

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## A NEW DANCER.

A great danger threatens the people of the South. An evil that is steadily growing, and unless checked will cause great misery and suffering. Liver Medicines, called by all sorts of names, are being sold to the drugstore to be handed to the people when they call for Simmons' Liver Regulator. Beware! There never has been a more than one Simmons' Liver Regulator on the market. Take nothing else. The person who tries to persuade you that anything else is just the same is not to be relied upon, for it is the dealer who is to blame who tries to sell you a cheap article in the street. You know what Simmons' Liver Regulator is, least of all those you would. No; don't be deceived into trying anything else. Wait until the Old Friend, Simmons' Liver Regulator, has failed you, then will be time enough to try something else. Remember, Simmons' Liver Regulator is what you want. I got up only by J. H. Z. & Co. and a R. J. Z. on every pack here.

## Are You Going to Build?

If you are going to build a house you will do well to call on me for plans. I have a force of skilled workmen who are men 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 to 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 etc., W. H. BISHOP, Graham, N. C.

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## THE JUDGE'S TROUT.

Why He Had It to the Charcoal Burner's Daughter.

"Scholastic!" "M. Sourdat!" "Take the utmost pains in cooking the trout—short boil, white wine, parsley, thyme, laurel, oil and onions in full strength." After having uttered these last injunctions to his cook, Judge Sourdat crossed the chief street of Maryville with alert steps and gained the palace of justice, which was situated back of the Sous prefecture. Judge Sourdat was about forty-five years of age; very active, notwithstanding a tendency to stoutness; square of shoulders, short in stature, with a squeaking voice and a round, close-shaven head; eyes gray, clear and hard under bushy eyebrows; a mouth closely shut, with thin and irritable lips; brownish cheeks, surrounded by whiskers badly trimmed; in fact, one of those mastiff faces, of which one says: "He can't be good every day." And surely he was not very kind, and he boasted of it. A despot, he used all of his little realm in the palace. Hard as stone toward the guilty, rough with the witnesses, aggressive with the advocates, he was a veritable furnace who fanned himself constantly into a glow. He was feared like the fire, and he was loved very little.

However, this man of iron had two vulnerable sides. Firstly, he responded to the pastoral name of Memorin, which exposed him to ridicule, and secondly, he was a gourmand, and gave points to Brillat Savarin. His gastronomy, which was profound, had become a mania. It was he who imagined that to plunge shellfish into boiling water before cooking them in their ordinary dressing gave them a richness and better savor particularly exquisite. On the day when he taught that latest refinement to the priest of St. Victor the latter could not help blushing, and raising his puffy hands to heaven he cried: "Too much! This is too much, Judge Sourdat! Assuredly it is permitted to taste with discretion the good things which divine wisdom has provided, but such sensuality as this borders upon mortal sin, and you will have to render account for it to the good God."

To the scruples of the excellent priest the judge responded with a misanthropic laugh. It was one of his malign joys to expose his neighbors to temptation, and this very morning the priest was to breakfast with him, the recorder being the only other guest. Judge Sourdat had received the evening before a two-pound salmon trout taken from the beautiful clear water of the rocky Semois. It was his favorite fish, and had fully occupied the first hours of his morning. He had demonstrated to the cook the superiority of a quick boil to the slow cooking in Geneva or Holland sauce of the bocks. The trout must be served cold and in the seasoning in which it was cooked.

This was with him a principle as well as a dogma, an indispensable as an article of the penal code. He continued to repeat it to himself after having clothed himself in his robe and taken his seat, though he was turning over the leaves of a document bearing upon an important case now pending.

This was a criminal affair, the dramatic details of which contrasted singularly with the epicurean speculations which persisted in haunting the creature of Judge Sourdat. The case was thus: During the previous week at sunrise there had been found in the thicket of a forest the body of a gamekeeper, who had evidently been assassinated and then concealed among the brambles of a ditch. It was supposed that the crime had been committed by some strolling poacher, but up to the present time there had been elicited no precise evidence and the witnesses examined had only made the mystery deeper.

The murder had taken place near the frontier, where charcoal burners were at work. The suspicions of the judge had, therefore, been directed toward them. The depositions thus far had revealed that on the night of the murder these people had been absent from their shanty and the furnaces had remained in the care of a young daughter of the charcoal burner.

Toward ten o'clock the door of his cabinet opened, framing the speckled and yellow shoulder bell of the constable. "Eh! well?" grunted the judge. "Eh! well, judge, I cannot find the girl. She has disappeared. The charcoal burners pretend utter ignorance." The judge consulted his watch. The business was at a standstill; the case could not be called, and he wished to give a glance of oversight to the matters of the dining-room before the arrival of his guests. He disrobed himself and hurried home.

The pleasant dining-room, brightened by the June sunshine, presented a most attractive aspect, with its white woodwork, its gray curtains, its high stove of blue salience with its marble top, and its round table covered with a dazzling white linen cloth, upon which were placed three covers artistically trimmed.

This spectacle softened the ill-humor of the judge, and he was calving little by little, while laying upon the silver silver a dusty bottle of old croton, when the hall door opened violently, and he heard in the vestibule a girl's voice, which cried: "I tell you I wish to speak to the judge. He expects me."

"What does this racket mean?" growled the judge, scowling. "It is that little charcoal burner," responded the recorder, Touchboeuf. "She arrived at the palace just after you left, and she has followed me as far as here, in a state of wild excitement, in order that you may take her deposition."

"Eh!" growled the judge. "You are in a great hurry, my girl, after keeping me waiting three days. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I had my reasons," she said, casting hungry eyes upon the table. "We can better appreciate your reasons later," replied the judge, furious at the interruption. "Meanwhile we can listen to your report."

He drew out his watch. It was 10:45. "Yes, we have time, Touchboeuf. You will find at your side all that is necessary for writing. We will question her."

The notary seated himself at the writing table with his paper and inkstand and the pen behind his ear, waiting. The judge, sitting squarely in a cane-seated armchair, fixed his clear, hard eyes upon the girl, who remained standing near the stove.

"Your name?" he demanded. "Melaine Saezel."

"Sixteen years. I live with my father, who burns charcoal at the clearing of Onze-Fontaine."

"I came only for that." "Raise your right hand. You were near your home on the night when the guard Sourrot was murdered. Relate all that you know."

"That is what I know: Our folks had set out to go with the charcoal to Stenay. I watched near the furnace. Toward two o'clock, at a moment when the moon was hidden, Manelin, who is a woodcutter of Ire, passed before our lodge. 'See me! Am I not watching at an early hour?' I cried. 'How goes all at your home?' All well?"

"No," he answered. "The mother has a fever and the children are almost dying with hunger. There is not a mouthful of bread in the house, and I am trying to kill a rabbit to sell in Maryville." That is on the other side of Onze-Fontaine. I lost sight of him then, but at daybreak I heard the report of a gun, and I was just clearing the ashes to alight the charcoal. Then, immediately after, two men came running toward our lodge. They were disputing. 'Sourrot!' cried the guard. 'I arrest you.'

"Sourrot!" cried the other, 'I pray you let me have the rabbit, for they are dying of hunger at my home.' 'Go to the devil!' said the guard. Then they fell upon each other. I could hear their hard blows plainly. Suddenly the guard cried: 'Oh! and then he fell heavily.'

"I had hidden behind our lodge, terribly frightened, and Manelin ran away into the great forest, and from that time to this he has not been seen. He is in Belgium, for sure. That is all."

"Hum!" growled the judge. "Why did you not come to tell this as soon as you received the summons?"

"It was none of my business—and I did not wish to speak against Manelin."

"I see; but you seem to have changed your mind this morning. How is that?"

"It is because I have heard that they accused Guestin."

"And who is this Guestin?" The girl reddened and answered: "He is our neighbor charcoal burner, and he would not harm a fly. Do you not see," she continued, "that the thought of fastening on him the guilt of another aroused me? I put these great boots on, and I have run all the way through the woods to tell you this. Oh, how I have run! I did not feel tired. I would have run till tomorrow if it had been necessary, because it is as true as the blue heavens that our Guestin is entirely innocent, gentlemen."

"Hallo!" cried he, seeing her suddenly grow pale and stagger. "What's the matter?"

"My head swims. I cannot see." She changed color, and her temples grew moist.

The judge, alarmed, poured out a glass of wine and said: "Drink this quickly!" He was wholly absorbed and very much moved before this girl who was threatened with illness. He dared not call Scholastique, for fear of disturbing his cooking. He looked helplessly toward the clerk, who was gnawing his penholder.

"It is a swoon," observed the latter. "Perhaps she needs something to eat."

"Are you hungry?" demanded the judge. She made a sign of assent.

"Excuse me," she said in a feeble voice, "but I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. It is that which makes me dizzy."

"The deuce!" he cried at last heroically. "I tell you I draw toward him the platter on which I lay the trout. After separating a large piece, which he put on the table before her, he made the charcoal burner sit down."

"Eat!" said he, imperiously. He had no need to repeat his command. She ate rapidly, voraciously. In another minute the plate was empty, and Judge Sourdat heroically filled it anew.

The scribe Touchboeuf rubbed his eyes. He no longer recognized the judge. He admired, though not without a sentiment of regret, the robust appetite of the charcoal burner, who devoured the exquisite fish without any more ceremony than if it had been a smoked herring, and he murmured: "What a pity! Such a beautiful dish!"

At that moment the door opened. The third guest, the good priest of St. Vincent, in a new cassock and with his three-cornered hat under his arm, entered the dining-room and stopped questioning before the strange spectacle of that little savage seated at the judge's table. "Too late, M. le Cere!" growled the judge. "There's no more trout." At the same time he related the history of the little charcoal burner. The cure heaved a sigh. He comprehended the grandeur of the sacrifice, but half mournful, half smiling, he tapped upon the shoulder of the judge. "Judge Memorin Sourdat!" cried he. "You are better than you thought. In truth I tell you that all punishment for your sin of gluttony will be forever remitted because of that trout which you have not eaten."—Romance.

## SAVED BY HIS RUBBER BOOTS.

A Man Was Struck by Lightning and Lived. Propped up with pillows in a large willow rocking-chair, with his eyes tightly bandaged, sits a young man of Cambridgeport, who was struck by lightning but lived to tell the story. His name is Horace W. Folger; he lives at 258 Green street and he is one of the keepers on the pilot boat Florence. It is not too much to say that a pair of rubber boots saved his life; says the Boston Transcript.

When a storm came up on an afternoon recently the pilot boat Florence was moored a quarter of a mile from Boston light. The keepers of the boat put on their oil clothing, sou'westers and rubber boots and Mr. Folger, who is about twenty-five years old, stood on deck observing the storm, his left hand clasping the back brace, a wire cord half an inch in diameter. There had been only two flashes and no one aboard thought danger near.

Then came a third, and Mr. Folger knew nothing for over an hour. The current evidently selected the highest object—the bamboo pole above the main topmast, and tore it into small pieces after it had ripped the flag off. Then the electricity came down the backstay into Folger. His rubber boots, however, offered resistance, and so part of the energy branched off in another direction. As it was, his left side caught the force of the charge. Luckily three women were aboard, comprising a summer pleasure party, and one of them proved an expert in this emergency case.

After an hour of rubbing and dosing Folger began to show signs of life and complained of a violent headache, the sensation of seasickness, a paralyzed condition of his left side and throat and a prickly feeling through his whole body. It was evening before he became altogether himself and then he was taken ashore in the physician's boat. Vigilant and carried to his home in an ambulance.

It was not until the next night that even water passed his lips. In the meantime his left eye began to pain him intensely when he opened it and his skin felt tough as leather. His face gradually assumed its normal color after the deep purple flush caused by the flash had faded. He is feeling much more like himself and there is a good prospect of his speedy recovery. He says that the hour following the stroke is a blank to him.

## NORTHMEN AND VINELAND.

Proofs of an Ancient Norse Colony Near Boston. The late Prof. Horsford published several books in which he undertook to fix the spot on which the Northmen landed, says the Philadelphia Ledger, and identified their Vineland with a locality on the Charles river, near Boston. His daughter, Miss Cornelia Horsford, has followed in her father's footsteps, and has recently published, through Dammell & Upham Boston, her proofs of the site of Leif's house in Vineland, and her results of the opening of the graves of the Northmen on the banks of the Charles river, near the city of Norumbega, where her father proved to his own satisfaction and to hers that Northmen founded a colony. Miss Horsford gives the steps of the process of reasoning by which she reaches the results set down in her attractive publication, illustrated by reproductions from Du Chaillu's "Viking Age," and from other archaeological authorities, largely from the collections in the Peabody museum at Harvard, and other sources of knowledge.

Both Prof. Horsford and his daughter have gone to work so thoroughly, have mastered every detail of the subject, have studied it on the spot and gathered evidence as well as from the results of the best explorers in other fields of archaeological and ethnological investigation, that there is a special interest in seeing the results announced by the father thus, after his death, confirmed by the daughter. It is an example of filial piety that well deserves recognition, and is so purely a labor of love that it is entitled to the gratitude of all who like to see continued effort to solve a problem which has puzzled students at home and abroad for many years. Miss Horsford's share in her father's investigations and her own are marked by scholarly ability, zeal and earnestness, and her example may well inspire others to pursue archaeological research in other sections of this country, rich in fields that have not yet been exhausted, and thus reap its own exceeding great reward.

## A Lesson in Patience.

Mrs. Bella Cooke, the English-woman who has been patiently and uncomplainingly lying on her back bedridden for nearly forty years in a little room on Second avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, does not believe in suicide. Recently she remarked that although she was seventy-three years old, suffered much pain, and had not moved from her bed in nearly two score years, she would not quit the world if she could do so by merely moving her finger. This sweet-faced, suffering woman lies in bed planning how to help the poor around her. Her rich friends have amply provided for her, and it is her pleasure to aid and encourage others whenever she hears they are in distress. Some members of the Four Hundred visit this cheerful but suffering woman and endeavor to make her remaining days as comfortable as possible.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## Mexican Lands.

Some recent statistics of Mexico show that there are 7,200 schools within the republic. The land of Mexico is held in feudal tenure by about 7,000 families. Patents are issued to all who ask for them and the government leaves the question of priority to be fought out in the courts.

## Iron Ore.

The production of iron ore in the United States in 1893 was 11,587,602 gross tons, against 16,296,066 tons in 1892, a decrease of 4,708,464 tons. The shipment of iron ore from the Lake Superior mines in 1893 amounted to 6,000,402 tons, against 9,002,560 tons in 1892, a decrease of 3,002,158 tons.

She (whispering nervously)—Now, Dick, I—I hope you haven't lost the ring—you are so absent-minded, dear! He (confidently)—Eh? Oh, no; not upon this occasion. I locked it in the time-lock safe at the bank and aw—er—it's there yet!—Judge.

## ELECTRICITY IN MEDICINE.

The Use and Abuse of the Mysterious Fluid. The fact that a society of physicians has just met in New York to discuss the use of electricity in therapeutics is a little straw which shows, says the Boston Advertiser, which way the wind is blowing among some practitioners. There is no doubt that the discovery of electricity increased the number of forces that may be used in the art of healing; and although electricity as a medicine may be abused as well as used, it is an unquestionable fact that the electric fluid acts beneficially in a number of diseases. It can hardly be said to be a specific for any disease, as its action is physical rather than chemical; but its use is now sanctioned by all the regular medical associations and there are few Boston hospitals in which the battery is not used, under the direction of a competent physician.

As electricity itself is even yet a mystery to science, so far as its real character is concerned, it is perhaps fitting that the use of electricity in nervous affections, the most mysterious of modern diseases, should have increased so notably in recent years. An indiscriminate use of the electric fluid is, of course, worse than no recourse whatever to such a source; but a proper application of the current acts as a decided stimulant to weak nerves and the effect of such a treatment, continued over any satisfactory length of time, is usually beneficial.

The use of electricity also is not confined to curative work, but is seen in pathology also. The electric current catches the sound of respiration and reproduces it by means of a telephone or phonograph. A small electric light is now employed in determining physical conditions which cannot be discerned by the unaided eye or even by other methods of exploration. As time goes on, it is probable that electrical science will make further and perhaps more notable achievements in the interest of medical and surgical advancement.

## The Newspaper Necessary.

The libraries are permanent store-houses of knowledge in all its branches—of literary wealth in all its forms. Yet to the library there is a certain chronological limitation, comparatively remote or comparatively recent, as the case may be, and the student of the times will not infrequently find himself at a loss for information relative to the world of progress which has not yet been entered upon the librarian's catalogue. Only the well conducted newspaper, with its epitome of events and opinions and all that is latest and best in human endeavor, in scientific discovery, in artistic and musical composition, in every department of intellectual activity, in the affairs of nations, in philosophy and reform, will supply the want and enable him to keep full pace with what is going on in the world about him. It bridges the distance between the past and the present, the lapse that otherwise exists between what has happened or has been written and what is now happening or being written, between yesterday and today, as it were, so there is no break in the continuity of the student's inquiry.—Washington Post.

## Lincoln's View of the Moon.

From 1862 to 1866 Hall worked on the nine-and-a-half-inch equatorial at the Naval observatory under Mr. James Ferguson, making observations and reducing his work. One night while he was working alone in the dome, the trap-door by which it was entered from below opened and a tall, thin figure, crowned by a stove-pipe hat, arose in the darkness. It turned out to be President Lincoln. He had come up from the white house with Secretary Stanton. He wanted to take a look at the heavens through the telescope. Prof. Hall showed him the various objects of interest, and finally turned the telescope on the half-full moon. The president looked at it a little while and went away. A few nights later the trap-door opened again, and the same figure appeared. He told Prof. Hall that after leaving the observatory he had looked at the moon, and it was wrong side up as he had seen it through the telescope. He was puzzled and wanted to know the cause, so he had walked up from the white house alone. Prof. Hall explained to him how the lens of a telescope gives an inverted image, and President Lincoln went away satisfied.—Popular Science Monthly.

## To Identify the Tramp.

A plan for distinguishing between genuine seekers for work who go on the road through necessity, and the tramp by trade, has been devised in England. Its object is to enable police officers and poor law administrators to identify each class, that the unfortunate workman may be aided in his search for work, and the tramp be compelled to find it for a time whether he will or no. It is proposed to give workmen cards upon which their last employer shall indorse a certificate of character, and on which shall be printed instructions where to go in every town and city in the United Kingdom for shelter and food. The possession of such a card is to give the tramping workman a right to this aid, while the tramp who does not have it is to be set at work in the workhouse or for public benefit somewhere.

## Last But Not Least.

Chrysanthemums, it is said, live longer than any other flowers after being cut. Yes, and another of their titles to consideration is that they bloom out of doors later in the season than any other flower. They require touches of frost, if not an actual powdering of snow to deepen the vividness of their varied colorings.—N. Y. Telegram.

## PRIVATE POST CARDS.

The English Government Now Sanctions Their Use. Recently the post office authorities have granted permission to the public to make use of private post cards and reply post cards, and the following are the rules which apply to them: 1. On all post cards there shall be charged and paid the rate of postage of one halfpenny. 2. On all reply post cards there shall be charged and paid the rate of postage of one penny. 3. A private post card and a private reply post card must, respectively, be made of ordinary cardboard, not thicker than the cardboard of which the thickest inland official post card and inland official reply post card, respectively, are, for the time being, made. 4. The maximum size of a private post card shall be (as near as may be, having regard to variety of form) that of the inland official post card for the time being in use; and the minimum size of a private post card shall not be less than three and one-quarter inches in length, and two and one-quarter inches in width. 5. The maximum size of a private reply post card shall be (as near as may be, having regard to variety of form) that of the inland official reply post card for the time being in use, and neither part of a private reply post card shall be less than three and one-quarter inches in length, and two and one-quarter inches in width. 6. Nothing shall be written, printed or otherwise impressed on the side of a post card or reply post card, which bears the postage stamp, except: (a) The address at which such card is to be delivered; (b) the name and address of the sender of the card; and (c) any direction as to the mode in which the post card is to be dealt with—such, for example, as "immediate," "local," "forward," "O. H. M. S." 7. Nothing shall be written or printed or otherwise impressed across the postage stamp. 8. Anything (including a letter) may be written, printed or otherwise impressed on the side of the post card or reply post card which does not bear the postage stamp. 9. Nothing whatever shall be any manner attached to a post card or reply post card, except (a) postage and inland revenue stamp, in payment of postage or stamp duty; and on the side which bears the postage stamp (b) a gummed label, not exceeding two inches or three-quarters of an inch in breadth, and bearing the address at which the post card is to be delivered.