

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 21.



Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES"? That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never grips, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons Liver Regulator.

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**BYNUM & BYNUM,**  
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GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 94

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Good sets of teeth \$10 per set. Office on Main St. over J. N. Walker & Co's store.

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Testimonials and treatise furnished on application.  
Mr. John M. Coble is my agent at Graham, N. C.  
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Unexcelled for use in schools and colleges. Good for illustrated catalogue. Refer by permission to Mrs. C. W. Harris, 137 Vermont Ave., Washington, D. C., who has used one of our pianos for 12 yrs. In ordering enclose this advertisement. ADDRESS: F. O. SMITH, 125 N. W. Washington, D. C.

## THE CONFESSION OF AN AUTHOR.

Writing a Book, He Says, Is Like Firing a Shot in the Dark.  
All of us who write books fire more or less into the dark—into that strange, hazy outside world where they read books and do not write them. The image of the marksman will last a little longer. We peer into the uncertainty, see people of this kind and poor people of that, portly, serious men, anemic earnest men, massive, responsible men, jovial souls, blades, a multitudinous variety of fools, grave, tender women with pure minds, wild, adventurous women with pure minds, respectable women decently impured, earnest women indecently pure, curious youths and maidens, a vast multitude, reading, reading, reading. There are worked out folks needing distraction, miserable souls asking for comfort, real or sham, curious minds requiring plausible new solutions of the great paradox of things, babes awakening to strong ment. We authors and authoresses and authorlings regard them steadfastly.

"I will have yonder good woman," says one of us, and bang goes his book, full of purity and pathos. There is a yelp, and a Philistine gentleman rolls over, touched profoundly. "I will appeal to my wronged, unhappy sisters," says an authoress, "frankly and openly," and so plows a long lane through the crowd, achieving quite a heap of curious, ribald young men. "A silver bullet," says another of us, "the costliest material and the best of workmanship," and he hits no human being—bags only a brace of unsubstantial reviewers.

The great majority of us, authors, authoresses and authorlings, do not know our readers. All of us have an idea, but we feel the chances are against its being correct. One would like to try something of this kind, a sort of agony advertisement opposite the title page: "If you find this book altogether satisfactory and can conveniently spare the time, will you, dear reader, come to"—Kensington Gardens, say—"at 3 o'clock on the 1st of May, with a white flower in your dress or buttonhole, as the case may be?" It might be a most delightful gathering for some of us. One would like to see Professor Drummond's assembly—a curious crowd of serious people without solidarity—or Hyusmans.

It is a dream of course, for very few readers care enough for any author to take as much trouble as the walk demands. The unhappy genius would simply meet a large crowd of curious people—reporters and all the rival geniuses—and not one of them would have a flower. It is a pleasant fancy, though incredible, to suppose the author finding just one solitary white blossom—dropped shyly near the gates. It would serve for a sonnet perhaps. But the real reader would remain unconcerned and unseen. No—we shall never meet that reader of ours upon earth, that guardian reader, loyal and affectionate, who watches over each one of us. It may be we shall meet him in another world—him or her. In heaven, it may be.

Literary criticism is overmuch given to ignoring the reader, a fault that needs correction. Books are not written "in the absolute"—they aim. And the reader is, or should be, the aim of them all. It is absurd to review a book entirely, as people put it, "on its own merits." That has ever been the vice of academic criticism. But you might as well judge shooting without looking at the target. "Here," your critic might say, "is an admirable marksman. Notice the pretty turn of his wrist, the sympathetic twinkle in his aiming eye, the perfect correctness of his protruded foot, the classical finish of his sighting." "He has missed?" "What matter? The target is a fool." This leads to a pessimistic view of targets. And assuredly the reader is the aim of the book, or why is it written?—London Saturday Review.

**The Champion Nest Woman.**  
There is a woman in eastern Maine who couldn't go to a picnic when invited because she couldn't get time. "I have so much work at home," she said, "I can't go anywhere." Yet this same woman afterward sent a lot of old rags to a junk dealer, where she realized a cent a pound, perhaps, and every piece of them had been newly washed and ironed smooth and was neatly folded up. The thing was so funny that the junkman put the rags on exhibition as the work of a woman who was short of time. She can now safely lay claim to the title of "champion nest woman of America."—Lewiston Journal.

## ODD CONCEITS IN CANES.

Human Bones and Teeth For Handles. Sticks Made of Skins of Animals.  
"Some queer articles are made up into canes," said a leading maker of walking sticks to a reporter. "The curious looking knob on that stick is the top of a man's thigh bone. It was left here to be repaired by a customer whose business partner had lost his leg through an accident. The leg was amputated, and he had the knuckle of the femur made into a head for a walking stick. When he died not long ago, he willed it to his partner, who left it here."

"Do you often have people wanting stick handles made out of human bone?" asked the reporter.  
"Well, not often, but I know of at least four cases since I have been in business. It is very difficult to make a satisfactory handle out of human bone on account of its spongy texture. You cannot give it a high polish, and it soon wears out or decays. This stick here, you see, has a head studded with little pieces of bone. What do you suppose they are? Why, teeth. A customer of ours had Riggs' disease, which causes the teeth to gradually drop out one by one.

As each tooth fell out he would come in and have it inserted in the head of his cane. I am just putting the last one in today. This is not a solitary instance either.

"One of the best and most expensive materials from which a stick can be made is rhinoceros horn. A first class rhinoceros horn will measure 30 to 40 inches in length. One horn will make seven or eight sticks. The horn is prepared and pressed into any shape or length. A good stick is worth from \$75 to \$100.

"Another material which makes a very heavy and tough stick is the skin of the manatee. The skin comes in lengths of about two feet and is dry and shriveled. They say, and I believe it to be true, that if a blow is struck with a manatee stick hard enough to draw blood the death of the victim will follow. It is claimed that it is poisonous if any of it gets into the blood. There are very strict rules against carrying them in Cuba and West Indies generally."

Snakewood is the most expensive wood used in canes. It is also the strongest and lasts longest. A plain piece of snakewood big enough for a cane is worth \$5 when mounted. The dealer showed a stick made from one of the oak staks used as a temporary footpath over the Brooklyn bridge before it was opened. The backbone of a shark makes an odd stick, light and very strong. Whalebone, sheep's horn and many kinds of skins are also made into canes. For handles boar's teeth and the tusks of hippopotami are generally used—that is, for the high priced sticks. Cheaper handles are made from different grades of buckhorn. Walrus tusks are also largely used for good handles. The hardest thing in the world in the way of bone is the grinder of a hippopotamus. You can strike fire from it with steel. No tool will touch it, and the enamel has to be eaten away with acids before the tusk can be worked at all.—New York World.

## HOW CABLES ARE SENT.

The Two Systems of Submarine and Overland Telegraphy Are Very Different.  
The manner in which messages are sent and received over the transatlantic cables between this country and Europe is very different from that in which telegrams are transmitted.

The two systems of submarine and overland telegraphy, although but two departments of the one science and in many ways closely connected, are yet entirely different one from the other.

The apparatus, the methods of signaling and even the telegraphic characters that form the alphabet are altogether dissimilar, and the most expert land line operator would be as much at a loss in an attempt to send a message over the cable as would a locomotive engineer.

Instead of the loud clatter and din and the incessant clinking of brass sounders so familiar to every one as the distinctive characteristic of a telegraph office, there is in the cable office absolute silence so far as the manipulation of the instruments is concerned.

A delicate glass tube no thicker than an ordinary needle and crooked like a bent forefinger, which is suspended between the poles of a large upright magnet, moves nervously to the right and left on the ribbon being drawn beneath it and traces in a thin line of blue ink characters that look something like the markings on a barometer chart or the quotation board of a stockbroker.

If the comparatively clumsy instruments used for land telegraphy were used on the Atlantic cables, scarcely one word a minute could be transmitted, while with the recorder a speed of from 15 to 25 words a minute is regularly maintained.

## THE STORY OF THE NEST.

Wooling, Mating, Hatching and Teaching the Young Birds to Fly.  
From the humming bird to the eagle the daily existence of every bird is a remote and bewitching mystery. The bird is our little brother, and it is only during the nesting period that we can study his domestic life and keep the married couple under close investigation. The nest differs from our home in the fact that it is solely a nursery, for the moment the nestling can fly the world is his home, any comfortable twig is a bedroom and a spray of leaves a shelter. He lurches whenever he meets his prey and whenever he feels hungry and thus needs no dining room with its accompanying kitchen and storeroom. In bird life at nesting time, which is the courting time of our bird friends, they are in great contrast to themselves. It is the male that plumes himself out in his most gorgeous plumage, while the female, as a rule, wears a dingy dress. But there are fights among the birds for their brides, often alienation of affection and sometimes murder.

There are, too, in birds the spinsters and bachelors, who look on with cold contempt at the quarrels of the youngsters, many of whom to charm or win a bride sing their sweetest songs and dance or drum with their wings. As a rule, the female bird selects the site for the nest, and in many cases she is alone the architect, while the male bird simply aids her with his song and brings her food.

That many birds return to the same nesting place year after year is undoubted. This is true of the swallow, building its small earthen home under our eaves, and most particularly noticeable with the rooks, who are most conservative. An authentic story is told of a family of rooks who had for centuries built their nests in a cathedral close in England when a pair had the radical temerity to select a tree in the neighboring barrack yard. The whole parliament of rooks of that colony were called together, and with many caws discussed the subject on the cathedral green. An almost gray headed rook took the floor, and it was evidently decided that the barrack tree should be looked upon as a colony, for the birds were allowed to build there in peace.

In hatching the brood there is a great difference among birds. The ruby throated humming bird never comes near the nest, just caroling away in the near vicinity. The song sparrows, however, take turn and turn about on the nest, and this is true about many other birds. It is generally said that birds give up all care of their young as soon as they are fledged. This is absolutely incorrect. The parent bird gives the first lessons in flying as carefully as do we in seeing our children toddle across the floor.

When the young bird has misculated the distance from bough to bough and fluttered to the ground, the parents are as solicitous over the fall as any mother over the tumble of her babe, and with encouraging bird talk make the youngster jump to some perch and not infrequently actually carry him there. Young birds, like young children, are often indiscreet, and the young mocking bird is one of the most obstreperous of fledgelings, causing his parents an infinity of trouble. They climb out of their nests days before they can fly and are an easy prey to their many enemies, especially man, but are guarded and fed to the utmost by their parents.

In the nesting time, especially when the young are hatched, birds use the strangest ways to keep an enemy away from the home of the brood.

## AFTER A YEAR.

The slender lilacs nod their heads on either side the garden way. And all along the flower beds. Tall foxgloves stand in fair array. The thistle in the pear tree near still curls as when first we came. The same old song he sang last year, And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilacs smell! How neat The ordered rose beds, row on row! It's still the scene that seemed so sweet A year ago—a year ago.

The National Army of France  
The great armies of the French republic had been created by Carnot, with the aid of his able lieutenant, Dubois de Crance. They were organized and directed by the unassisted genius of the former. Being the first national armies which Europe had known, they were animated as no others had been by that form of patriotism which rests not merely on animal instinct, but on a principle. They had fought with joyous alacrity for the assertion, confirmation and extension of the rights of man. In the march of events their patriotism, grounded in Rousseau's doctrines, had brought into prominence his conception of natural boundaries. There was but one opinion in the entire nation concerning its frontiers—to wit, that Nice, Savoy and western Rhine border were all by nature a part of France. As to what was beyond opinion was divided, some feeling that they should continue fighting in order to impose their own system wherever possible, while others, and they by far the largest number, were either indifferent or else maintained that the nation should fight only for its natural frontier. To the support of the latter sentiment came the general longing for peace which was gradually overpowering the whole country.—Professor W. M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

**Stamped the Savage.**  
A distinguished African explorer, M. Mizon, on his return to France brought with him a young negroess 12 years old called Sanabon. One day she was taken to see the pictures in the Goupil gallery, and her entertainers were naturally desirous of knowing how a perfected art would affect an utter savage. She was asked to tell what she saw and answered readily enough as she came to one canvas after another that she saw trees, men or animals. Finally she was led up to the canvas of an impressionist on an easel by itself and interrogated in the same fashion. She hesitated for a long time. Then she walked up to the picture, looked behind it and retreated again.

"What do you see?" urged her companions. "It is a horse," she returned hesitatingly. The intention of the artist had been to represent the margin of a pool where a woman, with a child standing beside her, was washing clothes.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**All Girls Are Beautiful.**  
"I don't know what you ever saw in me to admire," the fair one remarked demurely.  
And he answered: "Oh, well, you know, sweet one, a fellow who is anything doesn't look for mere beauty in a girl. It's"—  
And now those two hearts that beat as one are doing separate thumps. He has returned her soiled glove and a lace handkerchief and the prize look from her fringe. And she has returned everything except the diamond brooch, which she keeps as a souvenir of their shattered love.—London Tit-Bits.

**Smoked Hams.**  
Lady—I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain. Grocer—That right, ma'am. Look at these fine hams for sevenpence a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke.—Pick Me Up.

**Doctors Say:**  
Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels. **The Secret of Health.** The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result. **Tutt's Liver Pills** Cure all Liver Troubles.

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MACHINE,  
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Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

**Re-Sale of Valuable Farm and Mill!**  
By virtue of an order of Gufford Superior court, made in a special proceeding where Mrs. M. J. Murray and others are plaintiffs and G. L. Vincent as Guardian and others are defendants, the undersigned will sell at the court house door in Graham, Alamance county, on

**SATURDAY JULY 6, 1895,**  
the following real property, to-wit: A tract of land in Fayette's township, Alamance county, on the waters of Stony creek, adjoining the lands of the late J. A. Graham, Le-1-A, Vincent, and others, containing **270 ACRES,** more or less, known as the Chesley Fayette place, and up to a few years ago the home of the late W. J. Murray. Upon this tract is a large brick dwelling and out houses and a mill. The land is adapted to the growth of the tobacco and other farm products. The bidding will start at \$100.00.

**Do You See Spots?**  
before you lie in bed? That's your liver's fault. Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Headache and Biliousness are all your liver's fault.

**DR. C. C. ROC'S**  
Liver, Rheumatic and Neuralgic CURE  
It goes straight to work on the liver. It cleanses this organ—makes it active again—purifies your blood and you're cured. Ask Your Druggist or Merchant For It.

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**Queen Elizabeth had a red nose and was much ashamed of it, always taking pains to have it carefully powdered before making a public appearance on a state occasion.**

**Switzerland has its name from Schweitz, the name of the three forest cantons that led the successful insurrection against the Austrians.**