

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXIV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

NO. 14

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"Roses Red and Violets Blue."

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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The waiting room in the big department store was in a balcony that formed a sort of halfway house between the first and second floors. From a seat in one of the bulging corners one commanded the whole sweep of busy counters—all the sparkle and glitter and color of attractively displayed goods.

To Jessica, nineteen, pretty and visiting the great city for the first time, it seemed like fairyland.

"I want to buy everything," she said to Aunt Theodora Hancock, who had brought her there.

Aunt Theodora smiled indulgently. "All is not gold that glitters," she said.

Jessica smiled back. "But I like the glitter," she said. "I never use scented soap, but I shall surely buy some because of the pretty boxes, and that pale green note paper is a dream, although I never write on anything but white. And I am awfully drawn to those strings of glass beads, even though I am sure that I should never dare wear them in public."

But Aunt Theodora after years of city residence was an experienced shopper. "Beware of temptation," she warned. "Come on upstairs and look at the sensible things."

"I don't want to be sensible," Jessica pleaded. "I want to stay here and see people buying things that they don't want for the mere pleasure of buying."

Aunt Theodora hesitated. "Do you really want to sit here for awhile?" she asked, with an air of relief. "I could leave you and slip up to the grocery department and give an order. But you mustn't stir from this corner, or I should never find you."

"You run along," Jessica promised. "You run along, Aunt Theo. I am perfectly happy right here. You go on!"

So Aunt Theodora took her stately way through the crowds, and just as she disappeared Jessica's eyes fell on the valentines.

There was a marvelous display right in the middle of the store, and strung from post to post were plump red hearts transfixed with golden darts, while fascinating pink cupidus dotted and bowed with every tiny current of air that swept through the store.

Jessica's heart gave a little throb of delight. She would buy one for Cousin Bob. He would never know who sent it, and she would like to see his eyes on St. Valentine's morning when he opened his mail at the breakfast table.

Without a thought of Aunt Theodora she hurried downstairs to the crowded counter.

It was not easy to make a choice. There were so many beauties—exquisite, modern, hand painted cards, with verses from all the love poets and old-fashioned valentines with old-fashioned rhymes.

Jessica's eyes rested lovingly on a quaint affair of lace paper with a nosegay of fat pink roses and huge violets in the center. It was very like one that Cousin Bob had sent her when she was a little girl, and she had kept it among the most precious of her treasures. The verse, too, was the same:

"Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true."

She smiled a little wistfully as she read. Probably Cousin Bob had forgotten that other valentine—had forgotten the later days when at twenty-two he had visited the old farm and had made a new world for little Jessica of fifteen. He had seemed wonderful to her then, and he was still wonderful, with his frank, kind ways and his pleasant manner. But now he was a man of the world, and he might marry almost any of the beautiful women of his set.

Again she fingered the valentine. Why not send it?

And even while she hesitated in the balcony waiting room came Aunt Theodora, escorted by a tall young man with a frank smile.

"Where has that child gone?" Aunt Theodora said blankly to her stepson.

"I told her not to stir. You'll have to look and look for her, Bob. I'm dead tired. It's lucky I met you."

"Well, wait a minute," he advised. "She can't have gone far."

And even as he spoke Jessica here in sight, eyes shining, her cheeks as red as roses and in her hand a paper package.

"By Jove, she's a charming little thing," said Cousin Bob, noting with appreciation the ripple of her hair, the delicate oval of her face above her soft gray furs, the becomingness of the violets in her hat.

Aunt Theodora looked at him reproachfully.

"Well, have you just discovered her attractions?" she asked. "I brought her down here because she is the sweetest little gentlemanly I have ever met, and I wanted to show you another type from the gray young ladies that you meet in society. And you have hardly noticed her."

Cousin Bob laughed. "You're a matchmaker," he teased. "Do you really want me to marry Jessica?"

"Aunt Theodora looked at him scornfully. 'I love you both,' she said, and I'd like to have my money to back of you. But you've been so slow making up your mind that some one may have got in ahead of you."

"Oh," began Cousin Bob. And just then Jessica joined them, and Cousin Bob insisted on taking them to a wonderful restaurant, where they had lunch to the sound of music played amid the palms, and he was so devoted that Jessica's heart beat high.

The week that followed was full of delights and of attentions from Cousin Bob, and it was on St. Valentine's eve that Aunt Theodora came into Jessica's room and found that young lady in a pink dressing gown leaning her shapely back against the bed.

Aunt Theodora was in gray fannel, and her hair was in crimping pins.

"Jessica," she said solemnly as she sank into a big chair, "if Bob proposes to you, don't accept him the first time he asks."

Jessica stared at her.

"Oh, Aunt Theodora," she stammered. "Cousin Bob isn't a bit in love with me."

Aunt Theodora smiled. "Well, he has reached a condition very much like it," she informed her niece. "It doesn't take Bob very long to make up his mind, and he has known you for years. But I know him and he'll value your love if you don't let him see it too easily."

And then she went away, while Jessica sat like a crumpled rose leaf on the foot of the bed and wept.

For that afternoon she had mailed the lace valentine to Cousin Bob. And now if he should discover that she had sent it and should despise her for showing her real feelings!

She made up her mind that he should not find out, and then she went to bed to sleep fitfully, but through her thoughts ran the comforting thought that Cousin Bob really loved her.

It was a pale little Jessica who came down to the breakfast table the next morning. Aunt Theodora was not there, but Cousin Bob was. He was opening his mail, and to hide her agitation Jessica began to open hers. On top was a great box, and within was a bunch of violets and two fragrant American Beauties, and on a card was written in Cousin Bob's familiar writing:

Roses red and violets blue,
My heart to you is ever true.

She looked up, and her eyes met his in his hand he held the valentine she had sent. But his eyes were not dancing. There was in them instead a very tender light.

"Jessica," he said softly—"Jessica, did you send me this?"

Remembering Aunt Theodora's warning, she tried to say "No," but she was a truthful little thing.

"Yes," she whispered and bent over her flowers. Then she explained slowly and meekly. "But of course valentines don't mean anything. Everybody sends lots of them."

The brightness went out of his face. "I sent you one," he stated sternly. "The roses and the violets spoke to me of you, Jessica, and took me back to the verses I sent you when I was a little lad. And I meant every word of it. Will you marry me, Jessica?"

The proposal came so suddenly that it found her ill prepared. Her heart pounded madly. She forgot Aunt Theodora. She forgot everything but that she loved her.

"Yes," she whispered as she heard her aunt's step upon the stairs.

"And the beauty of it," was the way Cousin Bob upset Aunt Theodora's fine theories when that night he told her of their engagement, "was her girlishness. A woman of the world would have held me off, but it was her sweet surrender that won me. I was sure she loved me from the first."

The Taste of Tin.

A man may live in the city and buy a squash and eat it. That is all he can do with a boughten squash, for a squash that he cannot raise he cannot store or take delight in outside of pie. And can a man live where his garden is a grocery, his storehouse a grocery, his bins, cribs, mows and attics so many pasteboard boxes, bottles and tin cans. Tinned squash in pie may taste like any squash pie, but it is not the same. And in a squash nothing is so good as pie? Oh, but he gets a lithograph squash upon the can to show him how the pulp looked or God made it. This is a sop to his higher sensibilities. It is a commercial reminder, too, that life even in the city should be more than pie. It is also the commercial way of preserving the flavor of the canned squash, else he would not know whether he were eating squash or pumpkin or sweet potato. But, then, it makes little difference. All things taste the same in the city—all taste of tin.—Dallas Love Sharp in Atlantic.

Buying Books.

A library is something more than a collection of books. An imposing array of sumptuous and untouched volumes does not make one. Your books should express your own individuality. Do not let any one persuade you to buy a book you know is not your kind of book. Do not be lured into buying a handsome library edition of some author that you do want if the library edition is heavy and uncomfortable to hold and your own preference is a comfortable pocket edition with flexible covers. And, above all, if you are building up a home library to which the whole family is to have free access do not choose bindings of such delicate colors or expensive textures as to destroy all the comforts of reading.

Two Views.

"I suppose," said the young statesman, "that the first thing I want to do is to learn to say exactly what I mean."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and after that you may find it necessary to say exactly what you don't mean."—Washington Star.

Got Them in the Bill.

Visitor—Go to the proprietor and tell him to make my bill out properly and write omelette with two 'y's' and not 'y's'.

Visitor—A few minutes later—it's all right now, sir; omelet, 1 shilling; two teas, 2 shillings.—London Answers

A Militant Lecturer.

A well known lecturer tells the following story against himself: "When lecturing in an Australian bush town he waxed eloquent on the aboriginal feats of Britons. After each assertion came a deep thud 'It's a lie!' from a drunken auditor."

"Give me a stop of five minutes," said the lecturer to his audience. Off went his coat, down jumped the lecturer, and in a moment he had collapsed and the interrupter had headed him out.

"If I had known you meant to do that," said the manager, "I'd have charged double price."—London Tatler.

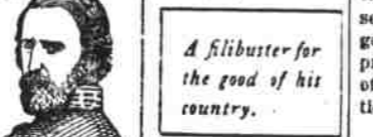
Snow fell in a number of mountain counties week before last, there being several hurries at Asheville Friday a week.

At Windsor, Bertie county, a few days ago, a lamp was overturned in the residence of Editor Kanney, of the Windsor Ledger, and his year-old daughter so badly burned that she died.

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Giuseppe Garibaldi.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.



A filibuster for the good of his country.

Garibaldi was always a filibuster, but he filibustered not in quest of loot or personal power, but for the good of his own country. That Italy is today a strong, united nation rather than a group of petty principalities or dependencies of other powers is due in very large measure to the intrepid filibustering propensity of Giuseppe Garibaldi. Here was a man with a mission, and he could not be kept down. For half a century his soul was centered upon the unification and liberation of Italy, and for the greater part of that period he was fighting for his cause.

California grows a flower named the Garibaldi because it is red. The followers of Garibaldi were red as his distinctive color of garb. The Garibaldian red shirt, famous in history, stood for united Italy. It was the red badge of liberty through unification.

Garibaldi, who was a sailor's son and given to roving, became identified early in life with Mazzini and other zealots in the Young Italy movement. But the methods of Garibaldi were not those of Mazzini, who was unable to compromise by accepting unification of the Italian states under a monarch, so insistent was he for a republican government. Garibaldi also was a republican, but he was willing to accept a benevolent monarchy as a means to an end—the protection and development of the Italian people.

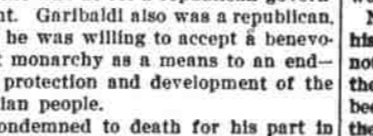
Condemned to death for his part in the earlier uprisings, Garibaldi escaped to France and thence to South America, where he presently found opportunity to continue his career as a warrior in opposition to tyranny. He fought for the new republic of Uruguay against the usurpation of the Argentine dictator. Then he made his way to the United States, an exile from home, earning his living as a maker of candles and declining the honor of a demonstration such as the American gave Kosuth, the Hungarian patriot.

Back to Italy went Garibaldi when the time was ripe, raising band after band of followers, conquering the Neapolitan provinces in the cause of unification and finally, absolute master of Naples, relinquishing voluntarily to King Victor Emmanuel his own sovereignty for the good of Italy. There, indeed, was a patriot with no price tag attached to his red shirt.

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Patrick Henry.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.



"Give me liberty or give me death!"

Patrick Henry is the patron saint of the American schoolboy. He made two speeches, each containing a single sentence sufficient to immortalize an orator. "Give me liberty or give me death!" These seven simple words still thrill the breasts of lovers of freedom throughout the world. "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—'Treason!' cry the royalist delegates in horror. "And George the Third," concludes Patrick Henry scornfully, "may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it!"

By these two speeches, which nerved the colonists to stronger protest against British misrule, is Patrick Henry best remembered, but there was much more in this provincial Virginian than mere forensic fervor. Henry proved his words by his deeds. As soldier, as legislator, as governor of Virginia and in all capacities to which he was called he showed metal that rang true.

Yet Patrick Henry as a boy and youth was considered a ne'er-do-well. He was a red headed, slouchy, ungainly youngster, caring little for school and much for boyish adventures in wonderland. He failed in three or four business enterprises, including farming and storekeeping, and though a married man, was desperately poor.

Some years before he reached thirty, however, Patrick Henry perked up and astonished the Virginia natives. He studied law about a month and managed to obtain admission to the bar in a surprisingly brief time he was a leader in his profession.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Patrick Henry was his ability as a declaimer of office in his later years. He declined a seat in the United States senate; he declined Washington's invitation to become secretary of state; he declined the appointment to the chief justice of the supreme court of the United States; he declined another election to the governorship of Virginia, though he did submit to election to the house of delegates, but declined before taking his seat.

I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman than the profession of husband-hunting.—J. K. Jerome.

Ministers are not in the pulpit to make literature, but to make character.—Rev. George Graves.

A Nation's future rise or fall in civilization might be accurately judged by the people's reading the literary thought.—C. Combridge.

A NEGLECTED POINT.

The Essential Timely Variation in the Dairy Cow's Ration.

By HUGH G. VAN FELT, before Ohio Live Stock Breeders' association.

Not long since the successful feeder of the dairy herd was one who could extract from the cow the greatest amount of milk and butter fat in a certain short period of time, usually a seven day period. If by skill and ingenuity the cow could be induced to produce from twenty to forty pounds of butter in a week's time, the reputation of the feeder was assured.

Little thought was given to the amount and cost of food consumed to produce the required results, and little consideration was given to the future usefulness of the cow. Many a cow with a large record was forced to the limit of her productive capacity for a short time only, and came out of the test much the worse for it and never able to return profit to her owner afterward. In other words, her future usefulness had been ruined for the sake of a record given without judgment.

At Different Periods of Milking.

It will be found to differ with different cows and the same cow at different periods of lactation. For instance, when the cow freshens, if her care and management have been of the proper sort, she will be in a fleshy and strong condition. The object of the feeder at this point should be to so formulate or balance the ration as to stimulate an increasing yield for the first thirty days at the expense of the fat laid up on and in the body, converting it into milk and butter fat.

By so doing the cost of production is lessened and the working proclivities of the cow stimulated to the extent that the feeder gains control of the workings of the cow.

Now, as the feeder closely observes his charge from day to day, he will note that the fat is disappearing from the ribs and back of the cow; the beefy appearance is giving way to the true dairy type; the cow is working at her best; the ration is not changed she will overtax herself, become poor and weak. Then persistency is sacrificed. But the careful feeder will not permit his charges to become so weakened.

When the climax of her production has been reached the ration will be balanced in accordance with the condition of the cow. Sufficient carbohydrates will be incorporated in the ration to retain a strong vigorous constitution, and enough protein will be found in the ration to stimulate and maintain the greatest production of milk and butter fat.

A Pronounced Example.

Thus we plainly see that upon the character of the ration from time to time depends the work of the cow in charge. The most pronounced example of this may be cited in Blossom of Florence, one of the cows that participated in the St. Louis cow demonstration.

Her ration was changed from time to time to answer the needs of her body, so that persistency was retained and heavy production stimulated.

Col. William Penn Wood, of the county of Randolph, has formally entered the race for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

The barn of Mrs. Rufus Nelson, who lives near Lenoir, was burned Friday night a week with feed and farming implements and a horse. Loss estimated at \$500.

Mr. W. M. Russ, clerk of the Superior Court of Wake, has withdrawn from the race for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the fourth district.

Ex-State Senator S. C. Bragaw, of Beaufort county, who was endorsed for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor, by his county, declines to be a candidate.

John Shaw, colored, who shot and killed John Wall, colored, at a negro festival in Spencer on the 20th of April, was acquitted in Rowan Superior Court last week on the ground of self defense.

At Durham Saturday afternoon a week Horace Stroud, colored, made an attempt to shoot his woman, Agnes Leathers. He missed the woman and the ball struck Lee Shaw, colored, Shaw died next day.

No state of society is sound that contains thousands of idlers.—Rev. E. W. Aveling.

The generosity and forbearance of the poor is to me astonishing.—Mrs. Craigie.

People unfortunately belong to themselves less than to their appetites.—Dr. Helen Wilson.

Ah how I hate capital punishment. It is a relic of cowardly barbarism.—Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt.

I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman than the profession of husband-hunting.—J. K. Jerome.

Ministers are not in the pulpit to make literature, but to make character.—Rev. George Graves.

A Nation's future rise or fall in civilization might be accurately judged by the people's reading the literary thought.—C. Combridge.

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Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1908.

There has been a surprising amount of Johnson talk in Washington and wherever he has gone the Minnesota Governor has been the center of a group of politicians since he came here to attend the natural resources convention. It is even rumored that there is a movement on foot among the governors to start a sort of gubernatorial Johnson movement, to have the whole thing carefully organized and then, at what they deem the psychological moment, to come out strongly for the handsome young Governor of Minnesota. Of course as soon as this programme is made public there will develop strong opposition from the Bryan strongholds and it is entirely possible the movement will die aborn, but that it is being seriously discussed here in Washington, there is no doubt.

The Republicans have once more given a notable exhibition of party discipline by suppressing the Brownville debate for this session. Senator Culberson jumped into the breach and tried to force a vote before adjournment, but he was powerless against the almost solid Republican opposition, led by Mr. Foraker himself, only a few days ago, was swearing by all the gods of war that the Senate should not adjourn without voting on his resolution restoring the discharged negroes to the army. Just what happened to Mr. Foraker is not known, but of course he was in the hopeless minority and it is probable that the Republican leaders laid down the law to him so emphatically that he was powerless to do otherwise, especially as he still hopes to come back to the Senate for another term.

The Republicans have tried to sidetrack the Rayner resolution providing that a court of inquiry shall be granted to Colonel Stewart, whom the President has ordered to Fort Grant, Arizona where, as one army officer expressed it, "He has no office to command but tarantulas." The Republican majority referred the resolution to the committee on Military Affairs where they hope to keep it until adjournment, but Mr. Rayner has not given up the fight and he will do everything possible to secure prompt action by the committee. The case of Colonel Stewart is a peculiar one. He seems to have displayed an extraordinary capacity for quarrelling with all his subordinates and with civilians, but Mr. Rayner's contention is that he at least deserves to have the charges brought before a court of inquiry or before a court martial, before he is punished, while the President contends that were it possible for officers to appeal to a Senator and get a court of inquiry whenever ordered to a post they dislike it would disrupt the discipline of the army.

The natural resources convention which the President has brought together at the White House is probably the most notable in the nation's history and the distinguished men of both parties who are participating in the sessions are most hopeful that it will result in genuine benefit to the country. Extraordinarily enough, the purpose of the country, is wholly Democratic rather than Republican, but then Mr. Roosevelt has never hesitated to appropriate any good idea which Democrats evolved. The Republican policy has been to confer these resources on their political favorites precisely as they favor special interests by the tariff. However, the question is assuming such vast proportions that loyal Democrats feel that