

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XVI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1892.

NO. 48.

1892



1892



1892



1892



A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO OUR MANY KIND PATRONS AND MANY THANKS FOR PAST FAVORS.

In beginning the new year we beg to inform the people that we shall continue business in Graham, and shall as in the past do our utmost to merit a continuance of past patronage. Our stock shall be kept up at all times and our prices shall be as low if not lower than elsewhere. We shall begin the new year by offering

## SPECIAL PRICES SPECIAL PRICES

on all our stock of winter goods, hoping to close out such lines in time for Spring stock. We shall adhere as in the past, to our CASH system, believing it the only way to keep and maintain a uniform schedule of prices and give satisfaction to all. We promise protection to all who favor us with their kind patronage.

Very Truly,

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

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**E. C. LAIRD, M. D.,**  
HAW RIVER, N. C.  
Feb. 13, '90.  
**W. E. FITCH, M. D.,**  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Offers his professional services to the people of Graham and vicinity. Calls promptly attended. Jan. 11-91  
**J. H. BOYD, W. S. PARERSON,**  
Greensboro, N. C. Graham, N. C.  
**BOYD & ROBERSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Graham, N. C.

**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

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

**J. R. STOCKARD, JR.,**  
DENTIST,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
Can be found at office in Graham on Monday of each week. Calls promptly attended anywhere in Alamance county. Sept 1, '91.

**PATENTS**  
Copyrights and Trade-Mark secured, and all Patent business transacted in accordance with the provisions of the Statute in Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and the Netherlands. We also advise in all matters relating to the law of Patents.  
**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
New Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

**SAMPLE COPIES FREE!**  
**The Sunny South,**  
The great Southern Family Weekly, should be taken by every household. The paper is only \$2 a year, and a present worth its cost is sent to every subscriber. A complete copy will be sent free to any address. Write at once to  
**J. H. REALS & CO.**

**LIFE IN MINING CAMPS.**  
Less Danger and Less Noise in Them Than in Any of the Large Cities.  
There is a fascination about mining life which, once having possessed a man, cannot easily be shaken off. A miner who has made a good stake by selling his locations at first, proposes to himself to travel, then to settle down in his own original home; but after a little while he discovers that his home life has changed, that old ties have been broken and that he is disappointed in his former associations. Things at home seem to have inexplicably dwindled. An almost irresistible impulse, a transferred nostalgia, a longing for the clear, bracing mountain air and the liberal ways of the mines then seizes him.

It is difficult to content one's self with the monotonous life of the staid communities after having tasted a more exhilarating one. The attraction of the mines is not all in the hope of gain, though that of course has much to do with it. The friendships formed, the freedom of thought and custom, the spirit of camaraderie, and the entire absence of commercial competition have their influence as well. So numbers of men, having acquired a competence in mining, make their headquarters still in the mining country as a matter of preference, not necessity.

Such men are much in the habit of taking short trips away, and are to be met with all through the highways and byways of travel. To be able to lead this pleasant, independent life is the dream of the less fortunate ones. Miners are very apt to disparage their calling while they are actively engaged in it; they may term it "a dog's life," but let them once be freed, mark how they hanker after it!

Some people suppose that a mining camp is an unusually dangerous sort of place, full of desperadoes and "hold ups," where every man carries his life in his hand. The misconception has been handed down from rougher, wilder times, and has been kept alive by the romanticizing of tenderfoot newspaper correspondents. A man is far safer in a mining camp than on Cherry Hill, New York; Tar Flat, San Francisco, or large areas in any of our cities; much more indeed than in parts of London or Paris. So far as robbery is concerned one is not safe anywhere, in the mountains or in the towns.

As to affairs of other kinds, a man who is sober, minds his own business and does not set up as a fighter would always be let alone. If he does not carry a "gun" so much the better for him, for there is among the roughest characters a certain sense of chivalry, which they would call "squareness," that prevents attack upon an unarmed man. The practice of carrying arms is not at all universal in the mountains. When pistols are worn they are kept out of sight. Indeed, there is not much use to a powerful man in carrying arms at all.

If he is "held up" by the "road squab" he is always at a disadvantage, being taken unexpectedly, and when they have the drop on him a motion toward the hip pocket would be to take

large chances. If the caution, so far as it goes, of carrying weapons may sometimes lead to unprovoked fatal encounters, it also has the effect of making men quiet and cautious about giving offense.—Albert Williams in Engineering.

**The Divinities of India.**  
"The gates of the Hindoo Pantheon are never shut," Sir John Strachey has finely observed. The truth of the remark is likely to receive a curious illustration in the results of the census in the Northwest provinces and Oude. A novelty of the census was a separate classification for the various sects of Hindoos and Mahometans. Sect, however, implies a definite religious creed, with distinctive tenets, from which a limited number of schismatics have diverged; but so far as Hindooism is concerned, at all events, we have no such creed, and if we are to apply the term sect to the heterogeneous groups of worshippers who call themselves Hindoos we must materially modify its ordinary significance.

As a matter of fact, the census enumerators found that the ordinary Hindoo did not know what was meant when he was asked what his sect was. All he could say was the particular god he worshipped. The consequence is that the census papers are crowded with a vast number of tribal and local gods and deities, many of which have never been heard of before, and will in all probability never be heard of again.—Pioneer.

**Taking Advantage of a Mother's Love.**  
Captain Scoresby relates a striking instance of the affection of a whale for its young. One of his harpooners struck a "sucker," as the calves are generally called, and in a few moments the mother rose close to the boat. Setting the young one, she dragged out of the boat about 600 feet of the line and disappeared beneath the water. Rising again she darted furiously to and fro, frequently stopping short and suddenly changing her direction. For a long time she acted in this manner, and so solicitous was she for the welfare of her offspring that she seemed totally oblivious to any danger to herself.

One of the boats finally approached near enough to allow a harpoon to be thrown at the dam. After two failures one of the instruments struck her, but she made no attempt to escape, but on the contrary allowed three other boats to gather about her, and was eventually killed without any further resistance.—Detroit Free Press.

**Adventurers with Lions.**  
Gerard, the famous French lion killer, says in his "Adventures" that nothing is an important crisis in the life of the lion tamer, and that a large number of the young die during that period.

When the cubs have finished teething the lioness leaves them for a few hours each day, and on her return brings uterine, carefully skinned and torn in small pieces.

They post themselves on a high cliff or a tree overlooking the lair. As soon as they see the lioness go down to the plain, and are sure that the lion is not near, they creep to the lair, wrap the cubs in the fold of their burrcoose in order to smother their cries, and carry them to the edge of the woods, where men are waiting with horses.

One day sixty Arabs surrounded the woods where there was a lair, and by shouts tried to rouse the lioness. She, however, remained in her hiding place. Several Arabs then crept into the thicket and brought out the whelps.

The Arabs, pleased at their success, were retiring to their tents, thinking they had nothing more to fear. Suddenly the sheik, who was on horseback and a little behind his men, saw the lioness rushing out of the woods directly at him.

He called, and his nephew, Mecooud, and his friend, Ali, ran to his aid. The lioness sprang at the young nephew, who, facing her with his gun at his shoulder, pulled the trigger when she came within six or seven feet. The sap only exploded. The youth threw the gun away, and presented his left arm wrapped in his burrcoose.

The lion seized the arm and began crushing the bones. The young man, without a cry, drew his pistol and fired in her breast. She dropped the arm and bounded on Ali, who fired a ball down her throat as she sprang at him. He was seized by the shoulder and thrown down, but the lioness, before she could injure him greatly, expired on his prostrate body. The nephew died the next day.

**Sad Poets.**  
The editors of periodicals at the present time have undoubtedly the disagreeable task of reading much poetry which is not only "unavailable," but bitterly without merit; still, as the taste of the majority of readers in this generation is for that which is cheerful in poetry as well as in prose, it is not likely that any editor today would have such a depressing list of rejected contributions as the one printed in a magazine which bears a date over fifty years ago.

"My Wife's Grave," "Midnight," "Lament Over the Grave of a Wife," "The Poet's Doom," "Reflections," "On Hearing the Eulogy of a New Friend," "Vengeance," "Let Me Weep," "The Poetry of Tears" and "Alone." Such are the titles of these unavailable poems.

It appears that the articles accepted were of much the same character, although they probably displayed marks of genius which induced the afflicted editor to accept them: "Autumn Murmurs," "The Last Song Bird," "The Mourner," "The Borneo," "Shadows of the Past," "Solitude" and "Passing Away."

**Animal Instinct.**  
"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Kanebiter, of the Country club, "why, I have a dog up at the ranch that's simply wonderful."  
"How so?" said the particular C. O. whose watch it was to stay and listen.  
"Why, you see, I was out shooting one day when I found a large and handsome dog lying on the ground, moaning with pain. Some ruffian had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, bandaged the wound and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was compelled to travel a lonely road after dark, when suddenly Ponto, who accompanied me, began to growl warningly. The next moment a highwayman stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."  
"Exactly," cried the listener; "thereupon the grateful dog seized the robber by the throat, while you—"  
"Not at all. The man robbed me easily enough—took watch, purse, everything."  
"But Ponto?"  
"Ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. That's the point—don't you see? Animal instinct—didn't want to get shot again."  
"Oh, exactly. Um—I see. Somebody please hammer for the waiter."  
—San Francisco Examiner.

**Concealed.**  
Caller—You have been abroad a long time, have you not?  
Hostess—Oul, oul, many months.  
"Did you go to Italy?"  
"None—I mean, no. We feared see New Orleans troubles might make Americans unwelcome. Comprody-tyoo!"  
"Oh, yes. Where did you spend most of the time?"  
"In Germany."  
"Didn't you go to Paris?"  
"Oul, oul, oul. We were there a week."  
"Only a week? Then how does it happen you speak your native tongue with a French instead of a German accent?"—New York Weekly.

**WHY ANIMALS ARE DUMB.**  
An Indian Legend That Sounds Like the Biblical Story of the Flood.  
The American Indians, especially those of the lake regions of southern Canada, relate a curious tradition to account for the fact that all lower animals are dumb. In very, very early times, they say, the father of all tribes lived in a beautiful country over against the rising sun. His form was perfect and his face was handsome in the extreme, his descendants being all superb specimens of humanity. Knowing of their accomplishments and being much given to flattering one another, they became very haughty and arrogant.

As a punishment for their bigotry the Great Father warned the father of the tribes in a dream that a deluge would be sent to drown them off the face of the earth. In the dream which forewarned the father and the tribes of the great calamity impending, there was presented to his visionary view the form and outline of a raft, which was to be used in saving a remnant of this

bigoted people. In those days all animals talked as men do; and, when the father of the tribes informed the beasts of the field of his dream, and of his intentions concerning the building of the great raft, they protested, declaring their unwillingness to accompany him on any such expedition.

But the man's superior intelligence prevailed. He built the raft, and lo! had hardly finished when the great flood came. The man's family and pairs of every beast took passage and floated for many months on the surface of the deluge. The clouds cleared away on the second day after the embarkation, and for seventeen successive moons the man used the sun as a guide, continually steering toward his place of setting. But the animals, every one of them (who, it will be remembered, had the power of speech), protested against sailing to the west, declaring in one voice that they preferred steering toward the sun's rising place.

These murmurs had been going on for some days when, to the infinite joy of the man who had been holding the fort against this horde of creatures who had the voices of men and the reason of beasts, great spots of dry land began to appear. Finally this rudely constructed ark grounded, and the man and his family and the beasts were again permitted to press the face of the earth with their feet. But a great and lasting calamity had overtaken the animals. For their murmurs against the man while on the water, they were deprived of their power of speech, and have remained dumb from that day.—St. Louis Republic.

**Justifies the Name.**  
An instructor in natural history who believes that it is better to deliver little lectures to his pupils than to let them get their knowledge out of books, talked to them thus one day on the subject of the hog:  
"The hog, my young friends, is, from the point of view of food, the most important of animals to the human race. There is no part of his structure which has not some alimentary or industrial use; even his bristles are used in the manufacture."  
"But from the point of view of character and mode of life, it must be confessed that he possesses certain habits and dispositions which fully justify his name."  
This reminds one of the opening lines of a composition once submitted by a boy in a New England school:  
"The goose is so called because it is kinder and don't know any better."  
—Youth's Companion.

**New to Avoid Damp Sheets.**  
If you are to sleep in a strange bed and there is a suspicion of damp about the sheets, lay your watch between them and either smoke a cigar or read a while. Then take out the watch, and if there is any flim or mist on the glass don't go to bed, or, if you do, sleep between the blankets, which are never damp. Hundreds of drunkards, and especially men past youth or middle age, take this precaution and profit considerably thereby.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



**PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**  
A Perfect Success.  
The Rev. A. Antonio, of Buffalo, Tex., writes: "As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a most potent nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic."  
**A Sunday School Superintendent Endorses It.**  
Secretary, Dorchester Co., Md., March 8, '91. "A teacher in the M. E. Sunday school (at which I am Superintendent) I know was compelled to stay at home on account of her allmost complete loss of sight, caused by using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic she stands regularly. I think this cure the most remarkable I have ever seen or heard of, and this Nerve Tonic deserves the highest commendation. It has my highest endorsement."  
J. H. HERRING, JR.

**FREE**  
A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and those systems can also claim this wonderful cure of disease.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1866 and is now prepared under his direction by his son.  
**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**  
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

**A Gold Watch and \$204.**  
That is what every Acute race who goes up a club on our \$1 per week plan. Our 14 karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 30 years. Fine Elgin or Waltham movement. Star wind and set. Lady's or Gent's size. Equal to an \$80 watch. To secure yours where we have none, we will send you the Hunting Case Watches for the club price of \$20 and send C. O. D. by express with privilege of examination, before paying for same.  
Our agent at Durham, N. C., writes: "Our favorites have confessed they don't know how you can furnish such work for the money."  
One good, reliable agent wanted for each place. Write for particulars.  
ESTABLISHED 1870.  
48 and 50 Maiden Lane, New York.  
Oct. 29-1-91

**TOBACCO SEED**  
The sweetest and best for all classes and is prepared at the lowest price. Planters raise tobacco for the money it brings, and only the FINE VARIETIES produce FIRST CLASS tobacco that pays. Start right by ordering the BEST for your locality and thus realize the largest return possible for the crop. Catalogue free. R. L. BAGDAND, SEED CO., Hyes, Va.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Persons holding claims against the late Jas. W. Denny will present them to me duly substantiated on or before the 15th of February, 1892, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. I have 1 dollar to the said late Jas. W. Denny will pay me at once please.  
J. L. COTT, Jr.,  
Folkston, Va.  
P. O. Box 100.  
"P. O. Box 100" is the address for all communications to the Administrator of the Estate of Jas. W. Denny, deceased.