

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.

No. 26.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

To tell the age of a horse. Inspect the lower jaw, of course. The six front teeth the tale will tell And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold Before the colt is two weeks old. Before eight weeks two more will come, Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year. In two years from the second pair; In three the "corners," too, are bare.

At two the middle "nippers" drop. At three the second pair cut's stop. When four years old, the third pair goes At five a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years; At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers," upper jaw. At nine the black spots will withdraw. The second pair at ten are white. Eleven finds the "corners" light.

As time goes on the horsemen know The oval teeth three shall grow. They longer get, project before. Till twenty, when we know no more. —Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights.

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## LAFAYETTE HOLT,

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BURLINGTON, N. C.

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Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

## Southern Railway.

PIEDMONT AIR LINE.

FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS

In Effect Apr. 16, 1896.

Greensboro, Raleigh and Goldsboro.		
East Bound	No. 36. Daily.	No. 14 Mixed Daily.
Lv Greensboro	12:05 p.m.	1:00 a.m.
Elon College	12:48 p.m.	1:35 a.m.
Hillsboro	1:15 p.m.	2:00 a.m.
Grubbs	1:37 p.m.	2:18 a.m.
Hillsboro	1:58 p.m.	2:39 a.m.
University	1:40 p.m.	2:51 a.m.
Durham	2:05 p.m.	3:16 a.m.
Ar Raleigh	2:12 p.m.	3:23 a.m.
Mixed Ex. Sun.		
Lv Raleigh	3:13 p.m.	4:00 a.m.
Cherry	3:46 p.m.	4:33 a.m.
Selma	4:18 p.m.	5:05 a.m.
Ar Goldsboro	4:45 p.m.	5:32 a.m.

West Bound		
No. 35. Daily.	No. 11. Mixed Daily.	Mixed Ex. Sun.
Lv Greensboro	7:25 p.m.	7:30 a.m.
Elon College	6:40 p.m.	6:35 a.m.
Hillsboro	6:10 p.m.	6:05 a.m.
Grubbs	6:15 p.m.	6:10 a.m.
Hillsboro	5:50 p.m.	5:45 a.m.
University	5:30 p.m.	5:25 a.m.
Durham	5:05 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
Lv Raleigh	4:48 p.m.	4:43 a.m.
Mixed Ex. Sun.		
Ar Raleigh	4:09 p.m.	4:00 a.m.
Cherry	3:31 p.m.	3:22 a.m.
Selma	2:53 p.m.	2:44 a.m.
Ar Goldsboro	2:00 p.m.	1:51 a.m.

THROUGH SCHEDULE		
South	No. 36. Daily.	No. 11. Daily.
Lv Washington	11:15 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
Charlottesville	12:05 p.m.	11:35 a.m.
Richmond	12:45 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
Lynchburg	1:35 p.m.	1:05 a.m.
Danville	2:25 p.m.	1:55 a.m.
Ar Greensboro	3:15 p.m.	2:45 a.m.
Winn-Salem	3:55 p.m.	3:25 a.m.
Raleigh	4:35 p.m.	4:05 a.m.
Salisbury	5:15 p.m.	4:45 a.m.
Asheville	6:00 p.m.	5:30 a.m.
Ar Hot Springs	6:45 p.m.	6:15 a.m.
Knoxville	7:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m.
Chattanooga	8:15 p.m.	7:45 a.m.
Atlanta	9:00 p.m.	8:30 a.m.
Columbia	9:45 p.m.	9:15 a.m.
Augusta	10:30 p.m.	10:00 a.m.
Savannah	11:15 p.m.	10:45 a.m.
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	12:00 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
St. Augustine	12:45 a.m.	12:15 p.m.
Atlanta	1:30 a.m.	1:00 p.m.
Birmingham	2:15 a.m.	1:45 p.m.
Memphis	3:00 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
N. Orleans	3:45 a.m.	3:15 p.m.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.		
North	No. 36. Daily.	No. 11. Daily.
Ar Washington	9:40 p.m.	9:45 a.m.
Charlottesville	10:30 p.m.	10:35 a.m.
Richmond	11:15 p.m.	11:20 a.m.
Lynchburg	12:05 a.m.	12:10 a.m.
Danville	1:00 a.m.	1:05 a.m.
Ar Greensboro	1:45 a.m.	1:50 a.m.
Winn-Salem	2:30 a.m.	2:35 a.m.
Raleigh	3:15 a.m.	3:20 a.m.
Salisbury	4:00 a.m.	4:05 a.m.
Asheville	4:45 a.m.	4:50 a.m.
Hot Springs	5:30 a.m.	5:35 a.m.
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Memphis	1:45 p.m.	1:50 p.m.
N. Orleans	2:30 p.m.	2:35 p.m.

Yes, Ralph, and I will begin with potatoes. But there is one thing I'm determined never to do. "What is that, my own?" "I will never, never, cut the eyes out of the potatoes." "Why not, darling?" "Because it is cruel. I shall cook them with their eyes in." Ralph assented to this and there was a cooing and caressing spell of silence. Then Mand resumed: "Ralph, did you know that potatoes were jackets?" "Never, my angel," answered the young man in an awestricken voice. "Well, they do. Papa said that when he was a boy they always cooked potatoes in their jackets. What kind of a jacket does a potato wear?" "I think, love, it must be an Eton jacket," said Ralph desperately, as he closed the discussion with a kiss. —Detroit Free Press.

This silly expression (?) which has become popular of late, is a metaphor, apparently, from the language of military riding. When a horse is young to his work, it is one of the difficulties of his rider to get him to "face" the regimental band.—Notes and Queries.

## PAINTS

Habit is our primal fundamental law; habit and imitation—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning, in the world.—Caryle.

Omission to do what is necessary seals a commission to a blank of danger, and danger, like an ago, subtly taints, even when we sit idly in the sun.—Shakespeare.

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### A DOG DISCIPLE OF WALTON.

Half of the Bay City wheelmen of San Francisco can vouch for the truth of this dog story, because Henry L. Day of 1012 Devisadero street, a Bay City man, is owner of the dog Tip, and is not given to romancing. Indeed, when he was telling the story in the Palace hotel grillroom even the waiter acknowledged that for a dog story it seemed about as near the gospel as a mortal might hope to hear.

Henry said, as he skillfully extracted the spinal from a brook trout:

"It's like this. My dog Tip is a black and tan and a beauty of his breed and nearly every one who has visited the house has commented on my shortsightedness in cutting off his tail, thereby detracting from the dog's beauty. But, gentlemen, I assure you, as I have had to repeat many times to others, I did not cut off that dog's tail. The rats chewed it off. No, thanks, I don't care for anything to drink. It was this way: "My little brother Phil is of a mechanical turn and was forever fusing with the dog. One day I heard a sharp barking and lively scampering in the back yard, and, looking out of the window, saw the dog with a rat tied, as I thought, to his tail. Of course I hurried out, intent on relieving the dog and incidentally chastising my brother, who was rolling his fat body about the yard in paroxysms of delight. However, when I caught Tip I found that my brother had glued a fishhook to the dog's tail and baited it with cheese, and then stuck the tail in a rat-hole, and held the dog until he had a bite.

"Later, Tip got so he would whine around for a piece of cheese to be fastened to his tail, and then would go and sit with his caudal appendage stuck in a rat-hole until he caught one and would yank it out and unhook the rat without assistance. This became so common an occurrence that it failed to be a novelty with us.

"One day, when there was no one at leisure to put on the cheese, Tip went and poked his unprepared tail in the rat-hole and waited for a bite. Well, he got it, and when he got through yelping we noticed that he had a stub tail. After that he retired from the rat business—at least what he caught he went after in the legitimate style."—San Francisco Examiner.

It shocked him. "For business reasons," said an Omaha man, "when I came this trip, I registered at a Brooklyn hotel and the experience that followed shook my nerves a bit. The clerk assigned me to a room that was large and light and in every way satisfactory. There was the usual hotel bureau at one side of the room, and as soon as my baggage came up I unpacked my clothes and laid them on the bed preparatory to putting them away in the bureau drawers. Two solid looking metal handles were attached to the top drawer, and as I grabbed them to draw it open the sensation that took possession of me made me suspect that I had received a stroke of paralysis. It was a fierce shock that snapped my chin down hard. I released the handles with difficulty and rang the bell for aid. As I sat there waiting for the hall boy I pinched my legs and arms and found that there was feeling in each. I could walk, and I came to the conclusion that if I had suffered from a stroke of paralysis it was a light one. The bell boy summoned the clerk, and when the latter saw the room that I was in and heard my story of the shock he laughed and then apologized. They had assigned me to a room frequently occupied by the proprietor's son, who was a mechanical genius. To protect the bureau drawer he had brought down the electric light wire and attached it to one of the metal handles. I got the full force of the current and my nerves weren't right during the rest of the day. I am very shy of eastern hotel bureaus now."—New York Sun.

The Earth's Three Motions. The motion of the earth at the equator is equal to nearly 1,500 feet per second, and the earth has three motions—viz, the rotation on its axis in one day of 24 hours, the revolution around the sun in one year of 365 1/4 days, and a very slow gyratory motion at the poles. This last mentioned motion is a very peculiar one and has not long been known. The poles move around the outside of a line at right angles to the plane of the ecliptic, coinciding with the line of axle rotation once in 25,868 years.—St. Louis Republic.

In St. Louis. Burger—Please gimme a few cents, sir? Citizen—No. Burger—I ain't had nothin but Mississippi water for out for two days, sir. Citizen—Well, what do you want? Porterhouse steak?—New York Press.

My. "My," said the freckled border who came late to breakfast, "I wish I had my wheel kit here! I'd pump up these muffins."—Chicago Record.

### THE SMARTEST BABY.

What Things He Is Sensible of the Very First Day in the World. "The smartest baby in the world" is common enough. No self-respecting family is without one. Every father in the land is willing to stand on the corner and let half a dozen ears go by if he can pour into your ear the very latest articulate wonder baby has performed. Any mother will tell you that when the little angel was 3 days old it could recognize every member of the family and had ideas on things in general. But notwithstanding this great array of involuntary evidence, it has been found interesting by some analytical mind to determine as nearly as possible at what age the senses first manifest their presence. It is interesting to note the results of these observations.

First of all, it would seem that every healthy child has sensibility to light, touch, temperature, smell and taste on the first day of infant life. Therefore, from the very beginning of his career he is not indifferent to the glare of a bright lamp, to the pain of a pricking pin, to the scalding of a too hot bath, to the unpleasantness of burned feathers or to the taste of a sour bottle. Nurses will do well to bear this in mind.

Hearing, it will be noticed, is the only special sense that is not active at the beginning. As a matter of fact, the child does not hear until about the third or fourth day.

The senses that are the most active from the first are those of taste and smell. General organic sensations of well being or discomfort are also felt from the beginning, but pain and pleasure, as mental states, are not noted until at or near the second month.

The first sounds of speech in the shape of utterance of consonant sounds are heard in the latter part of the second month. These consonants being generally "m," "r," "g" or "k." Consonants being necessary to the articulation of any language, and these particular letters being the easiest and therefore the earliest that the infant learns, parents have with common consent given them a very fanciful interpretation. Thus when the baby says "Goo-goo," he is telling you that he is supremely happy; when he says "Mum mum," the darling knows his mother, he does; and when he utters the elementary sound "Ta-ta," the precious angel is thanking the company for blessings received as plainly as anything could be.

All the movements of the eyes become co-ordinate by the fourth month, and by this time the youngster begins to have the "feeling of self"—that is, he looks at his own hands and looks at himself in the mirror.

The study of the child's mind during the first year shows conclusively that ideas develop and reasoning processes occur before there is any knowledge of words or of language. It is assumed, however, that the child thinks in symbols, visual or auditory, which are clumsy equivalents for words. By the end of the year the child begins to express himself by sounds—that is, speech begins.—Philadelphia Press.

Army Headquarters. "The headquarters of the army," said an army officer, "are where General Miles is located, or at least where he keeps his headquarters flag. Should he take his flag up in a balloon the headquarters would be up in the air. He seldom takes his flag with him when he leaves the city, but should he do so headquarters would be exactly where the flag is, whether he was in the cars or at a hotel. The law has never designated an official headquarters. When General Sherman moved his residence from this city some years ago to St. Louis, the headquarters flag went with him, and the war department found it was no longer headquarters. Neither was there any way by which the department could find where headquarters were except by telegraphing for the whereabouts of General Sherman and his flag."—Washington Star.

She Scored One. Mrs. Wilson tried to get Mrs. Jones' cook away from her and actually went to Mrs. Jones' house when she was out and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner, Mrs. Jones did not notice her. Some one who sat between them said, "Mrs. Jones, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" "No, I believe not," said Mrs. Jones. "She sometimes calls on my cook, I understand. Waiter, some loc."—Boston Traveller.

Food For Reflection Only. I am in a hideous pickle. Here I've got nothing to eat, and the only thing I've got to pawn is my false teeth, and if I pawn them and buy something to eat, then I can't eat it. I never was in such an awful fix in all my life.—Boston Globe.

The Sultan's Gold Plate. Among the sultan's gold plate there are dishes of solid gold large enough for a baby's bath, and there are plates, cups and saucers, turcos and pitchers, massive and heavy, made of this same precious metal.

Poor Killing. It is usual to compare the battles of the last century with the battles of today and to dilate upon the greater deadliness of the modern weapons and the modern results. But the facts are all the other way. At Fontenoy, for instance, one volley of the Coldstreams struck down 450 Frenchmen of the Regiment du Roi. Again, at the same battle, the Gardes du Corps had not much short of 500 saddles emptied by a single volley, while the French guards were scattered by a point blank volley from a British regiment at 20 paces that brought down 450 men. Here we have at Mengersdorf thousands of Boers in cover shooting for hours on two days at 600 Englishmen in the open and killing very few compared to the hundreds who dropped at one volley from the Coldstreams at Fontenoy.

The fact is that modern fighting tends more and more to become a game of long bowls. This was the cause of the small execution done at Kringsdorf. On the other hand, our forefathers at Fontenoy and elsewhere held their fire till they were within 20 or 30 paces, and the officers passed their canes along the musket barrels to make sure they were not aimed too high before the volley was delivered. Moreover, the men were formed in solid column or square and every shot told. It looks as if the great range of the rifle would be followed by less loss of men, and certainly the rapidity of the discharge of the magazine rifle tends to encourage wild and careless shooting and is against cool and accurate marksmanship.—Saturday Review.

### WEAPONS FOR WHEELMEN.

Big Pistols and Little Carried by Men and Women Who Wheel. A man went into a gun store the other day and asked to see a firearm such as the cyclists were buying. A wicked little revolver of 32 caliber, rim fire, with a three inch barrel, rubber grip and the metal parts nickel plated, was shown first. There was a bit of rust on the rifling of the barrel that would displease a man fond of his weapons; still that was what the cyclists were buying. It was sold at \$4, and a holster and belt cost 85 cents more. It would do to kill a dog anywhere within ten feet of the wheelman, if the shooter knew how to handle it.

When asked to show the very best revolver for a wheelman's use, the clerk brought out a blue metal work, black rubber handled, 32 caliber, center fire, five shot revolver, costing \$10.00. In the hands of a man or woman who could shoot at all, this weapon would be deadly to anything from the size of a man down. Its effective range would be up to about 30 yards, while the bullet, if it landed, would kill a big dog 300 yards away easily. The charge of powder is so small that a woman would not be annoyed by the sound or kick.

A three inch single barreled pistol of 22 caliber would disable a dog and could be carried in a coat or in an upper vest pocket. For an extremely sensitive woman such a pistol would not be a cause of worry in firing, since the charge of powder is so small as to be inaudible at a hundred or so yards, but, properly aimed, it would kill a man.

A weapon which sportsmen cyclists use a good deal on trips into regions like New Jersey and the Catskill mountains is a 22 caliber pistol with a 10 or 12 inch barrel. All told, this pistol weighs a pound. It is accurate for a range of 100 yards and will send a bullet through four or five inches of spruce. A barrel three inches long may be had for the same stock. It is easily carried in a long pocket inside one's coat, where it would be out of sight, but handy in case of need. A similar pistol weighing three pounds is made. Deer have been killed with them and they are fine for shooting bothersome cars, if the wheelman is so disposed. They are easily fastened to handle bars of wheels or along the upper tube of the frame behind the toolbag.

Some wheelmen prefer heavy weapons and get those of 38 caliber or larger. The recoil and noise are objectionable, but the size of the bullets, to their minds, outweighs these disadvantages. A 41 caliber single barreled dorringer has a number of devotees, but it kicks wickedly and not very good work can be done with it save at the very short range. Gamblers in old days used such weapons, and the way they shot men armed with three pound revolvers across card tables was a caution. A five shot revolver, 32 caliber, weighs but little more and has considerable backing if the first shot misses.

There are a good many women who carry revolvers of one kind or another, and some know how to use them.—New York Sun.

A Confident Cousin. The bad experience of a man who did not know his own relatives. A reporter was talking to a Washingtonian in front of an up town hotel entrance when a handsome young woman walked by and went into the door beyond. Evidently she knew or thought she knew the Washingtonian, for she hesitated as if about to speak to him, but the man gave no sign.

"Why didn't you speak to the lady?" inquired the writer man.

"I wasn't sure I knew her, and I am not now," he replied.

"Could you not have taken chances?"

"Not any more."

There was something back of that sort of an answer, and the writer man went after it.

"Oh," he laughed, "you've made a mistake in knowing people, have you?"

"Not exactly, but in thinking I knew them. At least in thinking I knew a lady once. It was this way: Four or five years ago my folks were spending the summer at Rockville, and I came to town one afternoon to meet a cousin of my wife's from the southwest, whom I'd never seen, and escort her out home. Of course I had a description, but descriptions don't always count, and when I saw a good looking woman descend from the car I sailed right in and introduced myself as her cousin's husband and her escort to the country. She accepted the escort with a charming smile, asked about the health of her dear cousin and all that in a general way, which seemed all right, though slightly vague, as it appeared to me later, and we went from the Baltimore and Potomac station over to the Baltimore and Ohio to catch a train.

"What would have happened if we had caught the train I don't know, but we missed, and then while we waited I took her up town to a restaurant for supper, as the next train was going to put us home too late for it there. I telegraphed my wife that we would be out on a later train and then blew my pretty cousin off to a nice little hotel that cost me \$5. We lingered at the table, for she was a charming person to talk with, and I let her look at a fine diamond ring I wore and which she admired.

"There was some trouble about the bill when the waiter presented his check, and I hid my pocketbook down on the table and went over to the cashier's desk with the waiter and the money I had given him. I presume my back was turned five minutes away from my delightful cousin, and when I turned to go to her again she wasn't there. One waiter had seen her go into the hotel from the cafe, but had not given it a thought, and we immediately began a search for her. Suffice it to say, we didn't find her. Suffice it to say also that when I got home the real cousin was there, also a very pretty woman, and, in conclusion, suffice it to say, that I speak to no more women unless they come to me with credentials. That lost diamond was worth \$100 and there was \$50 in the pocketbook, to say nothing of my injured feelings and betrayed confidence."

Pronunciation. It is almost impossible for a foreigner who does not begin as a little child to get correctly all the sounds of another language. A little girl and her German teacher had a laugh together the other day over their efforts to help each other. The pupil was trying to use the German "ch" without making it either "k" or "sch," and failed, of course. "Where do you put your tongue when you say it?" was asked at length. The teacher looked bewildered. "I don't put it anywhere," she answered. "I just say the word and don't think about my tongue." Then she leaned forward and looked fixedly at the girl. "But please tell me," she urged, "where do you put your tongue when you say 'th'?" Now it was the other's turn to look confused. "I don't put it anywhere," she repeated. "It just comes of itself." Then they both tried, and the German announced that the tongue must go at the back and the left side of the mouth for the "ch" sound, and the American said that it was pressed against the front teeth for "th." And so both endeavored to follow the other's directions. And both ended in a hearty laugh and the discovery that neither one was any nearer the proper pronunciation than before.—New York Times.

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### A CONFIDENT COUSIN.

The bad experience of a man who did not know his own relatives. A reporter was talking to a Washingtonian in front of an up town hotel entrance when a handsome young woman walked by and went into the door beyond. Evidently she knew or thought she knew the Washingtonian, for she hesitated as if about to speak to him, but the man gave no sign.

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