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May 17, '88.

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LATE SPREES.

**A Man Who Makes Life Burden-
some for a Clerk.**

**He Considerately Waits Until All Guests
Are in Bed Before Commencing
to Fill Up—A Remark-
able Case.**

The night clerk in one of Long
Branch's largest hotels was dozing
lightly at his desk at 2 o'clock on a
recent morning, when a man who
had evidently been imbibing freely
staggered through the hall. He was
stout, smooth-shaven, had gray hair,
and carried himself with the air of a
rounder. He stopped at sight of the
clerk, braced himself on his cane,
and glared fiercely at the sleeper.
For fully a minute he swayed on
his frail support, and then he top-
pled over.

The crash was awful. It shook
the floor and made the movable arti-
cles on the desk dance. It startled
the clerk so that he jumped straight
up in the air, landing squarely on his
feet before his eyes were open. The
night watchman rushed in from the
plaza in alarm, and several
guests who had just returned from
the club houses stopped in the door-
way agast.

The prostrate man looked a fear-
ful wreck. He seemed completely
flattened—squashed, as the watch-
man put it. It seemed impossible
that that inert mass of flesh could
ever move of its own volition again.
Had the man fallen from the roof the
result would not have appeared
worse. He remained motionless as
the men gathered around him.

"Heavens!" exclaimed one of the
guests, "the poor fellow is dead."

"No," said the clerk, with an air
of great disgust, "I wish he was.
Confound him, he is more bother than
all the rest of the hotel."

"What's the matter with him?"
asked the solicitous guest.
"Oh, drunk, as usual."
The clerk stooped and turned the
man on his back. He was sleeping
as innocently as a child. Without
further ceremony the clerk caught
him by the shoulders, the watchman
took his feet, and they carried him
into the elevator.

"Don't mind about putting him to
bed," said the clerk to the watch-
man; "just lug him into his room and
leave him on the floor."

Then the elevator shot up.
"That fellow," said the clerk, "is
the queerest case I ever struck. He
has lots of money, and lives here
with his daughter, a very sweet and
refined young woman. To see him
about in the day time or in the even-
ing you would think he was the qui-
etest old gentleman you ever saw,
but after the daughter has retired he
slips over to one of the club
houses and gambles and drinks until
he is full to the nozzle. Then he is
likely to do anything."

"One night last week he came in
and said he felt hot. 'All right,'
said I, 'go out and cool off.' 'I will,'
said he, and out he staggered. He
went out on the lawn in front of the
hotel, took off his coat and vest and
lay down to sleep on the grass. The
spray came in from the ocean
strong that night, and must have
soaked his clothing, but he slept un-
disturbed until daylight. You may
think he would have caught cold and
rheumatism, but he was walking
around here as nice looking as ever
at ten o'clock."

"He is up to something new every
night, and keeps me guessing what
he'll do next. I'd have him fined if
he wasn't so decent in the day-
time and didn't manage to confine
his spree to hours when nobody's
around who is likely to be offended.
I don't believe his daughter, even,
imagines that he is up to any of these
tricks."—N. Y. Sun.

The Wheel in the Army.

The use of the bicycle in military
operations is gradually extending all
over the world. In our own coun-
try, we see the militia, in some in-
stances, using it, and abroad the vari-
ous governments are endeavoring
to avail themselves of the advan-
tages of the wheel in many ways.
In Holland young men skilled in the
use of the bicycle are invited to
join the army, and given increased
pay and the rank of a corporal. In
these cases the attendance to duty
in the army is reduced to the mini-
mum, so that the enlisted men can
pursue other occupations. In Por-
tugal, Spain and Bulgaria, there are
certain advantageous terms offered
to recruits of the character men-
tioned. In Denmark recruits are
always under tuition, and in France
two men from each regiment are
told off for such work. Sweden
takes pains of a most elaborate
character in the instruction of her
troops in a bicycle work; in fact ev-
ery nation is experimenting more or
less with the wheel.—Hardware.

A Machinery Market.

A good demand for machinery
could be built up in China, but it
would be for the cheapest sorts.
The masses in that country are very
poor, the laborers on the sea coast
being unable to buy common swine.
—Hardware.

HE OBEYED ORDERS.

**That is Why He is Now Chief Pay-
master for a Big Railroad.**

Twenty years ago Peter F. Dona-
hue, who is now the chief paymaster
of the Erie railroad, was the office
boy of "Jim" Fisk, who then con-
trolled the Erie road. Though
young, he was attentive and faith-
ful to the interests of his employer.
Donahue was told by Fisk one day
that he must not admit anyone to
his office.

The boy had refused admittance to
a dozen applicants, when John Mor-
rissey, the prize fighter, put in an
appearance.

Morrissey was in the habit of
walking into Fisk's office unan-
nounced, as the men were close
friends. He was proceeding to do
so on this occasion, when he was
confronted by the small office boy,
with:

"You cannot see Mr. Fisk to-
day."

"Why, how's that?" asked Mor-
rissey.

"Mr. Fisk is very busy to-day,
sir, and cannot see anyone," was
the reply.

"Oh, I guess he will see me!" said
Morrissey.

"No, he won't!" was the matter-
of-fact rejoinder.

"Do you know who I am, boy?"

"Yes, sir; you are Mr. John Mor-
rissey."

"Well, I think Mr. Fisk will see
me."

Then he moved to the door, but as
quick as lightning the office boy
was on his back, with his arms about
his neck.

Morrissey finally shook his small
opponent off, but as soon as the con-
test had been concluded the boy was
again between him and the door.

"Oh, now, what do you want to
do like that?" asked Morrissey.

"You see, sir, Mr. Fisk gave me
orders not to let anybody in there,"
replied the boy, "and so you can't
go in, and that is all there is about
it."

Morrissey was too plucky a man
not to recognize pluck in others; so,
with a laugh, he turned on his heel
and departed.

The next day he met Fisk, and
told of his encounter with the office
boy and how it had resulted. Fisk
was immensely pleased with the lad's
action, and from that time on he
was rapidly promoted.

Mr. Donahue's present position was
in a great measure due to his en-
counter with the big prize fighter,
which he counts one of the luckiest
incidents in his life, and often tells
as an instance of the importance of
a boy obeying orders.

His Absence Wanted.

An English doctor, attached to
the court of a rajah, made himself
almost indispensable to his high-
ness. He had, fortunately, also
made a friend of his prime minister.
On one occasion his highness, being
slightly indisposed, had taken,
by the doctor's advice, a seidlitz
powder, with which he expressed
himself delighted. Its tendency to
"boil and fizz ready to blow your
nose off" seemed to him to "scatter
coolness"; and he seemed so much
better after taking it that the doctor
felt himself justified in joining in a
hunting party. Presently a horse-
man from the palace, in the confi-
dential employment of the grand
vizier, galloped up to him. "My
master bids me to tell you," he said,
"that his highness has broken
open your medicine chest and taken,
first, all the white powders and
then all the blue." "Gracious
goodness," cried the doctor, "there
are twenty-three of each of them."
"My master adds," continued the
messenger, dropping his voice,
"that you had better make for the
frontier without a moment's delay."
The doctor put spurs to his horse
and never drew rein till he was "out
of the jurisdiction of the court."—
San Francisco Argonaut.

He Had Done Both.

Doverspike was married. His
friend Giddings contemplated matri-
mony.

"I suppose," said Giddings, "that it
comes a trifle hard to face a girl's
father and ask him for the hand of his
daughter?"

"Well, yes," replied Doverspike,
reflectively. "It does come rather
difficult, but it isn't a marker to fac-
ing the mother of a girl you have
been courting for a year or so, after
you have concluded that you like
some other girl better, when you
meet the old lady accidentally some
time after breaking with the daugh-
ter."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Poor Tommy.

Belle—Why doesn't Tommy get
married?
Nell (contemptuously)—Can't af-
ford it.

Belle—Well, he and his wife could
live on "bread and cheese and
kisses," couldn't they?
Nell—Yes, they might; but
Tommy hasn't been able to find any
girl who could provide the necessary
bread and cheese, as yet.—Somer-
ville Journal.

SAW HIMSELF DIE.

**An Odd Chicago Character and
His Last Request.**

**He Wished to See Himself as He Was Dying
and the Hospital Physician Ku-
mamed Him—Feculiar
"Pink Horn."**

One of the oddest characters that
Chicago has known was a blithe fel-
low named Horn. They called him
"Pink" Horn. He boasted that he
could not keep money; he declared
that as he was a horn he must needs
"blow" himself. It was this joke
that allured him from his trade, that
of sign painting. After this he
lived on his wits. He was not
known to be dishonest, but to the
man who lives by his wits there
come but few twinges of con-
science. Once he made a reputation
in a new direction. One cold day
he took off a new overcoat and
wrapped it about the shoulders of a
thinly clad negro woman whom he
met in the street. His companions
marveled at this, knowing that he
had but little money, and in reply
to their expressions of surprise he
remarked:

"My father was a slave owner be-
fore the war, and an old black
mammy brought me up."

He always wore a flower on his
coat, and when the flower was a
wilted one his acquaintances knew
that he was hungry. He was a man
of courage. Once, in a playful
mood, he fought "Black Jack," the
commander of the bumboat, and de-
feated him, and this was no easy
matter. His great feat was to in-
vestigate everything, and in this re-
spect he became strangely curious
toward the last. He had a mania
for gazing into the eyes of a dying
man, and often hung about the hos-
pitals. He used to say that he in-
tended to see himself die. Some of
his friends said that he was losing
his mind.

Well, hard luck came, and he
drifted away. He went south and
then into the far west. But he
found no place to interest him. In
Deadwood he did all sorts of jobs,
striving to get back to Chicago. He
said that he had but a short while
longer to live, and that it would em-
barrass him to die away from home.
He came back and stood about the
corners looking for his old friends,
but found them not. No one knew
him.

"Why, you must have heard of
me," he said to a man. "I am Pink
Horn."
"Never heard of you, sir."
"Why, I was here before the fire."
"That may be, but I never heard
of you."

"Didn't you hear of the sport
who took off his overcoat one bliz-
zard day and gave it to a black
woman?"
"Oh, yes, I believe I did hear of
that. So, you are the man! Well,
see you again. So long."

No one cared to talk to him. He
strove to joke, but his merriment
was ghastly.

One night last week they took
him up and carried him to the hos-
pital. And this is the story they
tell. He had been in bed two days
when a physician told him that he
had but a few hours to live.
"Are you sure?" he asked.
"I am certain. If you have any
arrangements to make you'd better
make them."

"My lungs are about gone, I sup-
pose."
"Yes, practically."
"Will you do me a favor?"
"Surely. What is it?"
"Well, I want to see myself die."
"I don't understand you."
"I simply want to see how I look
while dying. Prop me up and put a
mirror at the foot of the bed."
"Oh, that would be—"
"You said you would do me a
favor."
"And I will."

The doctor propped him up and
a nurse brought a mirror and placed
it so that he could gaze into it. And
so they left him for a time. He said
that he desired to be alone. When
they came back he was dead; his
gaze was wide and his glassy eyes
mirrored the mirror. Wanted to
see himself die! He was an odd
character.—Inter Ocean.

The Custom of the Country.

"When I was in Kentucky last,"
said the man who had sworn off, "it
was very dry down there and they
told me I'd have to take whisky or
nothing."
"And what did you say?" inquired
one who was interested in his wel-
fare.

"I said nothing," he replied with
the air of a martyr.

"That was right; that was right,
my dear fellow."
"Yes, I found out that it was.
They always give a man whisky
under such circumstances, when he
says nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

The Letter Was Loaded.

A Huntington (Ind.) post office
clerk stamped a letter the other day
which contained an explosive. The
thing went off and nearly killed him.
—Courier Journal.

BEEHLER'S SOLAROMETER.

**It Was Praised in Europe and Will
Now Be Used in Our Navy.**

Lieut. W. H. Beehler, United
States navy, who arrived in Balti-
more recently from Bremen, brought
with him his solarometer, which
was tested in France and Germany
and on the voyage besides. Lieut.
Beehler and the officers of the
Weimar took one hundred and
eighty-nine observations of the sun
and stars at all hours of the day and
night, and the ship's latitude,
longitude and compass errors were
ascertained by the solarometer with
accuracy. Upon arrival at Bremen
Lieut. Beehler took the solarometer
to Paris, where he explained it to
M. Gautier, the celebrated Parisian
astronomical instrument maker,
who has a contract for making the
solarometers in France. By request
Lieut. Beehler also exhibited the
solarometer to the officers of the
French navy at the ministry of ma-
rine and colonies, in Paris.

At the German naval observatory
in Hamburg the professors and
astronomers evinced the greatest
interest in the instrument, and ex-
pressed their approval of its prin-
ciples and their admiration of its
mechanical design.

The solarometer now on board the
Weimar will be taken to Washing-
ton to serve as a standard for the
tests of six solarometers now in
course of construction. The iron
work observatory domes for these
instruments are being made. As
soon as the six new solarometers
are constructed they will be put
into service. One of them has been
ordered by the navy department,
and will probably be mounted on the
armored cruiser New York or the
flag ship of the North Atlantic
squadron.—N. Y. Aftersider.

ENCYCLOPEDIA STUDY.

**It is Necessary to a Broad and
Liberal Education.**

"One needs nothing more than an
occasional hour or so during the
week with a good encyclopedia to
secure a broad and liberal education,"
said a well-known newspaper man.
"This fact struck me forcibly Sun-
day afternoon. We have at home a
very excellent edition of a well-
known encyclopedia, and I went to
it to get some information. Turning
over the A's, I came across Algebra,
and found the history of the science
from beginning to end; its introduc-
tion into Italy, and its improvement,
from time to time, together with
problems illustrative of its advance
and powers. I came across Eugene
Aram, too, and learned, for the first
time, such a man lived and read all
about him. The Alhambra caught
my eye, and I fortified myself on its
history, at the same time getting the
concise and well-digested history of
the Moors in Spain, as well as if I
had read all of the volumes of the
Conquest of Grenada. In this man-
ner I drifted here and there through
a perfect store-house of interesting
things, being led from one to another
as one would be in a museum
where the eye no sooner leaves one
attractive object than it is invited
by another equally as pleasing.
Consequently, what was intended to
be a moment's search for a refer-
ence, became extended into a
healthy and refreshing mental re-
past of two or three hours, and I can-
not tell how much better I felt for
it. I tell you, there is nothing so specific
for the relief of the intellectual mon-
otony we call brain fog, as a journey
through an encyclopedia without
having an itinerary laid down at the
beginning."—Washington Star.

Idea Peddlers in Chicago.

There are three men in Chicago
who make a fairly good living by
marketing ideas. That is their busi-
ness. Suppose a man opens a new
restaurant. The "idea" man goes
into the place and says: "Why not
put up a sign that you'll give a dish
of cream free to every red-headed
man? It would cause talk."
If the restaurant man adopts the
suggestion the "idea" man expects
to be paid for it.

He writes poetry for soaps and
patent medicines, and submits it to
the proprietors. If they like it he
names his price. At the big retail
stores he drops in and confides new
and startling schemes for advertis-
ing. He goes to the theatrical man-
ager and says: "Here, wouldn't this
be a good catch line?"

Day by day he peeks into other
people's business, and is well paid
for it, because, after all, there is
nothing more valuable than ideas of
the right kind.—Chicago Record.

Women and Knives.

About one woman in twenty owns
a pocketknife, and her selection is
somewhat different from that of her
brother. She, as a rule, fancies a
small knife, sometimes tiny, and she
pays much attention to the handle.
Some of her fancies are in the tur-
quoise, while many are in pearl. She
rarely carries this knife in her pocket,
and it can also be said that she
never receives as a present one of
these articles from a male acquaint-
ance.—Hardware.

SLUG SIX.

**Pretty Romance of a Chicago
Printing Office.**

**How the New Compositor from South
Carolina Won the Beautiful Slug
Six for a Wife—Sure Signs
of a Wedding.**

Slug Six was the prettiest girl in
the composing-room; and that is a
large saying, for all the lady types
were charming creatures.
But Slug Six was not merely pret-
ty; she was exquisite—and more
than that. All the boys were in
love with her. They avowed it openly.

That is, all the boys except Slug
Thirty-seven. If he was in love
with her he never boasted about it.
Perhaps he was too shy. Or perhaps
he was inspired by one of those
queer passions which Slug Nine-
teen called a really true love, and
hence found it too deep for utter-
ance. Or perhaps, again, there was
some black-eyed beauty down in
Dixie to whose remembered charms
he remained faithful.

For Slug Thirty-seven came from
"South Cahlina." He was a tall, seri-
ous, unburnt youth and very green
about the city ways. At first he was
quite in despair at the complications
of a large printing office.

"You see, I came from a country
print office," he confessed to Slug
Six. "I never saw copy cut in 'takes'
this way before."

"I am sure the foreman is very
kind," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, the foreman is kind-
ness itself. But it's the galley boy
I'm afraid of."

Slug Six smiled.
"He is an autocratic young gentle-
man, isn't he?" she said. "But you're
a good compositor. Better than most
of us, in fact. You will get along all
right in a few days. And if there's
ever anything in which I can help
you I hope you will not hesitate to
call upon me."

"Thank you, ma'am; you are very
kind. I'll be sure to do it."

There were surprises in store for
her, however.

"You know," said Thirty-seven,
laying his stick on the case one morn-
ing and turning toward her, "you
know I haven't been to a theat-
ah since I came here."

"Haven't you, really? Well, you
ought to go."

"Yes, ma'am; that's what I think,
but I never did like to go anywhah
alone."

Slug Six had no comment to make.
"I thought," he continued, "that
perhaps you would go with me some
evening?"

"Oh, I don't know; I—I—"
"Of course I had no right to expect
you to go," he said gently, "and if
you would rather not—"
"It isn't that," she replied, realiz-
ing that he was entitled to perfect
frankness, "indeed, I should like
very much to go; but you see I
haven't known you very long, and my
parents are not acquainted with you
at all."

"Yes, ma'am, that's so," he said,
and went back to his work.

Slug Six saw that he was hurt—
and hurt bad. She felt highly un-
comfortable about it. He was
certainly a gentleman. And she had
wanted to go to "Charley's Aunt" so
long.

Later in the day she came and stood
timidly beside him.
"Mr. Woodruff—" it was the first
time anybody in the office, excepting
the cashier, had ever spoken his
name; it sounded sweetly strange
from her lips—"Mr. Woodruff, I
have been thinking that perhaps if
you care to, you might come some
evening—say to-morrow evening—
and get acquainted with my father.
Then we can ask mamma about the
theater, you know."

That was three months ago.

And Slug Twenty-three, who is a
bachelor old enough to be called
"uncle" by all the typesetters and is,<