

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896.

NO. 32.

UNTOLO MISERY

RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending \$4000 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only thirty-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles



being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured by the doctors that I could not live. The pain, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphia. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 135 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith.

AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.
AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.

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

J. D. KERNOLLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.

BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.,
DENTIST,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Livery, Sale and Feed STABLES.



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

HENRY BANN, JR.,
PRACTICAL TINNER,
GRAHAM, N. C.

All kinds of tin work and repairing.
Shop on W. Elm St., second door from Bain & Thompson's.
Dec. 5, 1895.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

Since its enlargement, The North Carolinian is the largest weekly newspaper published in the State. It prints all the news, and preaches the doctrine of pure democracy. It contains eight pages of interesting matter every week. Send one dollar and get it for a whole year. A sample copy will be mailed free on application to
JOSEPH DANIELS, Editor,
Raleigh, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of a patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN W. WILSON & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.50 plan.

SHE WILL NOT TALK.

Remarkable Portuguese Woman Who Leads the Life of a Hermit.

Hermits are plentiful enough in all parts of California, but nearly all of them are men. For some reason the gentle sex seldom shows a desire to forsake the world and live in a leaky cabin on a desolate spot of the earth's surface with nothing but wild beasts for companions and a scant bill of fare. There is one woman at least who prefers such a life. She is a Portuguese, and her name is Mme. Munier. Her home is in the sand hills on the Pacific coast, about 15 miles below Pescadero.

Mme. Munier, in a way, leads a perfect hermit's life, more so than a great many of the masculine hermits at present camping out in different parts of the state. Her home is far off the road and close to the waters of the Pacific. It is only a boxlike shanty, built under the side of a sand hill so as to be protected from the ever blowing wind. The surroundings are wild in the extreme, and nature shows herself in her most uncongenial mood. The house has only one room, in which the woman eats, drinks and sleeps.

It is over 20 years since Mme. Munier came to live in the vicinity of her present home. Her husband, a Frenchman, was with her then, and they occupied a comfortable house with a small piece of land around it. After about three years M. Munier disappeared. He went away one morning, saying that he was going to San Francisco, and has never come back. At least it is not known to the neighbors that he has.

After a few months of solitude in the little house Mme. Munier went out into the sand hills and built her self the shanty that she still occupies.

The only people that she has spoken to in all the years since her husband's departure are the storekeepers at different points along the road, and she simply tells them what she wants and refuses to engage in conversation. For weeks she will keep inside her cabin. Her sole occupation is knitting. If anybody calls on her, she never stops. To ask her a question is like talking to a deaf person, as she never seems to hear.

Mme. Munier is strong and healthy, and in good weather walks all the way to Santa Cruz for her provisions. She carries a large basket on her back, and when filled it will contain enough to last her for months. All the water she uses has to be carried a long distance, but she always takes it in large quantities and does not make many trips for the purpose.

People who know Mme. Munier look upon her as a mystery. Most of them incline to the belief that her husband had some reason for keeping out of sight, but visits her occasionally and brings her money. But none of them takes enough interest to investigate and are content to let her live as she pleases in her little shanty in the sand hills.—San Francisco Call.

The Duke's Own London.

The owner of the most fashionable district of London is the Duke of Westminster. This extensive property at the West end was acquired by the marriage in 1678 of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with Miss Mary Davies, the only child of Alexander Davies of Ebury manor, which, roughly speaking, is represented by the Grosvenor estate of today. The boundary of the estate, which is situated in the parishes of St. George, Hanover square and St. John, Westminster, begins at the marble arch on the south side of Oxford street, runs down the center of Oxford street almost to South Molton street, and passing down Davies street, takes in a small portion of Berkeley square (with Thomas' hotel) and, including both sides of Mount street, runs up the middle of Park lane to the marble arch again.

The Belgrave part of the estate begins at St. George's hospital, runs down the center of Grosvenor place to the Buckingham palace road and passes down the western side of Vauxhall bridge road, almost in a straight line to the river Thames; thence running along the river bank eastward as far as the Grosvenor canal. The property does not comprise Sloane square, Cadogan place or Lowndes square, but includes all Belgrave square and Wilton crescent, the boundary running up again almost to the Knightsbridge road.—Chambers' Journal.

Mr. Grossmith and the Hatter.
Mr. Grossmith is one of our best known public performers, but he has a non-professional social life—when he sinks his public character in that of the ordinary English gentleman. Some people don't see this, and a good story bearing on the point is told. Once a wealthy hatter, with whom Mr. Grossmith had some slight acquaintance, came up to him at a Mansion House ball and said: "Hello, Mr. Grossmith! What are you doing here? Are you going to give us any of your little funny stories, eh?" "No," replied Mr. Grossmith. "Are you going to sell any of your hats?" An effective retort.—Westminster Gazette.

COLLECTING BIRDSKINS.

Some Hints For Those Who Think of Engaging in the Pastime.

B. H. Warren, state zoologist of Pennsylvania, tells in bulletin No. 6 how to collect, skin, preserve and mount birds. The collector, having, of course, a permit granted by the state in which he lives, starts out after his birds with the best shotgun he can procure. Usually it is a 12 gauge, but a 16 or 20 bore is preferable, and he should have shells loaded with shot of a size for anything from a warbler to an eagle. An auxiliary barrel that will shoot a 32 or 38 caliber shot shell is also useful, and a metal tube five or six inches long to fit into the gun barrel the same as a cartridge, loaded with 22 caliber shot shells, is also useful for small birds like the warblers. Smokeless powder is best for the 32, 38 and 22 caliber shells, because it makes little noise to disturb the other birds in the vicinity.

To carry the specimens a good sized fish basket is best, each species being wrapped in paper carefully and great care being taken that the tail feathers are not broken. When several large birds are taken, it is best to skin them, leaving the wings, legs and head whole. Of course under such circumstances facts about the bird are jotted down in the notebook. The notebook should be kept in ink, because a pencil mark blurs easily. When a bird is shot, it should be picked up by the legs or bill unless it is a crippled heron, hawk or owl. The wounded birds are killed by pressing the heart from either side close to the wings. All wounds and openings are stopped with cotton to prevent the plumage being spoiled.

To be of value each specimen should be labeled with the name, sex, date and locality, especially in the case of young birds, since an adult can always be identified. The name of the collector, color of the bird's eyes and contents of its stomach may also be put on the label, besides abbreviations indicating adult (ad.) or immature (g. or yuv.) and the state of the plumage, whether nuptial (nupt.) or migratory. "Hornot" means a yearling bird.

The average collector, man or woman who from a love of nature seeks the fields will not care to do more than skin the birds, leaving it to some regular taxidermist to mount them. For skinning birds and blowing eggs six instruments are needed—namely, a pair of spring forceps, an egg drill, a cartridge knife, a pair of surgical scissors, a pair of stuffing forceps and a blowpipe to blow the eggs. Any taxidermist will show how to skin a bird far better than words can describe the process. Once secured, the bird skin is preserved with common salt if at a distance from the taxidermist, as in a camp, for instance.

The eggs are blown through a single hole in the side, not through the hole in each end, after the usual style with hens' eggs. A small circular hole is drilled through the shell; a small wire is inserted to break the contents; then the blowpipe is inserted, and, with the hole down, a gentle, steady blowing insures the cleansing of the egg.

The Buffalo and Flamingoes.
The buffalo is used as a beast of burden in Java. Everywhere you see them grazing lazily in the fields or dragging carts and plows. It is a clumsy animal. Thick folds of superfluous fat and skin hang about the neck and limbs, and a constant stream of perspiration runs from its almost hairless body. A beautiful pair of crescent shaped horns adorn the forehead of this tropical horse. Flocks of flamingoes and white cranes strut and fly in and out among these beasts.

On one occasion I saw a beautiful flamingo parading up and down the back of a buffalo cow, which was lying almost immersed in a mud-hole by the roadside. The bird was feasting his tropical appetite by picking insects and other unwelcome visitors from the shining back of this mammoth beast. This kind of thoughtfulness on the part of the flamingo is much appreciated by the cow, and I am convinced there exists between them a pure, platonic friendship. What a peculiar thing this world is, for what is a torture and a menace to the buffalo is a choice morsel much appreciated by the acute palate of the crane!—Milwaukee Journal.

A Mean Trick.
In the dead of night Mr. Piffus heard a faint scream.
"Maria," he said, rousing himself, "I forgot to tell you I was carrying my money in one of those trick pocketbooks that run a pin into your thumb when you try to open them. Press it on the left side just below the clasp."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Silk Spider.
The silk spider of Madagascar spins threads of a golden color and strong enough, according to a well known naturalist, to hang a cork helmet by. Small textures woven of these threads are used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades and for other purposes.

SOUTH AFRICAN RUINS.

Buildings at Zimbabwe That May Be of King Solomon's Time.

It would seem that at some far distant date a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold working, pieces of ancient buildings executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build today.

These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called "herringbone" pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall 30 feet high and from 6 to 12 or 14 feet thick incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purposes of worship.

There are no inscriptions of any kind and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources, including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament, that there was from very early times a trade between the Red sea and some part of east Africa, and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock is at least highly plausible.

Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient buildings already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls, and whose other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out or peaceably withdrew or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia, they must have come more than 12 centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed, for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, 15 centuries earlier.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

A Pargorie Tippler.
One often hears of the subterfuges resorted to by persons addicted to the use of drugs in order to secure what their morbid appetite craves, and one of the clerks in a North Broad street drug store is a perfect mine of information on such matters. He knows the Jamaica ginger drunkard and the morphia fiend, but the most interesting character to come under his observation is a pargorie drinker. This fellow is a laboring man, and promptly at 6:30 every morning he enters the store on his way to work, with his dinner pail hanging from his arm. He orders a pint bottle of pargorie, which he drinks during the course of the day. Pargorie contains a certain percentage of opium, and presumably this is what the man drinks it for.—Philadelphia Record.

Unpleasant Proof.
Young Soffleigh (who is going to take his best girl out for a ride, with the intention of proposing on the road, and will want the free use of both arms)—I suppose the horse is gentle—one of those horses you can drive with—er—your—er—feet if necessary?
Stable Keeper—You can do anything with him. Just ask your young lady. She has been out behind him with half the young men in the town.—Pick Me Up.

Drawbacks on High Art.
"I told that lady that in order to get a good photograph she must forget where she was."
"Well?"
"She did it so thoroughly that she went away without making the required deposit."—Chicago Record.

MY MOTHER'S HOME.

Oh, carry me back to my native shore,
For my heart is sad and lone,
And ere I die let me gaze once more
On my mother's cottage home.
Oh, bear me back to the quiet shade
Of the well known resting tree,
To the babbling stream and the sunny glade,
The haunts of my childhood's glee.

My spirit yearns for my mother's love
And the grasp of her dear right hand,
And to feel once more affection's kiss
From the joyous household band.
Then bear me back to my native shore,
For my heart is sad and lone,
And ere I die let me gaze once more
On my mother's cottage home.
—New York Ledger.

Told of Daniel Webster.

It is never safe to say things to the ragged, unkempt men one sees and meets a-fishing by some mud pond or stream. This truth is illustrated by the case of Daniel Webster.

Webster was a fisherman and had sloops and a smack in which he used to enjoy the pastime. He was not overfastidious in his fisherman's dress. If he tore his clothes, he did not take the trouble to have them sewed up, and when enjoying his sport he was a tolerably rough looking customer, according to a Rochester paper whose reporter interviewed Mrs. Dawes, a resident of Marshfield in Webster's days.

Webster and Mrs. Dawes' uncle were fishing one day from the shore of the bay, when a stylish young fellow, a visitor at Marshfield, tumbled head over heels into the marsh. The tumbler yelled at Webster, asking how much he would take to haul him out and carry him over the mud.

"A quarter!" answered Webster, and the deed was done. Whereupon the quarter was turned over, and Webster had started away when the mud stumbler asked:

"To whom am I indebted?"
"Only Daniel Webster."
The man said afterward that he apologized for his superciliousness and did not reckon other people up according to the number of tears and patches and mud on their clothes.

How Rhodes Made His Reputation.

Pills and patriots alike become popular if they are sufficiently puffed. This has been the case in regard to Mr. Rhodes. That astute speculator perceived that jingoism was in the ascendant, and he worked this vein, much as Jacob Balfour worked the religious vein in order to feather the nest in which he and his gang of shady financiers hatched their own eggs.

At the Cape he bought up African newspapers. He kept well with the correspondents of English newspapers. He entertained royally all men of influence who visited South Africa, and he distributed the shares of his companies broadcast. Thus a mythical Rhodes was created—the noblest, the purest and the least self-seeking of patriots. The gilt is wearing off the idol, and, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of his led captives, of his financing associates and of those who take on credit the patriotism of any one who affects to pay worship to King Jingo, the real Rhodes is being revealed.—London Truth.

Judge Allen's Interruption.

The venerable Judge Allen of the United States circuit court at Springfield, Ill., was hearing a case a few years ago in which James C. Courtney was one of the attorneys. The counsel on the opposite side had asked a question of a witness, and Courtney had objected. The point was argued by both sides, and the objection was overruled. The opposite lawyer asked the same question of the next witness, and Courtney again objected and began to argue it over again. Judge Allen interrupted him with this observation, "Mr. Courtney, you remind me of a dog that keeps barking up the tree after the coon is gone." Mr. Courtney thereupon subsided.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Seven Cities That Claimed Homer.

It has been said that "seven cities claimed Homer dead, who, while living, had no place to lay his head," or words to that effect. That is to say that Homer's fame became such after his death that seven cities contended for the honor of having been the place of his birth. Do you know the name of those seven cities? They were Chios, Athens, Rhodes, Colophon, Argos, Smyrna and Salamis.

His Mean Reply.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, did you ever notice how common it is for girls to look like their fathers?
Mr. Chugwater—Of course I have. Most of them look like their fathers. That's why so many girls' faces are their fortunes.—Chicago Tribune.

When spectacles were first invented and came into use in Italy, women were forbidden to wear them on the ground that, being very striking ornaments, they would contribute to female vanity.

A French patent is issued for 15 years and is subject to an annual tax of \$20, being revoked upon non-payment.

The Saxons had the title thane, which was changed by William I into baron not long after his conquest of England.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WEEKLY WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 4, '96.

McKinleyites haven't had much to enthuse over before so they are making the most of the Vermont election by yelling themselves hoarse over what every intelligent man knows to have been a foregone conclusion. This isn't worrying the democrats even a little bit. Senator Faulkner, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, says of it: "We made no attempt to carry the state, while the republicans have spent lots of money and have exerted every energy to win. I am told that a house canvass was made by prominent republicans." Senator Harris, of Tenn., one of the old democratic war horses, said: "If the republicans can find any comfort in the Vermont election they are welcome to it. They will need a great deal of comfort before the campaign is over." Secretary Diffenderfer, of the silver committee, said: "The effect of the election will be to unify the south and west and middle west. The election shows that the east is making a sectional fight, and I do not know anything which could have happened that would have made more silver votes. We had no idea of carrying Vermont, and we haven't any idea of carrying Maine. We have not done anything in either state."

The democratic National Committee has decided to accede to the request of the Pennsylvania miners, and will send Senator Tillman, of S. C., upon a ten days stumping tour of the coal section. The democrats do not expect to carry Pennsylvania for Bryan, but they have excellent reasons for expecting to give the republicans some very unpleasant surprises in a number of the Congressional districts of the State.

Senator Gorman was at democratic headquarters this week, and it is expected that from now on he will take an active part in the management of the campaign. He believes that Bryan and Sewall can be elected. Every Alabama democrat in Washington regards Dr. Moseley's recent interview about the rosy chances of the republicans to carry that State as nothing more nor less than an attempt to get a part of Mark Hanna's big campaign fund, and one Alabamian says of it: "In view of the stringency of the money market down our way, the true blue democracy would be pleased to see Dr. Moseley pull any amount from Mr. Hanna's plethoric political purse. We rather enjoy the fun, and the money goes into circulation." As to how the state will go, Mr. Percy Clark, who took an active part in the late State campaign and who is now in Washington conferring with members of the democratic National Committee, says: "I say it with a knowledge of the conditions existing that the straight Bryan and Sewall ticket unfused, will carry Alabama by 100,000 majority."

Rev. Sam Small, who has just returned from a stumping tour of the States named, said to Chairman Faulkner: "Nebraska is safe for Bryan beyond the shadow of a doubt, Missouri is safe, Illinois looked so when I was there a few days ago, and Ohio is doubtful." Mr. Small was also very emphatic in saying that "Nobody out west wants Watson." He has gone back to Illinois to take the stump.

The number of applications from clubs for membership in the National Association of Democratic Clubs has been steadily increasing, but the record was this week broken when fifty-three applications were received in a single day.

Mark Hanna's convention of bolting democrats which met at Indianapolis this week, excited scarcely a

ripple of interest at democratic headquarters, and it is not expected that its ticket will excite any more interest among the democratic voters of the country. It was a fake convention from start to finish, and it is doubtful whether a dozen of the men who participated in it will vote for the ticket they helped to nominate. They intend voting for McKinley, but have put up a counterfeit democratic ticket in the hope that it may catch the votes of some democrats who cannot stomach McKinley and who might have voted for Bryan, thus adding to McKinley's chances to win. It would really have been more manly for the convention to have endorsed McKinley instead of putting up a stump ticket, and the result would have been precisely the same on the 3rd of September.

Ex-Secretary Hoke Smith left Washington this week. He made a record as Secretary of the Interior which has never been surpassed, and left the work of that great department in better condition than it has been for years. He also left many warm friends who wish him success in all his undertakings.

What is Money.

From The Baltimore Herald.

Investigation of the money question leads necessarily to the study of many fundamental principles. In fact the subject clears up and becomes comprehensible in proportion to one's understanding of a very few simple truths.

Webster defines money to be coined stamped by public authority and used as a medium of commerce, or any currency usually and lawfully employed in buying and selling. In other words money is the medium of exchange. The practice of civilization has brought vast amounts of paper money into use, but is usually secured by coin, or is issued in limited quantities and held at par by government credit.

It should be kept in mind that money is not wealth or property. One's possessions may be convertible into money, but there is a wide distinction between the medium of exchange and the wealth of individuals or nations. A man may have much property, large credit, and his word may be as good as his bond, and yet he may not have a cent of money. It may be necessary to reduce wealth or credit to money before either is available for certain purposes, yet both have an existence apart from the money.

This principle made clear, it is seen that money is not of so much consequence as many suppose. Indeed large transactions are carried on without a cent of money, credit instruments, in the shape of checks or invested securities, taking its place. An estate worth \$500,000 might be sold a dozen times and not a dollar in money would pass between those who were trading. Therefore, money is not essential to exchange, but it is very convenient as the medium of commerce, particularly in small transactions.

Money being thus the common vehicle of trade, universally received, and being the accepted measure of value, it has come to pass that that man who has sought something valuable for money, Gold, silver, copper and nickel, being metals the scarcity of which makes them highly priced, have become the money metals. Gold is the most valuable of all, and it happens that for several centuries a certain weight of gold costs in mining and minting a certain amount of labor and the gold dollar, sovereign or rouble has become the accepted standard of value, and is known as the true money metal.

The theory of bimetalism is to establish a ratio of weight and fineness between two metals, and to use both as gold is now used in Europe and America. It is maintained by some that the plan cannot be realized while others are equally strong in the belief that it is easy of accomplishment.

