

THE ALAMANCE CLEANER.

VOL. XX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1894.

NO. 24.



The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmon's 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.,
DENTIST,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Are You Going to Build?

If you are going to build a house, you will do well to consult me for plans. I have a large set of blue-printed drawings for a house of 10 or 12 rooms, with a bath, and a lot of other good work and a lot of it. I will send you a copy of the day's work, if you wish to see it.



SUFFOLK Collegiate and Military INSTITUTE,

English, Scientific, Mathematical and Classical courses, with special Business Department. If you have a son you desire to educate drop a postal for Catalogue. Address: R. J. KERNODLE, A. M., July 15-17.

A Leading Magazine Free.

Arrangements Perfected by Which We Give Subscription to Woman's Work without Charge.

We are now prepared to make a wonderfully liberal offer to all who pay in advance for THE ALAMANCE CLEANER. Woman's Work is a literary and domestic magazine, devoted to the interests of the woman of the day. It is pure, entertaining and helpful in every department. Its pages are filled with articles of high class reading, and illustrations related to all that is published to satisfy the great need for good home, domestic and other articles. It is published for \$1.00 per year in advance and \$0.25 per copy. Send the enclosed money order for the year's subscription.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

North Ocean Critics in Charlotte Democrat.

Empire may rise and fall, cities flourish and decay, but human nature remains the same throughout every age.

Love is a universal law, and the power of beauty has not declined since the day that God found it was not good for man to be alone, and formed Eve as a climax to the fair creation.

The scene of life's first romance was in the garden of Eden where the roses blossomed, the nightingales sang and the first woman leaned over the bank of the Euphrates to catch a glimpse of her wonderful face in the mirroring stream and to braid her shining tresses to the delight of an admiring Adam.

From the narrative in Genesis we pass naturally to the author of the Pentateuch. Where can the history be found of a life more remarkable, more romantic than that of Moses? Pined as a helpless babe in a basket upon the Nile, his frail cradle is rocked by the motion of the mighty stream.

The daughter of Pharaoh comes down to the river to bathe. It is early in the morning; the wonderful status of the God Mummion has not yet averted the music note with which he greets the rising sun. As the Egyptian princess reaches the water, she sees the basket, her curiosity is aroused, she sends her maid to fetch it; but the sight of the innocent babe touches the heart of the woman; she entertains her father to spare the child, and adopts him as her own son.

As a youth, Moses is sent to the temple and colleges, where among a mighty priesthood, he is instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. One can fancy the Jewish lad listening to lectures in the lofty halls of schools or temple, dreaming under the shadow of palm trees in some court yard, or strolling down the long avenues of Sphinxes pondering the future deliverance of his people. Could those stupendous monuments which testify to Egypt's departed glory but speak, what a tale they might unfold! Could the great Sphinx find a voice what romances it might impart, what vivid dramas of past ages! Could the tongues of the shrouded mummies, who have rested so long under a spell of silence, be loosed for an hour, what stories they might tell of life and love!

Leaving the romances of ancient Egypt, we find our way to Memphis and Thebes down the stream to Alexandria. Here we find Cleopatra, "dark-eyed sorceress of the Nile," subduing by the power of beauty the legions of Rome, hitherto invincible. Here the proud Anthony surrenders to a woman and "madly throws the world away."

Leaving Alexandria and Africa behind, the muse of history beckons us next to the coast of India. In the shade of tropical trees and waving vines, we find various Pagodas and relics of art, which prove to us that we have reached the home of a people whose civilization was as advanced, and probably even more ancient than that of Egypt. Entering the broad Delta of the Ganges, our sail moves slowly up the sacred river of the Hindoos, until a vision of rare architectural beauty dawns upon the sight. It is the famous Taj Mahal, a monument which perpetuates the remembrance of ancient India. This mausoleum, a stately pile of most exquisite marble was erected by one of the early Princes of the land in memory of his young and beautiful wife.

But the wealth of ancient India fired Alexander the Great with an ambition for art fell into the hands of a victorious nation, and now a few tattered remains of its former splendor. Let us follow the Macedonian General Home to "The Isles of Greece, where burning Sappho loved and sang." With the muse of History still for our guide, we pass the streets of Athens, we climb the acropolis, we stand in the shadow of the Parthenon, and seating ourselves upon a broken column fall to dreaming. Presently the distant music of a harp is wafted to us upon a breeze. We listen silently and the chords grow richer and stronger until we recognize the song of Homer as they echo "Down the corridors of Time." The blind bard is singing of the heroes of Greece, and of their God-like feats of valor as they watered the plain of Ilion with their blood for the sake of the beautiful Helen. In rhythmic measures he lulls the wise Odysseus, the dutiful Telemachus, the gentle and constant Penelope. Then the music of his harp is drowned by the scream of an eagle, and we turn our eyes toward Rome:

"The wild waste of all devouring years, How Rome her crown and scepter wears, With nodding arches, broken temples spread, The very substance vanishes like their head."

But from their midst, ready to rise before a mind, is romance enough to fill many varied and interesting manuscripts. Its ruins, churches, art galleries, museums, traditions, and associations, make it one of the most famous bases for historical romances.

As for Spain, every decade in the early history presents a romance in itself and gives scope and material for imaginative pictures of by-gone days, that present almost sublime possibilities of the grandeur and magnificence of power and gratification of human ambition. We see a people dwelling in a land blessed with the utmost munificence of an omnipotent Creator, with every known luxury and environment to enhance their happiness, living amidst the very poetry of peace, engaged in the arts, pastimes and studies that characterize a peaceful nation and a period of quiet and freedom. Then, as with the shifting of a scene, on the raising of a curtain, we see the same happy people engaged in the fiercest and bloodiest struggle that is recorded in the annals of warfare; the glory of Spain, the proudest of her nobles, the bravest of her youths, engaged in a life and death struggle with a relentless and determined foe, the Moorish hordes. A strange foe has invaded the land that has known peace, plenty, freedom and pleasure, until her sons have become effeminate and her material glory has given place to love of pleasure and romance.

France has given to the world a Joan d'Arc, whose tragic death ends a book whose chapters form a marvelous history of inspired courage, and blind fidelity, second to few if any romantic epics.

ESSAYS.

Extracts From Maj. Ingram's Diary.

H. C. Wall in Rockingham Rocket.

We have had recently, Mr. Editor the rare pleasure of looking into an old diary entitled "Rough Notes of Rough Adventures by a Volunteer in the Confederate Service," in which the writer gives an account of a personal meeting and conversation with General R. E. Lee, at an early stage of our late war, which is remarkable for a clear statement as to how Lee, at that period, regarded the war upon the South, and more remarkably still for the prophetic ken with which the writer viewed the great commander before the fact of his greatness had fully developed.

We may premise by stating that the author of the diary is a citizen of our county, well known for his unyielding sense of patriotism and a hero himself of two wars, that of Mexico and of Southern Independence. He is living in the upper end of this county, and no man among our citizens enjoys more fully, on account of varied services rendered his county and State in the past, the confidence and respect of the people at large, than Major Sanders M. Ingram. Long may he live yet, though already paid by the weight of years, to recount to the younger generation, as he so delights to do, his thrilling experiences in the sanguinary days through which in early and later manhood he passed. Maj. Ingram knew Lee in the war with Mexico and was, therefore prepared to formulate opinions about him which afterwards were literally verified in his life and military course. But to his own report, as furnished by him in the diary referred to and which, by the way, fell into our hands by accident, the Major not being aware of the use we now purpose to make of it. Its importance, as throwing on light additional to what is already incorporated into history, is our only apology for the liberty taken. We quote from the diary: March 4th, 1863—Maj. Gen. Lee passed through Weldon today. I had the pleasure of a short acquaintance with the General. He is an able and noble looking man; has a martial, military appearance and is undoubtedly the ablest military man in the Southern Confederacy. But it is unfortunately true of this great man that his work has not been duly appreciated. Others have reaped the laurels that are due to him. He ought to be appointed commander in chief of the Southern forces. Had it not been for Gen. Lee, Gen. Scott might not have the reputation that he has of being the ablest commander in the world. Gen. Lee is one of those great spirits whose virtues and self-possession shines brightest in the darkest hour, and who deserves to be called to the command of the Southern forces at this time. He remarked that "we fought well in Mexico and covered ourselves with glory, but now we have something to do if we perpetuate our liberties. We must fight to the last and never give up the contest." He remarked that "Tennessee could, if she did her duty, sustain herself; if she did not, she was bound to be overrun." Said he, "I wish in which we are engaged, it is true, is an unnatural one; father is arrayed against son and brother against brother in the deadly field of strife, but with us it is not a matter of choice; we are compelled to submit to tyranny or take up arms. We have an Hercules task before us, it is true, but we have counted the cost and have determined to be free, as our fathers have before us and, as we trust, our children shall be after us. We declare, before Almighty God, that we will defend each other and the liberties of the South to the last moment of life, and that we will drive back the barbarian hordes from the North, or perish in the attempt. Our liberties are in danger on every hand. The North has betrayed our dearest rights; they have robbed us of our dearest rights as freemen, the rights of representation; have formed a purely Northern party, and have usurped it in their own hands, and they have ridden rough shod over our liberties as a free people. We are equally as justifiably in our course as our fathers were in the Revolution." Being asked what he thought of the South's prospect for success over the overwhelming force against us, the General continued: "Let there be no such word as fall. Look at what our forefathers did in the Revolution. They not only had the British to contend with but the Tories, horse thieves and robbers. At that time every spot of the world was overrun with oppression. Liberty had been hunted from the world; our fathers removed the fugitive; they fought for their rights, and an empire was prepared for the human family. They achieved their independence, and left us the best regulated government in the world. But for the fact forty years there had been men both North and South, who have been determined to destroy the government. There have been men at the South who have

been handed together for the purpose of destroying the government; at the same time there have been men at the North, who stood ready, torch in hand, to set on fire the temple of liberty itself. They have, by forming a strong Northern party finally accomplished their object, and the country thrown into one of the most bloody and desperate civil wars that the world has ever seen." When it was suggested that we (the Southern people) were now compelled to fight or be subjected by Lincoln and his Northern hordes—"that is so," says the General, "and we must now as a people lay aside all party prejudice and all rally around the standard of our country. Let victory or death be our motto." Each an emphatic declaration was the climax and conclusion of the conversation with Gen. Lee, and the narrator states that he bore the general adieu, expressing the hope that "we will live to see our efforts crowned with success."

Some Northern writer has said, Mr. Editor, that Gen. Lee was wanting in the sense of conviction as to the right and justness of our cause in the late war; but we submit that this personal interview and conversation, as related by Maj. Ingram, shows how groundless is the charge.

Now, Mr. Editor, we turn to the Major's diary of date, March 16th, 1863: It will be remembered that Maj. Gen. Lee had been called from the defense at Charleston, S. C., to the Confederate Capital. Very soon thereafter he was appointed to the chief command, but the battle of Seven Pines had not yet been fought. This battle, in which Gen. J. E. Johnston was wounded, occurred on 31st of May; Gen. G. W. Smith was placed in temporary command in the field, but was soon relieved by Gen. Lee taking command of the Army of Northern Virginia in person. We quote from the diary of March 16th, 1863: We were glad to hear this morning that General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, has been appointed commander-in-chief of the Southern forces. He is second only to Gen. Scott in his best days. As an engineer he has no superior; and in every respect we think, he is the best selection that could have been made. Gen. Lee is a man of great modesty of character, but extraordinary energy, caution, courage and self-possession. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest men of the age. He has left Charleston in such a condition as to be considered almost impracticable. The whole military career of this officer, the signal moderation and self-balancedness of his character, and the purely disinterestedness and dignity of his life should ensure to Gen. Lee the entire confidence of the army and the people of the South. That the commander-in-chief of the whole army is now placed in the hands of a military leader is of itself a subject of profound congratulation. The Federal Government, from the beginning, had but one military head and he, of course, an educated aviator. We rejoice that the South is about to adopt the same common sense course, and to have at the head of all her military operations one man, and he a man trained in camp and accustomed from his youth up to the science and practice of war.

So much, Mr. Editor, as indicative of the truly prophetic sense that marked Maj. Ingram's knowledge of the great Lee. We regard his diary throughout as highly interesting, and a valuable contribution to the history of the war.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at T. A. Albright's drug store, 50c per bottle.

A Card to the Children of North Carolina Concerning Blind Children.

In view of the completion of the Morganton Institute for the education of the Deaf, and their removal from the Institution by the State, it is better provided than ever before to sustain and educate the blind. Our capacity to sustain and educate all which enables us to do more efficient work than we have heretofore done. We are anxious that every blind child in the State receive an education, we wish to do all in our power for the benefit of this unfortunate class, to enable them to avail themselves of this FREE institution in which the State so generously offers to sustain the Deaf of the State.

With a view to this end, we are currently engaged in the philanthropic work of our own wealth to aid in this noble work. We wish to be put in touch with every blind child within our borders. We desire the name, post-office, township, county and nearest railroad station of every child of this class in North Carolina. Also the name of the parents or guardians of such child. With such data, we will correspond with the parents and guardians of such child, and in this way we will reach out an education to every blind child in the State who is able to receive it. We wish to see our best efforts to get these children in school, if you will send us the names of such children, we will forward the same at once, and very gratefully.

R. F. Hamilton, Jr., President of the Institute for the Deaf, Blind and Dumb, Raleigh, N. C.

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North Carolina Warnings.

Wilmington Messenger.

Commissioner Robinson is right in his reply to the North Carolina Advertiser as to good farming in North Carolina—good as the best, whether in Pennsylvania or elsewhere. Ex-Governor Holt makes forty-six bushels of wheat to the acre on eighty acres of land. This State sent to the Vienna exposition in 1892, wheat that weighed seventy-three pounds to the bushel. Captain Bailey Williamson, of Wake, made 12,501 pounds per acre of mixed clover and grasses. One truck farm produced in one year over \$8,000. Eastern Carolina alone sold over \$1,000,000 of trucking in 1892. In scores of counties the best results can be found from farming. If gathered they would be highly creditable to North Carolina, and would place it with the foremost.

We have often stated that Dr. Robert Patterson, of Halifax, once made 100 bushels of corn to the acre, upon some fifteen or twenty acres. We also mentioned that Mr. Dickson, of Edgecombe, produced twenty-one bales of cotton on a one-horse farm, and that Dr. Turner Battle averaged a bale of cotton per acre upon three hundred acres. We have often told of the tobacco prices in Granville county in other years. We know but little of the farming there. We will repeat here some facts known to this writer. We know a farmer to offer to the late Mr. J. C. Cooper his farm for \$1,200. He failed to sell, and his crop of tobacco alone for the same year brought him \$1,400, and was sold in Oxford. He also raised his pork, made his corn, wheat, oats and root crops. He was assisted by a negro boy, about fourteen years old.

Another case was that of Mitchell Curran. His three sons, aged respectively, sixteen, fourteen and twelve (the last an invalid), made a crop of tobacco that was sold to Colonel John Wilkerson, of Milton, for \$3,300, after paying all expenses. Another farmer, case reported to the Oxford Telegraph, made \$1,700 of tobacco himself on his little farm in one year, without any assistance. In 1870 there were more than ten farmers in Granville who averaged over \$1,200. He sold nineteen acres in Richmond, Va., averaging over \$1 per pound in the leaf. His lowest price was \$87 per hundred and his highest was \$134. We refer to Deau's Tilley, now an old man and a good man as well as a first-rate farmer.

Practical Hints on Feeding Swine.

American Agriculturist.

Proper feeding is the most important subject connected with poultry keeping, and to a lack of knowledge of it many failures may be attributed. To feed for good results one must, of course, consider the characteristics of the breed he keeps. Brahmas, Cochins, and other Aesthetic breeds, easily become over-fat, and in a state of obesity will produce few eggs, and these often unfertile. The medium-sized breeds are less liable to this trouble, and the Leghorns and other active breeds are almost free from it. A quart of solid feed to a dozen average fowls is considered about a proper feed. Feed but little corn to A. D. S. as they will surely become too fat with a liberal supply of it.

After the maturing of the garden truck, and after it has been gathered, is a good time to turn the garden patch into a run for fowls. The fowls will destroy innumerable worms and insects injurious to vegetation, especially if the ground be first plowed to bring all the insects to view. Then the birds will dig in the remains of vegetable left on the ground and in the corners of the garden. A "garden patch" should have a good chicken-proof fence to exclude the fowls when their presence would be injurious and to confine them to the run after the above plan, at last for a time.

When the fowls have full range of the farm, and can pick up green food at will, it is not necessary to cultivate green food for them except in the shape of root crops or silage for winter use, but when the flock is necessarily confined, it is desirable to raise a variety of green food in the garden.

Tender young green peas, rye, lettuce and clover, which may be cultivated in old corn-crows and spots in the garden, will make capital food and increase the supply of eggs from the confined flock very much, besides adding to the health, and adding gloss to the plumage. If this be supplemented with a good supply of animal food in the shape of green cut husk or meat scrap, a flock of hens, even in confinement, will be used the most profitable of the farm stock, considering the money. Turnips are a cheap crop, and an abundant supply of them should be stored in the fall. Fowls will eat them, top and all, in the winter, when the more tender green food is gone. A small piece of good ground will produce a great crop of them at almost no expense.

EXCELLENT GOODS
as well and favorably known through the section.

We Work Well on Shavers or the Comb into Blackheads, Pimples, Bores, Chancres, Corns, Fungus, Itch, and Warts, etc.

Write for information and samples.

Take your soap to A. S. Tate, Agent, Graham, N. C., or to K. K. Scott, Raleigh, N. C., and they will forward it to you free of charge.

LEAKSVILLE WOODEN MILLS, Leaksville, N. C.

May 16th

SOLE AGENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

FOR 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 of the hair, dandruff, scaly 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 on any Bald Head on Earth.

It is the only treatment that will produce these results.

Yeastine and medicine furnished on application.

Mr. John M. Cobb, at Colts & Thompson's store, is my agent at Graham, N. C.

Respectfully,
J. F. LAMBERT,
Dec 14-1894. Live Here, N. C.

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