

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1896.

NO. 50.



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## A CLOSE SHAVE.

It happened when I was stationed up at Nowannggur with the Tenth Rangers in 18— and poor Tim O'Brien was in charge of the Eighteenth Lancers over at Ramwangee, not 20 miles off. Tim was about the oldest friend I had and the best of fellows. We had been students together in the medical school in Dublin and had both gone out to India in the same year, hoping as young fellows will hope in their ignorance that we should see a great deal of one another there. We had been out five years, and this was the first time we had got within hall of one another. It was a great treat when it did happen at last, however, and many a jolly hour we spent in each other's quarters in spite of the 20 miles' ride that still separated us. This was of the low consequence, however, owing to the fact that Tim was a great horseman, and I had become an enthusiastic disciple of the bicycle.

The rainy season was just about due. Indeed we had already had some rain followed by a day or two of very hot, unhealthy weather, which, as a rule, heralds the arrival of the regular rains that do duty for the Indian winter. I hadn't seen or heard from Tim for over a week and was just wondering what could be the matter when my orderly saluted at the door of the bungalow and announced a messenger from the Sahib Dr. O'Brien. In another moment he was ushered in, and with a low salaam presented me with a note written in pencil.

"Dear Pat," it ran, in Tim's characteristic writing. "It's myself would be glad to see you for an hour up here. Here's Dick Sullivan gone and got the jungle fever, and it wouldn't surprise me if the poor fellow didn't pull through. You'll mind you were telling me of some new treatment you had tried without killing the patient, and as I'm at my wits' end what to do for Dick you might see if you can give us an idea. It's these nights I've sat up now when I might as well have been in bed for any good it has been to me, so if you think there's anything in your new treatment just take a ride over and see the poor fellow. It's a mother and two sisters he's got in Kilkenny."

The last words were exactly like Tim, and they were quite irresistible. I knew what jungle fever was, too, and that there was no time to lose, otherwise I should certainly not have turned out at that hour in the afternoon. My orderly and more than one of my brother officers remonstrated when they saw me five minutes later making ready for a start, but Tim's appeal was quite irresistible. "Oh, I'll manage it before dark, never you fear," was my final assurance as I waved goodbye to the major and turned my face resolutely to the task before me.

I didn't underestimate it either. I had traveled the road too often for that. It was a long 20 miles, not perhaps measured by yards, but certainly by labor and therefore, of course, by time. In spite of what I had said I had even then some doubts whether the time allowed by the sm, which already hung very low toward the western horizon. The farther I went for the journey. The farther I went the more my doubt became a certainty. The rain that had fallen had done more harm than I had thought possible, and there were places where I was forced to dismount and make my way on foot for some distance.

At last I reached the top of the long ridge that formed the division between our system of valleys and that in which Ramwangee is situated. The last two miles had taken more out of me than I could have believed, and I was glad to dismount for a minute to get the sensation of cramp out of my legs. The sun had actually gone down; not even a part of his disk could be seen, although a blazing halo of golden rays streamed upward into the sky at the place he had gone down, showing that he could not have set more than a minute or two. I knew that the radiance would be short lived and that the night would follow swiftly on the footsteps of the day. What was more, I knew that the latter part of the journey passed through a forest track which had a bad reputation for tigers—not a pleasant reflection after dark on an Indian forest road.

It was useless to give way to such fancies and something worse than useless to delay, so after walking for perhaps 100 yards I remounted the bicycle and prepared to make the best of it. As long as the road kept upon the higher ground it continued to be tolerably light, for the land had been cleared on both sides, but as soon as the descent began the forest drew closer to the road on either side. In a very few minutes the light began to fail; the long, still reflections of the forest trees and the quivering shadows cast from the alms of the giant bamboos that fringed the road fell more and more darkly across my path, and I found myself involuntarily casting an occasional glance that was hardly one of admiration at the tangles of the jungle.

It was a relief to come suddenly upon an opening which I recollected as the site of a village and to see here and there a dark figure still moving about in the neighborhood of the huts, even although I had neither time nor inclination to stop and speak to them. In another minute I should have passed it and plunged into the forest road once more when I was arrested by the sound of a low wailing close at hand, and I suddenly came upon the figure of a young woman seated on the ground by the roadside and slowly swaying herself backward and forward as she uttered the dismal sounds which all humanity, whatever its ordinary language, recognizes as the expression of suffering of either mind or body.

My doctor's instinct compelled me to pause in case it might be the latter. I had made myself tolerably familiar with the dialect of the district, and almost involuntarily I pulled up and addressed her. At the sound of my voice she raised her head and showed the face of a young and unusually pretty native girl, although now stained with tears and drawn with a long agony of weeping. She threw back her hair and gazed wildly at me for a moment, then she exclaimed:

"Too late! Too late, sahib! You should have come sooner. Yesterday he was alive and beautiful. Yesterday he was here. Where is he now?" I fancied the poor creature must recognize me as a doctor and that her husband or child must have just died without any effort being made to save life. "Why did you not send for me to Nowannggur?" I asked. "I would have come."

"Send!" she exclaimed, with a frantic laugh. "Send? Would the tiger, the man eater, then have awaited the coming of the sahib? Would he then have left me my boy till the sahib came with his gun?"

I shuddered. "A tiger?" I said. "And near the village?" She repeated my words in the shrill note of despair. "Near the village, sahib, see! Last night I sat where I sit now. The shadows fell not so darkly on the path as they do now, and my boy was playing near my side—there, there where the sahib stands now. There was a rustle in the bamboos yonder—a spring—a cry—and my boy was gone, and I was alone. I followed, but what could I do? He was gone, and the jungle closed behind him—only one cry, and it died away in the dark shadows of the forest."

"And yet you are here now. Do you not fear that the tiger will return?" I exclaimed.

"Return! Would that he would return! But no, he will not return here. But you will find him, sahib. You will find him in the dark places where the path winds through the shadows of the jungle. Seek him there, sahib, after the manner of your people and avenge the death of your son." She rose from the ground as she spoke, and there was something almost majestic in the way she waved her hand as if in farewell as she turned away.

I looked after her for a moment, and then I turned. I confess it, with something very like a shiver, to the shadowy road which I had to traverse with this story fresh in my mind. There was no help for it. I could not go back now, and I could not stay where I was for the night, and besides, even if that had been possible, there was Dick Sullivan's life at stake and sister in distant Kilkenny. No, it had to be faced if all the tigers in the Punjab were lurking in the jungle through which the dreary looking strip of darkening road was leading me. There are a lot of fellows who would have you believe they are never frightened. For my part I don't believe them, and if I did I should think mighty little of them after all.

Only one of two things can excuse a man for never feeling frightened—the one that he has never met with anything worth being frightened about, and in that case he'd be a fool to be afraid, and the other that, although he was in danger, he was too big a fool to understand it. Neither was my mistake about the risk of traveling that road, and I was a long way from being such a fool as to like the idea of making a supper for a man eating tiger. Yes, I was frightened—horribly frightened. I believe—but there was Tim waiting for me and Sullivan's life perhaps depending upon my arrival. It had to be done, so I embraced my teeth and turned into the track. It looked a good deal darker already, although my interview hadn't lasted five minutes.

The dark shadows looked blacker and the narrow track still more narrow than it had done just before. I shuddered as it struck me how easily a tiger could take the whole width of the road at a bound without the smallest need for breaking a record by the operation. These and a hundred other thoughts and fancies chased one another through my brain as I pushed on at my best speed along the dim road, casting quick glances as I passed at each

clump of moving bamboo and scanning anxiously each bunch of the tall jungle grass that rose specter-like by the side of the track. Gradually I recovered my nerve a little. There is nothing like getting used to things, and even a dim forest road with the chance of a supperless tiger is an experience you can grow accustomed to after a time. Surely it was growing lighter again. I looked up and saw that the sky overhead was brightening from the dense opaque blue to a pearl gray tint. Then I remembered. It was only one day past full moon, and the moon was rising. It was like a reproach. Nobody can tell unless he tries it under some such circumstances as mine how great the effect of darkness is upon the nerves.

For the moment I felt a contempt for the whole tribe of cats great and small which was almost sublime, and it was with renewed vigor and energy that I made the bicycle spin along the silent path. The moon rose quickly, and the road grew distinctly once more, yet the new clearness was just a little ghastly after all. The shadows thrown by the light in the western sky had been more cheerful than those cast from the east by the new risen moon, and the light between the shadows were more distinct. There was something very weird and ghastly about the still light that seemed to steal through the branches and creep furtively among the openings of the jungle grass.

Yes, at the best it was creepy, but in spite of all I was making good progress now. The road was still heavy in places, but it was nowhere very bad, and I was beginning to speculate how soon I should reach the end of the forest and looking a little anxiously for the first sign of the lights from Ramwangee. I had got nearly to the level of the valley at last. The road was firm now, and the slope if no longer considerable was regular and all in my favor. I was spinning along merrily and already was congratulating myself on having got to the end of every disagreeable experience.

At that moment I started involuntarily. I hardly know why, and yet I started, and a cold shiver ran down my spinal cord in a most disagreeable way. I glanced around quickly, but there was nothing to be seen—only the same moving panorama of trees, bamboos and tall jungle grass, swaying softly in the night breeze. Yet there was something. There must have been. I knew it, though I could see nothing and couldn't even say I had heard a sound. I have laughed in my time at the expression that a man was all ears in some moment of danger. Now I understood what it meant, and for the moment I felt as if every nerve and fiber in my body could hear.

Yes, there was a sound—a sound that was not so much new as something strange—a soft, low, rustling sound that was not the rustling of tall bamboos nor the sound of the breeze in the jungle grass. My heart seemed to stand still for a moment, but it was for a moment only. Then the swift blood rushed through my veins in a fiery tide. I felt that I was now or never, and that my one hope of escape lay in the speed of my bicycle. I had started myself that I could do wonders on a track, but no racing track could have afforded the incentive to exertion which I had now. I bent forward. I strained each nerve and sinew to its utmost tension, and still each nerve and fiber seemed to listen. I could hear it still—swift, stealthy, cruel as death, it seemed to flit through the jungle—a sound—a soft brushing sound more terrible in its stealthy quietness than the loudest noise. Oh, no! The track was down hill, and I seemed to fly. Was I really going at a speed that might hope to outstrip the pursuit? Suddenly on the right a clump of yellow jungle grass which sloped pale in the moonlight wayed with a quick movement.

There was a flash—it might have been the light from living eyes or only the swift glancing of the moonlight—and a bar of something dark shot out of the jungle with a low, fierce snarl. I crouched together involuntarily as if from a blow. Something passed me. I felt a sudden warmth on my shoulder, and it was gone.

On, on we rushed, and I heard behind me a soft crash among the bamboo canes on my left. The tiger had sprung, and he had missed me. In five minutes more I dismounted in the compound in front of Tim O'Brien's bungalow, and it was Tim's own heavy voice that sounded so strangely distant in my ears as he exclaimed:

"Bada, Pat, and I'd almost given ye up. It's yourself had the devil's own luck to give the tigers the slip."

—Exchange.

A Small Affair.

"You have a pretty extensive ranch down in Texas, haven't you, colonel?"

Colonel Alamo—Oh, no! Just a little seven by nine concern.

"Seven by nine what?"

"Miles."—Indianapolis Journal.

## A FIRST SIGHT OF STEVENSON.

Edmund Gosse Tells How He Met the Novelist in the Hebrides.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since I first saw Stevenson. In the autumn of 1870, in company with a former schoolfellow, I was in the Hebrides. We had been wandering in the long island, as they name the outer archipelago, and our steamer returning called at Skye. At the pier of Portree, I think, a company came on board, "people of importance in their day," Edinburgh acquaintances, I suppose, who had accidentally met in Skye on various errands.

At all events, they invaded our modest vessel with a loud sound of talk. Professor Blackie was among them, a famous figure that calls for no description, and a voluble, shaggy man, clad in homespun, with spectacles forward upon nose, who, it was whispered to us, was Mr. Sam Bough, the Scottish academician, a water color painter of some repute who was to die in 1878. There were also several engineers of prominence.

At the tail of this chatty, jesting little crowd of invaders came a youth of about my own age, whose appearance for some mysterious reason instantly attracted me. He was tall, preternaturally lean, with longish hair and as restless and queering as a spaniel. The party from Portree fairly took possession of us. At meals they crowded around the captain, and we common tourists sat silent below the salt. The stories of Blackie and Sam Bough were recounted. Meanwhile, I knew not why, I watched the plain, pale lad who took the lowest place in this privileged company.

The summer of 1870 remains in the memory of western Scotland as one of incomparable splendor. Our voyage, especially as evening drew on, was like an emperor's progress. We staid on deck till the latest moment possible, and I occasionally watched the lean youth, busy and servicable with some of the little tricks with which we were later on to grow familiar—the advance with hand on hip, the sidewise bending of the head to listen. Meanwhile darkness overtook us, a wonderful halo of moonlight swam up over Glenelg, the indigo of the peaks of the Cuchullins faded into the general blue night.

I went below, but was presently aware of some change of course and then of an unexpected stoppage. I tore on deck and found that we had left our track among the islands and had steamed up a narrow and unvisited fiord of the mainland—I think Loch Nevis. The sight was curious and bewildering. We lay in a gorge of blackness, with only a strip of the blue moonlit sky overhead. In the dark a few lanterns jumped about the shore, carried by agitated but unuseful and soundless persons. As I leaned over the bulwarks Stevenson was at my side, and he explained to me that we had come up this loch to take away to Glasgow a large party of emigrants driven from their homes in the interests of a deer forest. As he spoke a black mass became visible entering the vessel. Then, as we slipped off shore, the fact of their hopeless exile came home to these poor fugitives, and suddenly through the absolute silence there rose from them a wild keening and wailing, reverbated by the cliffs of the loch, and at that strange place and hour infinitely poignant. When I came on deck next morning, my unnamed friend was gone. He had put off with the engineers to visit some remote light-house of the Hebrides.—"Personal Memories of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Edmund Gosse, in Century.

Oberlyng Orders.

Hugh Mc—, a son of the Emerald Isle, who had volunteered in the Sixth regiment of South Carolina Infantry, was stationed on the beach of Sullivan's Island with strict orders to walk between two points and to let no one pass without the countersign, and that to be communicated only in a whisper. Two hours afterward the corporal with the relief discovered by the moonlight Hugh up to his waist in water, the tide having set in since he was posted.

"Who goes there?" "Relief."

"Halt, relief. Advance, corporal, and give the countersign."

Corporal—I am not going in there to be drowned. Come out here, and let me relieve you.

Hugh—Divil a bit! The lieutenant told me not to lave me post.

Corporal—Well, then, I will leave you in the water all night. (Going away as he spoke.)

Hugh—Halt! I'll put a hole in yo if ye pass without the countersign. Them's me orders from the lieutenant. (Cooking and kneeling his gun.)

Corporal—Confound you, everybody will hear it if I bawl it out to you.

Hugh—Yes, me darling, and the lieutenant said it must be given in a whisper. In with ye, me finger's on the trigger, and me gun may go off.

The corporal had to yield to the force of the argument and made in to the faithful sentinel, who exclaimed: "Be jakes, it's well ye've come. The bloody tide has a most approved run."—Washington Post.



## Barrelling Apples.

Many of the most profitable operations in commercial life depend in the first instance upon very simple facts. Most persons would pass by without observing the barrelling of apples as a case in point. If apples were placed loosely in barrels they would soon rot, though passing over but a very short distance of travel; and yet when properly barrelled they can be sent thousands of miles, even over the roughest ocean voyage, in perfect security. This is owing to a fact discovered years ago, without any one knowing particularly the reason, that an apple rotted from a bruise only when the skin was broken. An apple can be pressed so as to have indentations over its whole surface, without any danger of rotting, provided the skin is not broken. In barrelling apples, therefore, gentle pressure is exercised, so that the fruit is fairly pressed into each other, and it is impossible for any one fruit to change its place in the barrel on its journey. Apples are sometimes taken out of barrels with large indentations over their whole surface, and yet no sign of decay. In these modern times we understand the reason. The atmosphere is full of microscopic germs which produce fermentation, and unless they can get an entrance into the fruit rot cannot take place. A mere indentation without a rupture of the outer skin does not permit of the action of these microbes. This is a simple reason why the early observation of the barrelling of apples to be so successful.—Mechan's Monthly.

## The Parsnip Stands Freezing.

It is well known that the parsnip is sufficiently hardy to withstand light frost, and that its flavor is improved by this freezing. But this result is nothing more than the acceleration of the ripening process by the action of the cold on the sap cells, and it will happen all the same by keeping the roots in a cool cellar, so that it is not really desirable to leave the crop in the ground to be frozen, but, on the contrary, the reverse, for there is risk of over-freezing and injury to the roots. By the action of the cold, the starch of the sap in the cells, in which it consists in the form of small grains, is brought into a chemical change by the combination of water with the carbon to an increased proportion. This being all that is needed to change starch into sugar. But this effect is only a hastening of what would soon be accomplished by other means in the slow ripening of the roots, just as is the case with the ripening of fruits gradually when stored in a cool place.

It is always wise to be safe, and, as these roots left in the soil where they grew might be easily left too long, and get injured by too much freezing, it is the safest way to get them into the cellar or into pits without delay.—New York Times.

## When To Water Horses.

Always water your horses the first thing in the morning, and do not let the water be too cold. If it is too cold you will probably have a case of colic. Water is best when it is about ten degrees warmer than the outside air in winter, and as much cooler in summer. Give the hay before the grain, so that the stomach may be partially filled before the concentrated food gets into it. Better still, feed chopped feed. Mix the grain with dampened hay or fodder, and give the largest feed at night, when the horse has time to digest it. Fat and food, for the muscles are made when the horse is at rest.—American Agriculturist.

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FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS

See Nov. 27, 1894.

Greensboro, Raleigh and Goldsboro.

East Bound	No. 25. Daily.	No. 18. Mixed. Daily.
Lo Greensboro	10 15 a m	3 20 a m
Elin College	10 45 a m	2 40 a m
Burlington	11 15 a m	2 10 a m
Granville	11 45 a m	1 40 a m
Hillsboro	12 15 p m	1 10 a m
University	12 45 p m	10 45 a m
Durham	1 15 p m	10 15 a m
Ar Raleigh	1 45 p m	10 15 a m

West Bound	No. 26. Daily.	No. 17. Mixed. Daily.
Ar Greensboro	7 20 p m	8 25 a m
Elin College	6 45	7 46
Burlington	6 15	7 16
Granville	5 45	6 46
Hillsboro	5 15	6 16
University	4 45	5 46
Durham	4 15	5 16
Lv Raleigh	4 10	5 05

Ar Raleigh	No. 25. Daily.	No. 18. Mixed. Ex. Sun.
Chatham	1 30	6 05 a m
Selma	2 10	11 20 a m
Ar Goldsboro	3 00	12 30 p m

Ar Greensboro	No. 26. Daily.	No. 17. Mixed. Ex. Sun.
Ar Greensboro	7 20 p m	8 25 a m
Elin College	6 45	7 46
Burlington	6 15	7 16
Granville	5 45	6 46
Hillsboro	5 15	6 16
University	4 45	5 46
Durham	4 15	5 16
Lv Raleigh	4 10	5 05

Ar Raleigh	No. 25. Daily.	No. 18. Mixed. Ex. Sun.
Chatham	1 30	6 05 a m
Selma	2 10	11 20 a m
Ar Goldsboro	3 00	12 30 p m

No. 25 and 26 make close connection a University to and from Chapel Hill.

## THROUGH SCHEDULE.

South

South	No. 25. Daily.	No. 17. Mixed. Daily.
Lv Washington	11 15 a m	10 40 p m
Charlottesville	12 15 p m	1 00 p m
Richmond	1 15 p m	2 00 p m
Lynchburg	2 15 p m	3 00 p m
Danville	3 15 p m	4 00 p m
Ar Greensboro	4 15 p m	5 00 p m
Winston-Salem	5 15 p m	6 00 p m
Raleigh	6 15 p m	7 00 p m
Salisbury	7 15 p m	8 00 p m
Ar Asheville	8 15 p m	9 00 p m
Hot Springs	9 15 p m	10 00 p m
Knockville	10 15 p m	11 00 p m
Chattanooga	11 15 p m	12 00 p m
Charlotte	12 15 p m	1 00 p m
Columbia	1 15 p m	2 00 p m
Augusta	2 15 p m	3 00 p m
Savannah	3 15 p m	4 00 p m
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	4 15 p m	5 00 p m
St. Augustine	5 15 p m</	