

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896.

NO. 27.

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### MARTHY'S CONCLUSION.

She Became Reconciled to Her Own Quiet Country Ways.

They had returned from a visit to the home of a grown up son in the city. His face brightened as he approached the front gate, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he stepped up to the well and began to pump a dipper full of water.

"Hev a drink, Marthy," he said; "hev a drink. Tain't no Polly Nary water nor no ginger ale, but tain't the prickle that quenches thirst. I've been a-hankerin' for a drink from this well ever since we lef' home."

But she took no notice of his invitation and passed into the house. "Anything wrong?" he asked when he laid down the wood he had brought in for the kitchen fire.

"No. Nothin' is wrong."

"Ye seem sorter silester than usual. Ain't ye glad ter be back h'm?"

"Yes. I'm glad ter be back h'm. But I've s'mthin' on my mind."

"Trouble?"

"Not ezactly trouble. But I'm beginnin' ter think thet we ain't movin' along with the times. I'm kinder afraid thet we're gittin' ter be back numbers."

"Thet comes along er spendin' so much time in the city surroundin's, is 's'pose?"

"I'm afeared so. We don't talk like them people does. We don't seem ter hev their way of expressin' ourselvs."

He seated himself on the woodbox and thought it over for a few minutes. Then he looked up and said gravely:

"Marthy, ye ain't no sloh."

"How dare you use such language ter me?" she inquired indignantly.

"What I mean is thet ye're a Jim Dandy."

"Whoever said any such a thing again my character?" she exclaimed, rising to her feet in her excitement.

"Aw, that's all right. Ye're a bute, ye are. Ye're a corker. Ye're right in it, see? Hully gee, but—'Ezekiel!' she fairly screeched.

"Stop thet swarin' his minute, er ye ez hev livel man a wife all these years is a-goin'er hev court proceedin's an our names in the papers."

"Don't git riled, Marthy," he replied soothingly. "Them's only some o' the things I picked up while we vns ter town. I didn't think ye'd like 'em very well, but I didn't want'er lose no way s'cuz ye're reconciled ter h'm."

"Air ye sure ye heard that kind o' talk?"

"Didn't hear much else while the boys was round."

"Well," she responded gently, "lo's say no more about it an talk our own talk in content from this on. I reckon it deyen't a good deal on what ye're useter. Cities hev their outlandishness jes' the same ez the country, an I dunno but what more so."

—Detroit Free Press.

The militia is now between 500 and 600 officers below the establishment, and the number of vacancies tends to increase. The chief cause of this is the great agricultural depression, which has utterly ruined the smaller landowners who formerly officered the militia and has crippled the great ones.

The landed gentry are living abroad or are crowding into the cities to earn a living. Every younger son and most elder ones are going into business and find they have no time to devote to soldiering. A man who only gets a few weeks' holiday can hardly be expected to spend a month of it at some dull country town or at some camp of instruction and give up all forms of sport.

Many regiments have had a number of vacancies for many years, and this causes a large amount of extra work and heavy extra expense to the officers, or else the plan of resorting to attached officers must be followed, a method unsatisfactory to both sides.

The fact remains a serious one—that the militia is something like 15 per cent short of its establishment of officers. Even this does not show the whole state of the case. The establishment in the artillery and infantry is only three subalterns to two companies, like the peace establishment of the regular army, and in the event of war, if the militia is required for foreign or even home service, it would want some 600 subalterns to make the battalions up to war strength.—National Review.

Malpractice and Cows. It is to be feared that Dr. Adams of the University of Pennsylvania will make many enemies. He declares that in his veterinary practice the wire hairpin is a frequent cause of disease in cattle, and especially in pastures near seminaries for young women. He suggests that the lives of many cows might be saved if the hairpin could be manufactured of a material that would be soluble in some one of the animals' stomachs.—New York Tribune.

An ostrich will never go straight to the east, but always approaches it with many windings and detours, in order, if possible, to conceal the locality from observation.

### THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

How One of His Legs Came to Be Shorter Than the Other.

"Perhaps you never noticed that one of my legs is a little shorter than the other," said the retired burglar. "I don't suppose you would, any way, unless you happened to meet me in damp weather, when the rheumatism made me limp a little, but it is, and I got it in one of the toughest experiences I ever had."

"I had gone into a house in a town something less than 100 miles away from the city and had taken about two steps inside of a room on the second story when I felt something give under my foot, and I knew in a minute I was in a trap. Two small pieces of timber, like pieces of joist, that had been rigged to work like a common steel trap, sprung up and came together on my left leg and broke it, I know, and held me fast."

"The noise of the springing of the trap woke up a man who was sleeping in the room. I suppose somebody had been there to see him before, and he'd made up his mind to get the next man, and he'd set this trap and caught me. He got out of bed, turned up the light and came over to take a look at me. I suppose he thought that all he'd got to do now was just to turn me over to the police. He must have had absolute confidence in the trap, 'cause he came right up close, and it was a good trap, but I don't see how he could have forgot that my hands were free. I didn't, and when he got close enough I just smashed him and knocked him senseless over on the other side of the room. Then I tackled those timbers, and, making a tremendous effort, I managed to open 'em wide enough to let my leg out. It was caught near the end, and I slid it out sideways."

"Well, it was about as bad as anything I ever struck. I hopped out of the room and along the hall to the head of the stairs and down, hanging on to the banisters and partly sliding on 'em and out through the front door. My pal was waiting for me there in my car, and he came up to see what was the matter. He knew something was wrong, of course, when he saw me limping. There was a train that stopped there about 2 o'clock in the morning; that was we were going to take, though we didn't expect to take it that way, and he helped me down to the station. Of course I might have got my leg fixed in the town all right and comfortable, but when I'd got around again I'd have got I don't know how many years of the end of it, and that's something I didn't want. I'd rather take the risk with the leg."

"It was a milk train or a freight train with a passenger car attached away down one end. Nobody noticed us in particular, and we got aboard and came back to the city. It was in the winter time and still dark when we got back. I was glad of that. We got a carriage and went home, and then I had my leg set."

"It was weeks before I got out at all, and when I did get around the broken leg was a little bit shorter than the other—though, as I said before, you might never notice it 'cept in damp weather."—New York Sun.

False Alarm. There is a physician in Cleveland who is pretty sure to stutter when under the stress of excitement. Some time ago he had occasion to professionally officiate on an interesting occasion, and his vocal infirmity was the cause of a funny misapprehension.

The husband and prospective father, who, by the way, had set his heart on a son and heir, was nervously pacing the library when the doctor entered.

"Well, doctor," cried the husband, forcing a smile, "is it twins?"

"Tr-tr-tr—" began the doctor.

"Triplets! Great Caesar!"

"Qu-qu-qu"—stammered the doctor.

"Quadruplets! Holy smoke!"

"No, no!" cried the doctor. "Quite quite the contrary. Tr-tr-try and take it ph-ph-phologically. It's just a girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Test For Ready Boiled Lobsters. Should ready boiled lobsters be purchased, test them by gently drawing back the tail, which should rebound with a spring. If the tail is not curled up and will not spring back when straightened, the lobster was dead when boiled and should not be eaten. Choose the smaller lobsters that are heavy for their size, as the larger ones are apt to be coarse and tough. Lobsters weighing from 1 1/2 to 2 pounds are the best in size. All parts of the lobster are wholesome and may be used except the stomach, which is a small hard sack and contains poisonous matter and lies directly under the head, and a little vein which runs the entire length of the tail.—New York World.

Not Unusual. Gazlow—What is your opinion of my new novel?

Snickers—I regret that I can't give you an unprejudiced opinion.

Gazlow—Why not?

Snickers—Because I've read it.—Roxbury Gazette.

### TALES TOLD OF POACHERS.

A Kind of Lawbreaking That Has an Irresistible Charm For Some Men.

There is a charm in poaching on preserved hunting or fishing grounds or out of season that appeals irresistibly to some men. There is a class of poachers in England not found to any great extent in the United States save in regions where much of the land is leased by clubs. These poachers are described by Alex Innes Shand in Badminton Magazine.

The typical poacher, who is a poacher because of the fun and danger in it, develops from the plowman's boy, who knows more about birds' nests than about books. It was these poachers that won the lattes at Cressy, Poitiers and other fields where the bowman's silent weapon decided the day.

"Our stalwart yeomen never got their bone and muscle from the scanty produce of precarious forest crops or from convent doles they received in charity," the writer says. "They fattened on the venison and swine flesh, on netted wild fowl and snared fish"—not to mention hares and rabbits shot by the small boys under the very windows of castles. When the place got too hot, they took to the woods and became Robin Hoods that dared man, king or devil. The story told of a poacher recently dead is curious.

Duncan Mohr was a man of muscle, who in his old age put the best of the rising generation on their backs. He was generous of gifts of the fish and game which cost him only the powder or catgut, and sundry widows and orphans were supported chiefly by his bounty. Partly from fear and partly from good fellowship, the two keepers never touched him, even when Duncan, anxious for excitement, fired his gun in their ears.

The big estate on which he poached was sold, and a southern banker bought the place, retired the old waterlens on pension and put in their places a baker's dozen of strangers. They watched his house, his friends, but it was Duncan's delight to keep them from watching him. Rather than get his friends into trouble he slept on the hillside. But Duncan grumbled because he could not give his friends meat without troubling them.

One dark night Duncan found the banker in a rocky gulch with his ankle badly sprained. Duncan was delighted to call the neighbors and do the good Samaritan act. The keepers were ordered to let Duncan do as he pleased, and then Duncan found life so tame that he borrowed enough money to take him to west Canada, where he went in spite of the laird's remonstrances.

Sandy Watt was a good Christian and a famous poacher. He listened faithfully to interminable sermons and got fined for poaching. Finally he hired a cheap shooting, which gave him an excuse for taking out a license, with unlimited opportunities for trespass. One keeper begged him to spare a pet covey of white partridges. He agreed to do so, but another poacher netted them. Sandy was wild with rage. Poaching on his private poaching grounds could not be tolerated. So he ran the guilty one down and had him taken in hand by the authorities. A searching cross examination by the defendant's counsel got Sandy to give himself away. Sandy caught a chill on leaving the court and died in a fortnight.

In southern and eastern Germany it is "Hands up!" when poacher meets keeper, and the man that gets the drop on the other pulls it there is any resistance or reaching for guns. If a man is killed fairly and squarely, that's the end of the matter, but let there be a sign of foul play—a gunshot wound in the back—the poachers hunt the keeper down and to death or the keepers kill the guilty poacher.

Coronation Presents to the Czar. The procession having passed, we went to look at the illuminations again and to see the beautiful rooms more closely and the splendid pieces of plate that had been sent to the czar with the offering of bread and salt by the various governments of Russia. Perhaps the finest was one from the government of Moscow—a very handsome gold plate with enamelled arms in medallions. The scepter with this plate was a tiny copy of the famous crown of Monomachus, every detail exact and even the bordering of fur imitated in all its softness in silver. In the throneroom the insignia were spread out on their velvet cushions, looking more gorgeous than ever under the thousands of lights. But I preferred seeing them on the emperor and empress.—Merry Grace Thornton in Century.

Know His Confidence. "If you're a good boy"—the parent began. But the youth interrupted: "Excuse me, but I know what you are going to say. I have a new proposition to offer. If you are real kind to me, I'll let you take me to the circus instead of Uncle Richard or Aunt Jane or the gentleman who lives next door."—Washington Star.

### GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

A Function That Seems to Be Out of Favor in Fashionable Society.

Grace before meals is difficult to manage nowadays, although there are a few excellent people who are in the world, but not of it, who try to keep up the good old custom and show their consistency even at dinner parties, to the unfeeling confusion and discomfort of some of their guests. These guests may be taken unawares and may be talking or laughing or otherwise misbehaving themselves at the solemn moment. They are thus likely to be brought to a realization of their unintentional irreverence by the sudden hush that comes over the assemblage, an awful silence that makes the high pitched voice of the unlucky offender horribly distinct.

"Why didn't some one tell me that the G.'s said grace?" quoth little Mrs. Chatter plaintively. "I went there the other day to dinner, and I was never made so wretchedly uncomfortable in my life. Mr. G. took me in, and, as usual, I went on talking, never giving him a chance to say a word. I saw he looked disturbed, and I noticed that every one was quiet, but thought it was all the more my duty to stir things up. So I called out to Nellie B., who was sitting opposite me: 'Clear up, Nellie. Why are you so solemn?' My husband said afterward that he was quite wild, and that everybody was tittering, until finally poor Mr. G. took advantage of my stopping for breath to begin, 'For what we are about to receive,' etc. I was completely taken aback, and they told me afterward that the expression of my face was irresistibly funny. But how was I to know?"

"The struggle at the Z.'s to keep their guests quiet for grace is one of the jokes of the season," said a man recently, "and I really think under the present condition of society it would be better to give it up. They have no end of dinner parties and always say grace, whatever the number may be, for Mrs. Z.'s people are extremely strict in such matters. And I think she considers it to be a sort of valve to her conscience on account of going out so much and allowing her daughter to dance and go to the theater, so she would not give it up for the world. I was there the other evening. There were 18 at table. Those seated at either end in the immediate vicinity of the host and hostess realized the situation and preserved a decorous silence. But the rest would go on talking. 'Oh, bang it all!' said Harry Z. at last in desperation. 'Here goes.' And he rattled off something that was perfectly inaudible, but which removed the embargo from out tongues, and the dinner began. Perhaps you might put it in the light of casting pearls before swine, but I really think it would be more reverent to discontinue what can never become the general practice, now that it is one of those old customs that is more honored, it strikes me, in the breach than in the observance."—New York Tribune.

Fighting Fire With Fire. One of the great achievements of the future is to be the utilization of antagonistic bacilli in stamping out diseases of various grades. It is thought that there will in time be discovered germs that will act as spiers do upon flies and cats upon mice. They will simply grapple with and destroy them. In a number of instances accidental inoculation of patients suffering from malignant disease with the germ of some other equally serious malady has resulted in the restoration of the patient to health. Just how this is done, just why it is, no one seems able to understand, but facts justify this conclusion. In one case the patient was considered hopelessly ill with an incurable disease. A careless physician brought from another patient the bacilli of an equally serious ailment, with which the sufferer was shortly attacked. After a number of weeks of extreme exhaustion and suffering, to the astonishment of everybody who knew the circumstances, the man began to mend and ultimately recovered, bearing no evidence of either disease, which seemed to have spent their force on each other and left the system almost clean. It will be an interesting day for medical science when doctors can bring out an army of crystalloids or other bacilli to fight the germs of equally malignant diseases.—New York Ledger.

Janeville Reminiscence. Margy was chattering away to her aunt about her seat mate in school and her mother. "Miss Porter." Finally the aunt remarked: "You mean Mrs. Porter, dear. She is a married woman, and married women aren't called miss." Margy reflected for a moment, and then she said triumphantly, "But, auntie, her husband is dead!"—New York Times.

A Shrewd Dodge. Mrs. Kinleigh—What do you say when you are given a nice, warm breakfast? Mrs. Wurdts—I don't say nothing, um am. I just says wood.

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The Story of a "Copping" and the Deserving Poor Theory.

I remember once, at a time when I made daily use of the reading room of the British museum—a magnificent communistic institution of the best type—I was offered £2 to copy a certain book or manuscript, I forget which. Being too lazy to think of doing the work myself, I handed over the commission to a man whose respectable poverty would have moved a heart of stone—an ex-schoolmaster whose qualifications were out of date, and who, through no particular fault of his own, had drifted into Salvation Army shelters. He was a sober, well spoken, well conducted, altogether unobjectionable man, really fond of reading and eminently eligible for a good turn of the kind I did him. His first step in the matter was to obtain from me an advance of 5 shillings; his next, to sublet the commission to another person in similar circumstances for £1 15s., and so got it entirely off his mind and return to his favorite books.

This second, or rather third, party, however, required an advance from my acquaintance of 1s. 6d. to buy paper, having obtained which he handed over the contract to a fourth party, who was willing to do it for £1 13s. 6d.

Speculation raged for a day or two as the job was passed on, and it reached bottom at last in the hands of the least competent and least respectable female copyist in the room, who actually did the work for 6 shillings, and then turned it into a handsome investment by making it an excuse for borrowing endless sixpences from me from that time to the day of her death, which each sixpence probably accelerated to the extent of fourpence and staved off to the extent of twopenny. She was not a deserving person. If she had been, she would have come to no such extremity. Her claims to compassion were that she could not be depended on, could not resist the temptation to drink; could not bring herself to do her work carefully and was therefore at a miserable disadvantage in the world—a disadvantage exactly similar to that suffered by the blind, the deaf, the maimed, the mad or any other victim of imperfect or injured faculty.

I learned from her that she had once been recommended to the officials of the Charity Organization society, but they, on inquiring into her case, had refused to help her because she was "undeserving," by which they meant that she was incapable of helping herself. Here was surely some confusion of ideas. She was very angry with the society, and not unreasonably so, for she knew that their funds were largely subscribed by people who regarded them as ministers of pity to the poor and downcast. On the other hand, these people themselves had absurdly limited the application of their bounty to sober, honest, respectable persons—that is to say, to the persons least likely to want it and most apt to be demoralized by it.—Contemporary Review.

Disraeli's Ideal of Greatness. When Disraeli was curly and smart and comparatively unknown, he visited the Royal Exchange of Liverpool in company with Mr. Duncan Stewart, a leading merchant of the city. It was at high noon, and the exchange was thronged by merchants. The scene so impressed the young member of parliament that he said to Mr. Stewart:

"My idea of greatness would be that a man should receive the applause of such an assemblage as this—that he should be cheered as he came into this room."

Disraeli went in and came out unnoticed, but several years later he again visited the Liverpool exchange in company with Mr. Stewart. His entrance was greeted by a cheer which spread into a roar and ended in an ovation. The testimony to his political prominence deeply moved Disraeli, who, recalling to Mr. Stewart the remark he had made years before, said, "My ideal test of greatness has been realized."—Youth's Companion.

The all-fresh has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to alight in the water or take a moment's rest. It is believed to sleep on the wing.

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