

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XVI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1890.

NO. 11.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS

LIKE SUCCESS.



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

CAUSED BY MICROBES.

Radam's Microbe Killer

Externates 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 Malaria 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, Seminal Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every disease known to the Human System.

BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS!

See that our Trade-Mark (such as above) appears on each box. Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by L. B. HOLT & CO., Merchants, Graham, N. C.

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.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Will also visit Alamance, calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro, Dec 8 if

JACOB A. LONG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
May 17, 1888.

E. C. LAIRD, M. D.,

HEAVY RIVER, N. C.
Feb 13, 90.

LEVI M. SCOTT, F. H. WHITAKER, JR.,

Greensboro, N. C., Graham, N. C.

SCOTT & WHITAKER,

Attorneys at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

1890

Will be far superior to any year of its history, a larger amount of money having been appropriated for the embellishment of the magazine than ever before. Godey has been published for 60 years without missing an issue, and

YOU CANNOT GET A BETTER

two dollars' worth of magazine than by subscribing to "Godey's THE GREAT FAMILY MAGAZINE IN AMERICA." The leading attractions for 1890 are: Beautiful Colored Fashion Plates; Engraved Fashion Plates in silk and wool, representing the prevailing styles, and priced extremely low for Godey.

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PREMIUMS to club readers are among its special features, and Godey's offers the most choice and valuable of any magazine published. Send for the sample number containing full details and prices.

EVERY LADY HER OWN DRESSMAKER.

who subscribes to Godey's Lady's Book, receives a coupon which will entitle her to each number of the book, and to her own selection of any of the patterns illustrated in Godey's Lady's Book. Your little sample copy will contain one of these coupons.

Send it to the publisher, which will be returned to you on your subscription.

The pattern shows how to cut out the garment you want. That is all we can say in this space. For the rest see your sample number, for which send 15c. at once. "Godey's" is only \$2.00 a year.

Address "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," Philadelphia, Pa.

In club with this paper, GODEY'S and the GLEANER Price \$2.50, which should be sent to the office of the GLEANER at Graham.

GREAT BARGAINS!

IN SPRING ATTRACTIONS.

Black plaid mulls and Pique at 6c worth 10c. White India linen 36 in. wide at 5c, never sold before for less than 8 to 10c. White plaid mulls at 7 to 9c, worth 10 to 12½. Swiss Hamburg 7½ to 20c, worth 10 to 25c. Black net 30 to 1.25, worth 50 to 1.75. Satin and all silk Pecot edge ribbon 33½ per cent less than regular price. Lace Curtains 50 per cent under value. Other things "accordin'."

Beautiful Line of Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, &c. Large Lot of Boys' and Men's Clothing at 25 per cent under value. All the latest Dress Goods—Perfectly Lovely.

L. B. HOLT & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

Patrick Henry's Death.

In an age when it was fashionable to avow skeptical sentiments, Patrick Henry was always ready to defend the Christian faith. A member of the Episcopal Church, according to his latest biographer, Professor Tyler, he not infrequently received the Communion. On such occasions his habit was to fast until he had been at the Lord's Table, and then to spend the day in retirement.

One hour, at the close of the day, he spent in private prayer and meditation, and during it no one was suffered to intrude upon his privacy.

While he was Governor of Virginia, he was so alarmed at the spread of infidel sentiments among the young men of the State that he printed, at his own expense, an edition of Thomas Jayne's "View of the Internal Evidence of Christian Religion," and an edition of Butler's "Analogy." When he met a young man of skeptical tendencies, he would give him one of these books.

It is a fact that the book was presented by the Governor of this State secured it an attention from the young Virginian which he might not have paid had it been distributed by a mere humble colporteur.

Patrick Henry wrote out an elaborate answer to Paley's "Age of Reason," but, being impressed by the replies to Paley then appearing in England, he directed his wife, shortly before his death, to destroy the manuscript, which she did.

In his last will, written by his own hand, he concluded thus: "This is all the inheritance I can give to my dear family. The religion of Christ can give them one which will make them rich indeed."

On June 6, 1799, his kindred being sent for, found him sitting in a large, old-fashioned arm-chair. He was dying from an incurable internal disease. His physician, Dr. Cabell, was about to administer a preparation of mercury.

Taking the vial in his hand, the dying man said: "I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort."

"I am sorry to say, Governor, that it is," replied the doctor. "Acute inflammation of the intestines has already taken place, and unless it is removed, mortification will ensue, if it has not already commenced, which I fear."

"What will be the effect of this medicine, doctor?"

"It will give you immediate relief, or—the doctor could not finish the sentence."

"You mean, doctor," said the sick man, "that it will give relief, or will prove fatal immediately."

"You can only live a short time without it, and it may relieve you."

"Excuse me, doctor, for a few moments," said Patrick Henry, drawing over his eyes the silk cap he wore. Holding the vial, he prayed aloud for his family, his country, and for his own soul. "Amen!" said he, and swallowed the medicine.

Dr. Cabell, who greatly loved the old patriot, had gone out upon the lawn, where, throwing himself under a tree, he wept bitterly. Mastering himself, he returned to the house, and found his patient calmly watching the blood congealing under his finger nails. The old orator fixed his eyes on Dr. Cabell, with whom he had held many discussions about the Christian religion.

"Doctor," said he, with great tenderness, "I wish you to observe how real and beneficial the religion of Christ is to a man about to die."

He then breathed so gently for a few minutes that those around him knew not when he breathed out his spirit.—Youth's Companion.

"Who in the world is that you are speaking to?" said one young lady to her companion of the same sex and age as they walked down one of the avenues the other day.

"That man? He is the man that mends my shoes when they need it," was the reply.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I wouldn't speak to him; don't think his nice."

"I do," was the rejoinder. "I speak to everybody I know—from Dr. Brown our minister, to the colored man who blacks our shoes and shakes our carpets—and I notice the humbler the one in the social scale to whom I prefer kindly words, the more grateful is the recognition I receive in return. Christ died for them as much as he died for me, and perhaps if some of them had the opportunities of my birth and rearing they would be a great deal better than we. That cobbler is quite an intelligent man: I have lent him books to read, and he likes quite a high style of reading, too."

The two girls were cousins, and they finally agreed to leave the question as to recognizing day laborers, mechanics, and tradesmen, to a young lawyer of whom they had a high opinion. So the first time the three were together one of the girls asked him:

"If you met Myers, the grocer, on Broadway would you speak to him?"

"Why, yes, certainly; why do you ask?"

"And would you speak to the man who cobbles your shoes?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"And the janitor of the building where you have your office."

"Of course."

"And the boy that runs the elevator?"

"Certainly."

"Is there anybody you know that you do not speak to?"

"Well, yes; I don't speak to the Joneses, who cheated a poor widow out of her house; or to Brown who grinds down his employees and gives starvation wages; or to Smith whom I know to be in private anything but the saint he seems to be in public. I speak to every honest man I know whom I chance to meet. Why do you ask?"

"Because we simply want to know," replied the young lady who had taken her friend to task for speaking to a cobbler. In fact, she was ashamed to tell him that he was reticent in the discussion on this point held a day or two before.

It is the privilege of nobility to be gentle and courteous to all. Kindly words hurt no one, least of all him or her who speaks them.

He Couldn't Serve.

Judge William Louis Kelly, of the district court, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, is acquiring a reputation for wit on the bench. A young lawyer in the German-American Bank building tells the following:

Various jurors were waiting before the judge as the court was at every term of court, to be excused from service. A meek looking man came up in his turn and asked that he might be let off.

"You can't get off without a good excuse," said the judge.

"I have a good reason."

"You must tell it or serve," said the judge.

"But your honor, I don't believe the other jurors would care to have me serve."

"Why not? What is your excuse?"

"Well—I— (hesitatingly)

"What is it?"

"I've got the itch."

"Mr. Clerk," said Judge Kelly, quickly, "search the man out."

The cures made by Radam's Microbe Killer are in many cases considered almost a miracle. If the doctors can give you no hope, try it. For sale by L. B. Holt & Co.

He—Miss Jennie, may I call for you in any way to-morrow?

She—Thanka, but—wouldn't it be nicer to wait until the next day and then go to the woods for wild flowers.

The Reward of Perseverance.

At one of the mills in the city of Boston a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, so that all the boys could see it as they passed by. The paper read:

"Boy Wanted. Call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted; but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he:

"Now, boys, when I only want one of you, how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick held them that the boys that could hit the nail with the stick at a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys all tried hard; and, after three trials, each failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit every time.

"How is this?" said the overseer.

"What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said:

"You see, sir, I have a mother; and we are very poor. I have no father, sir, and I thought I would like to get the place, and so help all I can; and, after going home yesterday I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man; and at the time of an accident at the mills he was the first to step forward with a gift of \$500 to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

"After a varied experience with many so-called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Abilene, Texas.

"Oh, Sophy! I hear you kissed Mr. Rondo, the poet, in the conservatory last night."

"Um-m-m!"

"Tell me. What was it like?"

"Well, he has a very pronounced literary taste."

Fewer and Better Squires.

The State Chronicle, speaking of the justices of the peace, says, "they are the most important officers in the State and ought to be well read in the laws of the State and men of the loftiest integrity." Whereupon the Hickory Press and Carolinian enquire: "Why not suggest that magistrates' fees be such as will command the services of men 'well read in the laws of the State' and men of the loftiest integrity?"

The principal thing the matter is that there are three or four times as many magistrates as there should be, and the result is that the business is so divided up that none of them can afford to prepare themselves for the proper discharge of the duties of the office. There are hardly as many 'men of the loftiest integrity' in the State as there are squires, and even if the fees were double what they are the division would still be so long that the office would hold out no attractions to men competent to fill it. The State needs fewer squires and better ones and it will never be better till it has fewer.—Statesville Landmark.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 4, 1839.

Dr. KIRK:

Dear Doctor—I had a violent attack of gravel, afterwards had pains across small of my back, extending around my sides; my stomach was disordered, had taste in my mouth, tongue coated, was compelled to stop work for a few days. I took the Microbe Killer according to your directions, and was soon feeling all right again. We all we get cold, or for any emergency.

R. F. MOORHEAD, (with R. Shoemaker.)
For sale by L. B. Holt & Co.

Fold Him You Come.

Here is said to be a true story, and it is further said that the Harrodsburg Democrat is responsible for it. In any event it is worth publishing, and may serve to point a very important truth: "Two brothers not living more than five miles from Harrodsburg, looked so much alike that when one of them joined the Baptist church and was about to be immersed, he found that he had no clothes for the occasion, as he expressed it, and paid his brother ten cents to be baptized in his place, which was done. This story seems incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, and would never have been found out had not one of the brothers become angry and given it away."

Scrofula is transmitted from parent to child, and thus becomes a family inheritance for generations. It is, therefore, the duty of every conscientious person to cleanse his blood by a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Farmer Feeds All.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The page thinks long on many a thing,
And the farmer stands by smiling:

The mingled harpist, merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer
And the soldier wars without a fear;

But all to feed what's to befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dams Allice worketh broderie well,
Clerk Richard sales of love can tell,

The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtes ruffie, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;

But fall to each what's to befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here and there,
And well man worketh everywhere;

But work or rest what's to befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

—Charles Godfrey Leland.

A Hairy Boy With a Glass Eye.

Everybody knows that Leon Gambetta had one eye injured in youth, and when he had attained a position and something more like fortune than he had known in his Bohemian career he treated himself to a glass eye made by one of the artists in that manufacture.

On that same day he had been invited to a dinner with Farcy, the dramatic critic, who found the excuse for his being late in this addition of a novel feature, and begged the guests to overlook both the delay and the new ocular appendage.

Gambetta was astonished that his embellishment drew forth so many remarks, and could not refrain, though delighted with the experience, from observing:—

"Don't you see some alteration in my face?"

"No; they all gazed on him in silence, as if seeming in vain to understand what there was in the way of change to comment upon."

"Oh, you have had your hair cut," said one; "beard trimmed;" "a tooth out."

"No! no! no! I have a glass eye," confessed the orator.

"Nonsense! Which one is it," satirically inquired a guest.

"That's the one, of course," said another, pointing to the central optic.

For a quarter of an hour there was an animated chorus upon the perfection with which previous day art could nature. "One fellow went to the eye to insert that if he had the good eye removed in favor of an equally excellent imitation the illusion would be complete."

"Do you intend to say it is not noticeable?" queried the lawyer, severely rebuked by the admiration.

"Not in the least."

He was convinced that he had made a bargain. When the feast was ended and the party broke up and were going down stairs in merry disorder three happened to be a rude upstairs lodger coming up, against whose clothes basket Gambetta's elbow lightly knocked.

Slight as the shock was it sufficed to make his Yesavivus spout fire and fury in invective, and brandishing his fist under Leon's nose he exclaimed:—

"Go along with you or I'll not be long making a dead eye of the other." In a dozen words the low creature had demolished the diplomacy of the twenty wisest men in Paris.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from experience. It promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it soft and glossy. The Vigor is a sure cure for dandruff.—J. W. Bowen, Editor Esquire, McArthur, Ohio.

Mr. Porter, of Boston, a recognized authority on such subjects in a recent address at Saratoga, New York, among other things concerning the advantages of good country roads said:—

"For automobile roads nothing can be better than what is known as the Mammoth system with firm and well-drained foundations, six or eight inches of good crushed stone, as near as possible to uniform size, one or two inches in diameter, very carefully pressed down by a steam roller and with a thin crust of fine gravel on top."

As a result of elaborate experiments, made to ascertain the relative resistance of friction of different pavements, it has been established that with 200-pound force is required to draw one ton over an ordinary road, one hundred pounds will do the same work on Mammoth, or on best granite blocks and 15 on asphalt.