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NO. 2.



The Old Friend

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, N. C.
May 17, '93.

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
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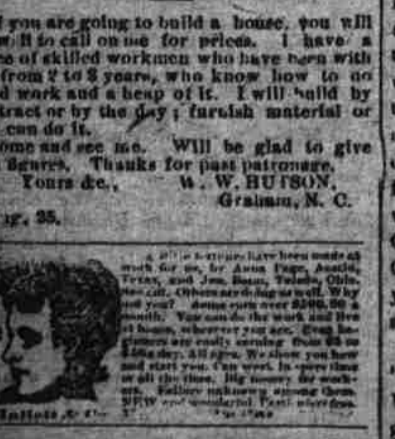
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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

It is a dog life, I tell you. I would not go through with it to be made a general at the end.

Tom's appointment was great enough to partially conceal his contempt for Butler's resolution. He rode somewhat in deep thought. Then he consulted a copy of the war department regulations concerning the appointment of cadets, and saw that the privilege of recommending one rested with the congressman only for a specific time. After that it reverted to the Secretary of War. He also consulted an almanac and made brief calculations. Then he got up and walked to and fro, but presently paused with an air of resolution.

"I have just seven days' grace," he reflected, "then the appointment will go out of the hands of Mr. Hays. It is more than 200 miles to Washington, and he may decline to recommend me after all. But it is my only chance. I've got to get there and I will get there."

An hour later on Tom and the old man were on the road. He stopped

SAVED FROM DEATH.

How the Gleaner's Cadetship of West Point—The Hero of a Plucky Boy—Made Three Hundred Miles on the Old Road in a Week, and Reached Washington in Time.

Philadelphia Times.

Some fifteen years before the breaking out of the civil war it became the duty of a certain Congressman from a then Virginia district to recommend to the President some one for the position of cadet at West Point.

Among other applicants the two most favorably known to him were a couple of youths named Gib Butler and Tom Jackson. The Congressman submitted each of them to a personal examination and told them he would communicate his decision in writing on the following day. As may be supposed, the intervening time was not a restful period for either of the lads.

Jackson thumped over an algebra he had picked up in the sitting room of the little tavern where they were stopping. Whatever anxiety he really felt was veiled under an appearance of shrewd indifference. Young Butler, however, was very nervous and fidgeted about a good deal. Tom's quiet manner was to him rather incomprehensible.

"I hardly believe you care at all," he exclaimed, after loitering about for several hours in a fretful way.

"Well," replied Tom, "what is the use of worrying over what you cannot help? Time enough to fret when the appointment or disappointment comes."

"Then you don't really hope to win?"

"I haven't bothered my head about it since I saw Mr. Hays. I did my best before him. It is his affair now."

Early the next morning the landlord opened the door of the room occupied by the young men.

"Here is a letter for you, Gib," said he. "I reckon you must be in luck."

Butcher seized and tore open the faceted envelope. Tom, who had the algebra again, inserted a finger between the leaves before the thing was torn. Suddenly Gib began an impatient muttering and dashed over the floor.

"Tom," he cried, "I've got it! I'm sorry for you, but Mr. Hays has decided in my favor."

Thus he gave a mild intimation of what afterwards became famous as the "felicitous yell." Tom, still retaining his book, was the first to shake Butcher's hand and congratulate him upon his success. Then he sat down and read the letter he had been attempting to solve when the interrupter came. After that he paid his bill, saddled an old gray mare that was his sole earthly piece of property and rode quietly home. The succeeding day he resumed his duties as a candidate for the district as if nothing had happened. To this position he had been elected, notwithstanding his youth, because of a general confidence in his honesty and self-reliance.

In due time October went to West Point, passed his examination there and was admitted as a cadet. Three months or so elapsed, during which Tom rode the old mare here and there, serving notices, posting papers and otherwise attending to his official duties. At night he could usually be found poring over a few dog-eared volumes in a plodding, persistent way. One day when riding by the house of Gib's father he was amazed to behold young Butler sitting in a dejected attitude upon the front porch.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom, reining up.

"I thought you were at West Point. We all heard that you had passed in great shape."

"I passed the exams well enough," returned Gib, "but I couldn't stand the after-war and beat. I tell you, Tom, it's a terrible life. Nothing but orders, drills, dress and discipline. Then there's the hard studying and the bullying by the seniors. I swear I won't get the roaring of those guns out of my ears in a month."

"Do you mean to say, Gib, that you have thrown up your appointment?"

"It is a dog life, I tell you. I would not go through with it to be made a general at the end."

Tom's astonishment was great enough to partially conceal his contempt for Butler's resolution. He rode somewhat in deep thought. Then he consulted a copy of the war department regulations concerning the appointment of cadets, and saw that the privilege of recommending one rested with the congressman only for a specific time. After that it reverted to the Secretary of War. He also consulted an almanac and made brief calculations. Then he got up and walked to and fro, but presently paused with an air of resolution.

"I have just seven days' grace," he reflected, "then the appointment will go out of the hands of Mr. Hays. It is more than 200 miles to Washington, and he may decline to recommend me after all. But it is my only chance. I've got to get there and I will get there."

An hour later on Tom and the old man were on the road. He stopped

at the house of the nearest justice of the peace to turn over his official papers and resign his constabulary. After settling up his accounts he had, but \$2.50 left.

"Tom," said the squire, "you will never get to Washington on \$2.53."

"I'll get there on the old mare though," replied Tom, "not impossible to get there on the old mare though." "That is, if she doesn't give out too soon."

"Well, in case she does, here are \$5 to come back on. You've made a good constable, and I'll keep the office open awhile for you."

"I'd better not take the money," said Tom, "for you need not look for me back under four years."

Gib Butler didn't stay that long. Yet you better take it anyhow. You'll be more apt to need it."

Tom concluded to accept it as a loan. Three hundred miles upon a broken down mare, over mountainous roads, with creeks and rivers mostly to ford, and with but seven days to make the trip, was a very serious task. There was no swift running railroads in those days along his rugged route, and what is now a ten hours' easy run was a long and tiresome journey even for a strong man.

Some fifty miles from the capital the old mare gave completely out. Tom left her with a farmer, shouldered his saddle bags and trudged on upon foot. By hard pushing he barely reached Washington a little before midnight of the seventh day. When he pounded at the door of Congressman Hays his strength was nearly exhausted.

"Well, sir, what does this mean?" said that gentleman rather sternly, for though kind-hearted enough, he did not relish being roused from his bed upon a cold night.

When the servant who had reluctantly admitted him withdrew, Tom, explained with the great man shivering in his dressing-gown.

"Could you not wait until morning?" complained the Congressman, mildly, "but you are noted the lady's utter weariness."

Tom mentioned that the last hour of the day wherein the power of recommendation rested with Mr. Hays was about to expire.

"Sure enough; you are right, my boy. I had forgotten that. So Butler gave it up, did he? Well, Tom, if you do get there, I hope you can stand up to the rack. In fact, I believe you will. A boy that can ride and tramp from Weston here in seven days will be apt to go to West Point to stay—eh, Tom?"

Tom intimated that if he could pass the examination he would risk the other drawbacks.

"I fear the board may pinch you hard, Tom. Gib was somewhat better posted in his studies than you."

"I've been reading up since then," replied Tom. "If you will only recommend me now—this night—while there is yet time, I think I can pass. I've got to pass, sir, that is all there is to be said."

Mr. Hays, re-entering his bedroom, thought regretfully of his interrupted slumbers, then made ready to sacrifice himself. He told Tom to make himself comfortable in the snug room and proceeded to dress. When he returned the lad was fast asleep in the chair. His saddle-bags lay beside him on the floor, his shoes and clothing were coarse and travel-stained.

"Poor fellow," thought the Congressman pityingly. "He certainly deserves success."

Then he woke Tom up, called a hack and drove with him to the residence of the Secretary of War. On the way Tom related his recent experience. He indomitable resolution made an impression upon the Congressman, something unusual would certainly be necessary where with to mollify a great official on being thus unceremoniously routed out at a healthily young man to attend to the duties of a back country youth. Perhaps a recital of Tom's story would be their best excuse for so rude a violation of the routine of official etiquette.

The Secretary was reached after some difficulty. He was naturally in no very amiable frame of mind. But Tom told his simple tale and then fell into a doze while the Congressman pleaded his cause. The undeniable proofs of the lad's determination finally overcame the Secretary's intention of asserting his own later prerogative in favor of a protégé of his, and he agreed to have Tom's papers made out at once, so as they might come within the legal limit of the Congressman's power and recommendation.

A subscription was sent for and the task accomplished while the youth still slumbered. Then Mr. Hays woke him up and the great cabinet official shook his head.

"Young man," said the Secretary, "your methods, though unusual, are amply justified by the emergency. You certainly ought to succeed."

Tom came to his senses sufficiently to express his thanks, but once more went to sleep on the way back to the Congressman's boarding house. Mr. Hays was indignant, however, and

soon had the young man comfortably bestowed until morning.

Tom rose bright and early. He changed his shirt, blacked his shoes, and otherwise made himself presentable. Yet his rustic appearance at the breakfast table was amusingly noticeable. He made a hearty meal, however, and thought only of getting on to West Point.

"How are you off for money, Tom?" asked the Congressman, when they were again alone together.

Tom pulled out the remainder of his seven dollars and a half.

"That will never see you through. Did you expect to walk to West Point like a tramp?"

Tom knew he was in a close place but he had reflected upon such a contingency before.

"No, sir, I did not," he replied blithely; then added, after a pause, "not if you continued to be my friend."

This astute reply completed his conquest of the Congressman, who laughed and patted Tom upon the shoulder.

"If you should fail, my boy," said he, "it will not be for lack of nerve. Come with me to my bankers."

After this Tom's most serious difficulties were at an end. He obtained the money he needed, went on to West Point, passed a successful examination, and soon found others that he had come to see. For four years he patiently worked his way through the different grades with the same persistence which, from the first, had carried him over obstacles that would have daunted a less determined soul. On receiving his lieutenantcy he returned home with the first money he could draw, paid his Congressional benefactor in full and held his memory always in greatest esteem. He also sought out the justice under whom he had served as a constable.

"Squire," said Lieut. Tom, "here are your five dollars with interest to date."

The Squire, clad in homespun jeans, surveyed the officer in his neat fatigues and uniform and noted the shoulder straps. Then he pocketed the money.

"You were heartily welcome to the money, Tom," said he, "but as you don't seem to be feeding it now I may as well take it back. I had my doubts then, but it has turned out a right good investment."

"The best you ever made, Squire—that is—for me. Without it I might never have reached there in time."

Shortly after this the lieutenant was ordered to the West, where he served upon the frontier for several years and fought through the Mexican war. He finally returned to Virginia and accepted a military professorship in a noted educational institution, which he held until the beginning of the Civil war.

When Virginia seceded he followed his native State, drew his sword in behalf of the Confederacy and became known to fame under the name of Stonewall Jackson.

Keeping Dried Fruits.

Many kinds of dried fruits are quite difficult to keep through the year, and the careful housewife usually heats them once or twice each year to kill the worms and insects that often destroy the fruit unless the precaution is properly exercised. The first requisite for preserving fruit is thorough evaporation of moisture, which does not mean making them as dry as dust, but dry enough that when hard pressed with the hand they will not cling together in the form of a ball, and will not stick together, says the American Agriculturist.

For small quantities a tough paper sack will answer. Either seal the top or the firmly with a string, leaving about one-third of the space unoccupied so that the fruit may be shaken about in the bag several times in the year. When thus protected, place in a chest or closely covered box in a cool, dry and dark room. Often during seasons of abundance, a large quantity of fruit is evaporated, but at selling time the prices are not satisfactory and it is desired to keep it until the following season.

To keep dried fruit cheaply, fill a sugar barrel about three-quarters full, heap up tightly as possible, keep in a dark, cool room, and once a month during hot weather, lay the barrel on its side and roll it over several times, standing it on the bottom and head alternately. This will keep the contents in good condition and save in many hours of hard disagreeable labor in heating over to dispel moisture and destroy insects. The color and flavor are maintained far better than by throwing in loose pine or placing in common grain bags, as usually practiced. Do not use salt barrels as they impart a saltish flavor, and are usually too poorly made to prove efficacious. Thoroughly steamed flour barrels are far preferable, or new apple barrels may be used by passing plain white paper upon the inside of the staves.

Lawyer.

Another man, or children, who want to be lawyers, should take BROWN'S BLOOD PURIFIER. It is pleasant to take, cures blood, and is the best medicine for all ailments.

Man Spoke on the Times.

Times are brightening. They are now hopefully better, though it's long way, even now, to complete recovery. The wise man who thought that the repeal of the Sherman silver prohibiting act would give returning prosperity is now an acknowledged fool. The man who now expects relief from tariff tinkering, will soon have to join in the same procession with the "gold buggery" and "silver diggers" crowd, and take a back seat. There is no remedy in legislation for the present stringency.

There is no manufactory, either in wool, steel rails, cotton, or wood wares, that would not be running twenty-four hours a day, and every day in the year, if there were a demand for its products. We are overstocked. Surplus, surplus in everything but common sense. England, Australia, Germany, China, Hawaii have not overstocked on. The United States has produced its own surplus—iron, flour, wool, cotton, corn, dog food, &c., &c.

Tariff on imported goods, high or low, won't give the much longed for prosperity. The McKinley law did not avert commercial and financial disasters, and the Wilson tariff bill will not bring back commercial and financial prosperity.

The abundant output of iron in Pennsylvania and Alabama has made the furnaces and the mill operatives poor. The abundant wheat harvest of the north-east have made farmers almost penniless. The abundant cotton crop of the south has well-nigh bankrupted this section. The abundant output of woolen mills have proven their own ruin.

Would it be wise to burn up the surplus, or dump it into the sea? Or would it be wise to sit down and do nothing a year or two, and consume the surplus in idleness? Or will it be wise for the west to continue her abundant wheat harvest, at forty cents a bushel, and the south to produce her eight to ten millions of bales of cotton each year, and sell it for less than the cost of production? Or for the Alabama farmers to continue to make pig iron and sell it at six dollars and sixty cents per ton, &c., &c.

There is no condition of things that cannot be reached and cured by the vaporizing of congressmen or the laborer, well-written articles of the newspapers and reviews.

Our greed for gold has run its course. "It's money in your pocket" is the race to out-rip others—to produce more and cheaper goods than our competitors—combinations, cliques and cheats, Ram, Reaction, and Reciprocity.

This same spirit is seen in all trades and crafts. Now and then you will see that the cotton planters have in convention assembled, resolved that they would only plant half the land usually put in cotton, and then each farmer, thinking that will be the case, and that therefore cotton will be high priced, thinks he will double his acreage and thereby grow rich. And thus it goes each year with the cotton planters. So with the wheat and iron producers, and so with all manufacturing interests.

How I wish that this government was not bankrupted! How sorry I am that Mr. Carlisle is just at this time trying to borrow money at 5 per cent interest. Some of us had hopes of borrowing from the government at two per cent.

The question of right and wrong do not enter into the questions of the day. Commercial integrity, individual honor and general trustworthiness, have played out. Money was never so cheap and never so hard to borrow. Merchants were never more eager to sell, and never so choice of their customers. Capital and labor were never more distrustful of each other. Contracts are broken, agreements made void, debts repudiated, until confidence between man and man can no longer be based upon honor, but upon calumny and falsehood.

We need moral, commercial and political regeneration. Repentance is not enough. The work must begin in the individual.

Even now church membership is no guarantee of integrity and honesty. If all the members of the church in this country got to heaven a fellow will have to sleep with his breeches under his head every night.

Ethics and education are no guarantee of integrity. Sometimes "F. F. Y." stands for "full fledged vegetable."

The church is on the one side, and the penitentiary on the other, with humanity between. The church draws but little and the penitentiary scares less.

Americans are said to have the poorest teeth of any people in the world. It is said the more brain work a person has the worse his teeth become. The same result is attained by lack of proper nourishment, and it is said by a well-known dentist that fifty years ago, among the very poor classes, everyone will be toothless at the age of twenty.

Cracked Marbles.

Talk won't relieve the poor. Nobody ever flatters you for fun. Policemen are little boys in blue. A liar never forms new resolutions. Laziness is chronic with some people.

A loafer always finds fault with busy people. New Year resolutions are not always reform. Nobody sleeps well the night before Christmas. Your prayer shouldn't smell of Aschauer-Busch.

Where will Bob Ingersoll be in a hundred years. The man who has no enthusiasm is generally a loafer. Cupid's darts do not leave a blood mark where they pierce. Boys who run on the streets at night will be locked up later on.

A girl should never marry until she knows how to make a biscuit. A card of thanks is generally a free local, advertising one's services. A man who would strike his wife is a sterner man than a horse thief. A woman is principally composed of exclamations and interjections.

Some men agree with everybody while others won't agree with anybody. Some people will take nearly everything else, who won't take a hint. Hustling to get ahead for the babies takes the romance out of marriage.

The meener your dress is the more you are inclined to go right to sleep again. The woman who has no children of her own, has most to say about raising other people's children. The man who thinks women have an easy time, never saw her clothes line fall in the mud on a wash day.

If people would talk to your back as they do to your face, you would thank every man who was your friend. A warm Christmas may not make a green graveyard, but it makes the fellow awful blue who has overcasts to sell. Marrying a man to reform him is like putting a hog in the parlor to clean him. It doesn't help the hog and damages the parlor.

The Nevada, Nev., jail is nearly empty & fire recently. Well that's all right; lots of people have narrowly escaped that jail. The woman who likes to pack a pug dog around should be shaken out of the matrimonial bag before the dragging begins.

People who don't want to be disturbed should keep their bills paid and people who don't like to be offended should keep their bills out of other people's business. If the coy maiden could look into the dim and distant future and see that husband going to bed with his boots on, perhaps she wouldn't marry and perhaps she would.

If all the Missouri bank wrechers who ought to be in the penitentiary, got there, Warden Peck's involuntary guests would soon be able to form a well-society among themselves. This country can never be said to be a justice loving country as long as a county judge has to remain in jail for refusing to rob his people for the benefit of heartless corporations and a bank thief can wander the streets at large without molestation.

Wintery Wits.

The tattoo artist has no designs on his customers.—Boston Transcript. The outcome of a man's constabulary nowadays is largely dependent upon his income.—Buffalo Courier. One way of clipping the rope in places is not to do anything that deserves lynching.—Philadelphia Times. A Maine man smoked a cigar won from a slot machine and fell dead. Man-killer.—Philadelphia Record.

A street-car conductor knows what the wild waves are saying when he sees a woman wave her parasol.—Binghamton Republican. A Chicago man who had just succeeded his wish to be a footpad was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pleased for time.—Washington Star.

Miss. Hallberg, of Washington. A Washington paper tells of a delightful Mrs. Malaprop, who recently spoke of an invalid daughter as indelicate. Members of her family, she said, are in the habit of riding to Ball more on commission tickets. Another lady referred one day to a spirit's statement, having said, a bright girl remarked: "Perhaps she refers to the back stairs." Another lady refers occasionally to nausea of the stomach, and to her suffering from nearsightedness, and still another one described the visions which she saw while in a state of trance.

The One Thing Needed.

Oh! how crafty, greedy, busy, Glady, dazy. In this world that we live in! Getting money, spending money, Borrowing and lending money, Caring money out of us! Hooping treasure, seeking pleasure Seeking labor, without ever One brief note of quiet leisure. For the daily thought of Heaven, Or the voice within!

Drowning thought in gales of laughter! Thinking naught of an hereafter! Stretching far beyond the tomb, Whose dread trial To each mortal Is the gate of final doom!

Oh! there is but one thing needful! 'Tis to reach the gold, Oh! there is but one thing dreadful! 'Tis to lose the soul.— Love beyond all computation, Love beyond all repair, Love beyond all regret, Love beyond all degradation, Love beyond all despair!

Let thy life be short, or long, Though it be but till to-morrow; For he who lives in sin, or sinners, Falls of joy or falls of sorrow; Send me home, send me home, It is all the same, Give me wealth, or let me beg, Send upon a cripple's leg, Lying close from door to door; Save my soul! I ask no more.—Hendings.

Keeping Eggs.

All sorts of experiments have been made for keeping eggs fresh during the winter months when the heat is so the retired and eggs are so scarce and high, says the Western Rural. They have been found up, the small and down; they have been packed in milk, bran and other materials; they have been dried in thin slices of various materials, and they have been subjected to cold storage. It is strange to say that some of the methods have been quite successful. It is quite probable, however, that a combination of these agencies for the right preparation would do the work. Other methods have been tried than those named above, as is stated by an English writer, who says: "We keep eggs fresh in a quantity that should be prominent in the minds of the poultry breeder. It may perhaps be of use that an egg cannot be preserved so as to retain the natural flavor of a really fresh egg, which some persons want. Still eggs can be preserved in a manner to leave them exactly as when laid, and hardly distinguishable from fresh ones except perhaps by experts."

If eggs are to be kept for a few weeks only, the matter is very easily managed—a good plan being all that is necessary, together with a board placed with holes, just large enough to let the eggs stand upright without touching. Upon the board the eggs should be placed, small end downward, so that the air space may not change to the same extent as when the reverse way, as then would not be the same extent of moisture from the egg. When laid, it will gather up, can be substituted with advantage for this board or shell. In Germany eggs are kept without fire or other artificial means being used in fresh heat, or a preparation of lime and water is made by adding 20 gallons of water to four gallons of lime slaked lime, to which about a gallon of salt is added. When the water has taken up its weight of the lime as it can possibly dissolve, immerse the eggs in the liquid so that they are quite covered, about two or three inches of water intervening between the outer air and the top of the egg layer. As the lime must be added now and again, as the shell loses its strength of gas absorbed. For such, however, should not be added, it is the whole may be termed like a cold man. Water should also be poured in occasionally, as the quantity becomes reduced by the steady absorption.

More to Eat on Milk Cows.

Ten months is not too long to keep cows in the dairy, and in certain cases even longer. The cow that gives milk five or six months in the year, and then goes dry and has her next calving in an unprofitable season, and the owner is disposed of the butter. In raising young calves with fresh calves, it would be well to milk them the first year some months steadily; milk them if they only give one pint a week at a time during the latter end of the period. The next year it will be found an easy matter to keep up a five butter yield of milk to the end of the nine months. The third year the habit is thoroughly fixed, and you have a peak-to-peak milkster. The cow is kept by a constant of milk, and her udder is well and her milk is in the dairy depends largely upon her careful training if you have a chance into milk giving.—American Agriculturist.

Florida Tablets have come to the aid of Alabama Tablets purity the blood.