

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896.

NO. 4.

### OVERWORK INDUCED Nervous Prostration

Complete Recovery by the Use of  
**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

Some years ago, as a result of too close attention to business, my health failed. I became weak, nervous, and unable to look after my interests, and manifested all the symptoms of a delicate case. I took three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, began to improve at once, and gradually increased my weight from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Since then, I and my family have used this medicine when needed, and we are all in the best of health, a fact which we attribute to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I believe my children would have been fatherless today had it not been for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which preparation I cannot say too much. —H. O. Brewster, Postmaster and Planter, Kinross, S. C.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR.

**AYER'S PILLS SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.**

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**JACOB A. LONG,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal courts. Office over White, Moore & Co's store, Main Street. Phone No. 2.

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Good work of teeth \$10 per set. Office on Main St. over I. N. War & Co's store.

### Livery, Sale and Feed STABLES.

**W. C. MOORE, PROP'R.,**  
GRAHAM, N. C.

Hacks met all calls. Good single and double teams. Charges moderate.

### A Head of Hair!

I am the North Carolina Agent for  
**Dr. White's New Hair Grower Treatment**  
the Greatest Discovery of the Age.

It will permanently cure falling of the hair, dandruff, scalp eruptions, pustules, or any scalp disease.

It prevents hair turning gray and restores hair to 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.

Testimonials and treatise furnished on application.

Mr. John M. Coide is my agent at Graham, N. C.

Respectfully,  
**H. T. LASHLEY,**  
Haw River, N. C.  
Dec. 14-11.

### THE TRUE BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip address,  
Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
Fond to maintain his bliss,  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love conjoined,  
Kindle these never drying fires.  
Where there are not a dozen  
Lovely cheeks of lips or eyes.  
—Thomas Carver.

### A MAID OF THE MILL.

Mr. Richard Wareham, lying on his back on the grass under an elm tree and dreamily smoking a good cigar, was about as near a realization of his idyllic life as he was ever likely to be. With plenty of money, unlimited time and a feeling of unbounded satisfaction with his present position, Dick Wareham was happy. The half gentlemanly, half vagabond life which he had led all summer suited him exactly. His quarters at the inn in the village over the hill were comfortable, his portfolio was full of sketches, and trout had risen accommodatingly to his rod; but, more than all, a thousand times better than all, he had found in this unfrequented, delightful rural region what he honestly believed to be the sweetest, prettiest and most modest girl to be found in any country under the sun. Whether or not he was in love with her was a matter which he had not in his own mind fully decided. When he first saw Dolly Morse, he was startled at her prettiness, but nothing more. It was not until he had made several visits to Morse's mill, for sketching purposes, that Dolly's bright eyes began to haunt his dreams, and not until after then did he discover that, go which way he would, all roads eventually led, by some mysterious means, past the millpond and the water wheel. If he fished, the mill was sure to be in his way; if he sketched, what object more picturesque than the old building itself, with its adjacent dam, over which the water fell in a wide, thin sheet of silver? Sometimes she spoke with Dolly, sometimes she was invisible, and after a time he began himself to suspect that upon his seeing her depended whether the day had seemed bright or dull.

And so a stranger knowing these things would have been at no loss to guess the subject of Dick Wareham's thoughts as he lay on his back, with his cigar, that lazy summer morning. But whatever his meditations were, he was not permitted to enjoy them.

"Hullo, there you are!" exclaimed a rough, nasal voice near him. "I've been looking for you."

Wareham raised himself on one elbow and turned so as to face the speaker. He saw a low browed, sun-burned man leaning over the fence and regarding him with a look of satisfaction. His bare toes protruded from his boots; his head, with its dusky shock of hair, was surmounted by a brimless straw hat, and his lounging attitude, his grimy face and general appearance of shiftlessness, advertised him as belonging to that sect of philosophers commonly known as "tramps."

"Where's your father's money?" she tried to speak, and the man, seeing that she was unable to do so, let go her throat and seized her by the wrists.

"If you scream," he said, "I'll kill you. Where's the money? It must be either that or your life, my pretty Dolly."

Through Dolly's brain the thoughts flew quickly. Her first paroxysm of terror over, she began to realize the necessity of subduing her fears and summoning all her wit and resolution. She was a brave girl, and with her to think was to act.

"Don't harm me," she said. "Father's money is in the oak chest in the attic."

"Ah!" exclaimed Billings. "Show me the way to it, and do you go before me. It will go hard with you if you do me."

She tremblingly obeyed, and led the way up stairs. The room at the head of the staircase was employed as a lumber room. From this ladder led to the attic, the entrance to which was closed by a trapdoor in the floor. Though Dolly had lifted this door almost daily she failed to do so now, and sank back upon the ladder feigning exhaustion.

"The trap is too heavy for me," she said. "I cannot raise it."

With an oath the man pulled her down from the ladder, and placing his shoulder against the trap, raised it, mounted to the attic, and held the door for her to follow. But like a flash Dolly had sprung through the door of the lumber room and had turned the keys in the great double lock, which, placed there as a safeguard against assault from without, now served to secure a prisoner within.

In vain did Billings, on discovering the trick, hurl himself against the door with the most frightful imprecations. The other barrier

of his utmost effort, and the windows were barred with iron. With no weapon or aid from without escape was impossible.

Shutting her ears to the man's howls of rage, Dolly fled down the stairs, and out into the road. But she had not run a dozen yards before she heard a shrill whistle, and the voice of Billings calling from the window above:

"Cashel! Cashel! Stop the girl! I'm locked in! Bring her back and make quick work of her."

At the call a second ruffian sprang out of the bushes a few yards beyond and ran toward her. Dolly turned about. Terror at this new danger lent speed to the poor girl's feet, and she succeeded in regaining the door of the mill and closing it in the villain's face while his arm was stretched forth to seize her. She quickly shot the great bolts in their places, and stood for a moment with her hand upon her bosom, waiting for breath and to consider what she should do next.

Finding himself unable to force the door, Cashel passed round the mill, seeking some means of entrance. Dolly followed from one grated window to another, determined to keep him in sight if possible.

"I'll burn the mill," he cried. "Perhaps that'll bring ye to reason."

But this proposition was greeted by Billings with such a yell of consternation that Dolly had little fear of its being put into execution. But even if, maidened by defeat, and enraged by Billings' refusal to trust him with the money, she could have actually carried out his cruel suggestion, the stout hearted girl would have met her fate bravely, defending her father's property with her life rather than permit it to fall into the hands of these villains. She saw that her own death was certain if the assailant gained admission, and she knew that her father would be robbed. It was to risk all against nothing, and she consequently held fast to her resolve to stay as she was while life remained, or until assistance could reach her.

The building offered no openings to the buff ruffian except the single oak door, which was beyond his power to force. Yes, there was one, and that was suggested by his confederate at the attic window.

"The water gate! The water gate!" cried Billings. "Ye can get in through the wheel!"

Dolly heard the words, and her heart sank. It was true. By climbing down into the sluice, and under the shaft of the great wheel, the man could enter the mill through the machinery. With a yell of delight the villain proceeded to adopt the suggestion, and with fast beating heart the girl watched him until he had disappeared in the sluice.

It was then that a horrible thought occurred to her, but in it seemed to lay her only chance for life. She ran into the gristroom and seized the lever which controlled the water gate. At ordinary times her strength would have been insufficient to raise it, but now her imminent peril gave her the sinews of a giant. Slowly the heavy bar was raised, she heard the rush of water as the gate swung open. The great water wheel began to turn slowly; the cogs and gearing to groan; the large bars to revolve. In a moment the mill was in full operation.

The poor wretch outside had succeeded in gaining the wheel before it began to move, and now clung to one of the arms, thoroughly and desperately frightened. Thrown head downward at every revolution, and nearly drowned by the water which poured over him, he screamed and begged to be released from his rotary prison. The wheel went round and round, and with it went the unfortunate Cashel, but Dolly did not wait to listen to the gasps and imprecations with which he filled the air. With all speed she tore open the door and ran toward the village. As she passed around the curve in the road her eyes fell upon two men walking toward her. With bounding heart she recognized them as Wareham and her father.

To tell her exciting story was the work of a moment, and then the strength which had sustained her through all suddenly left her, and she fell fainting almost before they could catch her in their arms.

The half-drowned Cashel was released from his unconformable position, and the two robbers were delivered into the hands of the authorities. Wareham had found nothing the matter with his horse, the errand on which he had been sent by a cunning device of Billings to get him away from the vicinity. Suspecting something wrong, he had returned to the mill as soon as possible, bringing the miller back with him. As for Dolly, she became the heroine of the region for miles around. Her courageous exploit passed into local history, and though the events here chronicled occurred many years ago, and Dolly Wareham she is best remembered among her old neighbors as Dolly Morse, the Maid of the Mill.—London Tit-Bits.

### BEARDSLEYISM.

To be sat at liberty, to put in masses of black for color and a few scrawled lines for form, seemed a real boon to numbers of young men and women who lacked even the very moderate talents of their landlord. So that posters, book covers and other things were rapidly Beardsleyized.

This of itself would call for no more notice than any other fad, sure to have its day and then to vanish from the earth, if it were not that there was something more in Mr. Beardsley's work than his cheap decorative effect. The search for novelty leads every now and then to a sort of worship of ugliness, and in London at the present day that has been pushed so far in certain sets as to include what is morally as well as physically ugly. Mr. Beardsley has in a manner set himself up as an apostle of this sort of devil worship. His female types are drawn from a vile class; the only flowers that he draws well enough to be recognized are those which are avoided because of their poisonous properties or of their offensive odor; and in his illustrations to the "Morte d'Arthur" he has taken exactly the opposite point of view from his author, and seems to delight in picturing surviving paganism rather than growing Christianity. His work has been defended on the ground that art has nothing to do with morality, and that if there is no good in it, neither is there any harm. But, in truth, we may always suspect some lurking immoral intent where no other intent is visible.—Art Amateur.

### Why the Khepman Got Cross.

It was a newly opened haberdashery's, and one window was resplendent with neckties, and cravats of glorious brilliancy. Confidently they announced in gilt letters, "Any article removed from the windows!" So when Smithson walked in last Saturday and requested to see that "bright pink and green, shot with peacock blue, in the front row," the polite shopman charged the front, and after some considerable trouble brought out the desired object.

"Rather bold, isn't it?" remarked Smithson.

The affable shopman was in complete accord. "Certainly a bit striking."

"I thought so. You hadn't put it back."

"Very well, sir," and the man began to wrap up the thing of beauty in its bed of tissue paper. "Anything else today, sir?"

"Oh, I don't want it," said Smithson. "I only want you to advertise, 'Any article taken from the window, and sent to the back of the store, and sent to the back of the store.'"

Then that shopman philosophized audibly and with much fervor.—Pearson's Weekly.

### ANTISEPTICS IN FOOD.

Their Too Free Use Induces a Larger Exhibit of Poisons Than is Widespread.

The recent prosecution for selling orange wine containing a little over three grains to the pint of salicylic acid suggests the propriety of discussing shortly the general question of preserving foods by antiseptics. Wines are sulphured and doctored with salicylic acid, fluoroboric and fluorescein. Tannic in hot weather all sorts of antiseptics are added, the chief being boracic acid, varied of late by the addition of formalin. Boracic acid or borax is also the favorite antiseptic for bakers. It may, indeed, be stated generally that all decomposable articles not sterilized by boiling or preserved from change by cold are liable to be treated with small quantities of antiseptics. There may not be in any one article a percentage sufficient to cause, when given in a single dose, appreciable effect, but a person taking boraxed milk and butter for breakfast and tea and a salicylated wine for dinner will be consuming day by day a sufficient amount of active drugs to produce some effect on his health.

Salicylic acid is a poison. In 1878 a case happened in which so small a dose as three grains (46 grains) caused death in 40 hours. Possibly the acid was impure. In three other cases in which decided and dangerous symptoms were produced the dose was much larger, being 13, 23 and 50 grains respectively. Salicylic and benzoic acids are therapeutically attenuated poisons. Phenol being most poisonous, then comes salicylic acid, and lastly benzoic acid. What the effect of small doses of salicylic acid, say 3 grains daily, may be is at present a matter of conjecture. We know that most of it is excreted by the kidneys united with glycocholic, and also that it is a substance which readily enters into combination, forming a variety of aldehydes and esters, the physiological effects of which are not precisely the same as the free acid. It is conceivable that small quantities of a

contact with the intestinal and gastric juices, are in this way changed. It is also possible that long bottling of a wine with salicylic acid will change the acid into salicylic ester or salicylic aldehyde. Schmitt, for instance, has found that, although Rhine wines contain no free sulphurous acid, the greater portion having combined with aldehyde, forming aldehyde sulphurous acid.

Be this as it may, the growing use of antiseptics constitutes a possible danger to health. Persons with sound excretory organs have for years daily taken chemicals of the kind in their food without injury, yet it can be confidently predicted that other persons with damaged or weak kidneys will be affected by minute doses. It must also be remembered that digestion in the intestines is carried on to a great extent by what, outside the intestines, would be recognized as a fermentative or putrefactive process. In short, just as the nourishment of a number of plants depends on the microbes around their rootlets, so the assimilation of our own nourishment depends to a large degree on the activity of hosts of colonies of microbes in the intestinal canal. All antiseptics, even in minute quantity, will inhibit the activity of these colonies or affect unequally various species, the net result in ordinary individuals being an impairment of digestion or an actual dyspepsia.—British Medical Journal.

### THE ENSILAGE CROP.

How to Handle the Crop—Distributing Device—The Best Covering.

For success it is necessary to have quite a good crop, preferably cut out at the right time, and a tight silo. When practicable have the ensilage grown as near the silo as possible, so as to reduce the hauling to a minimum. We will suppose that the crop is grown on land within 30 rods of the silo, and that the corn has reached the stage when the husks begin to turn yellow and the grain is dotted, while most of the leaves are yet green and juicy. When this stage is reached, the crop should be cut. The cutting may be done by hand, but it is slow, laborious and costly. There are a multitude of men cutters on the market, all of which are more or less serviceable. Of a number that have been tried at the Kansas station nothing better has been found than a hand cutter with two knives hinged, one to each side of the silo, so as to cut two rows at a time. This machine is pulled by one horse. Two stout boys or young men stand upon the sled, each facing a row of corn, which, as the horse moves forward, is cut and gathered into the arms of the operators, who drop it in bunches behind them. The reins can hang within easy reach upon an upright forked stick in front of the sled, but the horse will soon learn to start and stop without guidance from the reins. In a fair crop two hands on this cutter can easily keep ahead of three wagons hauling it to the silo and help load at intervals.

The next step is the loading. For this purpose the wagons should be provided with low head racks, on which the corn is piled crossways. Two men can head the bunches left by the cutter up to the driver on the rack about as fast as he can pile them. The number of teams engaged in hauling should be adjusted to the distance and the capacity of the ensilage car. Even the distance named and with a small machine it takes two teams and three wagons to keep things running smoothly. One wagon is left at the cutter to be unloaded, the team being un hitched to the wagon just emptied and goes ahead again, while the third wagon will have finished loading by the time the team returns to the field.

As the cutter it takes one man to unload and one man to feed. The man who unloads drops it hasty for the feeder upon the table set against the cutter. Reference is here made to a small machine such as average farmers require. Such a cutter, with average steady running, can cut about two tons of green corn an hour. It is provided with an elevator attachment, which lifts the cut material over the silo walls. It may be run by steam, electricity or horsepower. The whole farm necessary, then, is two men to cut, two to load, two to drive, one to unload and one to feed. If green and juicy, the weight of the ensilage is so very great that it will firm itself about as well without tamping, but some device is necessary to distribute it well in the silo. A sack filled with chaff, straw or a similar light bulky material should be hung so that the stream of silage from the elevator is discharged upon it. This will scatter it to the sides of the silo instead of dumping it in a heap in the middle. It is not necessary to salt the silage.

Lastly, it is poor economy to use a silo that is too tight. Whenever the air gains access to the walls the silage will spoil. When the silo is full, a layer of green grass is the best covering, and to compact this layer it is well to put a few loads of earth on top. This is the plan that has been adopted with success at the Kansas station, and reported to the Prairie Farmer. As it is of general interest it is here reproduced for the benefit of readers in many sections of the country.

and gradually increased my weight from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Since then, I and my family have used this medicine when needed, and we are all in the best of health, a fact which we attribute to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I believe my children would have been fatherless today had it not been for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which preparation I cannot say too much. —H. O. Brewster, Postmaster and Planter, Kinross, S. C.

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### Fits Cured

Dr. W. H. Bates, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without exception cured over one thousand cases of this disease. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes valuable works on this disease, which he sends free to any person who will send him a 3-cent stamp. He also sends a 3-cent stamp to any person who will send him a 3-cent stamp. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. Bates, 7, D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

### LA FAYETTE HOLT,

MACHINIST  
AND  
ENGINEER,  
BURLINGTON, N. C.

MACHINE:  
BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY,  
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Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

### Southern Railway.

PIEDMONT AIRLINE.

FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS.

In Effect Feb. 9, 1896.

| East Bound    | No. 26     | No. 28    |
|---------------|------------|-----------|
|               | Daily      | Mixed     |
| Lv Greensboro | 12:15 p.m. | 1:30 a.m. |
| Elm College   | 12:40 p.m. | 2:00 p.m. |
| Burlington    | 1:10 p.m.  | 2:30 p.m. |
| Graham        | 1:40 p.m.  | 3:00 p.m. |
| Hillsboro     | 2:10 p.m.  | 3:30 p.m. |
| University    | 2:40 p.m.  | 4:00 p.m. |
| Durham        | 3:10 p.m.  | 4:30 p.m. |
| Ar Raleigh    | 3:40 p.m.  | 5:00 p.m. |

| West Bound    | No. 25     | No. 27     |
|---------------|------------|------------|
|               | Daily      | Mixed      |
| Ar Greensboro | 7:25 p.m.  | 8:00 p.m.  |
| Elm College   | 7:50 p.m.  | 8:30 p.m.  |
| Burlington    | 8:20 p.m.  | 9:00 p.m.  |
| Graham        | 8:50 p.m.  | 9:30 p.m.  |
| Hillsboro     | 9:20 p.m.  | 10:00 p.m. |
| University    | 9:50 p.m.  | 10:30 p.m. |
| Durham        | 10:20 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. |
| Ar Raleigh    | 10:50 p.m. | 11:30 p.m. |

### THROUGH SCHEDULE.

| South           | No. 29     | No. 31     |
|-----------------|------------|------------|
|                 | Daily      | Daily      |
| Lv Washington   | 11:20 a.m. | 11:20 a.m. |
| Charlottesville | 11:50 a.m. | 11:50 a.m. |
| Durham          | 12:20 p.m. | 12:20 p.m. |
| Lv Greensboro   | 1:00 p.m.  | 1:00 p.m.  |
| Ar Greensboro   | 1:40 p.m.  | 1:40 p.m.  |
| Wilmington      | 2:10 p.m.  | 2:10 p.m.  |
| Spartanburg     | 2:40 p.m.  | 2:40 p.m.  |
| Asheville       | 3:10 p.m.  | 3:10 p.m.  |
| Hot Springs     | 3:40 p.m.  | 3:40 p.m.  |
| Columbus        | 4:10 p.m.  | 4:10 p.m.  |
| Chattanooga     | 4:40 p.m.  | 4:40 p.m.  |
| Cincinnati      | 5:10 p.m.  | 5:10 p.m.  |
| St. Louis       | 5:40 p.m.  | 5:40 p.m.  |
| St. Paul        | 6:10 p.m.  | 6:10 p.m.  |
| Chicago         | 6:40 p.m.  | 6:40 p.m.  |
| St. Paul        | 7:10 p.m.  | 7:10 p.m.  |
| St. Louis       | 7:40 p.m.  | 7:40 p.m.  |
| Chicago         | 8:10 p.m.  | 8:10 p.m.  |
| St. Paul        | 8:40 p.m.  | 8:40 p.m.  |
| St. Louis       | 9:10 p.m.  | 9:10 p.m.  |
| Chicago         | 9:40 p.m.  | 9:40 p.m.  |
| St. Paul        | 10:10 p.m. | 10:10 p.m. |
| St. Louis       | 10:40 p.m. | 10:40 p.m. |
| Chicago         | 11:10 p.m. | 11:10 p.m. |

### PINKETTES

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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**G. A. SNOW & CO.**  
NEW YORK, N. Y.