

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897

NO. 32.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY!

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID

FOR Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, etc. It is invaluable, and gives instant and permanent relief. It immediately allays pain, and is necessary to apply it directly to the part affected. It keeps down inflammation, Gangrene, or the ordinary suppuration. It is fully proved in the military hospitals during the late war. It has performed astonishing cures, both in the case of men and animals, afflicted with Chronic Sores. It cures and heals quickly Ulcers, Burns, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, and Running Sores of every kind. It destroys the disagreeable effluvia arising from Catarrhs, Abscesses, Ulcers, and every kind of purulent discharge.

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To the water used in bathing add a small quantity of Darby's Fluid. It is a purifying lotion for the skin, and keeps it cool, healthy, and free from eruptions. It cleanses and refreshes. Removes all traces of perspiration from the body or odor from the feet, and whitens and softens the skin. Removes Freckles, &c.

Wherever a freckling, healing, cleansing lotion or Water is required it is justly used and most efficacious.

Cures Eruptions, Tetter, Piles, Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sun Burn, Chills, Bites and Stings of Insects, Follicle Oils or Ives. Removes Stains, Ink Spots and Mildew. Used as a Dentifrice it Purifies the Gums, Preserves the Teeth and Cures Toothache, Sore Gums, Sore Throat, and Canker. Stops or Inflames Sores, Catarrhs, May or Skin Fever, and is used Internally and Externally.

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J. D. KERNODIE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. P. BYNUM, JR.,

BYNUM & BYNUM,

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A little calculation for you. It's an illustration of what happens when you buy

Noel Bros' \$2.68 PANTS

and the only proof that they're not \$5 pants is the \$2.32 in your pocket.

FOR SALE BY

L. B. HOLT & CO.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina for amendments to the charter of the town of Graham, N. C.

By order of the Board of Town Commissioners.

J. D. KERNODIE, Clerk. Dec. 7, 1896-1897.

PRINTING!

When you want Envelopes, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statement Heads, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Posters, Circulars, Dodgers, or any kind of printing, Blanks, &c.,

Call at THE GLEANER Office.

A SNAKE STORY.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranch. Men work in the fields of California with the thermometer at 110 degrees, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90 degrees. That is the maximum they preach to the stranger in the west, and it has truth in it, but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature, and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115 degrees. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell with a wagon and a tent and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called, in the vernacular, the Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer and possibly a grizzly bear, discover a gold mine and go back to the ranch with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on the verandas, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snowy peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had at some time or other sent down a little avalanche of small rocks that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying "Santa Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Santa Maria!" Louie tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said, "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, Louie!"

"What's the good, boss?" he asked.

"I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder and making a laudable walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranch there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground squirrel holes we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, wary of his boots, had kicked them off with the long spurs, and came with me in his stocking foot on this quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake bites, which he had studied in Australia, "but we haven't got it, so we must do what we can with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy.

"Drink it, Louie," he said. "Never mind cutting your lip. Get it down—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced in the neck of the bottle, but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor or pickle, either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, 11 miles away, in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away along the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the neck off the Mexican's foot. Already it was swelling fast, with a purplish tinge round a tiny blue spot, from which the smallest imaginable drop of blood welled.

"Any good cauterizing it?" I suggested.

"Not a mag," Jock said shortly.

"Go on with the brandy and keep him moving. That is his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to see. He called, in his terror, on every saint in the church, but he declared he suffered no pain. Jock, improving the occasion, began relating in a low voice to me anecdotes of all the snakes bites he had known.

"One boy I've seen that did recover," he said, "and that was from the bite of a brown snake, and a brown snake's as bad, they say, as a rattler—an Australian brown snake, that is. A rattler can't be worse. But this boy was stupid all his life after, not as quick witted as the average, which is not much to say. And at times, just at the time of year at which he'd been bitten, the wound got red again and swelled, and he was stupider than ever.

Louie had on a sock. The rattler'd have had to go through that. He might have spent a bit of his poison there. That gives Louie a sort of a chance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss; no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading, going up the ankle and right up the leg, and the man began to talk slowly and painfully.

"I remember," said Jock, "going along a ridge of a terrace on a steep river bank. The river was full of sharks, and I met a brown snake coming along the ridge toward me. There wasn't room to turn, and I couldn't take to the river for the sharks, and I hadn't a gun. But my pal, coming behind, had a gun, and he poked the barrel in between my legs and blew the brute to bits."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heaven, d'you think I'd lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said. Then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm, and signaling me to do the same on the other side we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it, but strychnine's the best—acts as a nerve tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake bite business."

We heard the little ground owls begin whistling to each other from the mouths of the squirrel holes away down on the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I left the work to Jock and rigged up a pine torch for a signal light on the pole, which I took from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen, too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed—"more; that's it. He's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently. "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had to replenish the beacon fire, and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle.

As I was firing the torch for the third time I heard a shout down the canyon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock. "Alive, and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him—brandy? that's right. How much?"

"A bottleful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these Greasers. He'd have died before this if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's foot was swollen, so that it scarcely looked like a human member, but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its center. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said.

"It's blam'd strange," he added, "blam'd strange," pecking at the little blue mark with his forceps.

"The fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shakes him a bit. Don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limbs rumbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of the forceps, a long white spine and regarded it curiously.

Then he said in a hollow voice:

"Do you know what it is? It's not a fang at all; it's a cactus spika."

"What?"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes under the stars that twinkled out over the snow topped edges of the Sierras.

"Look at that!"

"Look at that!" the doctor said.

"You can see the thing for yourself."

One after the other we examined the spine, feeling its point with a

finger that we certainly should not have ventured near it had it been a poison fang. "And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of our best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a thorn in his foot? Well, I am darned."

"That's about what you have been doing," the doctor said quietly.

"Well, I am darned," Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms, but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him walking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when we had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What?"

"Snake bite—shake him up there. Don't let him go drowsy."

"Snake bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn!"

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing tonight than snake bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimate facts of human nature and one of its biggest mysteries—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this case before, although I've never seen it nor ever thought I should, and that in connection with a cooly and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake bite, although there was a snake. The cooly saw the snake, it darted from beneath his feet, and at the moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot—just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man, too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake poisoning and died. This man will save. You, Jock, have practically saved him by keeping him moving and counteringacting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man. Isn't he snake poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got—the physical hurt—is just the pin prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental.

Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose."

"You're right—dead—as dead as you or I would be if we set to drink the same just now. But he—he's hardly drunk. He's sober. And he's better now—heart acting better."

He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing tonight, gentlemen," he added, rising again and addressing us collectively. "Such a thing as neither you nor I are likely to ever see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen. It's a thing that you won't find you get a deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen, and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with a hand on the pistol pocket at the hip."

After awhile the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down.

"You can almost see it settling, like a butter pudding," as Jim Kelly said, and the fearful purple tinged out of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so he did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the republic of Mexico, though after a couple of years on the ranch he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for snake bite, because it is such a nerve tonic. If a man could make believe he had no been bitten, he need never die of snake bite. If ever I'm bitten, I shall make believe it was a cactus spine." —Macmillan's Magazine.

The Oldest Hebrew in America.

The oldest Hebrew in America is Lazar Greengard, of St. Louis, Mo. He is 104 years old and is still hale and hearty, despite the fact that he has entered upon his second century. "This prince in Israel," says the St. Louis Jewish Voice, "is a remarkable type of the Jewish patriarch. He was born Nov. 15, 1793, in Werbeleu, Russia, married when he was 28, his faithful wife having died 23 years ago at the ripe old age of 70, and arrived in this country 11 years ago, or at the age of 93. He has six children living, as follows: Abraham, St. Louis, aged 72; Solomon, also there, aged 67; Simon, Los Angeles, Cal., 51; Mrs. Applebaum, Chicago, 69; Mrs. Betsie Friedman, New York, 53; and Mrs. Cohen, also in New York, 52. Three sons and one daughter are dead. Lazar Greengard was sick but once in his life, when he was exactly 100 years old, and at that time he was cutting a tooth, which the doctors had duly noticed. He has 36 grandchildren, 58 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren. He is, of course, very pious, and he never fails to say his prayers, nor does he weary in reciting daily a number of Psalms. Very shortly his oldest son will celebrate his golden wedding. Naturally, Lazar Greengard is an object of veneration, not only to immediate members of his family, but to all who know him. In case of necessity, he is able to read without the use of his eyeglasses and his memory is unimpaired.

Geese Got Drunk on Brandy Cherries.

Sallie Johnson, a colored woman living near the Lutheran graveyard, had a rather novel experience with two geese Tuesday.

She had a bottle of brandy cherries, which, on investigation, she believed to be spoiled. She threw the cherries in the yard and the two geese belonging to Sallie came along and devoured them. What was her amazement then to go into the yard Wednesday and find the geese breathless, quackless—stone dead she supposed. She picked the feathers from the inanimate geese and threw them into a ditch near by.

If she was surprised Wednesday morning she was struck dumb with amazement when the two geese, without a feather to speak for their genuineness, walk to her back door and begin to chatter for food.

They had eaten the entire bottle of Brandy cherries, become drunk and only sobbed up after being stripped of their plumage. This is an actual event and just one of the many strange things that are happening daily.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding a Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at T. A. Albright & Co's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00.

W. H. Harris, a carpenter from Winston, was killed Wednesday by falling five feet from a scaffold while working on the new Baptist orphanage at Thomasville. His skull was fractured. He was buried in Winston Thursday.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alternative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteringacting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at T. A. Albright & Co's Drug Store.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATORS.

Indianapolis, Ind., January 20.—

at noon today both houses of the Indiana legislature met in joint session and took the final vote for senator. A total vote of 140 was cast, of which Charles W. Fairbanks (rep.) received 85, Daniel W. Voorhees (dem.) 58, and Leroy Templeton (populist) 6.

Bismarck, N. D., January 20.—

Hinsbrough was formally declared re-elected U. S. senator in joint session of the legislature today.

Pierre, S. D., January 20.—

At the joint session of the South Dakota Legislature to-day the vote for United States Senator was: Kyle 43, Loucks 14, Goodykoontz 6, Plowman 11, Weeks 3, Keller 2, Palmer 1, Bower 1, Pickler (Republican) 53. The joint session dissolved to meet at noon tomorrow. The silver forces will caucus to-night.

Salt Lake, Utah, January 20.—

Two ballots were taken in joint session to-day, but no election resulted. The four Populist members voted for Lawrence and the three Republican members for Goodwyn.

Tupeka, Kansas, January 20.—

The Populist Senatorial caucus adjourned last night after taking twenty-four ballots. It will meet again to-night. It is now a three-cornered fight between Ex-Congressman William A. Harris, State Senator L. P. King, and Edward C. Little.

Springfield, Illinois, January 20.—

William E. Mason was elected United States Senator in joint session of the Legislature to-day. The vote was: Mason 125, Altgeld 77.

Jefferson City, Missouri, January 20.—

Both branches of the Legislature met in joint session at noon to-day and George Graham Vest, of Sealia, was formerly re-elected to represent Missouri in the United States Senate.

Little Rock, Ark., January 20.—

Both houses met in joint session to-day to officially declare the result of yesterday's balloting for United States senator with the following result: James K. Jones 114, J. R. Sovereign 9, General Powell Clayton 10.

Denver, Col., January 20.—

A joint session of the two houses of the legislature held at noon to-day elected Henry M. Teller to succeed himself as United States senator. The vote was: Teller 92, Judge Allen 6.

Albany, N. Y., January 20.—

Both houses of the legislature met in joint session in the assembly chamber shortly before noon to-day and elected Thos. C. Platt United States senator to succeed David B. Hill. Mr. Platt received 147 votes, Mr. Hill 42 democratic votes and Henry George 4 democratic votes.

Hartford, Conn., January 20.—

Both houses of the legislature in joint convention this noon passed a resolution unanimously declaring Orville H. Platt elected United States senator.

An interesting example of the successful solution of the puzzling problem—how to give honest goods at low prices—is found in the advertisement of Noel Bros., of Roxboro, N. C. Their trousers are faultless in cut, workmanship, and style—in fact in all that goes to make up a satisfactory garment—and are sold at the remarkably low price of \$2.68. They will bear comparison with any five-dollar pants in the market. Sold by L. B. Holt & Co.

The editor of a gold standard Democratic organ at Charleston, West Virginia, announces that he made an ass of himself during the last year's campaign, and in the future his paper will advocate free silver.—Washington Post.

Prevent sickness and save doctors' bills at this season by keeping your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Senatorial Perquisites.

Ashville Citizen.

It has long been feared that United States Senators "cost more than they come to," but the details have been lacking. Recently, however, the sergeant at arms of the Senate issued a pamphlet that fills the long felt want, and tells how it happens that the salary of a United States Senator is the least of the expense of keeping him at Washington.

We learn first of all that to keep the Senate in working order 481 cuspidores are necessary. Then, for fear the average Senator should not know how he looks 78 mirrors are provided at public expense, and there are 141 carpets and 160 rugs, many of them imported, over which the Senators walk to get at the mirror.

Tired of gazing at his classical features (the Senator may sit on any one of over 600 chairs or recline on 97 leather couches at 97 different times. Then he can learn the time of day by any one or all of the 117 clocks, can retreat behind 34 Japanese screens, or play peck-a-boo in the rear of 324 curtains and (only) 2 lambrequins. Then if he wishes he can take 57 thermometers up 31 step ladders, or he can use the latter to aid him in placing three marble busts, or climb down with from a bust of his own if the liquid restaurant is not closed. Diving deeper into the list of articles necessary to keep a United States Senator properly groomed so that he can work from four to five days in the week and five hours in the day, we find 8 roach traps, 21 ice picks, 10 gallons of bay rum, 4 coffee urns, 21 bottles of Isterine, 18 bottles of "tonic" (ingredients not stated), and 137 dozen cakes of soap.

With all this and a Senate barroom, scented bath, little to do except to quarrel with the executive and meddle in foreign affairs, the Senators make time pass so agreeably that few decline a re-election. And the people? The people pay the freight.

WHITES SHUCKED THE CORN.

Negroes Refuse to Help One of Their Race Who Voted for Free Silver.

Ashville Citizen.

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