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AN OLD ADAGE SAYS

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ROYAL STRONG ARMS

Famous Monarchs That Rivalled the Mighty Samson.

AMAZING FEATS OF MUSCLE.

The Emperor Maximilian Could Lift Three Men With One Hand—Augustus the Strong of Saxony Carried a Horse and Its Rider on His Back.

Curiously enough, a large percentage of the notably strong men of history have been of royal blood. One of the earliest of these royal athletes was Maximilian, called "Maximilian Hercules" because of his great strength. He was the son of a peasant and had an enormous physique. He became a common soldier and was finally made emperor by acclaim of his fellow soldiers during a stormy period of Roman history. Maximilian's strength was prodigious. It was said that on foot he could run down a fox, that he could lift three men with one hand and that by gripping the wheel of a chariot with one finger he could resist the pull of three horses. Like most men of great physical strength, Maximilian was a heavy eater. History records that his daily allowance was forty pounds of meat and eighteen bottles of wine. Augustus the Strong of Saxony was another of these royal Samsons. He would often seize two of his courtiers, grasping one with his right hand and another with his left, holding them up at arm's length and playfully twirling them about.

On one occasion the horse ridden by one of his attendants became balky and refused to budge. After some minutes of coaxing the king dismounted, placed his Herculean shoulder under the horse's chest, grasping it by the fore legs, and calmly walked away with both horse and rider. This remarkable performance was witnessed by a number of courtiers and attendants.

King Richard of England ("Coeur de Lion") had tremendous strength. During his captivity in Germany he gave a terrible demonstration of his physical powers. The son of one of the wardens was a youth locally renowned for his muscular strength and in his assurance invited the royal captive to an exchange of buffets. The young man by a cast of the dice won the right to the first stroke and struck the king a staggering blow on the side of the head. It was then the king's turn, and he landed a blow just behind his opponent's ear so heavy that the man was instantly killed.

Scott's famous historical novel "Ivanhoe," where King Richard, the "Black Knight," and the jolly outlaw Friar Tuck have an exchange of buffets, without, however, any fatal result.

Dom Pedro I, emperor of Brazil, is also on the list of royal strong men. On the occasion of a carnival he arranged matters so that he was standing on the bow of the royal barge between two of his stately courtiers. Suddenly in the midst of the festivities the king reached out, grasped a courtier with each hand, and, after holding them for a few moments squirming in the air and begging to be released, he relaxed his grip and allowed them to drop plump into the water, amid the frantic applause of the huge crowd that had assembled to view their monarch. The king joined heartily in the general hilarity, but what the drenched courtiers thought about this exquisite joke is not recorded.

Peter the Great of Russia, like Charlemagne, possessed great physical as well as mental power. His years of work as blacksmith and ship carpenter had so developed a naturally powerful physique that he was believed to be the strongest man in Russia.

The story is told that a certain blacksmith in a little country town had boasted that he was the only blacksmith in the world who could lift his own anvil. The emperor, hearing of the blacksmith's boast, disguised himself as a workman and with a single companion set out for the blacksmith's village. On learning of their errand the blacksmith without a word laid aside his tools and, grasping the anvil with his brawny hands, lifted it with great effort about a foot from the floor. Then Peter took hold of the anvil, raised it a foot, two feet, three, higher and higher, till he finally swung it to his shoulder and calmly walked away with it.

Charlemagne was said to be the most powerful man physically of his time. One of his favorite feats of strength was to break the heaviest horseshoe by gripping it with one hand.

A worthy successor of Peter the Great was the late Czar Alexander III, who was one of the strongest men in the world. He was often called "the Russian Samson." The czar's regular visiting card was a Russian coin somewhat larger than our silver quarter, which he would bend almost double with his powerful fingers.

Alexander was also fond of breaking horseshoes, and it is said he never found one he could not break in two. He could take two fresh packs of cards and by gripping the ends with his hands tear them straight down through the middle.

It is said that on one occasion a woman companion expressed a wish for a bouquet holder in which to place a large bunch of roses. The czar took a pewter tankard from a table nearby and with a few movements of his powerful hands fashioned it into a rough

but picturesque and quite efficient bouquet holder.—W. R. C. Latson in New York Tribune.

GAVE THE ANSWER.

A Soldier Who Followed the Orders of General Jackson.

Illustrative of the exasperating ease with which chickens occasionally "come home to roost" is this story from "A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie." On a day in June, 1862, in the early part of the war, General Hood of the Texas brigade halted each regiment in turn and gave his orders. To the Fourth he said: "Soldiers of the Fourth, I know as little of your destination as you do. If, however, any of you learn or suspect it, keep it a secret. To every one who asks questions answer, 'I don't know.' We are now under the orders of General Jackson, and I repeat them to you."

General Jackson also gave strict orders against foraging, but apples were plentiful, and it was contrary to nature for hungry soldiers not to eat them, and so it came about that on the march to Stanton General Jackson came upon a Texan sitting on the limb of an apple tree busily engaged in filling his haversack with the choicest fruit.

The general reined in his old sorrel horse and in his epistomary curt tone asked: "What are you doing in that tree, sir?"

"I don't know," replied the Texan. "What command do you belong to?" "I don't know."

"Is your command ahead of you or behind you?" "I don't know."

"Thus it went on, 'I don't know,' given as an answer to every question. Finally Jackson asked sternly: "Why do you give me that answer to every question?"

"Cause them's the orders our general gin us this mornin', an' he tole us he got 'em that way straight from ole Jackson," replied the man in the tree.

Disgusted with a too literal obedience to his own commands, but yet not caring to argue the point, General Jackson rode on.

A ONE NIGHT CONVERT.

Incident in the Temperance Career of Father Mathew.

In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humorously, but resolutely, the efforts of his zealous neighbor. The incident is related by Katharine Tynan in her biography of Father Mathew.

"I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at dinner. And, though my medical adviser tells me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew, "but I have my hopes of you."

And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the "new order of the Bath."

"Then I will keep it," said Brougham, "and take it to the house, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord — the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him."

The announcement of this intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was notorious for his potations.

Lord Brougham was as good as his word, for on meeting the veteran peer he said, "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck.

"Then I tell you what it is: Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," was the peer's unexpected response. And he kept this vow, to the amusement of his friends.

The Fare.

This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would-be wit on the causeway lashed him: "Got any room inside, Robert?" "There's no room for one," replied the driver. "We keep it for you."

Not entirely disconcerted, the wit made another shot. "What's your fare?" he asked.

The answer entirely extinguished him. "Bread and water—name as you had before!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Great Circus.

The famous Coliseum in old Rome, massive as it was, was a mere toy in comparison with the great circus, which filled the valley between the Palatine and the Aventine hills. The Coliseum is said to have been able to seat 80,000 people, while the seating capacity of the great circus was, at different periods, 150,000, 250,000 and, lastly, 380,000 spectators. The great circus was probably the most stupendous building ever erected for public spectacles.—New York American.

All His Doing.

Miss Chelise—It is really so that you're engaged to Mr. Roxley? Miss Pechie (calmly)—It is. Miss Chelise—My, he was a great catch! Miss Pechie—I beg your pardon; catcher.—Philadelphia Press.

FUGITIVE SPAR BUOYS

Rescuing These Stray "Sticks" Is Perilous Work.

SIGNBOARDS OF CHANNELS.

How These Mariners' Guides Are Anchored and How They Sometimes Break Away and Are Hunted Down by the Lighthouse Service Tenders.

When the winter gales begin to blow, the tenders of the lighthouse service turn their stems toward northern seas to hunt stray spar buoys. Of all the work of the coast patrol this, perhaps, is the most exposed to danger. Pulling these "signboards" out of the sea or putting them over side is like "yanking" splices with a ton derrick on a heaving platform.

Although passengers in the boats that ply the waters of New York harbor, Long Island sound and other waterways along the coast see many spar buoys, they give them little thought. With the man at the wheel it is different. Color, shape and size give him volumes of information, and he looks upon the spar buoy as an invaluable guide.

In the government inventories they are listed as "sticks," although they are sometimes sixty feet long. They are anchored in the bed of a river or harbor channel, their "up ends" painted in such a way as to indicate to the observer the formation of the bottom.

On the margin of government charts explanatory notes tell one that vessels approaching a harbor from the sea should leave red buoys with even numbers on the right and black, with odd numbers on the left side of channels. Black and white striped buoys, the stripes running perpendicularly, mean an obstruction in the channel, with room to get by on either side.

If balls or cages ornament the "up ends" it means a turning point, the color and number indicating the course.

These sticks are put down with heavy iron anchors and sometimes great stone weights. One would suppose that so fixed they never could get away, but they do, and it is a job to find them.

Ice floes break their cables and sometimes crush the sticks; storms pull them loose, and ships in the fog or darkness foul them and tear them from their hold on the bottom. Not infrequently ships use them as moorings, although this is forbidden.

There are instances where the anchors of a spar buoy have been secure enough to hold against ice pressure and in a narrow channel cause a dangerous jam. But such cases are few, for when this happens the weight of the ice usually becomes so great as to force

the buoy under, and the pack sits on. If the ice pack gets under the buoy so as to lift it there is only one result—the parting of the cable. Then off starts the spar upon a journey maybe of thousands of miles, perhaps of only one or two. It may fetch up on the nearest shore, and it may drift to the coast of Europe or into the southern seas. On the Irish coast today is one which traveled there in six weeks from New York harbor. It was presented to the British government by the United States and now floats off the coast on which it stopped after its long Atlantic journey.

If it is a long chase to find the stray buoys it is even a more difficult task to recover the anchors left behind by the fugitive spars. Tenders that sail out of the harbor have a derrick and tackle rigged in front of the pilot house, with a donkey engine to lift and pull. The location of every buoy is marked on the charts to a degree, so it is not difficult to find the desired position. The serious business is dragging for the anchor and after grappling with it to hoist it aboard ship. Here the donkey engine comes into play. Another hazard is to pull a spar buoy aboard. If a sea happens to be running the captain of the tender has to use extreme care. Should a big roller get under him and suddenly lighten the lifting chains either they would give way or the weight would come up too fast, the crew in either case being placed in jeopardy of their lives.

But the risk these men run is all in the day's work. To them a job in a seaway on a lee shore is regarded as no more monotonous task than repairing a row of buoys on land.—New York Post.

The Brevity of Ballarat.

It was in Ballarat that Mark Twain found the local language so puzzling at first, the good people of the place deeming life too short to dawdle in their talk.

The mayor called on the American humorist and ironically said "K'm." Then when Mark Twain gave him a cigar he simply said "Q."

Subsequent inquiry revealed that those terms were Ballaratese for "welcome" and "thank you."—London Chronicle.

The Octopus.

In a country village recently a couple took their baby to be christened, and on the clergyman asking what name they had chosen the happy father replied, "Octopus, sir."

"What?" ejaculated the astonished divine. "But you cannot call a child by so extraordinary a name!" "Yes, sir, if you please," was the reply. "You see, it's our eighth child, and we want it called Octopus."

Cook—My dog took first prize at the cat show.
Hook—How was that?
Cook—He took the cat.

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Don't forget the date—SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1909, at 2 p. m. Big auction sale, and they go at your own price. Buy you a home, buy a lot for investment. You can make no mistake. A plot of the land can be seen at the Piedmont Trust Co.'s office, Burlington, N. C.

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