

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 1.

POETRY.

LONG AGO.

I sit back in the old King's chair,
Watch the wild fancies in my glow;
All through the night I should not sleep—
But they have faded, long ago.

Ah—dust to dust!—the last repose—
Ashes to ashes!—well I know
How sure the hush has been with those,
Those whom I loved, so long ago.

How surely this with me will be!
From every pretty joy and woe,
From fancied bliss, from joyous
Made free and safe—ah! long ago.

And yet may some things with me stay—
And on the waters of the blow
In white and green—just as they lay
In white and green so long ago.

'Tis pleasant not to think—'Perhaps
In memory's light one's face may glow—
'Out upon thee!'—for all things lapse
In that sad, dreary long ago.

But when I'm dead, don't thou forget—
Thou whom I loved to treasure so;
Yet may one tear thine eye will wet,
Because I loved thee—long ago!

—Temple Bar.

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

The sun was just setting at the close of a long hot day in June when Ernest Black and myself drove our wagons up to the bank of the Red River, the territory side. We were hauling freight for the United States Government and were on our way to Texas for a load.

We signalled the ferryman, living on the Texas side, and as soon as he came over began to cross. The boat was too small for both to cross at once, so I crossed first and came back to assist Ernest.

He had two refractory mules, which had always to be held in a ferry boat, and it sometimes took both of us to do so.

Just as the ferry boat neared the nation, a large, powerful horse, evidently nearly exhausted, came into view around a bend in the road, a double burden on its back. A young man of noble appearance, but looking weary and harassed, rode in front; behind, a beautiful girl nearly white, but with sufficient Indian blood showing through the clear skin to add a piquant charm to the clear features.

They rode up to the wagon, and the young man without dismounting spoke to Ernest.

"Sir, I am a white man and some days since I had a quarrel with another, in which, unfortunately, he was accidentally shot. I am pursued by his brothers, who are close behind, and who have sworn to kill me on sight. I ask your help to pass the river, if possible, unseen."

"Why do they—?" began Ernest, but the stranger cut him short.

"Time presses, sir, you must answer yes or no, if not I must do the best I can for myself. I dislike to shed blood but if I am too closely pursued—and the gleaming of the blue eyes finished the sentence.

Ernest took another look at the open, manly face, which, whatever might be written there, showed no trace of crime.

Then he spoke, and fast for the tramping of horses, feet rapidly approaching could now be heard:

"I suppose you wish to take the lady with you. Get into the wagon and under a wagon shoe, which you will find there loose. I will hide your horse in the bushes."

The young man dismounted, assisted off the girl, who was riding behind him and did as directed, cowering down in the bottom of the wagon.

After depositing the sheet so as to make it look as if it had carelessly been thrown in, Ernest led the horse a short distance from the road, and after taking off saddle and bridle he returned to the team.

I had witnessed the scene from the boat, which by this time had reached the bank, and the wagon drove in. After giving the ferryman caution to silence, Ernest turned to me:

"I may be helping a fugitive from justice, but I'll risk it. Loose the boat and put off, Bachelor," he alled to the ferryman.

At this moment, however, a pair of horses, covered with dust and sweat, came around the turn in the road, and their riders drew rein at the river side. They were two powerful, evil looking fellows, with belts stuck full of revolvers, and a rifle across the pommel of each saddle.

The elder looking one of the two addressed Ernest.

"Have you seen anything of a man and woman on one horse anywhere here?"

As he spoke his eyes roamed to the wagon and the sheet in it, and both men dismounted.

"Why, what do you want of them?" asked Ernest.

"He has killed a man in the Choctaw nation, and is trying to get away, the woman with him, and I want to arrest him. If you help him to get away it will be the worse for you. I believe he is under that sheet, anyhow."

And he stepped on the ferry boat. The other remained on the bank, with his hand on a pistol, ready to assist his brother.

The one on the boat approached the wagon and was about to raise the sheet, when Ernest with his eyes gleaming dangerously, spoke to him.

"This wagon is in the employ of the U. S. Government, and no one but a regular authorized official can search it."

The fellow however, still persisted, but as he laid his hand on the sheet, a well directed blow from Ernest floored him.

The one on the bank started to draw his revolver, but before he could do so I had him covered. One learns to be quick with the pistol on the frontier, as a man's life may depend on his "getting the drop" on some ruffian.

The ferryman, terrified at the scene before him, had remained quiet, but now, at a sign from Ernest, pushed the boat from the bank.

Ernest keeping the prostrate man covered with his pistol, spoke to the one on the bank:

"I shall take your companion with us as a hostage for your good conduct. If you shoot after us, he suffers. Remember."

After seeing his captive in the skiff, first discharging all his weapons, he spoke to the now cowed man:

"When you get to the other side, stand on the bank until the boat returns. If you attempt to go into the bushes or try any other treachery I will shoot you."

The ferryman put him across the river and returned, and Ernest came up the bank to where the wagons were. Meanwhile I had driven up the hill and relieved the occupants of the wagon from their uncomfortable covering. They were nearly smothered, but had made no movement until all was safe.

The young man jumped to the ground and with a simple shake of the hand, and the earnest words, "I thank you both," assisted his companion out.

Ernest now came up, and to him the stranger turned:

"I owe you my life, and if ever I can in some measure pay so great a debt, trust me I shall not be wanting."

"I am glad to have been of service to you," said Ernest simply. "I think you are safe for the night. There is no other ferry within twenty miles, and they will not cross anyone after night. Red river is too high to swim over. If you remain with us to-night we can make the lady a bed in the wagon, and the rest of us must take the ground. You can tell us, then, how you managed to get into the scrape."

After some further discussion, it was arranged, and we went into camp. Supper over and the horses staked off, the young lady retired to one of the wagons, while the rest of us, at some little distance, reclined on the blankets and saddles, guarded by our faithful dog. Nothing could come within a hundred yards of the camp without his giving us warning.

Then the stranger, whose name was Herndon, gave us an account of how he happened to come to the river in such a plight.

"Some months since I was in the Chickasaw nation, buying up cattle, when I became acquainted with a Mr. Williams, who was married and settled among the Indians.

"I found it convenient to go very often to his house, about cattle. I persuaded myself at first, but I soon had to acknowledge that the attraction was his daughter, Lily, the young lady who is with me."

"She is only an eighth Indian, well educated, and as to her beauty you can see for yourself. She soon began to look with favor on me, and I asked her of her father. He was willing, and we were engaged.

"But there were three sons of the old man by a former marriage with a white woman, who hated me from the start. I think they had hoped to get possession of Lily's property, but knew, if I married her, there would be little chance of that. Matters went on, however, I was too happy to care for them, although they became more unbearable from day to day. They bore no good reputation

in the country, and I was warned against them more than once.

"Three days ago the explosion came. I was walking with Lily, when the youngest of the three men, and after a few insulting words accused me of dishonorable conduct.

"It was more than I could stand, and I sprang toward him to strike him. He attempted to draw a pistol, but I closed with him and attempted to take it away. In the struggle the pistol went off, and he was shot dead. I stood for a moment stunned with horror, when Lily's voice roused me.

"Oh, fly, fly! The others will kill you when they see you. They will swear it was no accident."

"Not much of an accident! I saw the whole thing and he shall swing for it," said a voice behind me.

"I turned around, and there stood one of the other brothers, with leveled rifle bearing directly on me. I attempted to speak, but he would not allow it.

"March straight to the house, and if you try to get away I'll shoot you like a dog. I would shoot you now, but for the pleasure of having you hang!"

"My own protestations, Lily's tears and entreaties, were of no avail, and to avoid immediate violence I thought it best to comply.

"On the way to the house we were joined by the other brother, and after a few words in some language unknown to me, they both hurried me on. The old man was not at home, when we reached the house, and after another consultation they claimed me secretly, and then made preparations for a journey.

"As I gathered from hints—purpose let drop—they intended to take me to Fort Smith to be tried. I did not exactly see the object of this, since, if the case was once brought to trial, I could easily be cleared by Lily's evidence.

"After sending some of the servants to bring in the body, they induced me on a horse, they led my hands behind my back, and my feet under the horse, and, with one riding behind and the other before, we set out.

"Lily begged to be allowed to go, but they refused. It was a lonely country where Mr. Williams lived, no house within twenty miles, she would have gone for help to stop them."

"The first day's travel passed without incident. My captors were taciturn, saying nothing to me and but little to each other. At night they loosed my hands sufficiently to let me eat, which was a little more than I expected; but after supper my hands and feet were securely fastened, the chains carried around a tree and securely fastened with a padlock.

"The night of the second day we camped on the edge of an old field, grown over with brown grass. The same precautions were taken as on the previous night, and soon my captors were wrapped in slumber. I knew in all probability it was my last night on earth, and many conflicting emotions filled my mind, driving away sleep. But chiefly I thought of Lily, my prairie flower, left to the mercy of those rude men.

"About midnight my meditations were interrupted by a soft rustle behind me in the bushes, but before I could speak or make a motion a voice whose music I never expected to hear again on earth, said, 'Hush!' and in a moment Lily was beside me.

"Then with her arms around me, her lips close to my ear, she told me that she had overheard her brothers talking of killing me on the way, being afraid to do so at home; she had caught two of her own horses, (the best in the country) and followed with the hope of rescuing me.

"She had a key which she thought would open the padlock fastening the chain that held me. The padlock was one of the spring kind, with the key-hole, a simple slip, at the bottom. The key is a plain, flat bar, with various indentations in it to fit the wards of the lock, and by simply pressing on it the lock flies open.

"So quietly that not a rick rattled, Lily unloosed the chain, and I was once more free. We started for the house, but unfortunately had got but a few feet, when I stepped on a dry stick, which broke with a loud crack. Lily's brothers were light sleepers, and they woke immediately. Not seeing me, they rushed hither and thither in search, and just as we reached the house one of them caught sight of us and fired. The ball struck Lily's horse and killed it. In a moment I had scattered Lily behind me and, concealing being now impossible, rode away at full speed.

"They saddled and came hard after us. We kept our distance, but on account of the double burden which our horses carried, were never able to get far out of hearing, while they followed with a persistence worthy of a better cause. Not daring to stop in the na-

tion, I rode for the river, which I fortunately reached in time to meet you and baffle them. Our horse, good as he was, was nearly exhausted, and could not have carried us much further. Thanks to you, I hope we are safe now."

The story was ended, and we were soon asleep. In the morning we took Herndon and Miss Lily to the railroad, where they took the train for Fort Smith.

We received a letter from him afterward. He stood the trial, came out clear and married Miss Lily. The Williams boys were soon afterward both killed in a drunken fight.

How Dynamite is Made.

The most powerful engine of destruction ever discovered is prepared in a manner so marvelously easy that the wonder is mankind have not availed themselves of it long ago. Dynamite, from the Greek word *dunamis*, meaning powder, is simply nitro-glycerine. The glycerine is a product of animal fat, usually of hog's lard.

Take one pound of nitric acid to two of sulphuric acid and mix thoroughly. The acids must be of full strength and purity. The mixture will cost 31 cents a pound. Put seven pounds of it into an earthen jar, and pour upon it, drop by drop, one pound of crude glycerine, which can be got for twelve cents. Stir with a glass rod, in ice or salt and ice, or the thing will go off before you are ready for it. The sulphuric acid does not enter as a constituent into the explosive, but serves to facilitate the chemical union of the other ingredients. When the chemical combination is complete, the nitro-glycerine will be freed settled to the bottom, while water and oil of vitriol float on top. These are poured off, and the nitro-glycerine thoroughly washed, to free it from any remaining acids. It is then complete, a yellowish, sticky, oily mass, which will "go off" almost for the looking at it. It must be toned down before it can be used. This is done by mixing with it a rough powder as an absorbent—either dried sawdust or old tannin, or pulverized silica. The substance most commonly used for this purpose, however, is a vegetable earth from Germany, which absorbs and holds three times its weight of the explosive. The dynamite of commerce is not full strength, as it would be too dangerous. Commonly it contains 40 per cent. nitro-glycerine to 60 of the earth. In this state, as an explosive, it is four or one-half times as powerful as gunpowder.

A Brilliant Idea.

Mr. Leslie, when he began the work of land commission for South Carolina, found that his time was frittered away by title callers. Walking down the street one day, a well-dressed female in a store caught his eye, and wondering why the lady tarried so long, he approached and discovered that the figure was a dummy. Just here an idea struck him. He was sure that no one, at least no Southerner, would attempt to interrupt him while he seemed to be talking to a woman. If a quick sighted New Yorker could mistake a dummy for a lady, why should not other people? No sooner thought than done. The figure was made and put in his office. Leslie worked with his back to the figure. The thing acted like a charm, and the few cents for calico, buttons, hooks and eyes, and a chignon were amply repaid by the savings in the valuable time of the land commissioner.

Handsome Souvenir of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

A resident of Roubaix, L. I., possesses a gold watch formerly belonging to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. It is about the size of a trade dollar in circumference, and is open faced. On the back it bears the device of the French Queen; a turban on a cloud, worked in gold and silver. The features of the boy god were nearly effaced by long wear. The legend that the owner gives is that the watch was the gift of the Queen to the architect of the Tuilleries who shot himself through the head on the day following her execution by the revolutionists. Its present owner was a near relative of a well known American poet, now dead. The watch came into his possession through marriage, as a gift from his wife's father, who is a direct descendant of the original recipient.

Over brain work and excesses reduce the vitality and cause nervous exhaustion, etc. The Passille treatment is a radical cure. Harris' Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo., send free trials.

Our Exposition Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb'y 9, 1885.

It is now apparent that sunshine will be in this section during the Great Fair which has been so hampered by the constant rains which prevail here generally until the middle of January.

Visitors, exhibitors, commissioners, managers all join in declaring the Exposition complete, and now those who have moved away by the reports of not ready, future, etc., can come and be assured they will not be disappointed in the success of the World's Cotton Centennial and Exposition.

TENNESSEE.

This State has a national reputation for its useful and ornamental marble, one slab 6x10 feet deserves special attention. It shows minerals of every variety; iron ore being a specialty, with limestone, roof stone and coal. Glen Mary sends a pyramid of fine bituminous coal. Mineral waters from the famous health resort, Tate Springs. Hard wood timbers, dressed and in a crude state are displayed to advantage. There are something over seventy-two varieties of exhibit. The Tennessee grain stand is handsomely arranged with cereals of every imaginable kind in glass jars, while the same is to be seen in the straw, shuck or pod. In grasses it is equal to the famous Kentucky species. In manufactured goods the quality shown is plain, but well made. Maryville woolen cloths attract attention for durability; and the textile fabrics generally command favorable attention. Fruits and wines receive much attention, especially the latter. Of course cotton and corn are the staples in agriculture. Two crops of Early Rose potatoes from the same ground within one year are shown with pride by the commissioners, Messrs. McWharton and Campbell.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Maj. S. B. King, the commissioner from this great old state, was found busy working in his department, but was ready to welcome your correspondent. A cabinet of fine iron ore, belonging to Robert Hare Powell, wherein is shown the rough ore from the mine through its various reductions ready for the manufacturer is quite interesting. The quantity is small but the quality is superior in minerals of copper, iron and coal. Only anthracite is shown of the latter, which is contained in one huge block, which is itself equal to a small mine. Excellent specimens of coal said to be the best produced from the famous Connelville mines by J. W. Moore & Co., are seen to advantage. A pagoda erected entirely of slate is a curiosity and an ornament. Corriette, Bros. & Co., of Pittsburg, furnish a fine steel and iron display; while Miller, Metcalf & Co., of the same city, manufacturers of fine steel articles send a nice representation. The Pittsburg glass companies have a most elegant display of their wares in beautiful designs and colors, which are both useful and ornamental. This particularly attracts the ladies. Grains are limited in quantity, but make a good showing; fruits are fair, though the most of it sent, spoiled on the way. Samples of linen made by hand years ago, are shown in comparison with the modern improved machine manufactured lines of this day. With three show cases and fancy goods for ladies valued at \$3,000. One hundred and forty-four different kinds of wood grown in the Keystone State bear close inspection. A Philadelphia car containing many valuable articles for exhibit has been delayed. It will make a specialty of copper ore and bullion. A model facsimile of old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is interesting to those who never visited the city of Brotherly Love. There are many species of granite from the battle field of Gettysburg, which are interesting as mementoes of the famous battle between the North and South. One car containing many Pennsylvania exposition articles was wrecked and destroyed. The sign directing visitors to this space, Pennsylvania, is artistically wrought in native flowers of four distinct colors.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The fact that there has been a very large immigration to the North Pacific coast within the past few years, the wonderful stories of unheard of yields of cereals and fruits, and the application of the Territory of Washington for admission as a state, have all conspired to excite an unusual interest in that far away land, and to call forth many expressions of regret that a better display has not been given of her undoubt-

Profitable Garden Crops.

Wherever there are manufacturing villages, early cabbages are always in demand, and bring good prices. Spinach is another salable vegetable. Beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions etc., as well as spinach, may be sown in rows far enough apart, to be worked by horse implements. The distance between the rows is to be governed by the width of the horse-hoe or cultivator, which should close up as narrow as twenty inches. A market-gardener has cheaper land, and can give more space if he can save labor, and substitute horses for hands. Those who propose to undertake farm-gardening, will do well to begin with sweet corn and early potatoes, and not undertake other garden-crops until the land has been in cultivation with these for one season. Another way to prepare the land for garden-crops is, to plow, harrow, and sow it to buckwheat. When this is in flower, plow it under, and sow it again to buckwheat. Turn this under at the proper time, and in September, or at the usual time, sow the land with rye, to be plowed in next spring. The object should be to bring the land, a few acres at a time, into condition to raise any garden-crops. The rapidity with which this can be done will depend upon the amount of manure at command for the purpose. It will be worth while for all farmers, who are within easy reach of a market, to give this subject proper thought, and be ready to commence the coming spring to make a farm-garden.—*American Agriculturist.*

What Different Chins Denote.

A sharp indentation immediately above the chin shows good understanding. A pointed chin is a sign of craftiness, wisdom and discretion. A soft, fat, double chin shows epicurism and love of sensual pleasures of all sorts; it also indicates an indolent temperament. We never see such chins in persons of an energetic, restless nature. Charles James Fox, who was excessively indolent, had this chin even in youth. A flat chin shows a cold, hard nature; a small chin is a sign of silliness, and if the brow is shallow, of imbecility. Where the space between the nose and the red part of the lip is short and very sharply cut, it indicates refinement and delicacy of perception, but not much power—no force of intellect; where this space is unusually short it denotes silliness and weakness of purpose. A rather long but not flat upper lip, especially where the serpentine line of the middle of the mouth is much defined, and the middle of the lip droops to the lower lip and is very flexible, denotes an eloquent person. We see this form of upper lip in the bust of Demosthenes, the greatest of Grecian orators, in Cicero, whose eloquence was unsurpassed in his age, in Fox, whose powers of oratory were great, in the demagogue Wilkes, in Lord Palmerston and numerous other orators. A very long upper lip which is flat, and which belongs to a straight and formless or too thick-lipped mouth is a sign of a low and vicious type of character. Almost all faces of great criminals have this defect, combined with massive jaws and high cheek-bones, which last defect is, both Lavater and Ponce (a great French writer on the subject of physiognomy) tell us, a sign of rapacity. A round chin with a dimple in it, denotes kindness and benevolence, a tender and unselfish nature. In a very massive double chin the dimple increases the quality of love of sensual pleasures. A square and massive chin shows strong perseverance and determined will.—Harper's.

Economy of Labor and Land.

The following is worthy of every man's consideration: There are few people who are more generally economical than the Germans, and an instance of their ability to make much out of a little has recently come under my notice, which seems worthy of attention. One of my friends has his garden worked on shares by a German. Early in the spring he put out a quantity of cabbage plants, giving a little more space between the roots than is usually allowed. The cabbages were easily worked with a horse. Later, when the time for setting celery plants had come, he planted double rows of celery between the cabbages. (The celery rows are not over eight inches apart, and in the same trench, so that when baked not more than half the work will be required to prepare them for bleaching that would be necessary if the plants were set in the usual way. The cabbages are nearly ready for use, and will soon leave the celery in full possession of the soil. Every part of the garden is utilized. When the early potatoes were ripe they were dug and turnips were sown on the land. Vacant spaces in other parts of the garden have been filled with superfluous plants from the beet bed. Where space is somewhat limited it richly repays the labor to fill the ground and keep something growing everywhere. The ground will need thorough fertilization when it is cropped so persistently; and when one does not keep a pig to carry the refuse from vegetables, dishwater, etc., it is a good plan to have a compost heap where such articles may be turned to account. All the weeds (which should never be allowed to ripen seeds) from the garden, fine chips if wood is used, roots and fine brush, leaves and chippings from the lawn should go into the compost heap. These, with an occasional sprinkling of dry earth to prevent unpleasant odors, will absorb the slops from the house and prove a valuable fertilizer at slight expense. The compost heap should be turned over once or twice during the season to insure decomposition, and it should not be placed too near the house. Bones, old boots and shoes, broken utensils and the like should be burned and their ashes spread around the peach trees. It would there be a day-spit in the garden, that is the place for the fire. Good ashes come to be of no use except for garden walls and carriage drives; but wood ashes benefit almost any kind of vegetation.

Ocean Springs, Miss., Sept. 18, '83.

SPENCER & BROWN: Dear Sirs:—Judge H. H. Minor was paralyzed on his left side about one year and a half ago. His attending physician stated that he might recover the use of his leg, but could never regain the use of his arm and hand. Up to the commencement of his using your Nerve and Bone Oil, his arm hung dead and motionless at his side. I gave him one bottle, which he used only on his arm and hand. He obtained two more bottles, and after using 24 bottles in all, I am pleased to state that he can now bring his hand around in front of his body, reach out and actually grasp an object with that heretofore dead hand. Very respectfully, R. A. VANGLEVE, For sale at Mitchell's Drug Store.

Monroe, Ga., Sept. 2, 1884.

I have had a cancer on my face for many years. I have tried a great many remedies, but without relief. I almost gave up hope of ever being cured. Dr. Harlan's son recommended Swift's Specific, which I have taken with great results. My face is almost well, and it is impossible for me to express my thanks in words for what this medicine has done for me. Mrs. OLIVE HARDMAN, Monroe, Ga., Sept. 2, 1884.

Swift's Specific Company have the most indubitable evidence as to the cure of Cancer by their famous medicine, S. S. S.

Among others, John S. Morrow, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Florence, Ala., makes the following statement as to the merits of this remedy: "I have been suffering with a Cancer in my ear, for about three years. I tried various remedies and was treated with Iodide of Potash, which produced rheumatism. My feet and legs were greatly swollen, so that I could not walk. About one year ago I was induced to try Swift's Specific, which soon removed the trouble in my limbs, and my rheumatism is now entirely gone and my Cancer is steadily improving, being better now than at any time within two years. This medicine has done me more good than anything else I have taken, and I feel that I am on the road to a speedy cure. Undoubtedly Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world." John S. Morrow, Florence, Ala., Sept. 22, '84.

Treatment on Blood and Skin Diseases

moiled free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.