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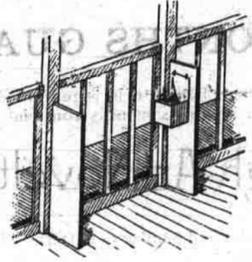
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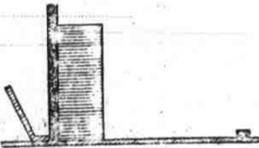
COW STALL AND MANGER.

bedding, is something which is still much needed in many stables. The accompanying cuts from Ohio Farmer show a stall which has given satisfaction.

The upright bars in front of the stall are placed far enough apart to admit the lower part of the head, but no more. By this arrangement the cow is enabled to clean out the manger as thoroughly as though her head and neck could be thrust over it, while at the same time she is compelled to stand well back in the stall.

On the floor crosswise of the stall, and just back of the hind feet of the cow when she is in place, a piece of timber is nailed. The purpose of this is to prevent the cow from lying down, and thus keep her head and neck in the manger. The manger is placed in such a position that the cow's head will be clear of it. A 2 1/2 x 4 scantling will answer the purpose very well. This induces the cow to move her body a little forward when lying down, so as to keep clear of the scantling, while the droppings fall beyond it, both when she is standing up and lying down. The bedding is also kept in place, and much less of it is saturated than in the common stall.

At one side of the water trough, which is arranged for two stalls. It is divided by a partition which is lying at



END VIEW OF COW STALL.

the top so as to allow freely. When the cow puts in her head to drink, she chews the partition to the opposite end of the trough, which prevents the other cow from interfering. By this means a small trough may be used. At the other side of the stall is the box for salt. Of course the cow is tied with a rope or chain.

The Wheat States.

In the United States the wheat states are those of the northwest, and first among them, in an ordinary year, with an average product of 65,000,000 bushels, is Minnesota. Then comes North Dakota, adjacent, with a product of 60,000,000, and South Dakota, with 50,000,000. The average of Kansas is about 25,000,000, and of Nebraska, 16,000,000. These are the group of wheat states, but they are not the only ones. California, producing in ordinary years wheat to the amount of 40,000,000 bushels, and Ohio, having an average crop of 35,000,000. Wisconsin, which adjoins Minnesota, produces relatively very little wheat, but Michigan has, when the farming conditions are good, a large yield. Oregon has been increasing its wheat acreage considerably. Among the wheat states of the east Pennsylvania's stands first, with an average crop of 20,000,000 bushels, Maryland following, with 8,000,000, and New York, with 7,000,000. There is comparatively little wheat raised in New England and scarcely any in the Gulf States. Missouri is a large wheat growing state, exceeding either Indiana or Illinois, but Arkansas, south of it, yields very little wheat.—New York Sun.

Smutty Corn.

"There is no doubt that corn smut lives in the ground or on its surface over year and is ready next season to begin its work," says American Cultivator. "For this reason, before the smut has dried so that it can be blown about it should be plucked from the stalks and every particle of it should be burned. The practice of having corn on the land every other year, growing a clover crop between, sown with spring grain, is not a good one. It does not allow the clover to get growth enough to do the soil the good that a clover crop should do. Besides, we have heard a belief that corn smut and also the fungus of a rot might live in the soil and be carried by the clover and that, therefore, corn of all kinds propagated in it more rapidly."

Living Tomato Seeds.

Separate the seeds into clean water, wash them free from pulp, although it may require several washings, and put them in green butter trays to dry. Turn the trays over so that the seeds should be underneath and they dry quickly. They can then be put away, as other seeds are, in paper.

ROCKS AND LEGHORNS.

Why They Are Among the Best of All Breeds of Poultry.

Mr. E. O. Roeske, the well known poultry breeder, says in an exchange that the breed par excellence known from one end of the country to the other is the Barred Plymouth Rock. There is not a farmer, amateur or fancier who does not at once recognize the sterling qualities of this most popular of all breeds. It is almost useless to enumerate their qualities, they are so well known. Yet they live up to these qualities and maintain year after year the excellence which is the foundation of their popularity. For egg producers, when eggs are highest in price, they are reliable. For good, large bodied specimens, when meat is demanded, they seldom fail, and for hardiness and general health they have no superiors. They are not beautiful, except in the eyes of the admirers, yet there is a certain sturdy businesslike air about these plain specimens which appeals to all classes and stamps them the great money makers of poultrydom.

It is safe to say that the demand for Plymouth Rocks is far in excess of that for any other breed. This does not reflect unfavorably on the other breeds. It simply shows that they are the public's favorites.

The very best quality any breed can have is hardiness. A vigorous constitution in fowls is the first thing to consider. With it we may expect a good growth, an early maturity, a good egg yield and a fine carcass; without it we cannot depend upon any of these results with certainty. Health and prime condition go hand in hand, and both mean the best results obtainable in poultry. The healthy hen is the egg type and the showman's specimen. Condition should be the first consideration. Where can be found a healthier, stronger and more reliable breed than the Barred Plymouth Rock? Climatic conditions do not affect them. They are bred in all sections of our country. They are alike indifferent



to cold or heat. No matter how low the temperature, this popular American breed attends strictly to business, and if they are comfortably housed at night and kept busy during the day we may look for a full nest box at gathering time. Still, they lay a brown egg, and if the don and should be for white eggs, or both white and brown, we must look for another breed to run side by side with them, in order that the demand for both may be supplied.

Among the business breeds which lay white eggs our choice is limited—we have the Leghorns, Minorcas and Andalusians. The Minorcas lay a large, fine egg, and, if properly handled, plenty of them—but are they business egg machines? The Andalusians also are prolific layers, but if we loved them to perfection is the demand sufficient to justify their being kept for profit? We are forced to fall back on the Leghorns. Here we have truly egg machines. Can they be beaten in this quality? The choice of the entire family is probably the White, Brown or Buff. It matters little which we select—it is a fancy; admirers of each claim superiority. Are they really? Yes—almost as much so as the Plymouth Rock. They are well distributed throughout the country. The public has adopted them, and the demand for them has been, and is always will be strong. Any person who cannot make money out of eggs and keeps White, Brown or Buff Leghorns does not deserve to be called an egg farmer. They are active, healthy, beautiful and profitable. Does any other breed combine more good qualities?

Their enemies, and they have some, call them spring and summer layers. They will lay as strong in the dead of winter as any other breed if properly housed. Being a closely feathered variety, they need warm quarters. Keep them shut up all winter in a house where the water never freezes in the pans, feed them liberally and keep them busy and they will lay continuously, and when spring comes and the warmer air permits them to run out they will, like all other breeds, increase their egg yield, but in greater proportion. They are the fit mates for the Plymouth Rocks for egg production. Being a non-sitting variety, they continue the laying when the Plymouth Rock becomes broody.

The great objection to the Leghorn is said to be its small carcass for market purposes. This is hardly an objection except to those who demand size and weight alone. As the chicks grow very rapidly and are very active, they can be made to dress as fine a broiler for sweet, fine grained meat as any breed known and at the earliest broiler season. As roasters there is nothing better than a well fatted, three pound Leghorn cockerel.

To conclude, therefore, we may consider that the great business team of all the breeds is the Plymouth Rock and the Leghorn.

Sell Eggs at Home.

Farmers should never ship eggs until they have first endeavored to get better prices for them in their home. If they would retail their eggs and seek customers, a large sum would be added to the receipts from poultry. Fresh eggs are always salable, for every family must at times have them. It frequently happens, when eggs are scarce, that one farmer must buy them from another, and in every village and town will be found those who prefer to buy from the farmer than from the dealers.

EUROPE'S HIGHWAYS.

SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF THE ROAD-BUILDER'S ART.

Object Lessons of the Value of Good Roads. Built For Pleasure as Well as Utility. Much of Our Labor and Money Expended on Roads Is Wasted.

To the advocates of good roads the progress made in Europe is full of encouragement. It was about 1820 before Macadam was able to arouse Scotch and English sentiment in favor of his project. He had no army of wheelmen at his back to encourage him and to compel the public to listen, but wherever a mile of macadam road was built the sharp contrast between it and the wretched roads about it compelled public attention and approval. Telford, the Scotch engineer, turned aside from his great engineering projects and gave the movement his powerful support. In less than 50 years the gospel of good roads was spread not only throughout Great Britain, but through all the settled districts on the continent. Now good roads of the macadam or telford type are everywhere, writes C. M. Dickison in Home Magazine. Every day in the year the present farmer of Europe can haul to market as heavy a load as he can draw across his thrashing floor. He makes one trip instead of two or three. There is no mud, no stone working up to the surface. His beast of burden ambles along easily instead of the fret and strain from stone and rut and whirling wagon and would doubtless sing his master's praise if he had the power of speech given to the beast ridden by Balaam.

Nor is the good roads movement in Europe confined to highways that are strictly necessary. It is as contagious as measles. The governments are taking it up and building expensive roads, which must be largely for the special delight of tourists. A splendid road has just been finished from Sorrento, Italy, to Salerno, fully 30 miles. Except for a few inaccessible villages it runs along the rocky and uninhabitable coast of the gulf of Salerno, and much of the road is cut through the almost perpendicular limestone cliffs that rise from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the sea.



A DIRT ROAD IN ILLINOIS.

(From L. A. W. Bulletin.)

In many places there are long tunnels through the rock, and in others the mark of the blasting drill where the rock has been torn from the face of the cliff is to be seen fully 50 feet above the road.

This is one of the most stupendous specimens of modern roadbuilding in Europe, but something hardly less difficult and expensive is the road now in course of construction by the Swiss government from the Rhone glacier over the Grindel pass to the lake of Brienz. The road is already completed from Meiringen to Haendeg falls, perhaps 15 miles—as fine and difficult a specimen of macadam as can be found anywhere—and from Haendeg to Rhone glacier hundreds of men are at work cutting their way through the rock, over barren summits which are always in or above the clouds whenever clouds are in the sky.

With the object lessons in roadbuilding which Europe presents, why should not public sentiment in this country be appealed to through every medium in favor of good roads? What Europe has done in the last century America may do in the next. The obstacles of cost and "magnificent distances" will look less formidable as we approach them. In the state of New York alone, outside of villages and cities, more than \$3,000,000 is expended annually in the so called repair and construction of roads. The most of this immense sum is thrown away. Expended under the direction of competent engineers, it would build from 650 to 800 miles of the best macadam pavement.

At this rate how many years would it take to embrace Macadam and Telford and all their wisdom under every highway and cowpath in the state of New York? And the increased value of farms brought nearer to market in wet weather as well as dry, the saving of time and wear and tear on men and horses and wagons, would more than offset the entire cost. And why should not the state prisons be opened and the convicts taught roadbuilding on the European plan? Superintendent Lathrop reports that over 1,000 prisoners are still out of employment. What better work could be given them than the building of good roads?

The agitation for good roads should not be confined to the several states. Persistent appeals should be made to the general government. Congress has a special warrant under the constitution to build roads. In 1796 an act of congress authorized a national road from Baltimore to the west. It was built for 650 miles, 50 feet wide, with benches some 30 feet in width, on a stone foundation, through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. Though out of repair, it is still a good road. It ought to be extended at least to the Missouri river, and the states through which it passes should build their macadam systems into this great national artery stretching across the continent.

GRANT COULDN'T TELL HIM.

One Thing About Which the Great General Knew Little.

The late General La Fayette McLaws enjoyed an intimate friendship with Grant, both as general and president. They were students together at West Point, and it was there the friendship that ripened in later years was first begun. McLaws as a soldier fought Indians in the west in many campaigns. He was on the frontier under Taylor during the Mexican war. When the civil war broke out, he cast his lot with the Confederate cause, and finally attained command of a division under General Longstreet. During the four years of strife Grant never forgot his friend. Likewise McLaws cherished the friendship for the Federal general.

When General Grant was elected president, the friends of McLaws urged him to apply for the Savannah postoffice. The Confederate general hesitated for a time, feeling that by doing so he would incur the censure of southerners. Like Grant, however, he was broad minded and had accepted the result of the war like a soldier and a true type of an American citizen. He thereupon decided to make the application for the office and took the train north to see Grant in person. The president had left Washington for Long Branch. Going there, McLaws sought him at his cottage. He had some misgivings as to how the president would receive him. They had not met in years. McLaws wondered if the accession to the high office of the nation had "swelled" Grant's head. Approaching the cottage, the Confederate general found the president sitting on the veranda, with his feet upon the balustrade, smoking one of those cigars which finally helped to end his life. Like all other presidents, Grant had left Washington to avoid the office seeking pest, and he did not want to be disturbed in his retreat.

"Hello, Mac! Where did you come from?" was the greeting that the president gave the Georgian as he drew near enough for recognition.

"I am truly glad to see you. I came over here to escape the office seekers. Pull up a chair and tell me how you have been getting along and all about yourself since we last met." Grant continued, with that warm, pleasant and affable air characteristic of him. The greeting was so cordial, despite the remark about the office seekers, that General McLaws finally found it an easy thing to bring up the Savannah postoffice matter and announced his candidacy for the appointment. General Grant assured him that he should have it and that it would give him a great pleasure to make the appointment. Then they talked about their life at West Point and reviewed their experiences covering the years up to that time.

In some respects they were alike. Neither had the faculty for accumulating and saving money. General McLaws confessed that he did not have it and addressed the question seriously to the president:

"Can you tell me, general, how to make and save money?"

"My dear Mac, I have not the slightest idea in the world," replied Grant.

It was true, for Grant never could save money. He had no business instinct. Before the war he had had a hard struggle as any man in the country, and even after he left the presidency he was an easy victim for schemers, who used him in swindling schemes which he thought honest until their dishonesty was exposed.

When General McLaws returned to Savannah, he received the appointment as postmaster, and the friendship between the two lasted until death.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Ivory on the Range.

Before the arrival of the Arabs ivory had no value. The natives often did not store it. Having killed an elephant, they took only the meat, and when the Arabs came and, pointing to the ivory, wished to buy the natives hunted about in the woods for ivory of elephants dead a long time, and big points were sold for a handful of beads or a copper or brass ornament. Kibongo was the first to settle after Stanley's passage. He is said to have bought immense stores of ivory, but all seem to have spent all they had. All the natives along here joined Tippu Tib on his way to Stanley falls to establish himself, and they fought and took part in raids for him.—Journal of Late E. J. Glave in Century.

Still Ignorant.

"Pat! Pat!" little Johnny began. "Now, what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now." "Will my hair fall off when it's ripe like yours?" When the fat ruler had ceased falling on Johnny, his thirst for knowledge had disappeared.—Pick & Goo.

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THE CHRY OF THE LOON.

How quiet is you in the light of the moon, My little loon, in the city of the loon, When quiet lies over valley and hill, And wood and mere are unceasingly still! But listen, loon! There is something to know, A tale oft told in an age long ago, Of a wigmam free that no torch can remove, A tale that ends with the saying, "Kewawoo El-komik-too-ajul Gloop!" The loon is calling on Gloop!

Gloop was God to the untutored mind Lit by the lights that in nature we find; That heard his tale and believed it throughout As something "were unreflexions to doubt, And once he saw from the margin of a lake A flock of loons or the wide water make Thrive for the land, as in rickles they flow, To run the tale with the saying, "Kewawoo El-komik-too-ajul Gloop!" The loon is calling on Gloop!

Then up the margin, in a line from the lake, He saw them come who approached him and spoke:

"Be near to us who have sought after thee! Fear not to us who thy servants would be!" Nodding he said, "I will teach one and all What I shall know as a prayerful call." And so he taught what is heard, loon, by you, And hence arose that old saying, "Kewawoo El-komik-too-ajul Gloop!" The loon is calling on Gloop!

Gloop was good, and methinks you will find If you, my loon, keep this legend in mind. That far off cry, which is only a prayer, Will sound less weird in the past, maybe air Or makes less wild and less growlsome the night When all it still over valley and height. But, however it may be, loon, with you, There's no loon lower than long cry any "Kewawoo El-komik-too-ajul Gloop!" The loon is calling on Gloop!

—Elph B. Shaw in New York Ledger.

The Journalist in Court.

A journalist stands on a very different plane from the advocate, the physician or the priest of a church whose tenets prescribe confession. The immunity of the first has always been recognized both in the Roman and common law, although one civilian thought that an advocate might lawfully be put to the torture and compelled to reveal the secrets of a client, but this doctrine appears to have met with strong disapprobation on the part of both the bench and bar. The doctrine as to the immunity of the physician and priest was a later outgrowth and rests upon grounds too obvious to be discussed. But a very different state of facts is presented when we come to consider the case of a reporter or editor of a newspaper. While conceding the importance of the press as a factor in the uprooting of wrongdoing, it would seem to be exceedingly inexpedient to permit it to take shelter behind a question of privilege.

Where newspaper articles have been published injurious to character the person libeled should have a right to find out at whose instigation and upon whose authority they might happen to have been written. The doctrine of privileged communication should never be used to hide the machinations of some secret enemy, simply because he may choose to direct his attacks through the medium of the public press. It can hardly be said that a public official (this is cited merely as an illustration) against whom a charge of malfeasance in office has wrongfully been brought, should be restricted to his remedy against the newspaper itself in a libel suit and not be permitted to obtain the name of his true accuser.—University of Chicago Review.

Raindrops in the Sea.

Those who have observed the smoothing down of a turbulent sea beneath a pelting of rain will be interested in an English scientist's explanation of the phenomenon. Each drop, he says, sends below the surface a certain quantity of water in the form of rings, which, with gradually decreasing velocity and increasing size, descend as much as 18 inches below the surface. Therefore when rain is falling on the sea there is as much motion immediately beneath the surface as above, only the drops are larger and their motion slower. Thus, unseen by the human eye, the water at the surface is being made to continually change places with that beneath, and in this way the wave motion is destroyed.—New York Journal.

A Quick Witted Loon.

"What would you say," asked the fond papa of the excited son, "if I were to give you a block of business houses for a wedding present?" "That it would be a mighty square thing to do," said the son. "Such bonnets may not count for much in a social way, but in this instance they brought down the