

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO.

HEALTH

"I don't think we could keep these things without Theodor's Black-Draught. We have used it in the family for over two years with the best of results. I have not had a doctor in the house for that length of time. It is a doctor in itself and always ready to make a person well and happy."—JAMES HALL, Jacksonville, Ill.

Because this great medicine relieves stomach pains, frees the congested bowels and invigorates the torpid liver and weakens kidneys.

No Doctor

is necessary in the home where Theodor's Black-Draught is kept. Families living in the country, miles from any physician, have been kept in health for years with this medicine as their only doctor. Theodor's Black-Draught cures biliousness, dyspepsia, colds, chills and fever, bad blood, headache, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and almost every other ailment because the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys so nearly control the health.

THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT



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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
Cut Glass and Silverware.

Eyes tested and glasses fitted.

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Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

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

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county.
Aug. 2, 1904

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One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Whooping Cough.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

Pathetic Incidents of the Life of Miners in the Klondike.

One of the most pathetic things in Jeremiah Lynch's "Three Years in the Klondike" is the story of the eagerness of the men in that land of exile for letters from home. When the postoffice was opened at Dawson the miners would crowd in from all over the country when they heard a mail had arrived. The ignorance of the postal clerks was exasperating, as may be judged from the following conversation:

"Is there not a letter for me—James Culverhouse?"

"No."

"But I am sure there must be one," said the explorer in an appealing voice.

"I tell you there ain't any. Move away and give another man a chance," said the official.

The miner started to leave, with a dejected countenance, but as the clerk was putting a bunch of dirty letters back into the little receptacle marked "C" the man cried:

"Why, there it is—there it is, the first letter in your hand! Don't I know my wife's handwriting?" he almost shouted in his excitement.

"Give it to me right away."

The employee, almost grudgingly and without excuse, gave the applicant the letter that otherwise he might never have seen again.

Still more picturesque is the incident that occurred the next day at the Dawson postoffice. The line remained unshortened, and the eagerness of the men could hardly be kept within bounds.

A heavily bearded giant from Dominion Creek called out to a slight man, the fifteenth ahead:

"What will you take for your place in line, pard?"

"Twenty dollars," was the prompt reply.

"All right; here's the cheese," and they exchanged places.

It brought the big man that much nearer home.

Citing an Illustrative Example.

The cook had left without giving warning, and in this emergency the mother of the family was washing the breakfast dishes herself, assisted by the small boy with the high forehead, the thoughtful mien and the deliberate manner of doing things.

"You will have to dry them a little faster, Kenton," she said, "or you will not get them done before it is time for you to start to school."

Kenton accelerated his motions a little.

"Mamma," he said after he had worked in silence several minutes, "when George Washington was the architect for Lord Fairfax he used to eat his meals off a shingle. What was good enough for George Washington is good enough for us."—Chicago Tribune.

Solid Scholarship.

At a political meeting an excited Irishman had risen to yell his satisfaction. "Sit down!" called the man behind him, twitching his coat tails. "Don't you know you're opaque?" "And that I'm not!" cried the other. "I'm O'Brien."

A London paper tells a story of Professor Huxley, which suggests that he may have heard of the Irishman. The professor had made a demonstration and asked a student: "Did you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, "except at one point, when you were between me and the blackboard."

"Well," said the professor, "I always try to be clear, but I can't make myself transparent."

The Chemical Value of Fruits.

Fruits are composed largely of water, with starches, sugars, a vegetable jelly called pectin, cellulose and organic acids. They have but little food value, but are important on account of their mineral properties, made up of the various acids in combination with potash. They lessen acidity, improve digestion, stimulate the appetite and give variety.

The banana, fig, date, prune and grape afford the most nutriment on account of the large amount of sugar which they contain.

Lemons, oranges, melons and grapes contain the most water and have no special food value. The effects are diuretic.

Stolen Rides.

A gentleman traveling under the seat on the Great Eastern railway had had luck to be in the same carriage as the ticket collector. Nor did his bad luck end here. He could not resist giving vent to a mighty sneeze, and, coming from no one knew where, his fellow travelers were almost frightened out of their wits. Result—case before the Bench.

This reminds us of a journey we once took from Doncaster. As the train was moving out of the station a man sprang into the carriage. Taking a hasty look around, he said, "Gentlemen, I rely upon your honor," and forthwith dived under the seat.—London Sporting Times.

All Soft.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said young De Dudley at a small party the other night as he gazed at his useless appendages. Then he added: "Do you know how I do it? I always sleep with my gloves on."

"And do you sleep with your hat on, too?" asked a pert young lady.

"Oh, no," answered the dude. And then he could not imagine what the company were smiling about.

IN THE DAIRY

In this day it is possible for a skilled buttermaker to produce a gilt edged product if he be given a fair chance, says the Creamery Journal. But creamery managers should not be niggardly about providing modern equipment or haggle over paying a good buttermaker a good salary.

Plant poor seed in infertile soil—or even good soil improperly prepared—cut short your cultivation, and what sort of yield would you expect in the fall.

Give your buttermaker poor milk and cream, a shabby creamery and rob him of modern apparatus, and what will be the result to accomplish?

Premium butter isn't made nowadays in dirty, rundown, very poorly equipped creameries nor from stinky milk nor rotten cream. Present day methods enable a buttermaker to produce better butter from poor milk and cream than was possible a few years ago, but perfect butter can be made only from perfect milk in a clean creamery properly equipped, and a good buttermaker with a head full of brains is a necessary part of the equipment.

A Premium Buttermaker.

W. S. Smarzo of Masonville, Ia., whose portrait is here given, is at the top of the list of the buttermakers of the Hawkeye State. He is enthusiastic, efficient and well posted. He took second place at the Iowa state fair and first at the Interstate live stock show, his score being 96% in both cases.

Producer and Creamery.

"One of the great needs of the dairy situation in this state is a better understanding between the producer and the manufacturer—between the farmer and the creamery company," says Claude H. Hinman, assistant in buttermaking at the University of Nebraska.

"Too often the farmer regards the creamery company as his natural enemy, whose only aim is to 'skin him' of every cent it can.

"It has been claimed that centralization is the first stage in monopoly and that as such it should be opposed by all. It is not my purpose now to debate this phase of the question, but every one who is in touch with the facts of the situation must admit that the centralized plant is at a disadvantage when quality of product is considered. They do not and cannot make strictly first class butter under existing circumstances. The reason for this lies in the fact that there is more in buttermaking than the mere process of manufacture. The handling of the cream is fully as important. One might go back of this and say with perfect truth that the making of butter begins with the cow, her care and treatment and the treatment of the milk.

"The responsibility of the cream handling under the older system, the system now in operation in Minnesota, which makes the best creamery butter in the world, rested upon the buttermaker, a trained man. But under our centralized system this responsibility is transferred to the farmer. The farmer is too often uninformed in regard to what handling of milk and cream is necessary in order to secure good butter, and, worse yet, far too ignorant of the position that it may be due to negligence.

"Ignorance can be pardoned, but the man who deliberately allows his pails, cans and separator to be filthy and who will not take proper care of his cream because it is the creamery company's lookout and not his, deserves not only severe censure, but actual prosecution.

"That his product is only a small part of that which comes to the creamery is no excuse. A little leaven will leaven the whole lump, no less surely than a little tainted rank or filthy cream will taint the whole product."

A Good Milk Route.

The saying about "room at the top" applies particularly well to milk routes. Many of the most prosperous farmers in all sections of the country are those who aim to secure the top grade of the retail milk business. But to succeed requires 995 days in the year, with part of the nights extra.

The Use of Vacations.

Dotty Dimple—What is a r'spove vacation is for, anyway, Lily?

Lily Longlegs—Why, don't you know?

Dotty Dimple—Course I don't, or I wouldn't 'ave asked you.

Lily Longlegs—Why, when th' teacher's teach'd you all she knows she lets you loose awhile till you forget it all so she can teach it to you again an' keep school doin' that much longer.—Baltimore American.



W. S. SMARZO.

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THE ISLAND OF BORNEO.

Fierce Winds and Waves Constantly Sweep its Northern Half.

The northern half of the island of Borneo is the queerest and most unsatisfactory place to live that one can imagine. It is a land of constantly recurring phenomena, where cyclones are frequent and deluges of water very common. The vegetation in that half is very fine, but in all probability the wildest and most tangled on earth—not even excepting that of Africa. The cause of all the trouble is the shallow condition of the sea north of it, great shoals of sand extending a few miles out, which extend along its entire northern length. These shoals are covered by water not over five feet deep. The constant recurring winds that blow in that climate change to hurricanes and sweep the smaller islands of all visible life. When such a storm strikes the sand shoals north of Borneo, it sweeps up the shallow salt water into its course and drenches the island with it.

Often it gathers up sand, great masses of it, from the clear swept shoal and whirls it for miles high over the island, carrying it inland and scattering it everywhere. The work of these storms does not always end with that. Entire shoals of fish of all sizes have been swept up time and again by the fierce winds with the water and sand and scattered about Borneo. In some places the ground would be literally covered with fish, enough to supply a heavy population for weeks. But such luck is no reparation for the evil winds do, and consequently the northern half will never be inhabited by those who value their lives.

Proof of His Worth.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy, says Leslie's Monthly, except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Free dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir, an' I've been 'inkin' so for 'free weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the "raise."

Wise Silence.

He had studied by himself, and came up for examination to college with inadequate preparation. He approached ancient history with fear and doubt, for he had had little time to stuff himself with the history of the Caesars.

The paper contained a question at which the young man looked with dismay.

"What can you say about Caligula?"

He did not remember that Caligula was the worst of a long line of mad and bad Roman emperors.

But a witless inspiration came to him, of the sort that often saves the young and the ignorant. He wrote:

"The less said about Caligula the better."

He passed.

Woman's Way.

"Women always surprise me, and my wife surprises me worst of all," said the mild mannered man as he pulled at his mild cigar and settled himself comfortably in his chair, with a sigh of relief. "She doesn't often get mad, but when she sets out to get mad nothing on earth will stop her, not even the promise of a new hat. Why, the other day she got angry at the servant, and now she is angry at herself because I got angry at the servant, and now she is angry at herself because I got angry at the servant. Can you beat 'em?"—Philadelphia Press.

Mistook the Man.

An artist painted a portrait of Mark Twain. Some time afterward Twain was confronted with the picture in an art gallery. After gazing at it for some minutes he seemed to be oppressed by a feeling of sadness and exclaimed:

"Poor—poor Wagner!"

"Wagner?" interrupted the artist.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Why," said Twain, "isn't that Richard Wagner?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Public Spirited.

Citizen—What's the matter with all you Swamphurst fellows? You don't seem to like my friend Backlots.

Subbu—No, he's selfish.

Citizen—Oh, come now.

Subbu—That's what he is. A barn near him caught fire the other night, and he put it out without waiting for the rest of us members of the Swamphurst hose to reach the scene.—Philadelphia Press.

Offensively Unappreciative.

"Did you ever hear of such shocking taste!" exclaimed Mrs. Cumrox indignantly.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"People in this hotel have complained they couldn't sleep because Ethelinda played the piano. The idea of anybody's preferring sleep to hearing Ethelinda play!"—Washington Star.

FARM AND GARDEN

SEED CORN.

Good Business Management in Selecting and Dropping Seed.

"I know of no one thing that would do more to increase the yield on every farm in the corn belt than the careful selecting and sorting of the seed corn, both in the ear and after it is shelled, and then stay with it until the planter will drop the desired number of kernels per hill at least ninety-three to ninety-six times out of a hundred tests. It may be necessary to have the plates of the planter drilled or get new ones or take more care in sorting out the

VARIOUS FORMS OF CORN KERNELS.

large, small and irregular kernels. The main thing is to stay with it until the work is satisfactory. This is simply a matter of good business management, and no one can afford to neglect it, for there is so much of our success depending on every bushel of the seed corn we plant."

This is the opinion of the agronomist of the Iowa experiment station.

Good and bad forms of kernels, according to the same authority, are shown in the cut. The pairs of kernels Nos. 1, 2, 11 and 12 show the best forms in the order named, while Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 show the poorest forms in the order named. Pair No. 1 is the best since the kernels are full and plump at the tip next to the cob and have large germs. Both of these points are important, as they indicate strong vitality and feeding value. On the other hand, pairs No. 5, 6 and 7 are especially weak with low feeding value and small per cent of cobs to cob.

It will also be observed that these kernels are far from uniform in size and shape (compare Nos. 4, 2 and 6), and hence no planter will drop an even number per hill. When we realize that all of these kernels were taken from ears that appeared to be good ears, when examined from the standpoint of the ear alone, we can readily appreciate the importance of paying more attention to the study of the kernels of corn in our seed ears.

Chinch Bug and Remedies.

Approved of the chinch bug, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says that Dr. J. M. Steadman, state entomologist of Missouri, made for it the following statement: "A great many people send to this office in the spring of the year for the chinch bug disease with the idea of scattering this disease about the fields of wheat and killing the insects by infecting them. From seven years' experience and observation with this disease in the wheat fields throughout the state of Missouri I am firmly convinced that the artificial use of this disease is very little if any good." Dr. Steadman then expressed his preference for spraying with diluted kerosene emulsion.

Varieties of Peppers.

Professor F. William Kane, a good authority in gardening matters, recommends these peppers:

Sweet Mountain.—An early and productive sort. Plants grow about fifteen inches high. Fruit three to four

SEED CORN.

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A POCKET OF BOG LAND.

Celery a Money Maker—Grown With Fertilizer and Constant Tillage.

Excellent profits were made last year out of what was seemingly a worthless swamp by a farmer of Hoga county, Pa. According to American Agriculturist, this pocket of bog land sold a few years ago at about \$8 per acre. Under its present management and system of cultivation it is the most profitable tract of land in that vicinity. The soil is composed almost entirely of decayed vegetable matter and is so very soft and swampy that it is necessary to attach boards or plates of metal about nine inches square to the feet of the horse working it. By careful drainage and the use of large quantities of fertilizer one of the finest crops of celery ever produced in the Keystone State was harvested last season. From an area of about thirty-one acres the crop netted \$11,804 after deducting freight and commissions. The superior quality of the celery and the neatness and uniformity with which it was graded and packed brought the highest market price.

Constant tillage is one of the golden rules adopted on this farm. The soil is kept thoroughly stirred with a hoe and cultivator, and nothing is left undone to keep the plants in the most healthy and vigorous condition. The celery is all blanched with earth thrown up with an implement similar to a snowplow. It is made of steel with a curve in the shares, so that the soil is packed around the celery and not turned over. Preceding this blanching, as it is called, is a man with a single cultivator, stirring up and loosening the soil between the rows. The blanching is done gradually and at intervals as the crop matures. With this implement the earth is scraped between the rows and packed firmly against the plants as they develop.

In a letter last fall this celery grower made the following statement: I shipped 50,000 dozen of celery, 600,000 plants.

SEED CORN.