

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1894.

NO. 9.



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.

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

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NOTICE!

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Dr. A. W. Hesse, I notify all persons who have claims against said estate to present them for payment on or before the 2nd of Jan. 1894, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons interested in said estate are also notified to come forward and pay their indebtedness to me. J. A. LLOYD, Adm'r of Dr. A. W. Hesse.

'Tis Ceaseless Regret.

We've done the best we could, my dear, There's nothing to regret; We've taught our children many truths On which our hearts were set; And if against our old-time ways They foolishly protest We never need regret, my dear, That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught; There's many a light that's gone out; And disappointments, grief and cares Have hedged us round about, And many a sad mistake we've made Throughout our lives, and yet We've done the very best we could; 'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come, And out of darkness light; And all wrong things in the world Will some day be set right. And though we have not reached the height Attained by others, yet We've done the best we could, my dear; 'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well, 'Gainst evil things to take our stand, In goodness to excel; No judge yourself too harshly, dear, Nor at misfortune fret; We've done the best we could, and so 'Tis useless to regret.

The Haunted Castle.

BY HENRY J. WARREN.

I am traveling in France, and one night was overtaken by a storm, and I could find no place of refuge excepting a deserted chateau that had the reputation of being haunted. I cared nothing for ghosts, so into the chateau I went, stabled my horse in the parlor, and then with the help of a box of matches and a newspaper I happened to have in my pocket, set to work at the half-burned logs on the hearth, got up a feeble fire, lit my pipe, and drawing one of the chairs up in front of the fire-place, under the combined soothing influence of the fire and the "baccy" fell into a reverie, and finally, I suspect a sleep. How long I slept I don't know, but I suddenly became aware that the fire had died out, and that thick darkness was all around me. The thunder and rain appeared to have ceased, for not a sound broke the complete silence, which came to feel so oppressive, that at last I got up and groped my way into the passage to look out on the night. Feeling my way by the wall, I slowly progressed along till I reached the hall-door, but it was shut. Shut? How odd! I had certainly left it open. Perhaps I was at the wrong door. But soon I convinced myself that this was not the case, by striking a match—my hat I was sorry to perceive.

"Very odd," I said to myself; "the door was so firmly driven back by the passage of the horse it couldn't have been shut without considerable force and noise. I wonder I didn't hear it shut, but at all events I'll go out for a bit." But at all events I'll go out for a bit.

That was easier said than done. I put out my right hand, as a matter of course, but it was very strange, couldn't grasp the handle. I saw well enough where I was by the match, yet, somehow, my fingers couldn't take hold of it.

"What cozenage," I said to myself, as I, perforce, dropped the burning end of the match on the floor; "what can have come over me?" And I put out my left hand. A strange twinge ran through it the moment it touched the handle, and it dropped numb and powerless by my side; I felt I couldn't move a muscle of it.

A slight mocking laugh sounded suddenly behind me, and I am afraid I lost my temper.

"Confound you!" I involuntarily burst out. "What do you mean by that idiotic titter? Open the door!"

Dead silence—perfect, unbroken silence. Had the darkness wrapped round and enveloped me in a thick fog? There was an oppressive, a weight in the atmosphere, and I felt an indescribable something that seemed to make it an impossibility either to speak or move. Yet my senses seemed at the same time strained to an unnatural degree of expectation; I felt as if my hearing, for example, was becoming unaccountably acute; and yet, I knew there was nothing to hear. Utter, complete silence—silence, indeed, that could be felt.

With a strong effort, I raised myself from the wall against which I had been leaning, and determined to make my way back to the door. Instinctively I felt I had gained power over my arms, and made a dash at the door. Quite in vain. Again my hands trembled, and fell powerless to my side; and again that agonizing laugh was heard as if mocking my puny efforts. Retriving my anger, I got up a laugh myself, not to be out of fashion; but I could not help knowing that it sounded forced and strange.

"How charmingly hospitable you are!" I exclaimed in French. "Really, your affection for my company is quite touching; what a pity I can't reciprocate it!" Oh!

I thought, involuntarily, as a gibbering titter again sounded close to my ear. "If I had but a light!"

The thought had hardly crossed my

mind before I felt a curious conviction that there was a light in the room I had not long since left. By some irresistible impulse I felt myself attracted thither. I turned round. Why, I could see a light shining through the door-way, from where I stood—there was no doubt about that.

I strode rapidly down the hall, and rushed into the room. No wonder I had seen a light, for an immense wood-fire burned brightly on the hearth. I could hardly believe my senses. Where had the great pile of wood come from? How was it I heard no sign of fire-kindling through the open door? It was certainly very strange—decidedly comfortable, though, all the same, for it made the dusty old room look wonderfully cheery; so I felt quite grateful for the attention, and mentally revoked all the abuses I had leveled at my invisible companion.

Drawing my chair again in front of the fire, I sat for some time enjoying the warmth, and gazing on the blazing logs; then I tried the old piano, a wonderful old instrument, frightfully out of tune, that would have made Thalberg shiver; and, finally, stretched myself on the vast sofa which protruded against my weight with many internal groans.

Turning my face from the glare of the fire, I lay some time in a dreamy reverie, till a slight stir made me involuntarily turn my head. What was that, a living form or a shapeless mass, that the leaping, flickering flames showed me in the arm-chair opposite?

Certainly there was something there—a grayish thing—huddled up rather back in the shadow of the chimney-piece.

Stay! it moves; a head, with the long, disheveled, dark hair of a woman emerges gradually from under the gray wrappings.

"Was this the nymph who laughed in the ball, and who noisily lighted the fire, I wonder?" thought I to myself, as I watched the silent surging of the drapery. "I think I ought to thank her for the fire at all events!"

So with a preliminary "hen!" to attract the attention of my Phillis, I began a polite speech.

Rapidly and noiselessly as I spoke, the contents of the chair glided shapelessly out of sight, melted gradually and imperceptibly away, dissolving before my stupid gaze into nothingness. There stood the empty chair, the firelight playing on its faded cushions.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Could it have been a dream? A titter seemed to come from under the sofa. I snatched one of the burning logs from the hearth and poured underneath. Of course there was nothing there except dust, and of that there was any amount. Surprised and bewildered I stood for a moment in a log in hand.

"There's not much chance of finding any one, I suppose," I thought to myself; "but at any rate I will search the house." So taking a flaming stick in each hand, to light me as a torch on my way I set out on my travels.

First, I explored the nest of rooms opposite. They were all perfectly empty except the kitchen, where I found my old Roastin', who had apparently been hiding himself there in the hope that a kitchen might furnish food, and now looked more woe-begone and out of sorts than ever from his disappointment.

Up stairs I tramped, looked into every room; curiously examined the turned up bed in the small room, and came to the conclusion that it was a decidedly respectable old relic; discovered an unlocked wall press, which, however, contained nothing but a horrible damp, moldy smell, and returned to my fire as I set out. No sign of a living thing was to be seen in the house, and pitching my improvised torches on the hearth, I threw myself with disgust on the sofa, and revolved the mysterious riddle in my mind. I always was immensely worried by difficult problems, and this was one I could not solve, try as I would.

I leaned back on the sofa, still pondering, and as I lay there, I felt a consciousness creeping over me that there was something coming stealthily behind my back. Involuntarily I turned my head. Close to me the sofa, however, heaved this leaning on the back of the sofa, was a man's head. I felt his breath on my cheek as I turned my face, and his strange, sad, gray eyes, seemed to look me through and through.

I started up and faced him. He was gone, gone—obviously vanished. Where had he gone to? That was the mystery unless he had sunk down through the floor, which seemed as firm as strong boards could make it.

"Well," I thought to myself, "certainly this is a chateau of odd inmates. If the fellow had only told me his story before he disappeared in that absurd way—and rousing up the fire which was beginning to get low, I half expected to see him back, when I had completed a scientific arrangement of the logs. But there was nothing. I went over to the window. The night

was dark and cloudy, and the wind sighed a plaintive lament now and then. I tried to open the shut but found it had been nailed down; so as it was but stupid work starting out to the elements, I sauntered presently back to my sofa, determined to woo old Morpheus as the last resource of ensue.

"If it were only morning," I thought, "I would make another effort at that confounded hall door."

"Ah, you will never leave this chateau," slowly whispered a low, and voice, in startling proximity to my ear.

As I lay there on the sofa with closed eyes, I knew there was a form close to me, that if I looked I should see some shape, but I struggled against it and forced myself to look. For an instant I got a glimpse of the bearded face and sad gray eyes I had seen leaning over me; then I felt stifling, powerless; I knew that phillies torso was slowly, surely, smothering, crushing down upon me, and that there was no escape. Closer and closer still it came stealthily on, and grasping for breath, I awoke from my dream, to find myself lying on my back on the sofa, the old brown horse sniffing at my face, and the bright May sun shining in through the opposite window.

A WORD WITH THE DEAD.

Will Advertising Pay? Some States for People Who Try to Go Business Without Knowing the People Know It.

Wilmington Messenger.

The Wilmington Advance says: "It is a fact that Wilson has over fifty business houses that don't advertise at all in the town paper? Such is evidently the truth. Many good business men here seemingly see no advantage at all in advertising. We think there is, and have seen it demonstrated long before we went into the newspaper business. We have been an advertiser for years. But, suppose it does not pay? Can our best business men afford to show this lack of enterprise to the outside world?"

Our esteemed contemporary is right. If a merchant has anything worth having it is worth advertising. If his merchandise is a really good article for the price at which he will sell it, it will pay to let the people know it through an advertisement, or how else will they find it out unless he could see everybody and tell them by word or mouth. A man might have gold dollars to sell at a quarter a piece, but if he would stick them in his sleeves and not let it be known, how would anybody know such a bargain could be had. The Messenger is daily read by not less than 15,000 people, and if a merchant knows how to write an attractive, catching advertisement, providing he has anything worth advertising, it is easy to see what a fine opportunity he has to reach the public quickly. A live man makes his advertising pay, but come old "dude" who writes a stick of an advertisement stands a poor showing. Live advertising is bound to pay and all "dusters" are fully aware of it.

Thought ought to be given to the best method of advertising and advertisements should be prepared carefully, as it is a matter of the greatest importance.

"Suppose it does not pay?" asks our contemporary, "can our best business men afford to show this lack of enterprise to the outside world?" The Advance might have gone on to say that it would pay the merchants to advertise in order to make their towns paper thrifty and enterprising so that it will be a credit to the town—so they can point to it with pride, for as they are a newspaper man is prosperous he inevitably makes it show in the quality of paper he gets up. A lot of folks would give a big lot of money just to have a paper worthy of their town, but they won't advertise—a thing that will pay only build-up the paper but will not pay the advertiser besides. Poor advertising, poor paper; poor paper; poor town.

Care the Congregation Meets.

Morrison Herald.

One of our local pastors, whose name we need not mention, just as he had given out the closing hymn one night recently, attempted to sit down on a chair which at the moment happened to be absent without excuse. Picking himself up the best way he could, he turned to his congregation who were bravely trying to keep their feet straight and said: "My friends, there are occasions upon which laughing is right and proper, and this is one of them. Laugh just as much as you please." The congregation look him at his word.

Edgely satisfied—Excited Lawyer.

What? Read this man to prison for three years. It is a shame and an outrage. Why, the man will be dead before he serves more than half his term.

Judge—Oh, well in that case we will try to be satisfied with the seven years and a half.—Indianapolis Journal.

Many Forecasts.

Almonds Tablets purify the blood.

SOME FINANCIAL FALLACIES.

Hard Times and Misconceptions—The Panic Did Not Start Here and Congress Cannot Overcome Its Consequences.

From Our Business Budget.

The misconceptions, through ignorance and the misstatements, through deliberate intent to deceive, of the causes of present financial conditions, are numerous and result in prolonging the depression. There is no doubt that every business man desires to act so as to promote a return to prosperity as speedily as possible, but having limited time to bestow on the study of political and financial matters of world-wide extent, he is prone to rely on the statements of others of his own business or political way of thinking. The effects are patent—the causes are not so easy to get at; consequently a statement of anything that seems plausible is quite apt to be taken as pure gold, especially if it comes from one in a kindred pursuit of similar political ideas.

When a monetary panic strikes the earth, and is felt from Cape Horn to Baffin's Bay, and from New South Wales to Finland, it is the result of several causes that have been working for years to the same end. No one cause can bring about such widespread disaster. But when a man is stricken with an aspiration for political honors with a \$5,000 salary attachment, he is quite apt to attribute the ill of his constituents to causes that are most liable to arouse their prejudices and appeal to their party bias. Newspapers, also, do not hesitate to curry favor with their readers and fatten their circulation by deliberate fallacies, stated for no other purpose than to arouse partisan feeling.

A cry is uttered by a party paper or a politician, and it is taken up and echoed across the country and becomes a part of the financial gospel of many, when, to analyze in the light of facts and truth, it proves to be, at bottom, top and middle, the rankest falsehood, and the shame of it is, it is accepted by millions and blinds them, both to their own detriment and to the national hurt.

The causes and cures for present financial ills are as numerous as a friend's remedies for a cold. Going into causes—first, many advanced the theory with much vehemence, that the excessive production and use of silver as money was the root of the evil, and the only remedy was the repeal of the bullion act and the suspension of silver coinage. With the latter accomplished trade would revive at once. It was accomplished without bringing out the expected results, but did produce some that were entirely unexpected. It injured business in silversaving Mexico and Central America, thereby affecting the country indirectly. It struck a blow at the interest of many of our own States, but on the whole, we believe it to have been a good piece of legislation, although it was folly to expect from it complete relief for the emergency.

Again, great powers have been attributed to the tariff, both for good and evil. The friends of high tariff say that the agitation for lower duties has demoralized business and brought about the stagnation. The low tariff advocates at tribute all our troubles to the excessive taxation and restriction of business by a high tariff. One party says the cure lies in letting present tariff laws alone; the other says it will be found in a material reduction. Still another party says, let whatever is to be done, be done quickly, so that affairs may be on a settled basis; then trade, having uncertainties removed, will revive.

There is one factor they all overlook in their prognostications, and that is that the "hard times" are not confined to the United States, but extend over the civilized world; that they did not originate here, but on the contrary this country was the last to feel their effects, and suffers the least of them all. The fallacy of our tariff legislation being able to effect Europe, India and South America must be apparent. When business begins to revive it will not be through any settlement of the tariff question only. However, to settle the tariff definitely, and thereby remove one obstruction to returning prosperity, will be wise.

A little financial history will clear away the obscurity surrounding the origin of the difficulty. The years since 1874 have been fairly prosperous. Enterprise has been extended in all directions. Immense expanses of new territory have been brought under cultivation, particularly in South America and Australia. No decade has equalled it for investments and enterprise of a speculative nature, depending on future developments for returns. This country did not have the fever of over-expansion as severely as the ones above mentioned. Foreign capital had been largely diverted to them and we were left more to our own resources, and while we have developed new territory rapidly, it has not been overdone to such an extent as in the other countries. With them wealth had been

stretched to the utmost. Over-capitalizing soon became apparent in everything, and confidence was changed to distrust when returns, long expected, refused to materialize. Obligations became due and found nothing to meet them. Then came a scramble to get from under. This started first in Argentina, in 1891. Millions of money were swept away in a few months. This was the property of British and German capitalists mostly, and it was this that caused the downfall of the great banking house of the Barings. Following this came the collapse in Australia. The whole banking system of that continent shivered to nothing in a few weeks. It was a tornado that struck Argentina, but it was a cyclone and earthquakes that swept Australia. Between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 vanished in four weeks. This was again the money of the British investors. With all this money gone and the two countries collapsed, there was but one source to which the crippled Britons could turn for the ready cash which they were in such great need of, and that was the United States. So they promptly commenced to unload American securities. This resulted in the enormous drain of gold in the early months of 1893. This export of the yellow metal, combined with other unfavorable conditions, produced a state of feelings in this country which made a stampede inevitable at the first opportunity. This was precipitated when "National Cordage" broke. In a week we were in the midst of the worst panic of the century.

Now, the causes have been working up through a decade; is anybody credulous enough to believe that the remedy lies in an act of Congress? All legislation can do is to remove obstacles; the remedy rests with every individual, firm and corporation of this and every civilized country. Let us be borne in mind that extreme prosperity is no more the normal condition than extreme adversity. Everybody has practiced unusual economy for nearly a year. This is gradually giving place to more liberal expenditures and we will suddenly awake to find the "hard times" have disappeared and prosperity is again with us.

Renovating Worn out Land.

Prof. W. F. Massey, of the North Carolina Experiment Station, has written a letter on the subject of "Renovating Worn-out Land," of which the following is an extract:

"The wonderful rapidity and low cost at which our worn-out lands can be brought to great productivity is a constant surprise. No better illustration can be found than the lands attached to the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station. Only a few years ago this was a bare hilltop in an old field, and, notoriously, the most poverty-stricken spot of land in the county. It might perhaps have made, in a good season, five bushels of corn per acre, probably less. And yet we have on this poverty-stricken hill, today, a variety and luxuriance of growth which is surprising to those who have known the land. And it has not been by lavish expenditure of the station funds that it has been brought up, but merely by the aid of those potent factors in soil improvement in the South, cow peas and crimson clover, and at no greater cost than any farmer can afford. We have one piece of land, several acres in extent, which has grown a crop of ensilage corn every year for four years. The first year's crop was a miserably poor one, and each succeeding one better, while this year's crop would have made forty to fifty bushels of corn per acre had it been cured for grain. The agent in this was crimson clover aided by deep plowing of the red, clayey soil. Each season as the core is cut off, seed of crimson clover is sown on the land. By April it is knee high, and is turned under later, when fully mature, and corn is planted. In the short space of four years this barren hillside has come to rival the rich bottom lands at a cost of \$1.50 per acre for clover seed."

Only in Comparison.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Married women," said Mr. Jason, as he watched his wife clearing away the supper dishes, married women ain't treated half as bad as they think they are."

"I'd like to know the reason they ain't," snapped Mrs. Jason, dropping the dish cloth to the floor.

"Why, it's just this way. They git to thinkin' over the way they was treated in the courtin' time an' for weeks after the weddin', an' common ordinary treatment looks like cruelty to them."

Oh! they are wise Who advertise In winter, spring, And fall, But winter 're! Are they, you bet, Who a-ver let up At all.

—Chicanna Tribune.

Rhine Tablets have come to stay.

Crashed Remedy.

You can't hold a candle to powder. A treasure in Heaven won't buy coal on earth. Some people mistake loud talking for humor. Greatness diminishes, the more you get to it. The wisest man is the one who agrees with you. There is nothing stronger than a hilly goat's beard. There is no promise of salvation for the lazy man. The "truly good" are generally constitutionally lazy. Most women talk too much and most men are in debt. In some localities a plug hat is a natural curiosity. We run some of the best things we have into the ground. Waiters are rightly named—they generally make you wait. Life is too short to hate an enemy or to attempt to catch a flea. The sicker you are the nastier the medicine you have to take. As little as I like a dude I think more of him than I do of a bully. A man's pride and his appetite is about all that he has to support. Men who quarrel with their wives become baldheaded early in life. All dead men are good ones, but all good men are not entirely dead. Why do actors persist in believing that profanity and vulgarity are wit? A man may win a prize fight and not have any more sense than a cow lot.

The man who "paints the town" ain't fit to do any thing else for several days. Charity begins at home and if it visits too much it will end in the poor house. You can't tell what kind of a life a man led by what you see on his tombstone.

Why can't we have a show without some actor calling another an ass on the stage? The first thing a woman does after she gets on the train is to raise the window. I would rather my friend would work and steal a little, than to be too good to work at all. An unhappy married man is to be envied, in comparison to a bachelor who has to board.

Why don't some humorist who is signing for fame, say something about the father-in-law. An evidence of hard times is the great number of empty seats in the passenger car now-a-days. Happiness is like flowers in the summer time—it can be found everywhere for the looking. Some men who are ushers in church sneak around through the back door when they want a drink. A paper that would publish all the vices and none of the virtues of the world would be a horridly black sheet.

Some Christians who condemn dancing and card playing would turn a widow into the street for \$2.50. There is no danger of bacilli in the average railway ham sandwich, they are too tough for an ordinary microbe to tackle. The small boy away from home can ask more questions than the query box at a religious revival, and he gives his mother more trouble abroad than the gasoline stove does at home.

Some women adorn their hair with a pompadour and their hair with a lead pencil, emblematical, probably, that pride can be laid aside, and intelligence is ever ready to respond to the touch of thought. A train of cars seems to run a great deal faster when you stand by and see them pass, than they do when you are on the train. It is the same way with sin—it seems to travel a heap faster with other people than it does with you.

A Simple Cure of Rheumatism.

A correspondent of the English Mechanic says: "Let all of 'em" know the following: My wife had suffered occasionally with acute rheumatism in her feet, with painful swelling, completely taking her off her feet for many days at a time.

The following remedy was recommended recently and I tried, and took away the agonizing pain in less than fifteen minutes, and in a couple of days she will be able to button her boots and walk with out a stick or crutch.

One quart of milk, quite hot, into which six ounces of alum; this makes curds and whey. Boil the curds a while with the way until you can eat. In the mean time keep the curds hot, and after boiling, put them on a pan, then, wrap in flannel, and—be sleep (you can).

Three applications should be a permanent cure, even in aggravated cases.