

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896.

NO. 34.

CANCER CURED —AND A— LIFE SAVED By the Persistent Use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore



began to disappear and my general health improve. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla occasionally as a tonic and blood-purifier, and, indeed, it seems as though I could not keep house without it."—Mrs. S. A. FIELDS, Bloomfield, Ia.

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Ayer's Pills Regulate the Liver.

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SPECIALISTS OF LARGE INCOMES.

Physicians Who Sometimes Earn Their Fees Easily.

A visit in the morning to the office of any of the specialists who have succeeded in establishing themselves in business in this city will make it clear why so many young medical students are possessed of the philanthropic intention of devoting their careers to alleviating a single human ill.

The usual office hours are from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. During that time from 2 to 20 patients will generally be found waiting their turn in the reception room. The fee commonly charged by specialists of the first class is \$10 for the first consultation and \$5 for each subsequent interview. The physicians who are at the very top in their special branches of the medical profession have a higher scale of fees. From these figures one may calculate incomes of specialists ranging upward from \$10,000, \$20,000 and \$30,000 a year. That is from their office practice in the morning. In addition they have the afternoon in which to visit patients and to perform operations. The fees charged for performing operations are exceedingly high in special cases, so that altogether the specialist is very well rewarded for whatever peculiar skill and knowledge he may have acquired.

The proceedings at one of the interviews between specialist and patient are sometimes of a simplicity surprising to a layman, and the physician seems to earn his fee easily. Not long ago, when it came a man's turn to be admitted into the consultation room of an oculist of high standing in this city, the physician requested him to wait a moment while he attended to another patient. The other patient was then admitted into the room. It was a young girl, who was accompanied by her mother. The oculist merely raised the girl's eyelid, looked at the eye and told the mother to bring her daughter back in three days. For this performance he accepted the usual fee of \$5. The proceeding lasted about one minute.

Often people who are being fitted with glasses are told to return again and again to the oculist, while he goes over the measurements until the patients are profoundly impressed with the conviction that while it is well to be careful it must also be exceedingly profitable.

Oculists are not alone among specialists as regards earning their fees with apparent ease—for instance, some physicians who make a specialty of skin complaints seem to be equally fortunate. The man who squally the dentist charge \$5 for a minute's work told some friends about it. When he got through, his experience was capped by a man who went for treatment to a skin specialist of the same standing as the oculist.

"I had a light attack of eczema," he said. "I went to him, was assured that my case was curable, got a prescription and paid \$10. I never had any trouble since. But the doctor had told me to come back to him in a week, and I went. Then he told me to come back in another week, and I did so. Each visit cost me \$5. Finally I asked him how much longer he thought I'd have to go there. He said about a year. Then I stopped off short and saved about \$200 in fees and haven't regretted it since. The trouble with him was that he cured me too quick."

This physician, like the others referred to, is of the highest standing in his profession, does not advertise and hates quacks. Many of his patients are women, who show less strength of mind than the man who told the story.—New York Sun.

The Face.
A single vertical wrinkle between the eyebrows shows strict honesty in money matters. Economy broadens the nose, making it rather short and thick above the nostrils; it gives in age a broad double chin. Lines extending downward from the angle of the mouth toward the chin, when marked, show a tendency to sadness and melancholy. The lines ranging outward from the eyes show capacity for enjoyment, as well as the two deep furrows framing the mouth by the upper lip. The former are the penalty we pay for mirth and form the future channel of the tear. When one has short vertical lines in the red parts of the lips, strongly marked, they indicate a capacity for friendship. If the lips be full, the chin well developed and square, one has much vital power over others, a strong capacity for loving and self-reliant spirit.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bloodhounds.
The sense of smell in a bloodhound is of very remarkable delicacy. Bloodhounds trace a fugitive by the small portion of animal odor left by his boots or clothing, and so keen is their scent that they will frequently follow with ease a trail 24 hours old. When tracking a man on horseback, they will jump up from the ground and smell at the bushes which he brushed aside in his course.

BOTHERED BY A TITLE.

One of the Confederate Privates Who Was Introduced as a Major.

Among the countless number of men who have served in the civil war and now revel in military titles of all descriptions it is refreshing to meet with a man who will plainly tell you that his name is "Mr." and that he served from beginning to end of the bloody campaign as a full blown private. Of that description is John J. Scrivner, the San Francisco attorney.

When the war broke out, Mr. Scrivner enlisted in the Confederate service and went through the entire war, laying down his arms at its close with the humble rank of private that was assigned to him on enlisting. He now enjoys the reputation among his fellows of being the only man that has yet been discovered in the state of California who served throughout the war and yet possesses no gorgeous prefix to his name. It used to be customary in the south when veteran met veteran for some title to pass between the two.

Well, Scrivner was opposed to this principle and fortunate enough to escape involuntary dignity until one memorable occasion, not long ago, when he was conducting a case up in Butte county. The legal luminaries of the district showed him some hospitality, "And," as he afterward expressed it in relating the circumstance to Judge Hunt, "one day I was introduced to a Southerner by an idiot who said, 'Mr. So-and-so, this is Major Scrivner.'"

"I felt mad, but I had not time to reprimand my introducer nor to explain matters. In an instant I found myself shaking hands with the Southerner, who eyed me narrowly.

"You served in the Confederate army, major?" he asked.

"I did," I replied.

"I was in the Confederate army myself, sir," returned the Southerner, "and I'm pretty well up in the army list. What branch of the service were you attached to?"

"The artillery," I replied, longing that he would give me a chance to explain. But he kept right on.

"Under what general, sir, may I ask?"

"Under General Gordon." By this time I was feeling mighty uncomfortable, as my southern friend was bent on drawing me out.

"Major," he said, "I'm pretty familiar with the names of all the leading artillery officers in the Confederate service during the war. May I ask you, sir, how many guns you under your command?"

"I assure you, judge, I never felt so mad in my life. Here was I, a man who always avoided notoriety, who served his time in the war and did his duty without ostentation, who never sought a military title, but always scared off my friends from addressing me by one, and yet, owing to my blundering, I—d good natured friend, being outbripped by an entire stranger upon a title I never assumed. However, I bridled up, and, looking my catechiser full in the eye, I said:

NOT SO GREEN AS THEY SEEMED.

How Three Young Pool Players Had Fun With Dead Game Sports.

Three young men entered the billiard room of a Broadway hotel the other afternoon and began to play pool. They played poorly and didn't attract much attention except from an occasional man, who watched their efforts more with pity than derision. They had played a couple of games when one of them said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll play a game of pool for \$20 a corner."

The other two looked at him, then grinned a bit and accepted the challenge. Each man pulled from his pocket a \$20 bill and put it up. In an instant the situation was changed. The table had become a center of attraction. Spectators crowded around it, and the sports in the place came forward as old warhorses respond to the bugle call. The game began. If the three young men had played poorly before, their play was simply hopeless now. The sports took each of them under their wings in turn. When one tried for an impossible shot, although an easy one lay right under his nose, his particular mentor would reason with him. When he persisted, a wall of despair went up from the spectators, while one sport, with tears in his eyes, kept muttering:

"It's wicked; it's wicked; it's a wicked waste of money," and as a particularly ridiculous shot was attempted he would almost sob: "Look at 'em. Oh, why can't I get in? Why can't I get in? Look at those twenties. It's wicked to see 'em go to waste like that. Why can't I get in?"

As the game proceeded the crowd grew larger, and the agony of the sports became truly pitiful. Finally the game ended, and the winner pocketed the money, while the losers grinned. True sporting blood had they. Then the winner, a slender, blue looking youth, said:

"Look here. I don't want your money. I'll give you a chance to get it back and play you another game for \$20 apiece."

The others came to the scratch promptly, and the word was passed around the hotel that three would be sports were playing pool for big money, and that they'd be easy for some one. If the first game had been a wretched exhibition, the second was absolutely ludicrous. Such pool playing was never seen. The sports who had constituted themselves admirers of the players threw fits and wept. The fat sharp who had been fearful in the first game moaned aloud in the record. At last the game was brought to a point where it depended on one ball. The short, thick young man who wore glasses was about to shoot. The object ball, the last ball on the table, stood just in front of a pocket. The cue ball was not a foot away. A baby could have made the stroke. The young man with glasses smashed at the ball and missed; then in a fit of rage he shoved the object ball into the pocket.

In an instant there was a hubbub. The slender, blue youth was next shot, and as he only needed one ball to win he insisted that it should be placed in front of the pocket, where it had been. An appeal was made to the crowd. The excitement became intense. The sharps squabbled and argued the point as if their money depended upon it. Finally it was decided that the ball would have to go on the spot. Then the blue youth shot, and, wonder of wonders, he made it! The money was handed to him, and the months of the sports watered as they saw it passed over.

The third youth refused to play any more, and the three, arm in arm, as if two of them had not lost \$10 apiece, strolled out. The winner struck his tongue in his cheek and grinned goodly to the assembled sports, who said:

"They've got sporting blood; but, Lord, how easy they'd be if we could get at them," and the fat sport, who had wept, staggered to the bar to drown his disappointment.

As soon as the three young fellows reached the sidewalk there was a "Ha, ha!" from all of them, and the blue one said:

"Pretty good game that. Say, but didn't they want to get at us?" and he handed back to the losers the money he had won from them.—New York Sun.

Lord Kelvin's Weakness.
Lord Kelvin sometimes gets so absorbed while one of his experiments is being conducted that rude students take the opportunity of making witty comments, of which he is entirely unconscious. The editor of Good Words mentions Lord Kelvin's one strange peculiarity. While the higher mathematics and all the mysteries of logarithms and calculus are as easy to him as the alphabet, he often appears puzzled when a sum is presented to him in ordinary figures. A question of simple addition placed in this way on the board will sometimes lead to the query being put to the class or to an assistant, with a certain funny look of helplessness, "How much is that?"

THE MASTERY OF PAIN.

Chloroform and Its Introduction into the Practice of Medicine.

No event of the century has effected humanity so widely and so intimately as that crowning triumph of medical science which Sir Benjamin Richardson calls the "mastery of pain." The boon of anesthesia extends far beyond the domain of steam engine or telegraph and touches the individual more closely than anything in the world when his hour of suffering comes, as it may come to any of us at any moment. And in the popular view anesthesia means chloroform, whatever experts may think of the superior merits of other substances. People know that dentists use "gas," and some may have heard of ether or even of bichloride of methylene, but the household word is chloroform. Fifty years of usage have given it an unassailable position, and if a new anesthetic were to displace it tomorrow the old name would probably remain. Yet chloroform was not the first anesthetic discovered, nor is it so much used in the present day as its less famous predecessors. The early history of this great discovery, as of many others, is debatable ground, but certain facts have been clearly established.

The first chemical agent found to possess the property of producing insensibility by inhalation and used for that purpose was nitrous oxide, more familiarly known as "laughing gas" or simply "gas." It is still considered the safest and is administered every day to thousands of patients, not only for dental purposes, but in conjunction with ether for general surgery. To Priestley belongs the honor of identifying it chemically, to Sir Humphry Davy that of expounding its anesthetic properties. He found them out by experimenting on himself, and suggested their practical application in these words:

"As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place." If any one deserves to be called the father of anesthesia, it is Sir Humphry Davy. But the surgeons of this day, whether from blindness, timidity or prejudice, appear to have missed the significance of his announcement altogether, for, though the words just quoted were published in the year 1800, no practical use of the gas was attempted until 1841, and then the initiative came from America.

In that year a Connecticut dentist named Horace Wells submitted himself to the ordeal and had a tooth extracted under the influence of nitrous oxide. The next step was the introduction of ether, and the credit of this also belongs to America. It lies between two Boston gentlemen named Morton and Jackson, but some attempt was made to keep the discovery a secret for commercial reasons, the only result of which was to bury the facts in obscurity and to deprive the real discoverer of the honor that more straightforward conduct would have secured to him. The secret was immediately detected by Dr. Bigelow and sent over to England, where the leading surgeons of the day—Liston, Lawrence and Ferguson—took it up at once in their hospital practice. Sir Benjamin Richardson has described in the most graphic manner how the good news came to Glasgow, where he was studying at the time, and how great was the excitement in the profession. Ether, the second anesthetic in priority, is still the second also in point of safety and in the favor of the anesthetists at the present time.—Boston Herald.

Anvil.
"It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm to Brooklyn. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the wrought iron anvil, which is hand-made. There are plenty of cast iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The cast iron anvil has no music about it and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one were hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as the smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does nearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his hammer. As far as the village blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant advertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from 10 to 20 years—that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by sons which were used by the fathers during their entire lifetime."—Washington Star.

Englewood.
"Don't you think Jenkins is very attentive to his wife?"
"Yes; people are beginning to remark it."—Detroit Free Press.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

KATY'S QUESTION.
"Wey down in the buttercup meadow
I saw a white bird sleep today,
And close by her side, in the clover,
A dove like lamb was at play.
And the moon, with a star close behind her,
Does the dove or the lamb love her white lambs,
Just as you love me? Say, manna say!"
"Yes, Katie, you,
So I guess."
"In the orchard, up in the old pear tree,
There are four little birds in a nest;
Will they say they belong to the robin
That has a red bit on her breast,
In all the great, wide world of birds,
Does she love her own birdies the best?"
"Yes, Katie, you,
So I guess."
"The last time I played in the garden
There was just one red rose to be seen,
But today there's a tiny pink rosebud
Wrapped up in a blanket of green.
Does the rose want to kiss lady Rosebud
When she tries so far over to lean?"
"Yes, Katie, you,
So I guess."
"Last night I peeped out at the window
Just before I repeated my prayer,
And the moon, with a star close behind her,
Was walking high up in the air.
Did God make the little star baby
'Cause the moon was so lonely up there?"
"Yes, Katie, you,
So I guess."
—The Church Standard.

The Well to Do Choctaw.
"There are few sections in the world that can say no pauper is a member of it," said G. R. Jackson, national secretary of the Choctaw Nation, "but I have the honor to represent just such a people. There are no poor Choctaws. Every man has land, and, if he has not money, he at least has the United States government as a creditor, and those debts will be paid. Even a better scheme of paternal government than that of Bellamy, if it was adorned with modern art and refinement, can be found in that of the Choctaws. While there are no destitute, there are some criminals, most of whom are renegade whites, but it is a remarkable fact that when a Choctaw violates the law and is sentenced to death such a man's honor and reverence for authority that he can be released upon his own recognition with safety. He will return at the time appointed for execution. There are many things about the tribal government that would be valuable if properly studied and understood." Mr. Jackson, who is a full blooded Choctaw, is a graduate of Roanoke college and represents his nation as to its important interests at Washington. He is a dignified, courteous gentleman, who stands high in Indian councils.—Washington Star.

Narrow as a Missionary.
Stranger of all missionaries was George Borrow. He had a genius for language, a gift of style and an ineradicable love for horse dealing. Like Carlyle, he had a singular power of reading the inner man from his outward garb and bearing. Like Carlyle, too, with all his literary gifts and attainments, Borrow was at heart the peasant adventurer—of the eastern counties—and was never really at ease in higher society. His theology never sits easily upon him. In his missionary work he has the oddest way of persuading himself that it is his duty to follow his wildest caprices, as when he makes a journey to Cape Finisterre, which he longed to see, to leave there a single copy of the New Testament, and he gives thanks most piously for his neighbors' misfortune.

Famous Bath.
Marie Antoinette's bath, which was prescribed by her doctor, was a compound of aromatic herbs mixed with a handful of salt. She took it cold in summer and tepid in winter. Later on Mrs. Tallon had brought every morning to her house 20 pounds of strawberries and two pounds of raspberries, which were mashed in her bath of warm milk and water. Another preparation, used by the eastern women, is composed of barley, rice, horrage, thyme and marjoram boiled together and then thrown into the water.

Ninon de Lencques took a bath every night in which there was salt, soda and three pounds of honey mixed with milk, all well beaten in tepid rainwater.—Philadelphia Press.

Boron Rubechid includes in his "Personal Characteristics" the reply of the Marquis de Bièvre to Louis XV: "I hear that you make jokes on every subject. Well, make one on me." "Your majesty is not a subject."
An alien may do a covert for an invention or discovery provided he has resided within the United States for one year and has given notice of his intention to become a citizen.

Fruits of the Gold Standard.
New York World.
Suppose that in 1892 a free silver President and Congress had been elected and unlimited coinage at 16 to 1 inaugurated. Then suppose that these things had followed: The industry of the country sand-barged, working men thrown out of employment by the million, farmers unable to sell their produce at a profit, bankruptcy hanging over countless thousands, banks everywhere so near the verge of insolvency owing to depreciation in values that to press their debtors would mean ruin to themselves, our bond obligations increased by \$262,000,000 to keep gold in the Treasury, payment of the public debt stopped, and a deficit in the revenue of \$12,000,000 a month piling up—suppose all this under a silver Administration, and who would there be to question that our manifold calamities had been brought upon us by free coinage?

All these disasters have befallen under a gold administration, and why should not the gold standard be charged with them? Present facts are better guides than the vaticinations of prophets of evil. Let the defenders of gold monometalism tell why it is that while their money system has been in existence the country has so suffered.

Facts of Significant Importance.
Manufacturers' Record.
Two items of news of much significance, are, first, that the net increase in the number of spindles in Southern cotton mills last year was 577,000, while in the North the gain was only 100,000 spindles; and, second, that a sale was made last week of 5,000 tons of Alabama iron for shipment to England, making, it is said, a total of 65,000 tons sold to foreign buyers by one Alabama company. What a striking fulfillment is for in these two facts of the prediction made years ago by the Manufacturers' Record. These predictions met only ridicule then, but time has proved that the Manufacturers' Record was correct. The Financial Chronicle's report shows that for four years, from 1892-'93 to 1895-'96, the net increase in spindles in the North was only 325,000, or 250,000 less than in the South for the past year alone. In four years the net increase in the South has been nearly 1,000,000 spindles, and if the large number now being added to old mills and being put in new mills not yet completed be included, the total would be largely over.

Are You Afraid?
TO READ BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION?
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