

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1891.

NO. 29.

NORTH CAROLINA CURRENCY WANTED!!

Wheat, Oats, Berries, Cherries, Dried Peaches, Apples and Pears, Eggs, Chickens and Money Wanted in Exchange for Goods!

CLEARING SALE ON SUMMER GOODS!

 We will make special prices on all Summer goods to make room for FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

Baugh & Sons' Ground Bone for wheat and other cereals on hand. We have the agency for this fertilizer and can guarantee that there is

NO GUANO BETTER FOR GRAIN.

New Shoes!

 We have already received over 50 cases of shoes and in the entire lot guarantee there is not one pair not absolutely solid and our prices are much cheaper than the same qualities are usually sold

New Shoes!

Clothing!

 Ah, well, just come and see if we will not make it to your interest to buy.

Ladies' low cut shoes and many unseasonable goods we will sell surprisingly low--come and see for yourselves.

Tobacco barn flues and sheet iron!

 We have a car load of iron made up and can supply all this section. Come, we will not keep you waiting and will not charge you war-time prices.

THERMOMETERS AND TOBACCO KNIVES, A FULL STOCK ON HAND.

MILLINERY!

 We are making a big run---our prices tell the tale and our styles please---the ladies will not buy old plugs and we don't blame them! Everybody come and bring the children, we are going to have a big time from now till Sept. 1st, and after that time we will put the rabbits foot on prices.

L. B. HOLT & CO., Graham, N. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAN E. BOYD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. 1891-1901

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

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.

W. E. FITCH, M. D.,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Offers his professional services to the people of Graham and vicinity. Calls promptly attended. June 11-91.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of the late W. H. Smith, I hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the estate to present them to me before the 27th day of September, 1891, at the office of the administrator, in the town of Graham, N. C.

ASSUMING OFFICE IN DEMING.

Eccentricities Connected with Changing Postmasters in New Mexico.

Stranger, this here is a true story. It happened in Deming, New Mexico, at the thriving town that lies at the junction of the Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. Politics had been red hot for months there. The opposition, headed by Bill Carnis, a leader with "a pull," wanted to oust the postmaster. The postmaster is the boss of the town in New Mexico. The Carnis party made things hum in their campaign, and, with the aid of two newspapers that Carnis ran, they succeeded in their fight. The victors called a conference in the highest art gallery that the town boasted. The great question was who would take the postmastership. The defeated man traveled with a bad game, who were mad clear through about the defeat, and who had shooting irons galore and weren't particular about the way they let them off.

"I guess you'd better take it, Carnis," said the "bboya."
"What, me?"
"Yes, b'hevins, there ain't no one else as can properly represent us."
"But I've got my newspapers to edit."
"Let 'em run themselves, and step in and whip the postoffice up."
Carnis saw there was no more desiring the honor, and so he said in a despairing tone that he'd see about it. He had a band of friends himself who weren't used to standing monkey business with meekness. They were the gamblers of Deming. They had taken a shine to Carnis ever since he had said that the sheriff of the adjoining county was a horse thief in disguise and proved it, despite the sheriff's threat to blow his head off if he didn't retract the impolite insinuation. He told the gamblers that he was going to interview the postmaster. The announcement tickled the gamblers. The leading gambler said he would go around and see that there wasn't any monkey business.

The defeated postmaster was sitting in a bank, the office of which he used as the postal headquarters. Carnis started in right off.

"I've been appointed postmaster."
"Heard something about that story, but I don't believe it."
"I'm going to take the office. Perhaps that will prove it."
"You can't have it, that's all."
The head gambler of the town broke into the interview at this juncture.

"Say, we'll give you just twelve hours to step out of office."
"Ah, you don't say so."
"See here, I don't want any nonsense. We're peaceful, but don't get our mad up."
"Suppose I give up, Carnis, where are you going to take the postoffice?"

"Dickinson's was the rival bank at the other end of the town. It was a sweeping move. In Deming, wherever the postoffice was located was of necessity the business center of the town. Its removal would mean great injury to the eligible real estate clustered about the old postoffice headquarters. The defeated postmaster's brows contracted with consternation.

JOSEPH BILLINGS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Brief Document Written in a Book Store Twenty-two Years Ago.

That quaint humorist, Josh Billings, penned the following letter in Carleton's book store in this city more than a score of years ago, and forwarded it to his literary friend, Mr. Bowen, of Fort Plain.

"DEAR CHARLEY, if you can get me a few leads to lektur out your way it will be clever in you. Sorry that I have no pictorial biography of my face to send you; the fact is that I am so scussed humbly that I can't be took. I have sent to England for one of the Book Billings. Those publishers are worse than resurrectionists--they steal a man while living. I ought to have had at least \$500 from the London publishers, but never had a cent. My lektur on milk has been skimmed for lycum taste. There ain't any thing in it that need make anybody faint away, and I believe there is some nervous truth in it.

"As regards the catastrophes in my biography thus far, I can only state that I was born in Massachusetts, between two mountains, in the year 1820. At the age of 15, the first business I attacked was the wool-business--driving sheep. I had never been away before, and everybody seemed to know more than I did. I saved myself, but lost the flock of sheep pretty thoroughly. At 18, I brought up on the west bank of the Mississippi, even in them days quite a strum. The past thirty years have been divided, multiplied and subtrected in and among the various schemes of a vagrant temperament supplanted in a strong natural constitution, such as husbandry in the wilderness, where there was more wild bees to hunt than cats to cut; merchandising at the forks of a mud turpitude with a stock of brogan boots, Lowell calico, and whisky by the quart; running a high prairie steamboat on the Ohio river--a lively life, where man can see human nature with the bark on, and learn how to swear with great precision. Also speculated in West India stores and potash, the two first crops of a new country; an auctioneer; and for eight years a land hunter on Indian trails, and made tough by riding a hog skin saddle and eating ocean fed pork and oogen dodgers.

"My life had been a success thus far, for I am still alive, but pecuniarily, who ever made money by playing the eccentric wanderer from one ruder vocation to another but little better than a common trapper and honey and venison hunter? I have had much comfort out of all this, and would not take the best farm in the state of New York for the eight 1/2 I have out. My literary mind has been short but sweet. I have had as much fun out of it as any man who ever lived, and when I reflect that it is but little more than five years since I first put emic on paper, I can certainly feel that if I have not made much coin, I have the quiet satisfaction of knowing that I have never written a line in malice against the truth or virtue of the world. I might have glaiser more wisdom by sleeping in a glass, but would have missed the lark's wild song in the morning and the sober look of the midnight owl in the wilderness. I was never sick all day in my life; never saw a man in a tight spot but what I was willing to loosen the screw; have lived among the high and the low, and never out

IN BOHEMIA.

In Munich, the paradise of the Bohemians, there is even more freedom of action and of conversation than there is in Berlin. But then a real society does not exist in Munich. Everybody is more or less a Bohemian. Princes of the blood visit beer houses in the same happy-go-lucky fashion as the tradesmen. One of the best known of the most remarkable women in Munich, is the Baroness von Pausinger, wife of the ex-minister of finance for Bavaria. She keeps open house for painters, poets, singers, actors, journalists, and almost everybody who can behave decently and dress respectably. In Baroness Pausinger's house you may hear the social tidbits that are going in Munich. A man or woman with a good story is a great prize.--San Francisco Argonaut.

Venetian Glass Makers.

Chambers' Journal notes a terrible circumstance in connection with the Venetian glass industry, and that is that after many years of work when the workmen are between 40 and 50 years of age they begin to lose their sight, and after a short while, are wholly blind. There seems to be no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, for many protective devices have been tried without success. The blindness is caused by the excessive heat and also by the glare of the never ceasing flames from the glass furnaces.

Traps for the Grasshoppers.

There are three principal methods of destroying these insects. Where the land had been plowed for wheat none hatched out, as inverting the soil destroyed the eggs, and no hoppers were found in the fields of growing wheat. But from adjoining fields, especially those where wheat was grown last year, and then abandoned without plowing, they came in armies, sweeping the fields before them. In traveling this way a line of march is formed before which every green thing disappears. When Dr. Luggar left, some of the fields were eaten into several rods. The method adopted prior to the arrival of kerosene and tar was to dig a ditch two feet deep and two feet wide just in advance of the approaching host. A few inches of straw is then placed in the bottom, and the boards are driven into it, being walked slowly along behind them. They cannot jump out and are burned, or, if straw is not to be had, they are killed by drawing a log through the ditch. The tar is used by placing in a shallow sheet from pan two feet wide and eight feet long, with a wide board fastened to one side. This is drawn sidewise across the field, the hoppers jumping against the board and falling into the tar, where they perish. But the handler, more rapid and more complete method is to use kerosene on canvas, against which the pests jump. Strong muslin or canvas, a yard wide and fifteen feet long, is stretched on a frame and carried on a sled like arrangement pulled by a team. The canvas slants back, and is constantly saturated with kerosene. Every one that hops against this and touches his body to the oil dies instantly. One barrel of kerosene will go over about 120 acres and will kill 200 bushels of more. Each farmer is given one barrel of oil, and promises to use it only for destroying insects.--Minneapolis Exchange.

Fashions of Ancient Times.

Hellogabalus is said to have been the first to wear a robe of pure silk. The emperor, one of the most unworthy and debauched of rulers, who made his horse a consul, had a senate of women, over whom his mother presided, which prescribed all the modes and fashions. The Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his wife a robe of pure silk, on account of its excessive cost. Indeed it was not until more than five centuries after the Christian era that silkworms were brought from the east and introduced into Constantinople by some monks at the time of Justinian.

Life of a Ranchman.

A ranchman's life is a pleasant and healthy one, although varied with a good deal of hardship and anxiety. To be successful they must be strong, able bodied men, capable of enduring all kinds of hardship and privation, and should also be patient, shrewd and enterprising. The fare is plain and substantial, and where a ranchman keeps pigs and chickens and has a vegetable garden he can have sufficiently varied. Many of them, however, live on salt pork, canned goods and bread, and do without milk and butter, but this is inexcusable, as out of a herd of cattle they can easily get a few cows for milking. Breakfast is generally taken at half-past 5 a. m., and as soon as this is finished, or sometimes before it is commenced, one or two of the men burn the head of saddle horses and drive them to corral, where each man whose work will necessitate his riding ropes his horse, saddles him and rides out to his task, whatever it may be, perhaps hunting lost horses, seeing to the fences or driving back any stock that may have got beyond the fences and which it is highly desirable should be kept inside, such, for instance, as a thoroughbred bull.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the cure of consumption, Catarrh of the Lungs, Hemoptoe, Spitting of Blood, Asthma and all the kindred Lung Affections, also a powerful and permanent cure for Nervous Debility and all the kindred Catarrhs, after having tested the medicinal curative power of thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to the suffering humanity. Assisted by this remedy and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail by addressing with name, street and number, to: Dr. J. H. Smith, 111 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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