

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXXV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909.

NO. 7

Tutt's Pills
This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness
And ALL DISORDERS arising from
Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion
The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Dose: One elegant sugar coated pill easy to swallow.
Take No Substitute.

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GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 1908

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Practices in the courts of Alamance and Guilford counties.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidneys. The kidneys, like the liver and the stomach, find their weakness not in the organ itself, but in the nerve that controls and governs them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach those governing nerves. To doctor the kidneys is to doctor the life. It is a waste of time, and of money, to wait until your back aches or to wait until the urine smells, or is dark and strong, or you have symptoms of Bright's or other diseases, or of dropsy, or of any disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month. Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Irresistible recommendation and all.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
GRAHAM DRUG CO.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as administrator, De Bona Non Cum Testamento Annexo of Richard Jones, dec'd, 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. 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This February 16, 1909.
W. F. JONES, Admin'r D. B. N. C. T. A.
Long & Long, Attys.

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TRADE MARK
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A handsomely illustrated journal, full of news and interesting articles. Terms, 50 cents a year in advance. Send for your copy today.
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The signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. We warrant that every box will cure you.

FOLEY'S HONEY SALT
For catarrhs, etc., etc. 75¢ per bottle.

THE DANGER OF BEING A TWIN.

My confession must begin when I was four years old and recovering from swollen glands. As I grew well, my twin brother, Gregoire, who was some minutes younger, was put to bed with the same complaint. "What a misfortune!" exclaimed my mother, "that Silvestre is no sooner convalescent than Gregoire falls ill!"

The doctor answered: "It astonishes me that you were not prepared for it, Madame Lapalme—since the children are twins, the thing was to be foreseen; when the elder throws the malady off, the younger naturally contracts it. Among twins it is nearly always so."

And it always proved to be so with Gregoire and me. No sooner did I throw off whooping cough than Gregoire began to cough, though I was at home in Vernon and he was at Tours.

So far as I had any serious aspirations at all. I aspired to be a painter and, after combating my family's objections, I entered an art school in the Quarter, Paris. Gregoire, on the other hand, inclined strongly to the law. During the next day or two we were met frequently by that my brother continued to be affected by any unusual conditions of my body and mind I knew by his letters, which seldom failed to contain expostulations and entreaties.

Our mother still lived in Vernon, where she contemplated her favorite son's success with the profoundest pride. Occasionally I spent a few days with her, sometimes more.

One summer when I visited her I met Mademoiselle Leulliet. I know very well that no description of a girl ever failed to hold for me. Suffice it that she was beautiful as an angel, that her voice was like the music of the Spheres—more than all, that one felt all the time, "How good she is, how good, how good!"

Never since I was a boy had I stayed in Vernon for so long as now; never had I repented so bitterly as now the error of my ways. I loved, and it seemed to me that my attachment was reciprocated, yet my position forbade me to go to Monsieur Leulliet and ask boldly for his daughter's hand. While he had remained obscure, artists whose talent was no more remarkable than my own, had raised themselves from bohemia into prosperity. I was an idler, a good-for-nothing. And then—well, I owned to Berthe that I loved her! I owned that I loved her—and when I left for Paris we were secretly engaged.

Mon Dieu! Now I worked indeed! To win this girl for my own, to show myself worthy of her innocent faith, supplied me with the most powerful incentive in life. In the Quarter they regarded me first with ridicule, then with wonder, and, finally, with respect. For my enthusiasm did not fade. "He has turned over a new leaf," they said, "he means to be famous!" It was understood. No more excursions for Silvestre, no more junketings and recklessness! I was another man—my ideal of happiness was now a wife and home.

For a year I lived this new life. I progressed. Men—whose approval was a catch—began to speak of me as one with a future. In the Salon a picture of mine made something of a stir. How I rejoiced, how grateful and sanguine I was!

I said that it was not too soon for me to speak now; I had proved my mettle, and, though I foresaw that my father, would ask more before he gave his consent, I was, at least, justified in crowing myself. I telegraphed to my mother to expect me. On the way to the station I noticed the window of a florist; I ran in to bear off some lilies for Berthe. The shop was so full of wonderful flowers that, once among them, I found some difficulty in making my choice. Hence, I missed the train; and, rather than walk about unattended, returned to my studio, immersed by the delay.

A letter that he had been just delivered. It told me that on the previous morning Berthe had married my brother.

I could have welcomed a pistol shot—my world rocked. Berthe lost, false, Gregoire's wife! I reiterated it. I said it over and over. I was stricken by it—and yet, I could not realize that actually it had happened.

Oh, I made certain of it later, before me—I was no hero of a feuilleton, to accept such intelligence without a proof! I assured myself of her verity, and burnt her love letters one by one; tore her photographs into shreds—stroke also to tear her images from my heart.

A year before I should have rushed to the cafes for forgetfulness, but now, as the shock subsided, I turned feverishly to work. For months I persisted, day after day, in a resolution which proved rainier daily. Were art which proved vainly, but alas! I should have conquered; but alas! though I could compel myself to paint, I could not compel myself to paint well. I had fought temptations for half a year, worked with my teeth clenched, worked against nature, worked with my pulses beat and clamored for the draughts of dissipation which promised a speedy release. I recognized that the struggle had been useless—I broke down.

I read my little of the months that followed—it would be a record of degradations and remorse; tidings, slowly, I fell, and was ashamed, I shuddered at the horrors I had committed.

One afternoon when I returned to my room, from which I had been absent since the previous day, I heard from the concierge that a visitor awaited me. I climbed the stairs without anticipation. My thoughts

were sluggish, my limbs leaden, my eyes heavy and bloodshot. My visitor was Berthe.

I think nearly a minute must have passed while we looked speechlessly in each other's face—hers convulsed by entreaty, mine dark with hate.

"Forgive me," she gasped. "I have come to beseech your forgiveness! Can you not forget the wrong I did you?"

"Do I look as if I had forgotten?" "I was inconstant, cruel, I cannot excuse myself. But, Oh, Silvestre, in the name of the love you once bore me, have pity on me! Reform, abandon your evil courses! Do not I implore you, condemn my husband to this abyss of depravity; do not wreck my married life!"

"I was inconstant, cruel, I cannot excuse myself. But, Oh, Silvestre, in the name of the love you once bore me, have pity on me! Reform, abandon your evil courses! Do not I implore you, condemn my husband to this abyss of depravity; do not wreck my married life!"

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HOLLAND HOUSE.

One of England's Picturesque and Historic Mansions.

Few mansions in or near London are more picturesque in their surroundings or more interesting from their associations with the past than Holland House. The domain in which it stands is a perfect rural paradise—a green oasis in a wilderness of bricks and mortar. When you pass from the noisy great gates there is a transition to the quiet, the peace, the beauty of the country. In a few paces London has disappeared, and you find yourself all at once in the heart of the country. You might be in the forest of Arden, a hundred miles from Piccadilly—in a shaded by noble cedar trees, woodland glades, a green lane with over arching boughs, and further on terraced walks, the stone balustrades and the formal parterre of the Dutch garden. The house itself has a long, irregular frontage, a fantastic memory is cherished here, and he still to some extent the tutelary genius of the place. There is a statue of him at the end of the avenue in the park; there is a bust of him by Noldeke in the entrance hall; there is a characteristic note in his handwriting on the back of a miniature of Robespierre—unscathed, an lache, et un fou (a rascal, a coward and a fool—and there is a picture of him by Sir Joshua as a youth with two charming damsels, one of whom made a romantic marriage with an actor, while the other refused the hand of a king and lived to become the mother of the heroic Napier. Almost every room has its tradition. In fact, wherever you tread "a history is beneath your feet"—Blackwoods.

DUELING IN ITALY.

How the Count of Turin Came to Fight Prince Henry of Orleans.

The greatest duel of modern days in Italy was that between the Count of Turin and Prince Henry of Orleans. It came about in a curious manner. Prince Henry had insulted the Italian army after the battle of Adowa and one day received a telegraphic challenge to a duel signed "Victor Emmanuel." The challenge was accepted, and thus Crispi, who was prime minister, came to know of the crown prince's impulsive action and interfered. "But," said King Humbert, his father, "how can it be stopped? Our honor is now involved." Crispi thought a moment and then exclaimed: "I have it! The Count of Turin is Victor Emmanuel also." And thus he was the one who fought.

This was followed by one of those general practical jokes which convulsed Europe. France at that time hated Italy and never lost an opportunity to sneer at her. It must be explained that in Rome there was always at carnival time a characteristic figure of a little old man with an immense sword riding a donkey, who was a caricature of the age of chivalry and was called "General Mannaggia la Rocca."

One day in the French papers appeared an imposing announcement that General Mannaggia la Rocca threw his glove at the feet of the entire French nation and "at their base insinuations in their teeth, inviting any or all to mortal fight. Replies were not long in coming, one of which was from a noted fencer and duelist of his day, M. Tomegugni, appointing his seconds and announcing their arrival in Rome. France was on the quiver, from government personages to the humblest citizen, upon this was discovered all Europe shrieked with laughter, and France the loudest of all—Pall Mall Gazette.

England's National Anthem.

There is a fourth verse of the national anthem with which very few Englishmen indeed are familiar. But it was given; apparently in all good faith, in an old Hanoverian musical book, and the daring of the last phrase almost reconciles one to the shocking character of the sentiment: our king! Long live our noble king! God save the king! Send us rest and peace, And the key of the cellar door, That we may drink.

Bright Pupils.

"You have two very bright pupils, Miss Winsome," remarked Mr. Sweetly to the schoolmarm.

"Which ones do you mean, Mr. Sweetly?"

"Why, those in your eyes, to be sure."—Pathfinder.

A Nightless Judge.

One Sunday morning a minister's wife saw her son chasing the horse with a stick. She went to the door to investigate and heard him say, "I'll teach you to lay eggs in a minister's family on Sunday morning!"—Delineator.

The Growlers.

Stage Manager—I wish we could work in a few more realistic touches in this woodland scene. Now, how would it be to have some one growl like a bear? Author—The very thing! We'll call it the critter.—Kansas City Independent.

Stomach and Liver Trouble Cured.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures stomach and liver trouble as it aids digestion, and stimulates the liver and bowels without irritating these organs like pills and ordinary cathartics. It cures indigestion and sick headache and chronic constipation. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate, or grippe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. Graham Drug Co.

BLINDERS ON BRIDLES.

What a Nebraska Horse Trainer Has to Say About Them.

Most any of us would as soon be buried as to lose our eyesight, and yet men by the use of blinders on bridles unhesitatingly deprive the horse of all the means he has of satisfying himself that nothing will hurt him, writes a Nebraska horse trainer in the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

When permitted the use of his eyes he uses them with great judgment. He sees better than we do, can measure distances better and if allowed the use of his eyes would save himself from collisions on the street, washouts and bad ruts in the road. Should you be thrown suddenly out of the buggy or the buggy break he could see the trouble and stop.

Break a horse in a blind bridle and never let him see the buggy; a month later you are driving along the road; the blinds get adjusted wrong, the colt looks back over the top of one, sees the buggy and kicks it all to pieces, endangering the life of yourself and family. But he is not to blame. Self protection is his first thought.

A man once paid me \$20 to break a team that would get scared and run away. I took his money, gave him a pair of open bridles, and the team is perfectly safe, but it had cost him a broken leg and had torn up two sets of harness, smashed a buggy and broken a wagon tongue. And yet they give a blind bridle the best. I was talking to a man one day on this subject, and he said he knew blind bridles were the best because nearly every one used them. What an argument! There was a time when nearly everybody thought the earth was flat, but they were wrong. He said, too, that a horse looked better in blind bridles. What an argument! A little piece of black leather looked better than the eye, the life and beauty of this noble creature! Yet few men have a better reason for using them.

Horse training is my business. I work at it ten hours a day, six days in the week. I handle every class of horse, from the little wild mustang from the Crow Indian reservation to the high class speed horse, from the galloping saddle to the circus horse. I have spent my life at this work, and there is nothing causing me more trouble than this subject.

I can break a team \$5 cheaper in open bridles, and where people want them broken to blinds I always use open bridles first. My experience runs into the thousands that I have had a chance to test this on, and I cannot see where any one can get 50 per cent in favor of blind bridles. The only place I ever heard of them was on a worn-out, poorly fed horse that could scarcely go and a blind horse.

Woman and Her Back. In Henry Baelein's novel "Trivand" there is a discovery about the expression of the emotions which even Darwin forgot to record. It is to the effect that woman chiefly uses her back to convey her sentiments. And, indeed, any close observer of the human comedy can hardly fail to notice that does a woman wish to annihilate a rival and cast despair into the soul of a lover she simply turns an expressive back upon them. No tears, no wrath, no indignation, can vie with this maneuver, which has, too, the advantage of being noncommittal, for no one, in the current jargon, can "give herself away" with her back. The expression of the emotions by this part of the anatomy is dignified, if a trifle limited. When a woman cries she is too apt to make a deplorable grimace. Does she get angry, her face will assume an unbecoming red. Very few understand the use of the gesture of the hands and arms. That is why woman, with her primordial instinctive wisdom, uses her back, especially when it is beautiful, as one of the chief weapons in the eternally diverting war of the sexes.

Toward the Pole. Ice eight feet thick on the ocean and snow falling even in summer—such is the weather experienced in the polar regions. When the air is dry and still it is remarkable how low a temperature can be borne with ease. One explorer tells us that with the thermometer at 9 degrees it was too warm for region is, moreover, in some respects pleasant and beautiful. Within the arctic zone there are wonderfully colored sunsets and sunsets to be seen. They are both brilliant and impressive, says a writer in the Penny Pictorial. But the nights—the nights are monotonous and repelling, a rigid snow buried in everlasting snow, silent save for the cracking of the ice or the wail of the wind. Travelers in these regions experience many discomforts. The keen air causes their lips to burn and blister, while their skin will swell and crack. Thirst, again, has been much complained of, arising from the action of the low temperature on the warm body.

The Spider and the Fly. In the long warfare between the spider and the fly the latter has had the housewife for its auxiliary and friend. The flies have been exterminated and fastidiously, while the spiders and their webs have been ruthlessly destroyed. This exterminating and unrelenting war against the spider population is, however, while the flies increase and multiply by the millions and tens of millions, almost unchecked. The spider is ugly, and his web is unsightly in the estimation of most people, but spiders hurt no human creature. They feed on flies, which are the foes of mankind, and do mankind a valuable service.—Philadelphia Press.

Up Before the Bar. N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we couldn't do without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders, 25c. at Graham Drug Co.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. The famous stomach pills.

Absolutely Pure
Grapes give the chief ingredient, the active principle, and healthfulness, to
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Insures wholesome and delicious food for every day in every home
No Phosphates
No Alum



A Poem for Today
THE THREE TROOPERS
By George Walter Thornbury

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY was born in London in 1828. At the age of seventeen he became a contributor to periodicals. He studied art and occasionally practiced painting, but devoted himself to literature and produced some twenty-five volumes. He died in London June 11, 1878. "Crum-well" is a pun on the name of Cromwell, the celebrated lord protector, who ruled England for several years after the death of Charles I.

INTO the Devil tavern
Three hooded troopers strolled.
From spur to feather spotted and splashed
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they dropped a crust
And stared at the guests with a frown,
Then drew their swords and roared for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks;
Their sword blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff
As the table they covered.
Then into their cups they stirred the crusts
And cursed old London town,
Then waved their swords and drank with a stamp,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The pretence dropped his can of beer;
The host turned pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the topling squires
Grew white as the wild men's about.
Then into their cups they flung the crusts
And showed their teeth with a frown;
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

The gambler dropped his dog's eared cards,
The waiting women screamed,
As the light of the fire like stains of blood
On the wild men's sabers gleamed.
Then into their cups they splashed the crusts
And cursed the fool of a town
And leaped on the table and roared a toast,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Till on a sudden fire bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest muttered between his teeth
Hot curses deep and coarse.
In their stirrup cups they flung the crusts
And cried as they spurred through town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free;
Their sabres clashed; each backpiece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a hiss of swords,
"God send this Crum-well down!"

Plugs of Tea.
Plugs of tea, not unlike plugs of tobacco, are used by the Russian poor," says a globe trotter. "This is a low grade of tea, the stems are mixed with the leaves, and all are pressed together by means of an adhesive gum into a hard cake, or plug. A very strong and bitter cup of tea is made out of these tea plugs, a cup that would give you or me a nervous headache. But the moujik is used to it, and he will drink twenty or thirty cups of plug tea along with black bread, raw onions and salt fish and afterward light his cigarette with as contented a sigh as you or I will have on Thanksgiving day at the end of a nine course turkey dinner."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Patti and the Emperor.
A pretty story is told of Patti's friendship for the old Emperor William I. of Germany. Once when she was singing at Hamburg the king sent her a message asking her to walk with him in the morning when he took the waters. "Certainly not," replied the prima donna to the bearer of the message. "I get up early for no king in Europe." In later years when the emperor, then an infirm old man, sent to ask her to visit him in his box, apologizing for being unable to go to her behind the scenes, she replied, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, now, sire, I would run anywhere to see you."

The Toast of an Irishman.
Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman read a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker, is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll be bound. The 'A' nice country he chose to travel in, too. May the heavens be his bed for choosing it, and may every hair in his beard's head be a gold candle to light his soul to glory!"

ROOSEVELT SHIPPED IN WET MOSS ALMOST BURNED UP.
A peculiar case of spontaneous combustion or something like it is described by a writer in Cassier's Magazine.

On Feb. 17, 1906, two large refrigerators of young roosevelts were received at Hannibal, Mo., from a nursery in California. They were shipped in wooden cases containing numerous auger holes for ventilation and were carefully packed with wet sphagnum, or California swamp moss, to prevent chafing and to support their vitality.

No ice was put in the cooling tanks, and the covers of these as well as all other openings in the cases were closed as tightly as possible. The cars were ten days in transit. The outside temperature was 60 degrees F. at the start and 15 degrees at the end of the trip.

Upon arrival steam was issuing from every crevice of the cars. Upon removing the tank covers it rushed out in large volume. The doors were opened, and ice was put in the tanks. The free circulation of cold air soon cooled the contents of the cars.

In unloading it was discovered that some of the upper layers of boxes were badly damaged by heat, which naturally was most intense near the top of the cars. No signs of actual combustion were found, but this would probably have occurred in a short time had not the cars been quickly cooled.

The temperature must have been nearly up to the burning point, as many of the green stems of these plants were black and brittle.

Yet sawdust in large quantities frequently becomes very warm in the interior even when exposed to winter weather—in fact, the lower temperature of the atmosphere the better usually the sawdust.

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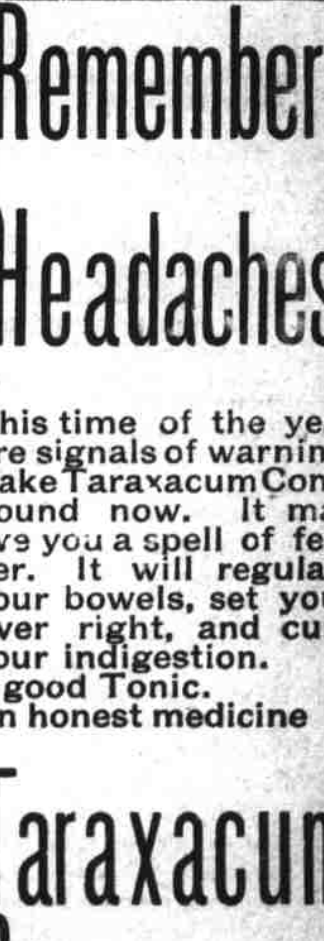
ROOSEVELT SHIPPED IN WET MOSS ALMOST BURNED UP.
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