THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

The reason Radam's Microbe Killer is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from Leprosy to the simplest disease known to the human system.

The scientific men of to-day claim and prove that every disease is

CAUSED BY MICROBES,

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Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malarial Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every Disease known to the Human System.

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See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each jug.

Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAS. E. BOYD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. [Sep 16]

J. D. KERNODLE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him

DR. G. W. WHITSETT,
Surgeon Dentist,
GREENSBORO, - - - N. C.
Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro. dec 8 tf

JACOB A. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, - - - *N. C.*
May 17, '88.

E. C. LAIRD, M. D.,
HAW RIVER, N. C.
Feb'y 13, '90.

LEVI M. SCOTT, Greensboro, N. C. F. H. WHITAKER, JR., Graham, N. C.
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

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DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS,

To which we have already called attention, and we now wish to emphasize the fact that we know these goods and have bought a complete line and we reiterate and asseverate that we can please you in VARIETY, QUALITY and PRICES. Examine also our handsome line of SHOES and the other departments in which we can furnish anything and everything wanted at UNRIVALLED PRICES.

L. B. HOLT & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

Interesting Recipes.

How to Keep Husbands at Home—Some Unique Propositions.

Some weeks ago Messrs. W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, offered through the Call a prize of a $25 tea gown to the lady who would write the best recipe "for keeping husbands at home." Many replies were received and the prize was awarded to Mrs. T. C. Harriss, of Raleigh, by a special committee of three gentlemen. The following are some of the unique replies:

"Wives you are asking for a recipe to keep your husband at home, but I think it had ought to be the reverse, that your husbands should be asking for a recipe to keep their wives at home. Most any husband will become more of less accustomed to private home life according as his wife is. You have been out in the broad world and chose for yourself a mate, now be content to dwell with your choice one in seclusion from a public gaze. Don't imagine there is no real business for you except in the outside frolicking and gossipping world. Private home is your sphere. Your chief happiness lies in the actions of your husbands in a great measure are simply the result of your own actions. Let the company of your husbands and that of your children, if any you have, be sufficient for you at all times. Let things at home work in such a way as to impress your husband, with the belief that you always want to be at home and that you always want him there too. Never serve a meal before your husbands come unless they are not looked for. Wait upon them yourselves and always appear happiest in their presence. Meet them with their affectionate greeting. Present them every night with a dairy of all that took place around their home during the day, and get them in the habit of nightly telling you all the news they have of the day, all that has happened to them in every way. You may lead them to do many things against your will but you need'nt try to drive them anywhere. Submit to their ruling. Always make them help you in your work when they are about.

Select the right kind of husband and be the right kind of wife.

To keep husbands at home at nights you will have to break their legs.

Cremate him; put the ashes in a box and seal it; lock the box and throw away the key.

To keep husbands at home at nights blister the bottom of both feet with mustard plasters.

I would say, Do unto him as you would have him to do unto you, and he will stay. That is the way I keep mine at home.

Make home attractive. Be in love with him like you were before you were married. I speak from experience of twenty years!

My idea is that no known means will keep husband home at nights, unless husband be a corpse. The above refers to men who were born with a detesmination to get out.

Get full control of his heart, keep him in love with you, be a woman, make yourself so agreeable and your home so pleasant that he can't find any place as pleasant as home.

Bathe him in his wife's tears. Crown him with her love. Fetter him with his children's caresses. Let his fireside be a rock of rest and safety from the billows of life. If these fail, nail down the windows, lock the doors. Let his mother-in-law circulate around generally with all the keys in her pocket, and when he attempts to go, paralyze him with her eye, and stab him with her tongue. He will remain at home at night.

One pound of tidiness in person and house; one pound of submission; one pound of cheerfulness, even if there is no meal in the gum; one pound of contentment—with the old hat and dress; eight ounces of keep your tongue still. Mix well together and flavor highly with pure christian religon and a little self sacrifice. Bake in the oven of patience over the fire of love. I have tried the above for sixteen years and know from experience it will not fail.

Keep your person and home as neat and attractive as circumstances will permit. Do your duty pleasantly in all things. Control your tongue and temper and at the tempted moment. Be always as polite and kind to your husband as when he was your visiting admirer. Do not go beyond your means to keep up with friends and acquaintances who can afford a better display than you can. By practicing the above receipt for twenty-four years I have enjoyed at home the pleasant society of my husband at nights.

Immediately after supper when it is man's only time to have the least desire to remain at home, then, too, is the time for the wife to look her most bewitching. She should urge upon him, in the most affectionate manner, the necessity of taking some recreation, such as theatre-going, club-meeting, &c., and you know, Mr. Editor, the laws of human nature and doubtless it has been your experience that when we have certain privileges we do not care to avail ourselves of them. This, I think, will have the desired effect, for if you insist upon a man doing one thing he naturally wants to do just the opposite.

Try to trap a star; try to carve the highest peak of the Rocky Mountain into a statue with a pen knife; try to harness a comet to your carriage; try to give a whale a home in a raindrop; try to drain the Mississippi with a pipe stem; try to fresco your parlor with a rainbow; try to enter all the perfumes of earth's fairest flowers golden sun; try to catch the cataract of Niagara in a rose leaf; try to make a man as faithful as a dog, and noble and strong as a woman; try to do anything most rare, but do not try to give an infalible receipe for keeping husband at home at night."

I believe men have their own sweet will like we have, tho' not so much is said about theirs. If they wanted to go out you couldn't stop them, unless at supper you are very sweet and gracious to them and put a dose of ipecac in their coffee. Soon after supper he will begin to feel very miserable, worse and worse. After he has gotten a little better, give him another dose of ipecac: tell him it is something that will settle him. And if it don't settle him at home I don't imagine what will sympathize with him. Repeat the dose as often as you want him at home at nights.

Purification of Yeast.

The "Brewer's Guardian" says that a new method of purifying yeast has been suggested, and that it has already been adopted by some of the Continental manufacturers. The yeast is added to a diluted solution of sugar, and the resulting mixture is subjected to the action of a centrifugal separator. By this means the living cells are effectually divided from the dead cells and the bacteria; the pure yeast leaving the machine in a concentrated condition, while the dead cells and the bacteria remain in the liquid. It is said that the process is so perfect that nothing but healthy cells are to be found in the separated yeast, and that the purified article possesses such remarkable germinating power that a glass which is one-quarter filled with it will overflow in the course of an hour.—Scientific American.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

The Fall of a Western Editor.

New York Sun.

When the first weekly paper in Washington Territory was established the editor, who was an Ohio printer, made a break in the first issue to establish his reputation as a dangerous man to fool with. He was surrounded by a rough crowd, and he realized that the proper thing to do was to put himself in shape to be sized up according to Hoyle. To effect this he led off with an article abusive of Col. Taylor. The Colonel was an imaginary individual, and it was therefore safe to call him a liar and a coward, and to declare that if he ever appeared in town he would be horsewhipped up and down the streets. Every issue for two months contained a hit at Colonel Taylor, and he was scored so vigorously, and the editor seemed so anxious for some sort of shooting match with him, "the boys" treated him with that deference always accorded to a fearless man.

When anybody inquired who the Col was he was informed that he was a desperado of the worst type, and that he had solemnly sworn to have the editor's life. He was never exactly located or identified, but was always dared to come in like a man and have it out.

One day just after an issue in which Colonel Taylor was stigmatized as a white livered cayote, and defied to a duel with bowie knives in a dark room a stranger came slouching into the office, looked about for awhile with curiosity, and then said to the editor:

"Well, I'm here."

"Yes, I see, but what for?" was the reply.

"I'm Col. Taylor."

"No!"

"Him and nobody else. Youv've been lighting into me like wildcats for a long time past and I haven't been saying a word. I've got tired of it however and now it's got to stop.

"My dear sir, the Colonel Taylor mentioned in——"

"Pull yer gun!" interrupted the Colonel as he pulled his.

"But, sir, I beg to assure you that——"

"Git down on your knees."

The editor slid off his chair, his face pale as death, and his hair on end.

"Now eat that."

The Colonel took from his pocket a lump of clay and tossed it on the floor, and he stood there with leveled pistol until the last crumb of it was devoured. Then he put up his weapon and turned to go, saying:

"Next time you open on me I'll come in with a whole bag full of it, and I may conclude to drive the last of it in with a bullet! Go for the rest of 'em all you want to, but when you strike the name of Colonel Taylor, handle it with care!"

And inside of a week the affair leaked out, and so many men came up to lick the editor, and so many did lick him that he jumped the plant one night and was never heard of again.

Uses for Coffee.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs stimulant nothing equals a cup of good fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the drunkard from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong new made coffee, without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee or one eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water makes a first class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. Bitterness comes from boiling too long. If the coffee required for breakfast be put in a granitized kettle over night, and a pint of cold water poured over, it can be heated, to just the boiling point and then set back to prevent further ebullition, when it will be found that, while the strength is extracted, its delicate aroma is preserved. As our country consumes nearly ten pounds of coffee per capita it is a pity not to have it made in the best manner. It is asserted by those who have tried it that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals it is a disinfectant for a sick room. By some of our best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

Household Hints.

A layer of leather on the iron holder makes it cooler to use.

To prevent a door from creaking apply a little soap to the hinges.

Soda crackers are much better if heated in the oven just before using.

To clean steel, rub the article with a piece of wash leather dipped in kerosene.

For ink spots on floors rub with sand wet with water and oil of vitriol and afterward rinse with pearline water.

Silver can be kept bright for months by being placed in an air-tight case with a good-seized piece of camphor gum.

Macrame lace is almost as easy of execution as old time knitting, and, fortunately, is coming again into popular favor.

By using hot, moderately strong soda water to clean them, the bristles of hair brushes will remain white and stiff for a long time.

Orange peel, when thoroughly dried or baked, is a capital thing for lighting fires. It burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.

A speedier and cleaner way to remove the skin of new potatoes than the common practice of scraping with a knife is to "use a scrubbing brush."

Old stains on carpets can be removed at once by scattering corn meal upon them, also by applying a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper.

A LUXURIOUS SHAVE.

How a Tonsorial Artist Plies the Razor and Its Accompaniments.

You are ensconced in a chair of luxurious comfort, which allows you to recline at any angle and in any position. The professional man, who is your slave for the time being—just as the president is the servant of the people—goes over your mobile countenance with a soft, moist sponge. This removes the carbon, gravel, railroad iron and unconsumed food of twenty-four hours' sojourn in a railroad car from your features. He next treats you to a thin layer of hot lather, and apologetically sponges it off, as if it were put on by mistake, but it isn't; it is a part of the programme. Next he puts on a heavier coat of lather, which he presses down into the roots of the stubble with soft, magnetic fingers. This lather, too, is removed and the third course placed on. Then each individual hair, which once did stand on end like quills upon a fretful porcupine, becomes soft and pliable.

The artist now carefully removes from its case a broad bladed razor, with a double concave, so thin that it sings as he strops it. He brings it out with an air which makes you think that razor never touched any face below the rank of governor. You feel honored. Then he shaves you. He doesn't ask you if you want it close. Or does the razor hurt. He knows his business. He knows you want the hair off and nothing else, and he knows the razor doesn't hurt.

The pleasant titillation which accompanies the progress of the instrument reminds one of the sensation which old King George swore to as a luxury fit for monarchs, and since that was before the days of flesh brushes stately courtiers used to contend for the privilege of employing their otherwise idle fingers in scratching the royal back.

Having shaved you, does the artist swab your face twice with a sponge, slap your cheeks with bay rum, fill your mouth with powder, scratch your head with a comb and yell "next!" Oh! no! He isn't half through. First, he sponges off the skin. Then he takes a soft towel, folded thick, wrings it in hot water and places it across the lower part of your face. Another covers the upper part, with only a breathing place for your nose. This treatment is kept up for ten minutes. You are almost lulled to slumber. In reality your face is given a Turkish bath. The hot towels are followed by a cold sponging to produce a reaction, and then a towel, wet in bay rum, is laid over the face. After this comes a dry towel. This is laid over the face also and the hands passed over it, drying the skin without roughing it.

If a barber should clamp a towel around his hand and draw it across a customer's newly shaven and sensitive face he would be discharged. Now comes the hair combing. You can see how earnest the barber is by noticing how he squints along the parting he makes, like a farmer testing his first furrow when he plows a field. You are completed, and it has cost you twenty-five cents; but if it were the last quarter you had in the world you would go out of that parlor feeling worth $100,000.—Washington Post.

The Gift of Corn.

The following legend, which professes to tell how that valuable plant maize, or Indian corn, was given to the Indians, has much more purpose than a story from the "Arabian Nights." It was related by Nabunwa to Mr. George Johnston. When the Ottawas were driven from the beautiful Manitoulin Islands, in Lake Huron, by the Iroquois, their magician, Mass-wa-we-in-ini, remained behind.

One day Mass-wa-we-in-ini was crossing a wide plain when he was accosted by a little man with a feather on his head.

"Where are you going?" asked the little man, cheerily, and invited the magician to smoke with him. "Pray," said he, as they smoked, "wherein does your strength lie?"

"My strength," answered Mass-wa-we-in-ini, is that of the human family, no more."

"We must wrestle," said the man of the red feather. "If you should make me fall, you will say to me, 'I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na.'"

So they wrestled, and for a time the strife was doubtful, and Mass-wa-we-in-ini feared for himself, the little man was so active, but at length he threw him to the ground.

"I have thrown you, Wa-ge-me-na!" he cried, and at that instant his opponent vanished into the earth.

On looking at the spot where the little man disappeared, Mass-wa-we-in-ini discovered a crooked ear of mondamin (Indian corn) lying on the ground, with the usual red, hairy tassel at the top. While he gazed he heard a voice say, "Divest me of my covering and reveal my body. Separate me into parts and cast me upon the plain. Return then in one moon."

Mass-wa-we-in-ini obeyed these directions, and when, at the expiration of the moon, he came again to the wrestling place, he found the spikes and blades of young corn, and where he had thrown the cob pumpkin vines were growing luxuriantly.

A voice addressed him from the corn field: "Mass-wa-we-in-ini! you conquered me. Had you not done so, your life would have been forfeited. Victory has crowned your strength, and henceforth my body shall give nourishment to the human race."

Thus the Ottawas received the gift of corn, and they have ever been noted for their fine crops of this grain, and from their custom of trading in Indian corn this tribe was called Ottawas.—Indian Legends.

Lost Beyond Recovery.

Old Gentleman (kindly)—What's the matter, little boy? What are you crying for?

Little Boy—I lost a dime; boo hoo.

Old Gentleman—Well, don't cry. Here's a dime to replace it. Now I'll help you to look for the other one.

Little Boy (moving away)—I don't believe we can find it. It was a month ago that I lost it.—Yankee Blade.