

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1909.

NO. 46

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THE WITCH'S CURSE.
A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days
 Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a small family cemetery. Within its inclosure sleep the Bucks, the blue blooded folk who first settled the town and bequeathed it their name and a legend.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription: "Col. John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1762. Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718. Died March 18, 1785."

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, which can be easily imagined to be a foot of normal size. The people who say that it is a foot believe in the legend which has often been told in Bucksport.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, and his word was law in the community in which he resided. He was an out and out tyrant, and to his wife he was the incarnation of bludgeony. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the popular Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered; but the minister stood unmoved. All was ready, and the hangman was about to perform his duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck and, raising one hand toward heaven, she said: "Jonathan Buck, listen to these words; the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know the spot where your bones lie and crumble to dust.

"Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time, after your accursed race has vanished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman."

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history. The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot. The old legend was revived.

"They said that the 'witch's curse' had been fulfilled. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but every effort only tended to make it plainer.

The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever. Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the 'witch's foot' is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy.
 "Son," remarked Mr. Erasmus Pinkney, "I done heard you talk 'bout bein' a great hunter."
 "Dat's what I said," answered pickaninny Jim. "T's gwinter hunt lions."
 "An' you mentioned bein' er athletic explorer."
 "Well, jes' by way of practice befo' you tackles any lions lemme see if you kin get de cow out'n pasture wifout bein' hooked, an' den as de gwinter comes along you kin train fo' de north pole by wadin' out in de snow to de wood pile twice a day. An' den lemme hyah no mo' 'bout not encouragin' yo' youthful ambitions."—Washington Star.

The Way to His Vote.
 Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a book by Henry W. Lucy.

At the time that the Imperial titles bill was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was desirable. One evening in the lobby Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend Tom Moore."

The vain little gentleman was captured.

He Hits Back.
 There had been a domestic spat at breakfast.

"You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

"I never doubted that they were tender, Maria," ventured the meek man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time." And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin.—Chicago News.

Past Services.
 Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute? Pat—Me services, sor? Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter. Pat—No, but if it rains next Sunday O'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

FEEDING SWINE.
Some Mistakes That May Account For Failures in Raising Them.
 By J. L. STRATTON.

It is a mistake for one inexperienced to undertake the feeding of hogs unless he expects to make a study of it and improve upon his mistakes.

It is a mistake to try to raise hogs on an exclusive diet. You ask what kind of feed to give them. I will ask what kind of feed can be produced on your farm and in your locality; then give them a variety of it. These feeds should be given in such relation to each other as to meet the varied needs of the swine system.

It is a mistake to forget that the hog is a grazing animal.

It is a mistake if the hog is not fed in a clean place, free from both dust and mud.

It is a mistake to overlook or underfeed.

Ordinarily it is a mistake not to feed the liquid before the strait food.

It is a mistake to feed constipating food and nothing to correct it.

It is a mistake to feed all sizes together whenever the smaller ones are to a disadvantage.

It is a mistake not to provide the herd with comfortable quarters at all times. Failure in this will impair the usefulness of the feed.

It is a mistake not to grow the pigs rapidly from birth to market. They should gain every pound possible on the way.

It is a mistake to feed the brood sow much corn before farrowing. She should have cooling and laxative foods.

It is a mistake to feed her heavily for some days after farrowing.

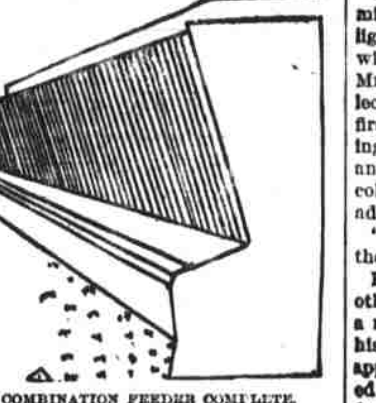
It is a mistake to feed her pigs sour milk when they are learning to eat.

It is a mistake to fail to feed the pigs bone and muscle forming materials during their growth.

COMBINATION FEEDER.
Rack That is Highly Recommended For Feeding Ewes With Lambs.
 The combination feeder shown in the illustration is used on many good sheep farms. There is probably nothing better for ewes with lambs, writes Joseph E. Wing in the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

The specifications are: Trough, six inches wide at bottom, fourteen inches at top of slant. The trough is seven

inches high at the front and eleven inches at the back. The slats are two inches wide, one inch thick, rounded, spaced three inches apart. The frame



COMBINATION FEEDER COMPLETE.
 is 2 by 3 feet. This rack may be made in any length and placed so as to divide spaces.

In this rack may be fed roots, bran, hay, silage or any other food. It is probably the ideal rack for ewes with lambs.

Salting the Cows.
 A supply of salt available whenever the cows want it is necessary to maintain a high yield of milk. Salt stimulates the appetite and assists digestion and assimilation, which increase the flow of the fluids of the body. Salting feeds for dairy cows once a week is not sufficient. It is a good plan to keep rock salt under shelter where the cows can get at it at will and then feed loose salt once a week in such quantities as the cows will eat. Loose salt may be used exclusively if it can be sheltered from rain. It is not best to mix salt with feed, for frequently the cows will get more salt than they need, which will reduce the flow.

Rations For Brood Sows.
 Brood sows should always have sufficient nutritious foods to keep them in good condition. At farrowing time the sow should not be too fat. If she has had plenty of exercise and is in fair condition she will be better prepared to care for her offspring. She should not be fed corn every day of the year. This grain should be given most sparingly just before farrowing and in its place a ration of two quarts of oats and one quart of soaked corn with one quart of wheat. This will prove an excellent ration.

They Were Strangers.
 Howell—Howell doesn't seem to be at home much. Powell—He is there so seldom that he really needs a letter of introduction to his wife.—New York Press.

A medical education in England costs at least \$3,045.

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.
Story of the British Civil Service in the Last Century.
 The British civil service during the middle of the last century was a delightful place for young gentlemen who wished a "job" with nothing to do. Mr. Arthur W. A'Becket in his "Recollections of a Humorist" describes his first day in the war office. After reading the Times through—no short task—and listening to the conversation of his colleagues for awhile he ventured to address his chief.

"Can I do anything?" I asked. "Is there anything for me to do?"

He seemed a little perplexed. The other gentlemen of the room paused for a moment in their conversation to hear his reply. It seemed to me that they appeared to be amused. My chief looked at me and then at the papers in front of him.

"Ah!" said he, at last, with a sigh of relief. "Are you fond of indexing?"

I replied I was fond of anything and everything that could be of the slightest service to my country. If those were not the exact words I used, that was the spirit of my answer.

"I see, a glutton for work," observed my chief, with a smile that found reflection on the faces of my other colleagues. "Well, A'Becket, just index this pile of circulars."

I set upon the bundle and returned to my desk. Oh, how I worked at those circulars! There were hundreds of them, and I docketed them with the greatest care and entered their purport into a book. From time to time my official chief, so to speak, looked in upon me to see how I was getting on.

"I say," said he, "there's no need to be in such a desperate hurry. I am not in immediate need of the index. You can take your time, you know. Wouldn't you like a stroll in the park? Most of us have a little walk during the day. We none of us stand on ceremony and are quite a happy family."

But, no; I stuck to my indexing and after some three days of fairly hard work found my labors done. I took up the bundle of circulars, now in apple pie order, and laid them on my chief's desk.

"I say," A'Becket, said he, "this won't do. You are too good a fellow to be allowed to cut your own throat, and for your brother's sake I will give you a tip. Don't do more than you are asked to do. Now, I gave you those circulars to index because you would bother me for work. I didn't want the index. Now it's done it's not the least bit of use to me. Of course it may come in useful some day, but I scarcely see how it can, as the lot are out of date. But of course it may," he added to save my feelings.

How poor are they that have no patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

DEVELOPING A STAR.
How Mansfield Coached Margaret Anglin as Roxane.
 Richard Mansfield in his preparation for "Cyrano" was unsparring of himself, and he was unsparring of others. Everything he had and everything he hoped for was at stake. Struggle and desperation were in the air. Nearly every one in the cast resigned or was discharged over and over again. Mr. Palmer's days and nights were devoted to diplomacy, and, thanks to his suavity, the heady heat of the day before was forgotten in the cool of the next morning.

An actress of international reputation and experience was engaged for Roxane. Rehearsals were under way when she resigned by cable. The orange girl's single line in the first act was being rehearsed by a young Canadian, Margaret Anglin. Mansfield had not seen her act, but he remarked the wondrous loveliness of her voice, and his intuition told him she had temperament. "Can you make yourself look beautiful enough for Roxane?" he asked. "I think I might if you can make yourself ugly enough for Cyrano," she answered. The part was hers on the instant. He coached her relentlessly. Again and again she cried that she could not do it. He reassured her, but not with soft persuasions. "You can, my dear, and you must. Now, again!" After rehearsals she went regularly in tears to Mr. Palmer to resign. He appealed to Mansfield to be more lenient. "I am only kind," was his reply.

"Roxane is a great part. Only one who has suffered can play such a role. This girl has the temperament and the emotions, but she is young and inexperienced. I cannot persuade her spirit. I must rouse it." And every day she reached new depths and new heights.—Paul Wiltach in Scribner's.


A Multiplicity of Fathers.
 Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to Brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted. "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Two of 'em'?"—Delmaster.

Tom Corwin had an enormous mouth. He once said he had been insulted by Deacon Smith. The good brother asked for further explanation about the insult.

"Well," said Corwin, "when I stood up in the lecture room to relate my experience and I opened my mouth Deacon Smith rose up in front and said, 'Will some brother please close that window and keep it closed?'"



Mamma, go to Thompson Drug Co.'s and get a box of Mother's Joy and a bottle of Goose Grease Liniment.

You can't afford to be without these in your house. **MOTHER'S JOY** is made of pure Goose Grease and Mutton Suet with the most costly medicines known

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Located Between Burlington and Graham
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SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1909,

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

25 handsomely located lots will be sold at public auction on Saturday, January 16, 1909, at 2 p. m. The sale to take place on the premises. These lots are located on the macadam road between Graham and Burlington—just opposite those sold about a year ago. They are large, well located lots, being 80x200 to 240. The lots sold a year ago have been sold since privately at double the amount paid for them.

Graham and Burlington are fast building up toward each other, and it will only be a few years before these lots will be selling for three times what they will sell for now. They are located just outside the corporate limits of Graham, and several are in the corporate limits. High and dry. Several handsome homes recently erected just opposite this property, and others will be built, and new homes will be built on this property when sold, and this will double the value. The chance of a lifetime to make money buying real estate.

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