

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1894.

NO. 20.



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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If you are going to build a house, you will do well to call on me first. I have a force of skilled workmen who have been with me from 2 to 3 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.

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of
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Old Jones, Plowman.

Across the cornfield marched old Jones,
And as the plow cut through the furrow,
He sang a hymn in dulcet tones
That sent the chipmunk to his burrow:
"Ul-lan-lan did my Sa-yer bless—
Dand it my suv-veh di-ee,
Wood he devote that sacred h—
nation!"

The solemn crow flew o'er the field,
Nor paused to hear the language spoken.
But glad sunlight the cause revealed—
'Upon a root the plow had broken.

Another "point" is set in place,
And once again sweet hope is springing—
Old Deacon Jones, the soul of grace,
The solemn stave once more is ringing:
"Wah-ah-ah for me that it have done,
He grained upon that tree-ee,
Um-m-sing-plig-tee gra sun-gone,
An' dlove beyond—"

The bluejay screams in his wild delight,
The blacksnake hides amid the brambles,
But that fierce language put to flight
The gray squirrel up the chestnut scrambles.
For in is lurking in the path,
As rooks beneath the furrow hiding,
Our faith turns skyward, just as he—
A faith the truest, most abiding.

So sang old Jones—and so may we
Go singing down life's yielding meadows,
Our faith turns skyward, just as he—
Nor fear the touch of sinful shadows.

But when the trial comes, ah, then
We fall, like Jones, and rise in ruction;
And wails, and roars, like other men,
Whene'er life's plough meets an obstruction.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

YOUNG MISS.

A True Story of Georgia.

Uncle Abe sat in the sun-bath with his head uncovered and his high back, split bottom chair tilted against a large tree.

Tired of tennis, we crowded around him and begged him to "tell us a tale." Being a genuine Georgia Dayke, Uncle Abe felt highly flattered that we should beg of him to tell us of his tales and laughed good-naturedly and said:

"Lor, chillun, you put me in mine ob-ject time 'er ma an' pa wuz er courtin' an' how dey 'ud ax Ole Abe to fill 'em er tale. Yer sin' nether hear'n tell ob de time 'er ma kep' de Yankee from er kechin' yer pa, is yer? An' how Young Miss 'ud fix up mighty, er putting little blue ribbon on her dress an' ha'r, an' white roses under her belt, when she showed Mars Jack er g'wine ter come. An' he come ma' every day er ridin' on his big black horse, an' er lookin' so straight an' stiddy 'ud Young Miss 'ud run to de window an' luff an' clap her little han's an' say: "Run, Abe, an' open de do' an' tek his hoas; an' 'fo' her-self, an' er axin' de gemman ta' walk in."

"An' den dey 'ud talk an' luff an' sing all de pretty little songs dey knowed, an' Mars Jack 'ud lean on de planny an' tell Young Miss his pow'ful skeered he gwine ter lose her, kase she look so putty an' sing so sweet de angels 'ud vint ter tek her to hebban. An' den Young Miss 'ud luff an' tura jeez er plink ez de roses in de garden."

"Ole day Mars Jack come sooner dan he been er doin', an' after young miss 'un played on de planny an' sing fur him dey went out in de garden an' gits some roses an' comes back an' sets on de porch. Dey looks jis like er pliter settin' dar' young miss er settin' in er little low rookin' cheer wid her lap an' ha'r's full ob roses, an' er fizin' 'em in er big bowl, an' de time er hummin' er litte tune an' er glad look on eer face jis like she wuz in hebban, an' Mars Jack er settin' close by in er big rookin' cheer in er easy sort er way, an' er smokin' er cigar an' er watchin' young miss er fizin' de flowers; an' dey ain't neider one sayin' nothin', jis er settin' dar' er lookin' peaceful an' happy, wid er singin' in de trees an' de morula' sun er shinin' down on 'em."

Ole miss wuz er axin' er bout in de house, an' I had jes started ter take down de ladder when wuz er leasin' agin dat secon' big colyum on de veranda, yonder (whar Ibis fizin' up de honey-yonder vine), when I look up fra de house an' see de back yard is jis full ob yankees, an' years one ob 'em ax Ole miss if Cappen Aubrey is 'em ax Mars Jack an' young miss turd whiter dan de dress she hab on, an' I see er termine look come on Mars Jack's face, and he gets up like he gwine ter fill dem Yankee 'year he is, when young miss jumps up an' runs an' shets de front de' to, er den 'fore I could vetch my bress she comes out down de rope swing wid her flower sheeps, an' wuz er fizin' it round Mars Jack, close up under de yams.

"Mars Jack be luk mystified, an' young miss say in er bossy way; "Clim' dat ladder; come on Abe, an' in er minit we wuz all at de top ob de ladder, wid Mars Jack er leetle so head. When de gis up dar young miss pull back de colyum an' dar wuz er big hole in de vines what done totted fra."

"Crawl in, says young miss an' Mars Jack crawl in, while young miss an' me ketch hold of de rope an' let 'em down laside de big white colyum.

Tribute to Women.

Woman is the masterpiece.—Con-
fucius.
All that I am my mother made me.
—John Quincy Adams.
There is a woman at the beginning of all things.—Lamartine.
If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.—Whittier.
Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.—E. S. Barrett.
No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—Richard.

The sweetest thing in life is the un-
clouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.
All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—Voltaire.
But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.—Leopold Schfer.

For there is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?—Shakespeare.
Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy—the salt of his life.—Michelet.

Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.—Margaret Fuller.
When women go on the wrong side, they make a good deal of mischief. The devil made use of woman to get man out of paradise, and whenever he can, he makes use of woman to keep him from being brought back. If the woman had been left alone, they would doubtless have received the gospel, and done well enough; but they had confidence in the Jews, of whom they had learned the Jewish religion, and were prejudiced by them against the gospel, and so investigated perceptions in their ignorant and impetuous zeal. Rev. Dr. Van DeWater, chaplain of Columbia College, New York, in a recent address to the students on "Woman" paid an eloquent tribute to the exalted qualities of the sex, and pleaded for the manliest and most moderate treatment of womanhood under all circumstances.

In closing he said: "Let others say what they will, act as they will, you stand out like men and tender and courteous, loyal and pure in all your relations with women. Nothing next to the love of God which ought to be the law of your life, is more important to the true development of your character and more conducive to your permanent success than your right estimate and devoted love of a pure, good woman. Most of our virtues women are indebted to women. It is well that such counsel should be impressed upon the heedless youth at intervals, and especially well that its appeal should be addressed to the instincts of chivalry and justice.—Anonymous.

When Mars Jack open his big brown eyes, an' luck inter young miss' pretty blue one's, he smiled an' called her his garden angel an' say he gwine ter spend all his life er tryin' ter keep her happy; an' when he tuk her pore it de bleedin' han's in his an' cried 'em, I went off an' sot down an' kissed er little, an' 'fore I knowed it I wuz er sleep. Young miss woke me up er callin' me ter bring Mars Jack's hoas, an' when I looked up I seen de moon wuz er shinin' high in de heben. Mars Jack an' young miss luck like two sperits made j' a fur one nudder when dey got ter say good-bye. Mars Jack luff off'n his hat an' tole ole miss good-bye, an' den stood on de steps er holdin' young miss's han' just like he never wanted to leah her er gin, an' she tucked so litte an' putty er standin' dar, wid de moon er shinin' on her yaller curly head. Mars Jack stooped down an' kised young miss, an' den went er way quick, and rid off widout lookin' back, an' young miss stood watchin' him till de trees done hid him from sight.

"De nex' day Mars Jack come back, an' it wuz many weeks till dey wuz married.—one bright Sunday mornin', when de church bells wuz er ringin', an' ole miss cried when she gib her only child er way.

"All dat wuz many er year ago, but de vine still grows round de colyum on de front veranda, an' nex' ter ole miss's grave.

Yes pa an' ma lub it better dan enythin' in de whole world, an' moon-light nights when de roses is in bloom an' de chillun is er playin' an' er singin' in de house, dey come an' set in the moonlight by de vine-covered colyum on de stairs er word, but Mars Jack's arm stand round miss's waist, an' I know why der face has dat soft, sweet luck jes like two angels right from heben. IDALLINE EDWARDS, Covington, Ga.

The Man in Politics.

Paste this in your hat. It will remind you that next November a solid Democratic delegation will be elected in North Carolina to Congress, but that the House will be Republican, and that the next Congress will do less for the people than the present one has done so far; and that then in 1896 the Democrats will elect an administration and a Congress which will restore to the people all their lost rights, and put business and prosperity on a plane of progression unexampled and unequalled. All is needs lean administration, in executive and legislative branches, of and for and by the people. No Eastern man need apply. We have tried them once too often, and found them wanting. Revolutions have never gone backward. The revolution against the Republican party may be temporarily suspended by the pernicious inactivity of some of those who assumed to run the gauntlet in leading the revolution under the Chicago platform through false pretenses. Those kind of men can not cling to a capized coat always with a cork jacket. They must turn loose sometime and give the boat a chance. A regular old Jeffersonian-Jackson life preserver alone can save the whole entire outfit; and that is just what we will have next time. The suspension of the revolution will cease. The Legislature will return Jarvis to the Senate in place of Ransom, and will elect a good honest Western man who stands with both feet on the Chicago platform.—Lithium Courier.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nervous Tonic and is Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nervous Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at T. A. Allright's drug store.

Same Way in Kansas.

Up in Iowa the cow and the hen, are said to pay the family expenses and furnish the living from day to day, and the hog gets in his work by lifting the mortgage on the farm. Great is park.—American Layments.

A Baker's Dilemma of Hens.

It is an open secret that there is profit in a few hens, but that success with a large flock is a very different affair. A year's experience with a little flock beginning with 18, varying as pullets came into laying, and again, as some were eaten, from 18 at the highest point to the present number number of 12, shows plainly enough what we may expect on this small scale.

These fowls have had only what may be called casual attention. They have a rough boarded house, 10 by 25 feet in size, lined with building paper, and with fair-sized windows to the South, so as to be moderately comfortable in severe weather. It has no artificial heat. Their yard, to which they have access at all times, is perhaps 40 feet square, enclosed with pallings and wire netting. It had at the beginning of the year a good turf, which is now pretty thoroughly destroyed. They have not been kept in close confinement, however, but have had most of the time a run over several acres for a part of the day, at will.

This "baker's dozen" of hens, Brown Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks, in nearly equal proportions, have averaged about 150 eggs a month. There has been only a single chick in the year in which no eggs were furnished, that week being early in December. They have supplied a small family (three persons) with eggs of the most delightful freshness and excellence, and it is a family in which eggs form an important part of the regular diet. Eggs enough have been sold to pay for the feed. It is true that there has been some help from the house; the table scraps not being of a too important nature where a cat and dog have "first innings"—there is still a modicum that goes to the fowls, and a good supply of sour milk has been utilized in this way. They have had, also, some small potatoes, and for the summer and fall months an abundance of apples.

But I have not done with the profitable productivity of this little flock. In addition to a good supply of absolutely fresh eggs, gratis, we have been eating spring chickens for 3 months, and have still at least twenty on hand. The first titling of eggs hatched poorly, so that a good many eggs were set; but once hatched, the chicks were extremely bright and thrifty, and save by accident by which several came to sudden death, hardly one was lost. The whole number raised was at least forty.

As the pullets hatched in April have begun laying, I think they will pay for themselves before winter sets in. By disposing of a very few of the young cockers, it would be a very simple matter to eliminate entirely the expense of raising.

We have fed a considerable variety of grain, cracked corn and curd (sour milk) being the chief food of the young ones. To laying hens we feed oats, corn, gluten feed (for a change) and wheat bran. In cold weather they have an ample feed of meal, or part bran, with whatever scraps are convenient, scalded with boiling water and fed hot. Gravel, ashes and broken shell are kept before them at all times. Sawdust is used under the roosts freely—a bushel or more strewn about twice a week, and the droppings taken up in a barrel once in two or three weeks. This seems to be an easy and satisfactory arrangement.

A few hens kept in this somewhat "happy-go-lucky" fashion, without iron excitation or labor, will furnish eggs and chickens absolutely free for several persons. It seems to be one of the natural resources of a little country place, and like most natural things it gives pleasure as well as profit. Our chickens are familiar pets, known by name, and possessed of curiously real traits of individuality that provide us with no little amusement and interest.

Safe Year Cows.

The Mississippi experiment station has been making a trial as follows: From June 20 to July 18 were kept without salt, the milk from each cow being weighed twice daily from July 4 to 18. From July 18 to August 1 the same cows received four ounces of salt each, and the milk was weighed as before. The milk given for this period without salt weighed 454 pounds; for the period with salt 564 pounds, a gain of 110 pounds. That salt was evidently well sold.

A Little Girl's Experience in a Light-hoase.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Prescott are members of the Gov. Light-house at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last year she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors as home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was more "phantom of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. Try Dr. King's New Discovery in worth it's weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at T. A. Allright's drug store.

Frightful Phantasies.

An extraordinary story of the danger of phantasies is told by an Australian paper. A Scandinavian named Ole Baumgart, who is established in Australia as a schoolmaster, was astonished and outraged one day by the receipt of the following misadventure: "Old Baumgart is queer. Cur, see you are a man of no legs, I wish to enter my bowie in your skull."—A conference was held, and the writer, a new comer, was visited by a body of inhabitants and asked indignantly to read his letter aloud, and say what he meant by it. "This is the man Baumgart, I see. Sir: As you are a man of no knowledge, I wish to cut your bowie in your skull."

Summer Care of Hogs.

Wherever there is plenty, or, better, where there is a clover field that they can have access to, the summer care of hogs is a very simple matter, and he who has a field of clover accessible and kept purposely for the hogs, will find that he will get well paid for his forethought. The hog that is properly cared for up to the time it is put on full feed to fatten for market, will not be the most beautiful specimen of his race, but he will be in a condition to take on weight very rapidly, and will assimilate more of the corn ration than is common in this country than will any other so well prepared. Clover is highly nitrogenous in its nature, and so are wheat screenings, bran and shorts, and milk. This tends to the growth of lean meat, or muscle, and large, strong bones, and when the full ration of corn is given, it is fully assimilated and the feeder gets full value for the corn he feeds. But little or no corn should be fed during the hot months, for it is a very heating food and tends to the producing of a feverish condition that is not good for the thrift of the animal.

Brood sows should be kept by themselves and fed on food that will produce strong bones, and a good muscular system, that she may show in her progeny the effects of careful and intelligent treatment. It is just as well to limit the corn ration of brood sows to one-third of the total grain food given her at any time. Oats, ship stuff and milk may be fed to her regularly and in quantities large enough to keep her in good condition, and during the summer she should have the fullest liberty and plenty of grass.

For several years hogs have been the most profitable of any class of farm stock, and the prospect for a continuance of this state of affairs is quite promising. Good care pays as well with hogs as with other stock.

Voices from Heaven.

I was reading the other day that, on the shore of the Adriatic sea, the wives of fishermen whose husbands have gone out on the deep are in the habit at evenings of going to the seashore and singing, as only female voices can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn. After they have sung it they listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands, as they are tossed upon the waves; both are happy. Perhaps if this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper, borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in music upon the sands of time and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and strangers and look for a city that hath foundations.—Dr. Cummins.

To Whiten the Teeth.

A homely set of teeth will spoil the prettiest mouth ever fashioned after Cupid's bowstring. On the other hand a commonplace face becomes positively attractive when the lips open and disclose two rows of clean, well kept ivory. They need not be like dentrific advertisements, and the "pearl" of the old fashioned heroines are in this practical age but slightly esteemed, but there must be about the well groomed mouth a wholesome, cleanly look. Precipitated chalk will keep the teeth in fine condition. Have a box of it always on your toilet stand and see what it will do towards freshening up a dingy mouthful of teeth.—New York World.

Our Egg Imperfections.

The American Economist for February 10 has a long article on the egg business, the figures for it being gathered from official statistics. According to this authority, from 1883 to 1890, we imported, on an average, more than 15,500,000 dozen eggs every year; sold in this country in eight years. During the eight years we paid away to foreign farmers more than \$18,770,000 for eggs alone in good American money, almost \$50,000 every week of the eight years sent abroad to foreign farmers. Seven thousand dollars each day in the week. Sunday included, is a pretty large amount of money for the farmers of America to let get away from them when they might as well keep it at home as not. A certain set of people have been crying that the poultry business would be overdone by "next year" for the last ten years, but the fact remains notwithstanding the immense increase in egg production in our country, the supply has never equaled the demand, and there are no symptoms visible that show any tendency in consequence in the market. The United States could double its stock of poultry and its production of eggs with profit.

Those Pimples.

Are tall-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly, and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effective, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Foster, 75 Laurel Street, Philadelphia, says: "I have had for years a humor in my blood, which made me dread to dress in small or close fitting clothes, as it caused itching to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of S. S. S. it should be appetite spoiled, I feel well and feel the itching a foot race all over my body. I am satisfied on blood and skin diseases mail from SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga."

FOR SALE!

Valuable Cotton Mill!

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed executed by Graham Cotton Mill to the undersigned mortgagee, dated May 27th, 1893, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Alamance County, N. C. Book No. 1, page 374, 375 and 376. We will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Graham to the highest bidder on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894, at 10 o'clock A. M., all the real and personal property deeded in said deed, to-wit: Two acres of land adjoining the land of Sidney Cotton Mill and others, on which are situated a two-story mill building 40x70, dry house 30x24, 4 room tenement houses and office. The machinery consists of 53 single box Lowell looms, 5 quill frames, dresser with steam calendar, cloth folder, loom, slating vat and fixtures, engine and boiler, shafting, pulleys, belting and office furniture and all other property covered in said deed. Located near R. & D. R. A.

Terms—Half cash, balance in six months with approved security, interest from day of sale at 5 per cent per annum. Title reserved until purchase money paid.

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Graham, N. C.
June 7, 1894.

MAGNETIC NERVINE

It is guaranteed to cure Nervous Prostration, Headache, Insomnia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all other ailments of the nervous system. It is a pure vegetable preparation, and is entirely harmless.

Mailed on receipt of price by RICHARDSON & FARIS, Wholesale & Retail Druggists, Greensboro, N. C.

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EXCELLENT GOODS

so well and favorably known through the section.

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Take your wool to A. B. Tate, Agent, Graham, N. C. or S. K. Scott, Mebane, N. C. and they will forward it to Leaksville Woolen Mills, Leaksville, N. C.

PATENTS

Can I obtain a Patent? For a technical advice and an honest opinion, write to the undersigned in the United States. Confidentiality is strictly guaranteed. Our fees are moderate. We will secure for you a Patent in any country. Also a catalogue of our inventions.

A Head of Hair!

I am the North Carolina Agent for Dr. White's New Hair Growth Treatment. The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

It will permanently cure falling out of the hair, dandruff, early eruptions, psoriasis, or any scalp disease. It prevents hair turning gray and restores hair to its original color, and brings a New Growth of Hair as fast as hair can grow.

It is the only treatment that will produce these results. Testimonials and treatise furnished on application. Mr. John M. Cobb, at Cable & Thompson's store, is my agent at Graham, N. C. Respectfully,
R. T. LAFLETT,
New York, N. C.
Dec. 14-4.