
lucky fate, for to it owe its preservation  
in its present state. The depression has  
been so great that the ancient buildings  
now lie at an average depth of twenty  
feet below the level of the surrounding  
plain. A portion of the existing town of  
Manfredonia is built over the remains of  
ancient Sipontum exactly as Dr. Schlie-  
mann found one town superimposed over  
the yet existing remains of another at  
Hisarlik. Sipontum was originally a  
Greek colony of unknown date. Tradition,  
as in the case of many other ancient  
cities of Apulia, attributed its  
foundations to Dionede. It was old  
when the Romans resettled all that coun-  
try after the second Punic war.

It was then, probably, its name took  
the form by which it is historically  
known. The original name was Sipus  
or Sipons, given to it, most likely from  
the cattle fish (sepio) cast up on the  
neighboring shore. From this the Romans  
formed Sipantum, in the same way  
as Tarentum, Hydruntum, and others.  
It was never very flourishing, indeed,  
Apulia never recovered the awful de-  
vastation of the Punic war. Still, it man-  
aged to preserve its existence, while other  
ancient cities were disappearing so  
thoroughly that no tradition lingers even  
of their site. But by the middle of the  
thirteenth century, we are told, it was  
considered very unhealthy on account of  
its sunken position and the marshes by  
which it was surrounded; the effect,  
doubtless, of the depression of the  
ground which had been already estab-  
lished. So in 1251 Manfred, the son  
of the Emperor Frederic II, then the  
King of Southern Italy, transferred the  
population to a new town which he

built in a higher and more healthy sit-  
uation, and which was called after him  
Manfredonia. Thenceforward old Sip-  
antum was deserted and handed over to  
the earthquakes, which seem to have  
dealt with it tenderly, not rudely shaking  
it into ruin, but wrapping it in clay  
and tufa sand so effectually as to hide it  
away for six centuries.

### GIVEN AWAY BY HIS OWN DODDER.

The old man Bendigo keeps a pretty  
sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and  
many a would-be-lover has taken a walk  
after a few minutes conversation with the  
hard hearted parent. The old chap is  
struck this time however, and the cards  
are out for a wedding. After the lucky  
young man had been sparking Mary for  
a six months the old gentleman stepped  
in as usual, requesting a private confab,  
and led off with:

"You seem like a nice young man, and  
perhaps you are in love with Mary?"  
'Yes, I am,' was the honest reply.  
'Haven't said anything to her have  
you?"

'Well, no; but I think she reciprocates  
my affections.'  
'Does, eh? Well, let me tell you some-  
thing. Her mother died a lunatic, and  
there's no doubt that Mary has inherited  
her insanity.'  
'I'm willing to take the chances,' replied  
the lover.

'Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible  
temper. She has twice drawn a knife  
on me with intent to commit murder.'  
'I'm used to that—got a sister just like  
her,' was the answer.  
'And you should know that I have  
sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary  
a cent of my property,' continued the  
father.

'Well, I would rather start in poor  
and build up. There's more romance in  
it.'  
The old man had one more shot in his  
carbine and he said:

'Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mary's  
mother ran away from my home with a  
butcher and that all her relations died  
in the poor house. These things might  
be thrown up in after years, and I now  
warn you.'  
'Mr. Bendigo,' replied the lover 'I've  
heard all this before, and also that you  
were on trial for forgery, had to jump  
Chicago for bigamy, and served a year  
in State prison for cattle stealing. I'm  
going to marry into your family to give  
you a decent reputation! There—no  
thanks—good bye!

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young  
man with his mouth wide open, and  
when he could get his jaws together he  
said:  
'Some infernal hyena has went and  
given me away on my dodge!

### What Came of Having a Roof Tarred.

A Boston man, so says a paper  
published in that city, had the flat roof  
of the L of his house tarred the other  
day, and when six or seven cats got on to  
it, the following night, they would yell and  
arch their backs and try to get a pull on  
all four feet at once, but they could not  
lift themselves free and their sighing was  
frightful, and the people in the neigh-  
borhood began to chuck things at them  
and the owner of the house got about  
the tar, and went barefoot, and in his  
robe de nuit upon the roof to chase them  
off and pretty soon he found that he  
could not stir, and began to whoop and  
swear, and a policeman got a ladder and  
climbed on the roof, and when he came  
up over the edge on his hands and knees  
he had to remain in that posture, and he  
used very emphatic language. Mean-  
while the boot jacks were falling in a  
shower about them, and the man's moth-  
er-in-law, looking out of an upper win-  
dow that overlooked the L roof, to ask  
them if they were not ashamed to be out  
on a roof playing cat at that time of  
night, knocked her wig off and it fell on  
the tar, and she rushed down a flight of  
stairs and out on the roof to get it and  
could not pull the wig up, but got her  
hand stuck to it so that she could not let  
go, and of course her position and her  
bald head made a dead give way, as it  
was quite light, when some one finally  
came with boards for them to be got on  
to when they were cut loose from the  
tar, and the old lady did not feel a bit  
worse than the policeman, who had to  
walk through the street with the knees  
of his trousers cut out and left stuck to  
roof and a great hunk of tar stuck to each  
hand, and got a reprimand when he got  
to the station. And the house owner  
himself blistered his feet in trying to  
melt the tar off of them by holding them  
up to a hot stove, and when the cats  
were cut loose from the roof and put on  
the ground, they tried to gnaw the tar  
from their paws stuck in their mouths  
and rolled about and yelled and carried  
on so that the folks thought they were  
mad and killed them. And the house-  
holder's mother-in-law hasn't yet got  
over her jawing about that tar roof.

## Gleanings.

The naked truth—A bear story.  
Merely because a man has a scolding  
wife it is no sign he should liquor.

An uncertain looking man went into  
a Milwaukee drug store, the other day,  
and asked for a bottle of "anaroly."

An old lady with several unmarried  
daughters feeds them on fish diet because  
it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus  
is essential thing in making matches.

An Irishman on seeing a very small  
coffin exclaimed: "Is it possible that coffin  
was intended for any living creature?"

"I am very much afraid of lightning,"  
said a pretty young lady. "And well you  
may be," replied a despairing lover, "as  
your heart is made of steel."

"Mercy!" exclaimed an old lady upon  
first seeing an engraving of the passage  
of the Red Sea by the children of Israel:  
"mercy! what a family the man had!"

What a rare gift is that of manners!  
How difficult to impart! Better for  
a man to possess them than wealth, beauty  
or talent; they will more than supply  
all.—*Butcher-Lytton.*

An ethereal maiden named Mand  
Was suspected of being a fraud;  
Scarce a crumb was she able  
To eat at the table,  
But in the back pantry—O Lawd!  
Has it never occurred to you, when  
surrounded by sorrows, that they may  
be sent us only for our instruction—as  
we darken the cages of birds which we  
wish to teach them to sing?—*Richter.*

A lawyer says that the three most  
troublesome clients he ever had were a  
young lady who wanted to be married,  
a married woman who wanted a divorce,  
and an old maid who didn't know what  
she wanted.

Father (who is always trying to teach  
his son how to act while at the table)—  
"Well, John, you see that when I have  
finished eating I always leave the table."  
John—"Yes sir, and that is all you do  
leave."

If some one would successfully start  
the report that ice cream spoiled the  
complexion and made women bow-legged  
it would be thousands of dollars in the  
pockets of our poor, but love-stricken  
young men.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says  
that the prettiest compliment she ever  
received came from a child of four years.  
The little fellow, after looking intently at  
her eyes a moment, inquired, naively,  
"Are your eyes new ones?"

"How do like me now?" asked a belle  
of her spouse, as she sailed into the room  
with her long train sweeping behind her.  
"Well," said he, "to tell the truth, it is  
impossible for me to like you any longer."

A Scotchman having hired himself to  
a farmer, had a cheese set down before  
him that he might help himself. His  
master said to him, "Saunders you take  
a long time to breakfast! In troth, mai-  
ster, answered he a cheese o' this size inta  
me soon eaten as ye may think."

A West Hill man invented a fire ex-  
tinguisher, but was unable to get a  
patent on it. He changed the name of his  
invention and got a patent on it as a  
churn. This annoyed quite as well,  
and it would amaze you to see how the  
country rights are going off.

Not long ago, in the Court of Ses-  
sions, an Irish lawyer while arguing  
with earnestness his cause, stated a  
point which the court ruled out. "Well,"  
said the attorney, "if it please the court,  
if I am wrong in this, I have another  
point which is equally conclusive."

An Ottawa young man did not elope  
with the married woman with whom he  
had fallen in love, but went boldly to her  
husband and asked how much money  
would compensate him for the loss of his  
wife. The husband thought that \$10 was  
about the right sum and the lover paid  
it, taking the woman away.

### A LITTLE TOO MODERATE.

A lady on the North side wishing to  
test the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough  
Syrup, thought it would never do to  
ask the druggist in the name of "Bull."  
Why, hear me, she couldn't say Bull to  
save her life, and called at last on a  
neighbor woman for suggestions on the  
matter. Dr. Cox's, Dr. Calf's, Dr.  
Buffalo's and Dr. Oxen's Syrup were all  
mentioned. The latter suited. "Yes,  
that will do—Dr. Oxen—the very thing,  
the druggist will understand that." A  
walk of two squares found her at the  
counter of Dr. H——'s store when the  
following dialogue occurred:  
"I wish a bottle of Dr. Oxen's Cough  
Syrup."  
Dr. Oxen, Oxen why, mam, I don't  
believe I keep that. You mean Cox's  
Hive Syrup, don't you?"  
"Oh, no, I mean, mean Dr. Oxen,"  
and then she seemed wrapped in solemn  
thought for a moment when a bright  
idea seemed to beam forth. "Hain't  
Dr. Oxen got a relation or—"  
"Oh, yes, you mean Dr. Bull's Cough  
Syrup—yes, yes." The lady sat down  
a moment and all was over.—*Indiana-*  
*polis Ex.*