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A FAILURE

I should never have known that he was a failure if he had not told me so himself. Most assuredly he had not the air of one, for his coats were always fashionably cut, and his taste in liquors was almost as delicate as my own, and he could afford to gratify it far more frequently.

Such was the testimony of appearance, and so far as I knew his history it pointed to the same conclusion. He had been, I understood, a writer, like myself, though even less successful, and then "fortunate speculations" had enabled him to retire from a calling which he found more honorable than remunerative and to spend his afternoons in playing billiards at the club.

And yet Everard Deane esteemed himself a failure. He told me so emphatically one evening at the hour when truth "peeps over the glass" edge when dinner's done.

"It was all that confounded Stock Exchange," he murmured, gazing gloomily into a glass of green chartreuse.

I begged him to accept my cordial congratulations. "It's a better way to fail than most," I said, for I had known so many who failed upon the Stock Exchange and lived happily, drinking champagne and driving about in broughams, ever afterward.

But Everard Deane protested. "I don't mean what you mean," he said. "I didn't lose money on the Stock Exchange. I made it—lots of it. That is the mischief of it. That is precisely why I am a failure."

He looked gloomier than ever as he spoke and ordered a second green chartreuse.

Jerking his head so as to indicate a man at the farther end of the room—a well-dressed man, excessively bejeweled—with whom half an hour since he had cordially shaken hands, he whispered:

"That is the man who has been my evil genius. You know him?"

"I think so. It's Morrison Parker, the great financier, isn't it?"

"It is, and Morrison Parker, the great financier, has been my evil genius. It's a foolish story, but I sometimes like to tell it after dinner. A brandy and soda?"

I accepted, and when the waiter had brought the glasses Everard Deane resumed:

"I was an author, you know—a young author—with great aims and high ambitions. I made enough money to live upon by writing for the papers, but I looked upon literature not as a trade, but as an art. I was a member of the Waste Paper Club, where all of us professed to take the same artistic view of life and letters and sat up till the small hours discussing them through a haze of tobacco smoke and steaming grog. I was very happy there until the day came when Morrison Parker joined the club. He owned a newspaper—the Stock Exchange Recorder, I think he called it—and therefore he was technically qualified. But when he came and sat up with us in the small hours he did not talk literature. He talked finance."

"Yet the two subjects may occasionally have relations with each other," I suggested.

"Precisely. That is the point that Morrison Parker used to insist upon, especially when he had had a good day, and made us drink champagne with him to celebrate his luck. 'Why do so many half-educated city men profess to look down on authors?' he would ask. And then he would answer his own question: 'Because there isn't one author in five hundred who knows how to make \$1,000 a year. That has always been the great reproach of letters, from Dr. Johnson's time to ours. It's high time to put an end to that reproach. Why don't you fellows do it?'"

I sighed, wishing that I knew how to put an end to it myself, and then I asked:

"And did your friend descend from the general to the particular and tell you how it could be done?"

"He did. He told us all to open a speculative account in Louisville."

"Louisville? That is the name of an American railroad, I believe?"

"It is, and opening a speculative account means paying the shares without being able to pay for them, selling them at a profit and putting the difference in your pocket. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very simple," I said. "The merest child's play, provided that the shares go up."

"Oh, they went up all right, and so did the others that I bought afterward. I've never lost a shilling through following Morrison Parker's tips. I can't complain of that."

"And yet you call the man your evil genius?"

"Yes. I still call the man my evil genius because I lost my soul through him—my soul as an artist, that was so much to me."

I started. I could not understand. But with an impetuous impatience, Everard Deane hastened to make clear his meaning.

"You call yourself an artist, and you do not understand? Do you imagine that an artist can meddle with these sordid actualities and not find his soul defiled by them? Do you suppose that he will sit down quietly to toil for doubtful gains indefinitely when he knows that a sudden turn of the market may put hundreds in his pocket? No, no, my friend, it is not possible. What does he do? Why, he buys every edition of the evening paper to see the prices. He runs into his club to watch the tape. He drives up to the city in working hours to ask his broker whether he ought not to sell. That is how it was in my case. That is how it must be in every case. My balance at the bank was growing, but while it grew my soul—my artist's soul, in which I gloried so—was dying, crushed out of its bright existence by the dead weight of material cares. And so things went until I stood, as it were, at the parting of the ways and swore that I would make my choice."

"My choice between the artistic and the material life. I meant to make it dramatically too. There was still enough of the artist left in me for that. It was at midnight, in my chambers in the Temple. I took the manuscript of my half-finished novel—the novel that was to make me famous—from the desk and placed it on the table. Beside it I laid a heap of share certificates and transfer forms and contract notes. Between the two piles there stood a lighted candle. One of them was to be burned to ashes in its flame—one of them, and at this solemn hour I was to determine which and by determining decide the whole course of my future life."

He paused. I had to press him before he would proceed.

"And then you burned?"

"Neither," was his unexpected answer. "Neither, for I could not decide. My novel went back into the drawer it came from to wait there till the old joy in the higher life came back to me. And that joy never came. Even to this hour it has not come. I look back to the old days. I long for them, but I know quite well that they will not return to me. The greed for gain, its ceaseless worries and anxieties, has killed my soul, and that is why I tell you that I am a failure."

There was a melancholy, at once incredible and convincing, in his accents. Unless there were a woman in the case I would not have believed it possible for a man so well-to-do to look so miserable. I sought to say something that might lift him out of his despondency.

"Failure or no failure, at least you can go to Monte Carlo in the winter," I suggested.

"I know. I'm going next week with Morrison Parker," Everard Deane replied.

at a out, this business of dealing out dressing rooms. Sometimes it all but breaks up a show, and many lifelong feuds between actresses are the result.—New York Tribune.

Eve's Apple Tree.
A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit" or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, says the Liverpool Post, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

Time to Pray.
A preacher at the conclusion of one of his sermons said, "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Instantly every man, woman and child, with one exception, rose to their feet. The preacher seated them and said, "Now every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception noted, a careworn, hungry-looking individual, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. "How is it, my friend," asked the minister, "that you are the only man not to meet his obligations?" "I run a newspaper," he meekly answered, "and the brethren here who just stood up are my subscribers, and—'Let us pray,' exclaimed the minister.—Joplin News-Herald.

Wonders of Geometrical Progression.
The story of Sylla and the king is usually told as a good illustration of geometrical progression. Sylla, so the story goes, was the inventor of the game of chess. The king was so delighted with the diversion that he promised to grant any request the inventor might make. Sylla, who must have been a mathematician as well as a mechanical genius, only asked that the generous king would put one grain of wheat on the first square of the board and double the amount upon each successive square up to and including the sixty-fourth. Lucas de Burgo says that there was not enough wheat in the kingdom to pay the crafty inventor, which was 18,446,744,073,709,557,618 grains!

The Effect of Repetition.
The sound of a door bell may not call up much of a motor response, but repeated often may cause a very considerable response. A slight tickling when one is asleep or awake may, if continued, produce convulsive responses. To strike a horse repeatedly on the same spot is to invite him to kick. Continued dropping of water from a faucet during the night or the intermittent sounds of a mouse gnawing produce extreme irritability. The psychology of advertising shows many evidences of this law. Temptation in all its forms usually works by the summation of stimuli. The young man of slight moral resistance on his way home in the evening passes through one, it may be two, streets of saloons. In the third street his inhibitory power is exhausted, and he passes helplessly through the doors.—Success.

Blue Monday.
A great many people have what they call blue Monday—that is, they do not feel so well then as on other days of the week. The cause is found in overeating on Sunday. A good dinner is provided and eaten, and then instead of taking the customary exercise the man sits about the house and reads or sleeps. Of course, he feels bad the next day. If the same amount of exercise and kind of diet were taken on Sunday as on all other days there would be no such thing as a blue Monday.

One Sentence.
The quickness and felicity of Hon. William M. Everts in the line of repartee are pleasantly illustrated by President Timothy Dwight in a story from "Memories of Yale Life and Men."

On one occasion, writes President Dwight, at one of our Yale commencement dinners I had the duty, as the presiding officer, of introducing the speakers. In performing this duty with reference to Mr. Everts I said in allusion to the well known length of his sentences in public address:

"Mr. Everts will now give us a single sentence."

He rose and instantly replied: "It will be a life sentence."

His Appreciation.
"I'm hired man o' mine ain't that worthless, shuckless, triflin' critter on top o' shod?" growled honest Farmer Bentover savagely. "Why, ram him, he read last week that the length of the day on earth is increasing 'owin' to the constantly augmented size of the world 'vues of the deposits of meteors and such like on it, and ever since, even though the article plainly stated that the change is so slight that it takes about ten billion years to add half an inch to the length of a day, summed if he ain't been complainin' dimly about the prospect of his havin' to work longer for the same pay!"—Puck.

WELL IN LONDON TOWER.

Disclosure of a Secret Which Baffled the Antiquary.

For ages antiquary after antiquary found himself baffled by a simple problem at the Tower. How in the old days did the garrison get a supply of drinking water? The antiquary could show you the original fireplace at which William the Conqueror warmed his hands, could point approximately to the spot on which the murdered princes fell, he could lead you to the place where Henry VIII's queens were butchered and to the tombstone that collapsed upon their poor bones, he knew the tiny dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh spent twelve dreadful years hidden from the light and could have led you in a twinkling to the stone dog kennel where still remains the ring to which they chained Guy Fawkes, but how these unfortunate and their janitors drank none could tell. The Thames hard by was not the source, they were sure. Organized search was vain. Then there came a thick-headed, unimaginative mason, to whom and his fellows the work of converting certain of the historic dungeons into storehouses for war material meant ninespence halfpenny an hour and no more.

His pick struck through the flooring of the corridor from which the prisoners used to enter their cells. Behind these latter and corresponding with the main one ran and still remains the little secret corridor along which eavesdropping officers tiptoed to listen to conversations between captives, for the purposes of evidence. A few blows from the pick brought to light the mouth of a pit. Sixty feet down was water, thirty feet of it. The mason had happened upon the historic well for which search had been made in vain for centuries. It was as perfect as on the day the Conqueror sank it. Today it still carries its thirty feet of sweet spring water, and should ever the Tower be beleaguered its garrison would still be independent of outside supply. We have our holy wells of medicinal waters. If this historic old shaft which the mason brought to light were distant 10,000 miles Londoners would make pilgrimages to drink its waters.—St. James Gazette.

THE ART OF FALLING.

Easy to Avoid Serious Injury if You Know the Trick.

"The story that a man fell 300 feet the other day and didn't hurt himself is amusing," said the director of a gymnasium; "but, cutting all foolishness out, there was more than a grain of truth in it. What I mean is that a man who knows how to fall can fall a considerable distance without getting anything more than a bruise or two.

ANIMALS ABOARD SHIP.

They Get Seaside, Though Not Just the Way Human Beings Do.

"Speaking of animals getting sick at sea," said a man who has had some experience with the dumb brutes on the briny deep, "I can tell you that they do get sick, and sometimes they get very sick too. Of course, they do not manifest the sickness in the way that human beings show it and for reasons which will suggest themselves on a moment's reflection. But they nevertheless get quite as sick as members of the human family. Seasickness in human beings will manifest itself in violent vomiting. A seasick person cannot retain anything in the stomach. The old rule is in the case of pronounced seasickness reversed. Whatever goes down must come up. But when we come to reckon with horses and cows we find a different condition to deal with. Horses and cows never vomit. They cannot. So here right at the beginning of the matter we find a reason for difference in the way this peculiar sickness shows itself in man and beast.

"I have had more experience with horses than with any other kind of dumb animal and consequently know more about the way the horse suffers during seasickness. It is a rather curious and rather interesting fact that the horse is more violently attacked in the feet than in any other portion of the body. I have seen the feet of horses at sea swell until they could scarcely stand on them. Of course, the stomach of the animal is affected to some extent, but this is not so serious a matter as the attack in the feet. The effect of these attacks is sometimes of a lasting kind, and the usefulness of horses is seriously impaired.

"The fact that seasickness attacks the horse in the feet is mainly due to the peculiar influence a vessel's motion has on the kidneys of the animal. At any rate, this is the generally accepted view of the matter. We cannot say definitely just why horses get knotty feet at sea, but the popular view of horsemen who have studied the matter is as stated. As to cows, I do not know a great deal about them, but I understand the chief trouble with them at sea is that they lose their taste for food and quit eating."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Japanese Gardens.

Very many Japanese houses have beautiful gardens. The Japanese excel in gardening, and even in Tokyo, where space is very valuable, they contrive to have some picturesque adjunct. Over a bamboo trellis, for instance, will hang the marvelously picturesque Japanese gourd, which forms a favorite subject for the decoration of metal work, especially the antimony metal work thinly silvered over with which the Japanese food the western market. These gourds, with a pinch in the middle like a lady's waist, when dried and hollowed out are fitted with stoppers for pilgrims' water bottles and are very frequently exported. If he can do nothing more every Japanese who can afford it will have his row of arbutuses

cars containing dwarfed blossoming fruit trees or tiny Japanese firs, which are made to grow smaller as they grow older.

Good Advice.

A venerable professor of a noted medical college was addressing the graduating class.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are going out into the world of action. You will likely follow in some degree the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things you may marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Do not fret under petty domestic trials. When one of you asks your wife to go driving do not worry if she is not ready at the appointed time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you wait, and I assure you, gentlemen," and the professor's kindly smile seemed to show a trace of irony, "you will be astonished at the vast amount of information you will acquire in this way."

Felt No Need of It.

An aeronaut at a county fair had made rather an unlucky ascension. His balloon had gone high enough, but the wind had carried him a mile or two farther away than he anticipated, and the car in descending had become entangled in the top of a tree in a village street and spilled him out. He struck the ground with some violence.

A crowd quickly gathered about his prostrate form.

"Stand back and give him air!" exclaimed three or four at once.

The aeronaut was not seriously hurt. He raised himself feebly to a sitting posture.

"Air?" he echoed in a tone of deep disgust. "Don't you think I've had air enough in the last ten minutes?"

His Account Book.

A firm of masons in an Irish town employ a laborer whose novel method of keeping account of his time was brought to light lately by a queer circumstance. He went one evening to his employer's home with the sad intelligence that he had lost his account book. He said that the pigs had unfortunately got in and eaten it up.

"What sort of an account book did you keep?" asked his employer.

"Why, I had an empty barrel, and when I worked a whole day I put in a potato, and when half a day half a potato, and the pigs eat them all entirely."—Pearson's Weekly.

Sling Up to the Auntie.

Young Edgar was on a visit to the home of his two aunts, one of whom is, to put it mildly, rather plump. He saw her in her room just as she was about to go out to a formal dinner, and as she had not drawn on her gloves he had an opportunity to see her arms bared to the shoulder. A little later, when the other aunt was supervising his evening bath, he stopped for a moment, looked himself over and said thoughtfully:

"I ain't very fat, am I? My legs aren't as big as Aunt Cordelia's arms."—New York Press.

Justifiable Suspicion.

"What makes you think Mrs. Weeds isn't sincere?"

"She says she will never love again."

"Well?"

"And that life holds nothing for her."

"Well?"

"And that this world is but a fleeting show."

"Well?"

"Well, I roomed with her last night, and she massaged her face for an hour and wore a toilet mask to bed with her."—Houston Post.

The Tapping of the Death Watch.

The so-called death watch, dreaded by the superstitious, is a small beetle which has a very powerful joint in its neck and calls its mate by tapping with its head on the wall or on any surface where it may happen to be located. The noise is similar to that which may be produced by tapping with the finger nails on a table, and the insect can frequently be made to answer such taps.

Justly Condemned.

"What an unfortunate contretemps that was of Mrs. Goldthwaite's at the Rockingham last night," said Mrs. Oldcastle.

"I know it," replied her hostess. "I was telling Josiah on the way home that I was surprised that a woman who's the mother of grown-up daughters should of wore such a thing, and with her long neck too."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Widow of the Schoolteachers.

A schoolteacher knows things, she has been through the mill of angry mothers and incorrigible children. She has had to go through the mill of preparation for teaching; she has been compelled to dip into diplomacy and capture a board of education; or a committee of school trustees. No wonder that schoolteachers are very popular as wives.—Athletic Globe.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

Cure Piles, Sore Throat.

the celestial population do for sleep has never been inquired into. Boy babies are sweetest at four and girl babies at twenty-four.

A baby is a joy forever until it begins to fall out of the second story window, turn over the water pitcher, hammer the china to pieces with its fork and investigate the medicine bottles on the shelf. Every baby is eternally trying to find out more than he has any business knowing, and the habit of asking questions lasts through life. The touch of a baby's hand opens up heaven to a woman and makes a man willing to wear patches the rest of his natural life. It has been said that every woman is entitled to at least one child. So is every man, but nobody has ever mentioned the fact.

Borrowing babies is much sadder than it is funny. Some day the government will go into the business and keep babies to rent out as a matter of morals alone. Every old bachelor's quarters will contain a nursery, and clubs will be a thing of the past.—Paris (Mo.) Mercury.

Ready For Promotion.

A young rising Scotch artist, who afterward became a distinguished president of the Royal Scottish academy, was painting on one occasion amid the rugged scenery of the west highlands of Scotland, in close proximity to an isolated and rudely built thatched cottage such as are usually inhabited by the hardy peasant crofters of north Britain.

While engaged in giving the rough stone exterior of his dwelling its annual coat of whitewash the Highlander espied the future academician engaged on an important picture and, thinking probably that landscape painting was but an elementary and poor use for the brush of a youth who had nearly reached the estate of manhood, said to him:

"Man, yer a big callant to be paintin' picturs'. Can ye no' learn to pest hooses?"

Everything is in the Name?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is specific for Piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Rev. Dr. J. A. B. Scherer.

of Charleston, a prominent Lutheran minister, has been elected president of Newberry College, an institution of the Lutheran Church, at Newberry, S. C. Dr. Scherer was formerly a missionary of his Church in Japan. He is a native of Rowan.

N. Jackson Danville, Ill., writes:

"My daughter had a severe attack of the grippe and a terrible cough stuck on her lungs. She tried a great many remedies without giving relief. She tried Foley's Honey and Tar which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since." The J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

The Bible is never too deep for the child nor too shallow for the aged.

Just One Minute.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. Sold by the J. C. Simmons Drug Co.

Ratification of the American Chinese commercial treaty were exchanged at the State Department in Washington Wednesday by Secretary Hay and Sir Cheongtung, Liang-Cheng, the Chinese minister. The treaty provides for the opening of the ports of Mukden and Antung, in Manchuria, to the world's commerce. The President signed the proclamation putting into effect the treaty.

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MRS. CECILIA STOWE.
Gleaner, Extra Home Club.
176 Warren Avenue,
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22, 1902.
For nearly four years I suffered from ovarian troubles. The doctor insisted on an operation as the only way to get well. I, however, strongly objected to an operation. My husband felt disheartened as well as I, for home with a sick woman is a disagreeable place at best. A friendly druggist advised me to get a bottle of Wine of Cardui for me to try, and he did so. I began to improve in a few days and my recovery was very rapid. Within eighteen weeks I was another being.

Wine of Cardui
Mrs. Stowe's letter shows every woman how a home is saddened by female weakness and how completely Wine of Cardui cures that sickness and brings health and happiness again. Do not go on suffering. Go to your druggist today and secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.



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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of J. M. Michael, deceased, he hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and all persons holding claims against said estate to present them on or before the 25th day of December, 1903, on this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This 15th day of December, 1903. J. B. BRYAN, Adm'r of David Michael.

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OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

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Attorney and Counselor at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of all the counties.
Aug. 5, 1913.

J. ELMER LONG,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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