

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

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## The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons' Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

**JACOB A. LONG,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
May 17, 1888.

**J. D. KERNOLLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
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**Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.,**  
DENTIST,  
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Good state of teeth at \$10 per set  
Office on Main St. over L. N. Walker  
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If you are going to build a house you will do well to call on me for prices. I have a force of skilled workmen who have built with me from 18 to 25 years, who know how to do good work and a heap of it. I will build by contract or by the day; furnish material or you can do it. Come and see me. Will be glad to give you figures. Thanks for past patronage. Yours &c. W. W. HUBBARD, Graham, N. C. Aug. 25.

The Sunny South.  
The great Southern Family Weekly, should be taken in every household. The price is only 25 cents a year, and a present worth that amount is sent for every 12 copies subscription. A sample copy will be sent free to any address. Write at once to J. H. SEALE & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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**Do as Near Right as You Can.**  
The world stretches out before you,  
A field for your might and heroism.  
And though storms may often dost over you,  
And a cruel tempest and rain,  
Be patient of storms which overtaken you—  
Push forward through all like a man—  
Good fortune will never forsake you,  
If you do as near right as you can.

## DU IN THE WAR.

**The Story of the Flight of a  
Mare and Her Rider, in  
the War Days.**

TO THE remiscient story-teller of the past generations who happens to have lived on the wrong side of the border during "the late unpleasantness," there are three distinct periods from whence all time is reckoned: "By the war," "Du in the war," and "after the surrendah." The events which I am about to relate occurred during the second period. A few miles east of Kansas City, on what is now Independence avenue, "Old Uncle Tommy Thorpe," lived on a typical Missouri farm. In those days, your average Missouri farmer is a sort of contented individual. He had not yet become imbued with the spirit of progress and the eye to the "main chance" that characterized the new people from the East. His land was rich and productive; his wants simple and easily gratified. His horses and cattle were sleek and well fed, and his fields rounded the woods and kept themselves on the acres and harkened to the needs of the family was grown or produced on the farm.

Your average Missouri farmer in those days, did not raise hogs for the market, and buy back in return the hard and indigestible meat known now as ham. The hog, smokehouse, and shoulders and hams, smoked to a turn with hickory chips, is a thing to be remembered with epicurean delight. Gormandise and to-day know nothing about the taste of real ham and breakfast bacon.

Sometimes, too, the average Missouri farmer was partial to an article or two produced to forty rods a bitkey. Uncle Tommy was more than partial; it was a case of decided infatuation. About once a week, regularly, he imbibed to that extent that he could never have reached home after the day's hard drinking but for the patience, skill, and intelligence of Dolly, the old man's favorite riding animal.

Dolly's instinct seemed almost akin to reason. When Uncle Tommy staggered helplessly into the barn where she was stabled, for he never neglected her even in his most drunken spree, and she helped, swaying and lurching, to her back, the faithful creature, obedient to no irresponsible pull at her bridle, started straight for home. Sometimes, if Uncle Tommy was not too drunk to hang on all the way, and rolled off on the side of the road, where Dolly would stand and wait, unless some passer-by would help him up, again, until the usual time for going home, and then reluctantly set out without him.

"Good Dolly, nice girl!" he said, softly, then felt for his father.  
"Mother," he called.  
Mrs. Thorpe had followed and answered.  
"Yes, Weston, your father has fallen off. Oh, I hope he is not hurt. What bad we better do? There is no one nearer than a mile that we can ask to go and look for him. Perhaps he may find his way home after a while, or some of the neighbors may be passing and find him. If you will stay alone I will go down the road as far as the bridge, in case he should be on this side. Let us put the mare up first!"

After Dolly had been stabled Weston went back into the house, while his mother worked quickly down the fence, darkening road toward the bridge. The blind boy sat alone in the kitchen. There was a fire on the hearth, for the autumn nights were growing chilly. A solitary cricket chirped, its shrill music seeming to make the stillness still more intense. But Weston was not lonely, for he was he-mneasy about his father. Since he could remember his father's habits had been the same, and since he could remember he had never seen the light. A faint memory only tinged red with him of the blue sky, the trees and flowers, and his mother's face. When his older brothers began to talk of the war, and make preparations to follow Price, the boy's heart burned to him with patriotic fire, and for the first time he reproached heaven. But his mother secretly thanked God that one was spared to her. As he sat there in the silence there sounded, without a warning, a loud knock.

"Who is it?" he asked, as he opened the door.  
"Does Thomas Thorpe live here?" said a rough voice.  
"Yes, who is it?" he asked again.  
The speaker paid no attention to the boy's question.  
"Where is he?" was demanded.  
Weston hesitated.  
"Who is it?"  
Several voices burst into a loud laugh, and the first voice spoke again: "Look here, young man, you're uncommonly inquisitive, and you wouldn't know my name, like, if I was to tell you. Now, it will be better for you to say right out where Thorpe is."

The rattle of arms told Weston that a party of soldiers were before him.  
"Is he anywhere about the house?"  
"No."  
"Then where is he? You had better tell what you know, or perhaps we will find how to make you."  
"Father has not come home from town yet."  
"Take care how you lie, boy," said the leader, leveling a gun at Weston's breast.  
The unseeing lad stood without flinching.  
"Why should I tell a lie? I say he has not come home from town."  
"Then that his mare in the stable yard?"  
"Yes, but she came home alone. My father—drinks too much—sometimes—and we think he has fallen off his horse. Mother has gone to look."

A ride laugh greeted this statement.  
"You young cub, you deserve to be shot for lying. Turn out here, and go ahead of us, for we are going to search for him. I believe he is not far off, but of course you rebels will all lie for each other. Write either of your two Johnnie brothers home lately? But you would probably lie about that. Come, turn out, I say, and lead the way lively, unless you want to be punched from behind with a bayonet. Will you move straight?"  
"I am blind," answered Weston, simply.  
"What?" roared the officer. "Step into the house until we light a lamp and take a look at you. Keep him covered, two of you, and the others a sharp look over!"  
Striking a match, he lit a lamp standing on the mantel, though the room was light from fire, and held it close to Weston's unshining eyes.  
"Well, I guess you are," he said at length; "and a good thing, too—one less rebel to handle a gun. But, blind or not, you go with us on this search. Thompson, lead him, will you? No one can spring any ambush on us while he is along."

They pushed the boy roughly along while they made a search of the house from cellar to garret; then the granaries and outhouses, and lastly the barn.  
"That's a good mare, there. All such goods should be confiscated. I'll hater on her, one of you, and I lead by and as we go back; those two mules, too. How does it happen that sides and a-bettors of the rebellion have a stable full of fine animals, and Uncle Sam goes a-begging?"  
As they came out of the stable Mrs. Thorpe came up.  
"Weston! Oh! my boy; my poor blind boy! What are they doing with you? You ought to be ashamed," she sobbed bitterly in the soldier's face.  
"An old blind boy like that, I should say, is a damned nuisance. He is blind, I

thought it must be after 2 o'clock, then cautiously tried the window. To his surprise and delight there were no bars over it on the outside, but he discovered a nail, which, after some effort, he pulled out, when it was easily raised. Hardly believing his good fortune he drew himself through, until he was a good tremble and panting on the outside. Pausing a few moments to breathe, he started in the direction he thought the stables to be. He had not taken five steps until he walked off an embankment twelve feet high. Stunned and bewildered, he lay for some minutes more dead than alive. When he had recovered enough to feel that no bones were broken, he knew that he had walked over the grade and now lay on the street below.

After a little he heard the whinnying and snorting of horses, and, rallying again, he made directly for the direction of the sounds. It seemed to be on the opposite side of the street, for he reached it easily. He found the door but it was secured by the broken bolt, and, opening it, whistled softly in the way he always called Dolly. An answering whinny immediately responded. It was a perilous thing to do, but, guided only by the sound, the blind boy made his way toward the mare. He crowded between several horses on his way, but not one of them offered to kick him. He knew her short little silks of recognition when he had reached the animal he was looking for.  
"Oh, Dolly, Dolly," he sobbed, with his arms about her neck, "can we get away, can we?"

Untying the rope holder, which fastened her, he started back toward the door, and, almost miraculously, threading his way through the stalls and horses reached it safely.  
"Now, then, Dolly," he breathed, "good-bye, dear Dolly take me home again." And trusting himself entirely to the intelligence of the mare he leaped upon her back.  
There was a sudden sound of alarm, a rattle of arms, followed by the command:  
"Halt!"  
"Go, Dolly," he urged, clasping the mare about her neck.  
They were the last words he ever spoke. As Dolly sprang out in the darkness a volley of musketry followed, two bullets buried themselves in the boy's back.

On need the faithful Dolly, but the clinging fingers never, relaxed their hold. On out of the town till the country was reached. On past the silent farm houses, yet still with that dread burden, his sightless eyes closed forever to the darkness of the world, but open, yes, and filled with the radiance of the next.

The dim, gray light of morning looked in at the kitchen window and saw a woman grown years and years older during the night, shivering and moaning before the burned out fire. A familiar sound smote on her ear, and she uttered the benumbed consciousness. It was the whinny of a horse. She tottered out to the gate and unlatched the fingers, stiff with death, from the mare's neck. They were scarcely colder than her own. And the sun as he came up a few hours later, had not enough warmth in his rays to warm the two, the mother, and the son who had been blind.

**The Daughter Reconciled to It.**  
The western North Carolina section of the Richmond & Danville system was built by the State, the largest contract being awarded to Colonel Charles Fisher. The State became bankrupt, and Colonel Fisher lost all he had put in his work. His daughter bravely set out to repair the family fortunes by writing stories, and it is to the discredit which overtaken her father's contracting operations that we owe the novels and sketches of Southern life which bear the signature of Christian Reid—New York World.

**Two Rules.**  
"The Bible is an article of old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend, who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. There are plenty of books written now-a-days that are moral enough in their teaching, and do not bind one down as the Bible."  
"The old merchant turned to his desk and took out two rules, one of which was slightly bent. With one of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.  
"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"  
"One line is not straight and true, is it? When you mark out your path in life, do not take a crooked rule.—Christian Worker.

Street Talk.  
Danville (Va.) Times.  
"If I wanted to take a trip north or south for improvement, I certainly would not take the occasion of my marriage for it," remarked a single gentleman.  
"Why," quailed Mr. B.—  
"I should be so taken up with looking at my wife that I could not see anything else."

Mechant to a young man who wanted a situation: "What are your powers of self denial?"  
Young man: "If I want a new suit of clothes and haven't the money, I can wait till I make it."  
"What are your powers of self control?"  
"I love liquor, but, from prudential reasons, I don't drink it."  
"You will do," said the merchant; "I'll give you the place."

**This is True.**  
Every county needs a first-class newspaper. The only way to have it is for people to give their support. In the past it has been difficult to make collections for the paper. It is difficult now. Many subscribers wait for us to go to see them before they pay. It does not pay to collect subscriptions that way. If a man sells an article for several dollars it may pay him to go see his customers to make collections, but so man can see the subscribers of a weekly paper and do justice to the paper.

There is also a class of men who will pay their store accounts and other bills but fail to pay their subscriptions. They are the amount is small and it makes no difference to the newspaper. They forget that the editor cannot make a living if these small accounts are not paid, for he has no large accounts to collect.  
There are some men who think we ought to send them the paper whether they pay or not. They think an editor can live on air, or receive support from party leaders or make draws on campaign funds and get support from other sources. All of which is a great mistake. Not a dollar has the Courier ever received from such sources since the present management assumed control. We rely entirely upon the patronage of the people for our support, and earnestly request that the friends of the paper exert themselves to extend the usefulness of the paper by encouraging their friends and neighbors to subscribe and pay for the paper in advance.—Exchange.

**An Amusing Incident.**  
Danville (Va.) Times.  
Several years ago Judge J. D. Blackwell was trying to impeach the evidence of a colored witness in the mayor's court of Danville, and for that purpose Billy Archer, a colored employee of the Times, was put on the stand.  
"What is your opinion of the veracity of the witness, who has just testified?" said Judge Blackwell.  
"I don't know what you mean by that, sir," replied Billy.  
"Would you believe the witness on oath?"  
"He is a powerful liar off oath, sir; I don't know what he is on oath."  
"We have published this before; but we think it will bear publishing again.

**A String of Conundrums.**  
Why is a fierce thunderstorm like an ocean? Because it is peal-fer peal.  
Why does an old maid never play the violin? She doesn't know how to catch the bow head.  
What glass do tradesmen succeed best by going to the wall? Paper-hangers.  
How should weeping willows be planted? In tears.  
Why is a proud girl like a music box? She is full of airs.  
Why is love like a Scotch-Plaid? Because it is all stuff and often crooked.  
What three letters give the name of a famous Roman General? C. P. O. (Scipio).

At the time of the flood, where did Noah keep the bees? In the Ark-ives (archives).  
When a lady faints what figure should you bring her? You must bring her two.  
What consolation has a homely girl? She will be a pretty old one if she lives long enough.—Arthur's New House Magazine.

**Do Young Ladies and Gentlemen Read This?**  
From the Southern Neck Post-Office.  
"The flowers that about the ground are beautiful, the garden of the soul are rooted out, and the graces and amenities of life are sacrificed for the brilliant and glittering veneer of a false and empty social polish that is put on with the paint and powder that defile their faces.—David L. Bullman.

The Democrat speaks of no particular individual, but refers to all young people generally.  
As to young ladies, we fear that the answer cannot be given that they read very widely. From some observation and from what others say who dare to put their thoughts on this subject before us, we are inclined to believe that young ladies too often neglect the accomplishment that comes from reading good books and papers for the imagined advantage of wearing glittering jewels and attire that is altogether becoming.

It does not take a casual observer long to decide whether a young lady's attention is given most to the thought of what impression she will make with her pretty dress and graceful carriage and a few well chosen pieces of 'society wares,' or whether she has that deep-seated nobility of soul which comes from a well-trained and well stored mind.  
The graceful carriage and the pretty dress are very becoming and not to be condemned. The more graceful a lady can show herself, the better and the more fastidiously she dresses the better provided, she does not place too high an estimate on those as her best accomplishments. They elicit pleasant remarks and real admiration sometimes; but a woman may be as graceful as the Swan and dress like a queen all to little real advantage if a knowledge of her true capacity reveals the fact that she is a light-headed.

Even the beautiful smattering of music cannot save a young lady from disappointing those who otherwise would admire her when it is learned that her general intellectual accomplishments have been neglected. If we ever wish we may admire the glitter and gloss of a lady's dress or her graceful, gliding steps, we admire her all the more if she shows by conversation and otherwise that she has a good stock of what is known as "common sense."

And much of this common sense comes from a knowledge of other people, which is not all learned by personal observation, but is largely learned by reading and study. We admire the young lady who in the home can make herself helpful to her mother and the household generally; but there is all the more in her to attract admiration if she proves to be industrious, intelligent as well as otherwise. It is the really intelligent and sensible girl that the sensible man admires when he goes in search of a wife. It is the really intelligent girl that makes the best and most lasting impression on strangers. Other things may attract and dazzle for a day, but the young woman who makes the most lasting and most desirable impression on all whom she meets is the one who thinks something and thinks it intelligently and wisely and sensibly.

In short, a young lady who does not put as much of her time as she can to useful reading, is making a great mistake, which is in the far away future she may realize with a regret that will ever help to frown her cheeks with the marks of premature age. The cares and responsibilities of home life will, one of these days, fall upon the young woman who is bright and thoughtfully fitter after their time. Bright youth and young joyous life is a most opportune season in which to store the mind with knowledge which will be a ground-work on which any building in the future of real home happiness and usefulness that can never come to one who does not make the best possible use of the time as it passes.

Young ladies cannot do better than to read books that are interesting and to read current literature in magazines and papers that are clean and high-toned in their expressions. Even the items in the local papers may be read and remembered to great advantage.  
The reading of young men will be considered in a future issue.  
**The Oldest Dressmaker's Bill.**  
The oldest dressmaker's bill in the world has been discovered on a Chaldean tablet, dating 2800 B. C. It has an entry of "twenty-two pure garments for the priests." Among the items are "ten white robes of the Temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, ten collars of the house of his lady, ten pairs of tall collars, two white robes, and four round robes." Also "two windows," probably meant for binding about the waist. Below this the bill at account of this work was on a tablet dating of 1450 B. C.—New York Sun.