

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1894.

NO. 6



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.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z MARK IN RED ON WRAPPER. J. B. SIMMONS & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROFESSIONAL CARES.

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

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in City and Federal Court with faithful and prompt attendance. Cases entrusted to him.

Dr. John R. Steckard, Jr.,
DENTIST,
BURLINGTON, N. C.
Good sets of teeth at \$10 per set. Office on Main St. over I. N. Walker & Co's store.

SAMPLE COPIES FREE!

The Sunny South,

The great Southern Family Weekly, should be taken in every household. The price is only \$3 a year, and a present worth that amount or more is sent for every early subscription. A sample copy will be sent free to any address. Write at once to J. F. SEALE & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Are You Going to Build?

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 been with me from 1 to 15 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. HUTSON, Graham, N. C., Aug. '83.



SUFFOLK Collegiate and Military INSTITUTE, SUFFOLK, VA.

English, Scientific, Mathematics and Classical course, with special Business Department. If you have a son or desire to educate drop a postal for Catalogue. Address: F. J. KERNODLE, A. M., July 13-14, Principal.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of W. A. B. Moore, I notify all persons who have claims against said estate to present them to me in person or by letter on or before the 1st of Jan. 1894 or this notice will be placed in full of their claims.

All persons indebted to said estate are also notified to pay me forward and pay their bills to me on or before the 1st of Jan. 1894.

F. J. KERNODLE, A. M., Administrator of the Estate of W. A. B. Moore.

EXEMPT FROM TAXES.

A Sense of Honor Among the Pickpockets of Spain.

Remarkable Experience of Senor Chueca, the Popular Composer—The Wife of a Prominent Barcelona Editor Meets with a Like Good Fortune.

All Madrid has been amused at a remarkable experience which befell Senor Chueca, the popular composer, a few days ago in the Spanish capital, says the New York Tribune. In his latest piece, "La Gran Via," which has been the chief attraction at the opera house for some time, the maestro has endeavored to immortalize three pickpockets, known as "Les tres Ratas." The characters, in fact, are the chief ones of the piece.

While riding recently in one of the tram-cars of Madrid one of the "long-fingered gentry" relieved Chueca of his pocketbook, containing his photograph and three hundred pesetas. The composer reported the robbery to the police, with little hope, however, of regaining his property. The incident naturally was told in the newspapers. Twenty-four hours later the senior received a package containing the money and the following letter:

"Most Honored Master: By mistake one of our colleagues yesterday stole your pocketbook and its contents. Through the papers he learned of his error. The president of the society, to whom was intrusted the duty of repairing the evil done, honors himself in returning this to you, with the three hundred pesetas. In order to avoid such a mistake in the future we have retained your photograph, to which we will give a prominent place in our council chamber. Never again will the honorable association of Madrid pickpockets forget that it was you, honored master, through your opera, who gave us a respectable and deserving place in society. With the highest respect, "LES TRES RATAS."

The famous composer, however, is not the only one in Spain who is to be exempt from the depredations of this class of citizens. A few days after Chueca had recovered his property the wife of Senor Morano, a prominent editor of Barcelona, lost her gold watch studded with diamonds. The senior in his paper offered a reward for the return of the timepiece, promising to ask no questions. The paper had been on the street only a few hours when a handsomely dressed man called at the office and asked to see the editor. He gave him a package and disappeared. The package contained the watch. The next mail brought a letter saying that the watch had been stolen by a Barcelona "rata," but that as soon as the council had learned that the jewel belonged to an editor's wife it had decided to return it. "We are not less honorable," the letter went on, "than our Madrid colleagues. Artists, authors and journalists in future are to be safe against our attacks."

Another Lincoln Story.

"It was years ago," remarked Senator Voorhees, "when I was just beginning the practice of law. My circuit went to take me over into Illinois. It was then I first saw Abe Lincoln. He was practicing law then and was very successful. I recall a story he told on some opposing lawyer during the argument of a case.

"Our friend," said Lincoln to the jury, "is not responsible altogether for the very remarkable argument with which he has afflicted you. Our friend is all right in a conversation, and he may even examine a witness fairly well. But the moment he embarks on a set speech his mind becomes peculiarly affected. In fact his operations while our friend is speaking seem so very much retarded they might almost be said to have ceased. In this respect he reminds me of a steamboat. I knew many years ago, and which busied itself in the Ohio river. This puffing little steamboat was of unusual, not to say illogical, construction. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle; and every time it whistled it stopped. It reminds me, very much, gentlemen, of our friend."

An Explanation.

"Look here," said the kind-hearted man, "this is the second time you have asked me for ten cents to help you to a night's sleep." "Is it?" said the man who had just accosted him.

"Yes, it is. My opinion is that you are an impostor."

"No, I ain't, kernal; no, I ain't. I was dead honest. You gave me a dime, didn't yer?"

"Yes. And you don't look much as if you were on the road to a night's sleep."

"But I am. I invested it square. You see I'm troubled with insomnia, I am, and it allus takes three doses of whisky to make me repositual."

CHARACTER IN DISGUISE.

One Way of Telling a Woman's Disposition.

Her Mouth Will Tell Its Own Story to Those Who Are Wise Enough to Interpret Its Meaning.

Even when in absolute repose the mouth tells its own story to those who are wise enough to interpret it, says Waverley. One's character is largely revealed by this important feature. Cautionness is declared in a large mouth with curved lips, very full, and the line of the mouth making a decided double wave. When the teeth show frankness is manifested, also generosity and faith. When the upper lip is long and curls in on the lower as if gathered, the owner of the mouth is secretive and is ever in dread of some one finding out his business. If she is a woman, she is imagining that her associates are waiting ever to know her personal affairs; she never fails to know all about theirs. She is kind-hearted, but unfortunately will make few friends, and is always on the defensive. Thick lips that droop at the corners indicate a vain and pouty person. A mouth that turns up at the corners abruptly, like a lamb's, invariably belongs to a weak-minded, stupid body. It is a sad mistake that so many of our artists insist on representing beautiful women with the sheep's mouth. A mouth that seems to be cut from the postils downward, not making the corners alone turned down, but rather the whole mouth, and with a short upper lip and a very full under, is sure to belong to a haughty, high-bred, well-educated, independent woman. She is quick tempered, impetuous and impulsive. Full lips that roll slightly from the teeth and unite bluntly at the corners, making it almost impossible to close them without making the lips have a gathered appearance, belong to the sentimental woman. She is always in love and seldom gets married. Lips that cover the teeth and meet on a straight line, showing of the red a very, very little, and when closed have a smooth yet not drawn appearance, denote great determination, a determination that has grown out of a strong and unbreakable will. A jealous mouth is depressed at the corners. The lips are full and just escape drooping. A straight, large mouth, with full lips that show both rows of teeth in laughter, indicates good nature and thoughtfulness. The lips of the cynic, the misanthrope, are flexible to such a degree that they can curl and writhe in scorn and disbelief, and immediately turn into a smile of friendship and courtesy that makes it hard at first to decide the natural bent. The self-satisfied mouth has rather a tight expression, and if the corners are turned they generally incline upward into a wee bit of a smirk. The expression is generally that of a half-smile or just prepared to turn into one, but a sudden droop at the corners of the mouth that has a very full under lip also indicates great self-esteem and satisfaction.

What He Meant.

An amusing incident told by a resident of Washington county, Miss., was printed in Harper's Magazine some years ago.

In this part of the great Mississippi valley, which is liable to annual inundation from the father of waters, dwells old Jesse D., noted for his quaint speeches and imperturbable manner. On one occasion he was witness in a case with which the moisture or aridity of the soil had not the remotest connection; but notwithstanding this, he professed his answer to every question with the irrelevant remark: "Wa'al, I war desprately overflowed that year."

Becoming a little annoyed by the constant repetition of this remark, the examining counsel finally said, in a rather sneering tone: "Mr. D., will you please state to the court and jury what you mean by 'desprately overflowed?'"

Straightening himself up to his full height—six feet three—and with a drawl of corresponding length, he replied: "Wa'al, sir, I mean that war too much water for wagonin', and not enough for boatin'."

A Premium on Ignorance.

Because a juror looked at a cable train as it sped past him, Judge Henry granted a new trial of the five thousand dollars damage suit of Frank Jackson against the Kansas City Cable railway, in which Jackson was recently awarded fourteen hundred dollars damages. Mr. Ashley, for young Jackson, contended that if a new trial were to be granted in suits against cable companies every time a juror happened to glance at a cable car, no verdict for the plaintiff could ever stand. He also said that if a man were so deaf, blind and stupid as not to notice passing events such as the approach of a cable train, he had no right to a place on the jury. Judge Henry held, however, that the inspection of Juror Hickman was sufficient to warrant the granting of a new trial. Trial by jury, he said, would be a farce if jurors were permitted to get information out of court.—Kansas City Star.

A New Slang Phrase.

A new slang phrase has made its appearance in New York city. It expresses contrition or anger at one's self and is to this effect: "I'm going down street to give myself to a policeman." It is supposed that this threat will replace the promise to kick one's self.

HOME-MADE PORTIERES.

A Very Pretty Effect from Old Silk Rags.

How to Work Up Little Scrap Into a Decoration for the Home—Satisfying. New in Fancy Work for the Women.

Perhaps not many women know that beautiful portieres may be made from old silk rags. Many correspondents have asked for information on the subject, says Maria Parlos, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Suppose you have a bag in some closet where you put every scrap of silk you come across, such as trimmings-cut from dresses when dress-making, old ribbons which children may have worn in their hair—soiled and faded it may be, yet serviceable when washed; sash curtains, worn and faded; covers of parasols; in fact, anything in the way of silk, satin or velvet. Nothing is too old to be used. A miscellaneous lot will give your portieres the Oriental look you desire. But the sewing of them will try your patience. Cut all but the very thin silk, the velvet and the satin, one-third of an inch wide, the velvet, satin and thin silk two-thirds of an inch wide. Do not begin to sew until you have a big basketful cut. Mix your colors well before sewing them. Lay the end of one piece flat on the end of another, lapping half an inch, and sew all around the four sides of your lap, using a number sixty thread and a running stitch. Fasten firmly. As you sew the velvet, satin and thin silk, fold them so that both sides may be the same. Do not discard the small pieces. It is tiresome to sew them, but if you use them for this bit-or-miss stripe you will have this fact to comfort you: the smaller these pieces are the more beautiful will this stripe be in your portiere. As soon as you have several yards sewed begin to wind your ball and wind solidly. Make the balls as large as you choose. Now take out your old black silk, of which very likely you have a good many pieces; but before you begin with these buy some gilt tinsel braid about half an inch wide. It costs about one dollar and a half for a dozen pieces of ten yards each. At every three or four yards of your black cutting saw in a quarter of a yard of the gilt braid. It will add much beauty to the weaving. Your bright silks come next. Cut them separately. They may not make many yards, but wind them into a little ball, even as small an amount as six yards, especially if you have some pretty colors. They will show well in your curtain. You may have old white or faded silk. If it has soiled wash it and get a package of good dye to color it. Excellent success may be had with the yellows and reds. You have old black silk velvet. It looks well as a strip from six to nine inches from the top of your curtain. Old silk stockings weave in beautifully. You should cut them from the top round and round the leg, and you have it all done without any sewing. Cut this material a little wider than the plain silk, because it will stretch. It will take one pound of silk for every square yard of portiere. You want them woven, say fifty-four inches wide and three yards long. For a pair of curtains of that size you want nine pounds of silk. The arrangement of the coloring in the strips may be pretty safely left to the weaver. You can, if you choose, take cut pieces of all your colors and sew or paste them on paper in just the design you desire to have followed. Such part of the your black silk you may send to the weaver in order to have a few rows woven in now and then through your curtain.

A BURIED FORTUNE.

The Good Luck of a Minnesota Man.

John Daszkowski, a resident of Winona since 1873, has just received from Jastrzembic, West Russia, news that one thousand dollars was recently dug up on his old home place. In 1792 the Daszkowski family was rich and powerful, owning the above named village in the province of Brest-Danzig. Laurens Daszkowski, brother of John Daszkowski's grandfather, was a wealthy bachelor, drafted into the Russian army, where he was killed. Nothing was ever known as to the whereabouts of his wealth, which was all in cash. John Daszkowski, with his three brothers, fell heir to the estate, and twenty-five years ago John sold his portion to one John Szulowski and emigrated to America, settling in Winona.

He received word from the man who purchased his farm that in digging around the roots of an old pear tree a badly-decayed half-bushel measure, containing golden ducats and silver thalers had been unearthed. The coins are all of ancient date, and aside from their intrinsic value—about \$1,000—are valuable to numismatists. Daszkowski, who is now seventy-one years of age and a fairly-prosperous citizen of Winona, intends to prosecute a thorough search over his old home farm to find the rest of the money which was buried by his ancestor, and the recovery of a portion of which was made known to him only through the honesty of his old-time friend and neighbor.—Winona (Minn.) Dispatch to St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN EASTERN CROESUS.

The Luxury and Elegance of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is one of the most remarkable rulers in the world. He is a handsome man of nearly thirty years of age, with cano-like features and a brown beard, an Oriental from head to toe. The luxury and elegance with which he surrounds himself are indescribable. His menage costs him annually one million dollars, and the banquets which he gives are magnificent. The enormous table service used on these occasions is of massive gold, and the guests appear arrayed in costly silks, studded with gems, each one of which is worth a fortune. The Nizam's gown, of snow-white silk, is incrustated with jewels, long ropes of pearls depend from his neck and arms, and strings of emeralds hang from his belt, while the buttons on this wonderful garment are pearls set in diamonds.

OUT IN OLD MISSOURI.

The Judge Who Thought Bible Laws Were Good Enough.

In the early days of interior Missouri the late Judge E— out cordwood, cleared up his homestead farm and was employed upon one side of nearly every case that came up, being for some years the only lawyer in the county.

He had no books except an old leather-covered Bible and an old volume or two of history similarly bound, but had read law a short time in Kentucky in his youth. He was very small and insignificant in appearance, but became before his death a splendid lawyer and honored judge.

A young attorney from the east settled in the little country town with his library of about half a dozen new and handsomely bound law books, and on his first appearance in a case he brought most of his library to the justice's office in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet bag, popular in that day. E— was engaged against him, and, as usual, had not a book.

When his adversary carefully drew his library from the pretty carpet bag and laid them on the table E— looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources and asked the justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried to his homestead, half a mile or so away, and put his old leather-bound Bible and histories into a grain sack and brought them to court, imitating his opponent in laying them before him on the table.

The evidence was introduced and the eastern man being for the plaintiff, made the opening argument. E— made his characteristic speech in reply, closing by reading the law from his old Bible, just the reverse of that read by his opponent, and took his seat, putting his Bible on the table.

His adversary reached over and picked it up, and seeing what it was eagerly addressed the justice.

"Your honor," said he, "this man is a humbug and pettifogger. Why, sir, that is the Bible from which he has pretended to read law."

The old justice looked indignant, and, interrupting the young attorney, said:

"Set down, darn ye. What better law can we get than the Bible?" He then decided the case in favor of the defendant.—Green Bay.

MEASURING A CONSCIENCE.

Difficult Feat Performed by a Merchant of Polo, Ill.

Measuring a woman's conscience is a feat which most judges of human nature consider almost impossible. To a resident of Polo, Ill., belongs the distinction of having performed this difficult task, and he tells of it with considerable pride. The man in question owns a general store in Polo, which is a town of some 4,000 inhabitants. The merchant was seated near the stove of one of the down-town hotels one evening last week, and related his experience as follows:

"You say you would like to know how anybody could measure a woman's conscience? Well, I will tell you. One day, about three weeks ago, a farmer's wife came into my store and bought a lot of provisions. After she had selected what she wanted she dumped the goods in a large grain bag."

"Can I have a piece of string to tie this bag?" she asked me.

"Why certainly," said I, and pointing to a ball of twine which hung in the rear part of the store I told her to help herself and take as much as her conscience allowed her to.

"The woman went back to the end of the store and commenced to wind the twine rapidly around her finger. After a minute she asked me to cut the twine. When I went back to cut it I noticed she had considerable more than I thought she needed.

"Have you all you want?" I asked her, and she said she had. "Well, I would just like to measure your conscience," said I, and I got a yardstick and measured the twine.

"It was just thirty-seven and one-half yards long."

"The woman and I had a good laugh over it, and she went home satisfied."—Chicago Tribune.

DON'T OMIT THEM.

A practice is growing, indeed it has become quite common in some parts of the country, of omitting the pronoun subjects of sentences. We give here the exact text of a letter received by the editors a few weeks ago, the place where the adventure occurred only having been changed:

"Have a story of adventure of about three thousand five hundred words. Is an account of a young engineer's adventure in the mountains of Colorado; is true, and I believe might suit your paper."

Can the writer of such a letter expect that his work will find favor with editors? The omission of the subject of a sentence is one of the plainest evidences of inability to write accurate English.

Don't omit your pronouns.—Youth's Companion.

DEGENERACY OF THE ALLIANCE.

Tremendous Voting off at the Last Meeting of the Supreme Council—Due to the Third Party Movement.

From The National Economist.

The meeting of the Supreme Council of the Farmers' Alliance at Topeka, Kan., showed a tremendous falling off in attendance. It is melancholy to contemplate that while at Topeka there were present a very large number of delegates from sub-alliances all over the country, and the proceedings of such an enthusiastic character as to have been entitled to wide publication all over the United States, it should come to the point where, in the middle of the Alliance, the Supreme Council should consist of only twenty-nine members, ten of them being officials, and the proceedings of such an unimportant character that we have failed to find any mention of them until the weekly organs of the Alliance came to us. There must be a reason for this falling off. The fault is either in the platform or in the attempt that have been made to log the Alliance off into the third party movement. We think that the fault lies in both places. First, because several of the demands of the platform are repugnant to the prevailing American spirit of independence, which repudiates, at all times and in all places, the idea that one class of citizens is to be assisted at the expense of another; and second, because the rank and file of the Alliance were not in agreement with the leaders who proposed that its membership should go into the Populist movement. Originating third party movements is a device of the young to right what they conceive to be great wrongs.

We frankly confess that for twenty years of our life we were carried off in the same way; but we recognize now that there is only one way to make a political party, and that is to make it the one or the other of the existing political parties. In order to secure the interest of either of these parties it is necessary that those seeking political reforms should place themselves within the lines as active members, risking their fight there instead of on the outside. It is evident that the bulk of the remembrance of the Alliance is an agreement with us on this matter. If they were not, there would have been a large attendance at Topeka at the last annual session. In our opinion the sparse attendance there is a positive proof that both the Alliance platform and its political program are in the wrong direction. The entire representation at the Topeka Council, we have said, was twenty-nine, and they represented nineteen States. There were two from South Dakota, three from North Carolina, two from South Carolina, three from Texas, one each from Virginia, New York, Nevada, California, Indiana, Minnesota, Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa, Nebraska, and Mississippi, three from Pennsylvania, two from Colorado, two from Georgia. Most astonishing of all is the fact that Kansas, the State in which the convention was held, had but one representative. We find that seven States of the West were represented, nine of the South and three of the North and East. Taken all in all, the convention of the Supreme Council was a very sorry showing for the organization that a few years ago had two million members.

LADIES.

Meeting a ton of children who want nothing so, should take BROWN'S HOOP SISTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Biliousness, Rheumatism and Liver Complaints.

Rhians Tablets: for our stomach.

Rhians Tablets purify the blood.

How To Invest Small Amounts.

This is a problem that puzzles more than one man who saves a portion of his salary. The following letter gives the result of an investment in a Trusting Policy of the

Equitable Life.

Union, S. C., Dec. 20, 1893. W. J. RODDEY, Agent.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor enclosing check of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in settlement of my policy, No. 209,370, came daily to hand. The settlement is a liberal one, exceeding my expectations, and I am pleased with it.

Yours truly, WILLIAM MURDO.

There is no form of investment to-day that offers such absolute security and such liberal dividends as the proper form of life insurance. It is a matter on which every man should be posted. We send you figures and particulars without charge.

W. J. RODDEY, Manager, Department of the Carolina, ROCK HILL, S. C.

Don't Omit Them.

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