

THE ALAMANACE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1909.

NO. 5

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DONALD GULLEY
Attorney-at-Law
BURLINGTON, N. C.
SELLERS BUILDING.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C.

J. S. COOK
Attorney-at-Law
GRAHAM, N. C.

C. A. HALL
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN FRAY BRYAN, W. P. BYNUM, JR.
BRYAN & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GRAHAM, N. C.

ROBT. C. STRUDWICK
Attorney-at-Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.

GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Even the Dignified English Butler Can Go Astray at Times.

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?"

The slip is so obviously a natural one that doubtless the tale is true. Thus far it is also unchallenged as new, although probably by the time it has made the full round of the press somebody will discover that in its original form it was an Athenian "chestnut" in the days of Socrates.

An anecdote which at least belongs to the same family used to be laughed over in early Victorian drawing rooms. Among the royalties, great and little, who came to London for the young queen's coronation there was a certain small, dried up, gray haired, bright eyed, bristly little old reigning prince of a tiny principality. He was far away cousin to an Irish duke, whose estates in Ireland he visited before returning. For his entertainment a village celebration was arranged, with games and dances, and especially Irish jigs and songs.

The gay old prince was delighted. He came himself of a race famous for his dancing. He still possessed a good eye, a quick ear and a light foot. That same evening in the great hall of the castle, to the whistling of his host's son, he endeavored to emulate some of the feats he had seen.

The duke's solemn English butler was present, and his horror at such unroyal antics was reflected in his eyes. The prince perceived it and, shooting a sudden frown at him, demanded imperiously: "Eh! Tell me, then, what you think of my dancing?"

Discreet and dignified, but hurried inwardly, the butler's manner was perfect, but his tongue betrayed him. He answered: "Your royal spryness is certainly high."

There was a shout of laughter, and the duke, with assumed anger, cried sternly: "What! Do you dare to insinuate that the prince is elevated—that his vivacity is due to any other good spirits than his own?"

Before such an accusation the poor butler's last remnant of composure vanished, and, turning wildly, with clasped hands, from his highness to his grace, he protested earnestly:

"No, I never, sir, your royal graysness; no, I never, sir, your ical!"

Youth's Companion.

A DIAMOND STORY.

The Way a Russian Princess Disposes of Her Jewels.

A few years ago Ludwig Nissen, a well known wholesale dealer of the Maiden Lane district, was in the office of a diamond merchant in London when a stranger came in and offered an unusually beautiful stone for sale. The Englishman did not care to buy. But Nissen thought he saw a bargain. But he was not willing to buy until he learned who owned the stone and where it had come from. The man said he represented a friend, a woman, who did not care to have her name disclosed. The American was firm. If he could not learn the owner's name he would not buy. The stranger said he would see the woman and talk the matter over with her.

The next day he came back and took Mr. Nissen to the woman's home. She lived in a handsome apartment in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. It turned out that she was a Russian princess who, with her husband and her daughter, had been driven from Russia for having taken part in a nihilist movement. Of all their large property they had saved only their jewels. She opened a little safe and showed the American one of the finest collections of "amonds he had ever seen. They were worth \$200,000 or \$300,000.

"We sell them a few at a time," she explained, "just enough of them each year to give us a living. Perhaps you will wonder why we don't sell them all and live on the interest of the money? But my husband has the gambler's spirit. The money would not last a year. So we part from them piecemeal. I estimate that there are enough of them to keep us twenty years, and I don't expect to live longer than that."

One of those diamonds forms the centerpiece of one of the most valuable necklaces in New York. A few others are sent to this country every year. In the "diamond horse shoe" at the opera there is never a night when there are not some of the jewels of the exiled princess on view.—New York Tribune.

Time, Not Space.
Mrs. Frink was a trusting soul and rarely questioned the opinions of others about matters concerning which they were supposed to be informed. One day she came home with a new pair of shoes under her arm. "Get them at Bride's," she explained, "and they're the best I ever bought you."

"What is so very good about them?" inquired her son, for whom the shoes were intended.

"Why, the salesman said that you could walk farther in them than in any others without getting tired, and I said that you couldn't walk very far just now on account of your knee, you know, and he said that he meant farther for the same distance. So I bought them, and here they are. Save the string, please."

She did not notice the smile on her son's face as he undid the package, and he was spared the trouble of explaining.—Youth's Companion.

Buttermilk a Life Saver.
A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.

The Disturbing Telephone.
"The telephone has destroyed all the privacy of society," said the society girl. "It breaks in on everything. Nothing is sacred to it. You may be saying your prayers, the telephone. Or in the midst of your bath. The telephone. Or doing up your back hair or, worse of all, a delightful man may be making love to you, when k-ling, k-ling, k-ling! The telephone breaks off the thread of his theme and he fails to resume it."—New York Press.

The Nature of the Beast.
Mrs. Genson was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing room. "Please, mum, will you tell me what you want with this oyster shell you left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Genson.

"Yes, mum. But O! didn't know where to throw them," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"—Judge.

Fortify now against the Grip—For it comes every season sure! Prevent it—the Little Candy Cure Tablets—offer in this respect a most certain and dependable safeguard. Prevention, at the "weezy stage" will, as well, also head off all common colds. But promptness is all-important. Keep Preventives in the pocket or purse, for instant use. Box of 48 for 25c. Sold by Graham Drug Co.

UNDER FIVE FLAGS.

It Takes That Many to Run Small but Turbulent Crete.

To the southward, its green clad, snow capped mountains rising from a turquoise sea, lay Crete, the island of mythology and massacre. It was a picture of sunshine and animation of vivid colors and strange peoples such as one seldom sees except in some gorgeously staged comic opera.

But even as this was in my mind, says a writer in the Travel Magazine, a gun boomed out from a crumbling bastion, and five little balls ran up five flagstaffs standing in a row on the uppermost ramparts and broke out into five flags.

The morning breeze caught up their folds and held them straight out, as though for our benefit, so that we could make them out quite plainly. Four of them were old friends that I had encountered on all of the seven seas—the union jack and the tricolor and the St. Andrew's cross of Russia and the red, white and green banner of Italy—but the fifth flag, which flew somewhat higher than the others, was of unfamiliar design. The single blood red square, however, bounded by the Greek cross and bearing the gleaming star of Bethlehem, told its own story, and I knew it for the flag of Crete.

I knew that there was deep significance in the design of that unknown flag and in the position of the four familiar ones that flew below it, for they signified to all the world that the Turk had been driven out, never to return; that Christianity had triumphed over Mohammedanism and that the cross had indeed replaced the crescent; that the centuries of massacre were now but memories; that peace in the guise of foreign soldiery had, for a time at least, found an abiding place in Crete, and most significant of all, that the strange flag with the single star would be upheld if necessary by the mightiest array of bayonets and battleships in all Christendom.

Canea, which is the seat of government, is the most picturesquely cosmopolitan spot west of Suez. It is equidistant from the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa, it has a mild and equable climate, living is cheap, there is a large garrison of foreign soldiery, there are no extradition treaties in force, and trouble of one kind and another is always brewing.

Like a magnet, therefore, Canea has attracted the scum and off-scouring of all the Levant—needy soldiers of fortune, professional revolution makers, smooth spoken gamblers and confidence men, Egyptian donkey boys, out at elbows; dragomans who speak a score of tongues and hail from no one knows where—all that rabble of the needy, the adventurous and the desperate who follow the armies of occupation and are always to be found on the fringe of civilization.

Colorful Zanzibar.
Zanzibar is the brightest, richest in color, most energetically commercial of all the East African ports. All is noise, activity, glitter. Here the Indian merchant be-seeches you from his bazaar. There children swathed in silk and hung with costly jewels and bangles stumble under your feet. Black women, draped below their bare shoulders in the colors of the but-terfly, their necks and bosoms gay with chains, balance water jars on their heads. There is no street or house which does not suggest the scenic artist and the limelight. We expect the water girls to appear as slaves in the next act and that the sultan's band down in the palace square will presently strike up an operatic tune.—National Magazine.

An Introduction.
Harry was walking with another boy when he was joined by a friend a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously.

Harry twisted, reddened and at last turned to his companion with, "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.

"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more and jerking one thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"—Lippincott's.

Breechloading Cannon.
The breechloading cannon were among the earliest used. We find them on English and other ships as early as the last quarter of the fourteenth century, and therefore much before the time of the buccaniers. The cannon was a mere tube, bound with heavy iron rings, and was loaded by the insertion of the "gonne chamber," an iron pan containing the charge, which fitted into and closed the breech. These guns were very clumsy affairs in comparison with the modern breechloader, but the principle was the same.

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold, and it is the hardest time to cure it. If you should take cold, a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup will set you promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle and natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by Graham Drug Co.

A RHYMED TASK MASTER.

In the studio of an artist on Madison Avenue there is a sign that would seem suited for almost any place where there is work to do. Of course it is exceptionally well adapted to the needs of dreaming artists. It reads:

When'er a task is put to you
Don't shilly shally and view it
Nor be content and wish it done—
For he who waits will never get on.

In this studio it was of course artistically printed and framed. Within view of the motto every one who had at work, and the man who sat nearest said it never gave him a moment's rest. He could not look at an unfinished job without seeing or hearing the jangle of the rhyme.—New York Press.

Why He Didn't Rise.
It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasms.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are the one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up. I'm paralyzed!"

How Erastus Found Light.
Voting is something of a hazard at times if we do not happen to have the guidance of the old derby janitor in Princeton. Erastus, being asked how he had voted, replied: "In the days' past will tell. Sold by Graham Drug Co."

The Real Reason.
"De poor child died from eatin' too much watermelon."

"Well, for de sake of de child, de thing on de table watermelon."

"Well, dea, de poor child wasn't enough boy."

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Flatulency, and Indigestion as real diseases, but they are symptoms only of a certain specific nerve disease—acidosis.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

GRAHAM DRUG CO.
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator, De Robert Non Cun Testamentary Executor of Robert Jones, late of Alamance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of Feb., 1910, or they will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This February 15, 1909.

W. F. JONES, Administrator.
Long & Long, Attys.

PATENTS

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
A person sending a sketch and description will receive a free opinion from our Patent Attorneys as to the probability of success. We also receive and issue Patents in all countries.

Scientific American

A household word in every home. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Published weekly. Yearly subscription, \$5. Single copies, 10c. Sent by mail. MUNN & CO., 37 Broadway, New York.

Subscribe For The Gleaner

Only \$1.00 per year.

COGNAC AND WHISKY

Having qualified as administrator, De Robert Non Cun Testamentary Executor of Robert Jones, late of Alamance County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of Feb., 1910, or they will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This February 15, 1909.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Weak Kidneys Strong



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

GIFTED LUNATICS.

One Faculty Strongly Developed in Many Insane Persons.
One of the most peculiar features of insanity is that occasionally one faculty, either sight, hearing, smell, taste or touch, is extraordinarily acute. Certain insane persons, insensible to every other impression, have a pronounced taste for music and can repeat with accuracy an air which they may have heard but once. Others have a recollection of form and color and display an aptitude for drawing, while more frequently one may meet with an inmate of an asylum who has a special memory for figures, dates, proper names and words generally.

There is a case on record, for instance, of an imbecile who at twenty-seven had such an extraordinary memory that he could solve the most difficult problems in arithmetic and algebra and repeat word for word long poems after once hearing them. In another case a boy of fourteen, with a defective brain, who had the greatest difficulty in learning to read, could, if allowed two or three minutes to run over a page printed in a foreign language or treating of questions of which he was ignorant, repeat the words from memory as correctly as if the book had been lying before him.

Very curious was the case of another man, a devout churchgoer, who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years and could repeat, with unvarying accuracy, the name and age of the deceased and mourners at the funeral. And yet he was a complete fool, and outside of the line of burial he had not one idea and could not give an intelligent reply to a single question or even be trusted to feed himself.

At Eriswood asylum, England, they have records of imbeciles who could not only repeat accurately a page or more of any book which had been read years before, even though it was a book they did not understand in the least, but also of an insane person who could repeat backward what he had just read.

Another curious case is that of an imbecile who, in the first place, never failed to go to church and who on reaching home could repeat the sermon word by word, saying, "Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose," and so on.

In another case an imbecile knew the Bible so perfectly that if you asked him where such and such a verse was to be found he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter.

All these instances are well authenticated, and others equally amazing and true could be added. And just as there is one sense which is sometimes wonderfully acute in persons of weak intellect, so in the case of imbeciles one sense or another is often very keen.

One of the most remarkable cases on record was that of Julia Bruce, a feeble deaf and blind mute who could distinguish brothers and sisters by smell and who recognized anybody she had met before by the same means.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Rhymed Task Master.
In the studio of an artist on Madison Avenue there is a sign that would seem suited for almost any place where there is work to do. Of course it is exceptionally well adapted to the needs of dreaming artists. It reads:

When'er a task is put to you
Don't shilly shally and view it
Nor be content and wish it done—
For he who waits will never get on.

In this studio it was of course artistically printed and framed. Within view of the motto every one who had at work, and the man who sat nearest said it never gave him a moment's rest. He could not look at an unfinished job without seeing or hearing the jangle of the rhyme.—New York Press.

Why He Didn't Rise.
It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles on your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasms.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are the one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up. I'm paralyzed!"

How Erastus Found Light.
Voting is something of a hazard at times if we do not happen to have the guidance of the old derby janitor in Princeton. Erastus, being asked how he had voted, replied: "In the days' past will tell. Sold by Graham Drug Co."

The Real Reason.
"De poor child died from eatin' too much watermelon."

"Well, for de sake of de child, de thing on de table watermelon."

"Well, dea, de poor child wasn't enough boy."



Goose Grease Liniment Cures the Boys as well as the Girls.

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 : : :

NORTH CAROLINA FARMERS

Need a North Carolina Farm Paper.

One adapted to North Carolina climate, soils and conditions, made by Tar Heels and for Tar Heels—and at the same time as wide awake as any in Kentucky or Kamchatka. Such a paper is

The Progressive Farmer

RALEIGH, N. C.

Edited by CLARENCE H. POE, with Dr. W. C. Burkett, Editor B. A. & M. College, and Director E. W. Kilgore, of the Agricultural Experiment Station (you know them), as assistant editors (\$1 a year) if you are already taking the paper, we can make no reduction, but if you are not taking it

YOU CAN SAVE 50C
By sending your order to us that is to say, new Progressive Farmer subscribers we will send that paper with THE GLEANER, both one year for \$1.50, regular price \$2.00.

Address: THE GLEANER, Graham, N. C.

Remember

Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may avert you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

Taraxacum Co.

MEBANE, N. C.

FREE TRIP to the PACIFIC COAST

ARE YOU ONE of the many thousands who want to explore the West? Send 7???

SUNSET MAGAZINE

has instituted a new department, which special work it is to put within the reach of every one an opportunity to see the FAR WEST. Write for Sample Copy. : : : : :

Sunset Travel Club

15 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

EGGS

I can supply a few settings of Single Comb Buff Orpington eggs to those who want to raise the best winter layers. Large size and quick growers. Price \$1.50 per setting. B. N. Travers, Graham, N. C.