

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO 35

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## COUNTING THE PEOPLE.

First Census Proposal in England Raised a Fine Row.

It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Pott, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill for taking and retaining an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish and extra parochial place in Great Britain. It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said:

"I did not believe that there was any set of men or indeed any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and indeed the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression, that was ever used against an injured people." Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness.

Matthew Ridley, another opposer, added that his constituents looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemic distemper should follow the numbering. However, the bill passed; the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1801 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken by March 1801—Westminster Gazette.

## GENEROUS GEORGE.

Washington's Tips and Compliments to Patty and Polly.

Those who take tipping in the somewhat solemn spirit of the social investigator may find their minds enlightened by the perusal of an excerpt from the writings of our first president, which shows what a graceful turn appreciation and courtesy may give to the custom.

In 1780, on his return from his New England progress, Washington lodged at Mr. Tully's inn in Philadelphia. Miss, where the domestic services—as at many inns in the country—were performed by the landlord's daughters. Somewhat later Washington wrote to Mr. Tully:

"Should I be permitted to give you some of the names of the girls who served me at your inn, I should be glad to do so. I have been much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, and for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of china, and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited upon me more than Polly did, I send a guinea, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may wish, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its

## CRADLED IN ICE.

A Schooner's Thrilling Game of Saw in Arctic Waters.

The schooner Elwood, while on a fishing cruise in northern waters, once had a strange adventure with an iceberg. It appears that the master sighted the iceberg, an immense one, apparently fast on a reef just off Hoonia. It seemed a lucky encounter, inasmuch as the captain figured that he might fill his hold with ice to preserve the fish he expected to catch.

When the schooner was within a few yards of the iceberg the anchor was dropped. The vessel swung around until she came alongside, to which she was made fast by lines. The tide was at the full. A gangplank was thrown over the ledge in the ice, and the men began breaking off chunks of the ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until evening, when thirty tons of ice had been stowed in the hold.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the iceberg to settle upon the reef and to tip toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank rose in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep it horizontal.

The master, suspecting that all was not going to be well, ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the halyards the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to turn over.

A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the iceberg, arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel, and the vessel, lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. The captain ordered his men to get into the boats and out of harm's way. Cutting the lines that held the schooner to the iceberg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches; the iceberg advanced still farther, and the Elwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.

The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor chain that something had to give way. Something did, and to the joy of the fishermen, it was not the anchor or the chain.

The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea, bow on, like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted

## WHOLE TOWNS DESERTED.

Places Where All the People Take a Vacation at the Same Time.

Amateurs unacquainted with the north of England and Scotland are often surprised during their visits to those countries to find whole towns deserted. Here only a few of us take our annual vacation at the same time, so that business is still carried on, but over there various weeks or fortnights are set aside for rest, when business practically stops.

In Lancashire these holidays are known as wakes, and beginning from about the middle of June one town after another takes its holiday, until early September sees the end. Liverpool and Manchester are about the only towns of importance that do not follow the custom, as they are too large to shut down in this manner.

Every town has its holiday fund, which in each case amounts to many thousands. Oldham saving between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000 for its outing, while Blackburn operatives have more than once saved some \$750,000 for the same purpose. At one time these thousands of workers on holiday seldom traveled farther afield than the Isle of Man, Blackpool or the Yorkshire coast, but now many of them go to Switzerland or France—on one occasion 700 men from Burnley passed before the president in Paris while great numbers visit all the English seaside towns.

Most of the Scottish towns take a week off in the same way. In July the visitor is often surprised at the crowded trains that pass him as he is journeying toward Edinburgh, and when he inquires why his train is an hour late he is told that traffic is very heavy as holiday week has begun. When Edinburgh's holiday is over Glasgow's turn comes, maybe, and so on until the season is over.

In the south of England there is one town that shuts down for a week. This is Swindon, the Wilshire town that consists almost exclusively of Great Western railway workers. Naturally when some take a holiday all must follow, so about the beginning of July some 25,000 people leave Swindon on one day, Weymouth and Weston-super-Mare usually being the favorite destination. About two dozen trains are required to carry away this holiday crowd.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**A Fearsome Order.**  
She—Dear me, I hope the man at the next table is not a fighter, but his order sounds like it! He—What was it? She—He told the waiter to bring him a club sandwich and something to drink with a stick in it.—Baltimore American.

**Keeping His Word.**  
"Mr. Duster Star said he was going to retire with a fortune."  
"He has kept his word. Whenever he goes to sleep he puts his wallet and his check book under his pillow."  
—Washington Star

**Man's Inhumanity to man makes countless thousands do likewise.**—Life

## ADAMANT.

It is better in some respects to be admired by those with whom you live than to be loved by them, and this not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love.—Arthur Helps.

**Tragedy of a Diary.**  
The author of "Leaves From a Garden" tells a story which is at once a study in feminine revenge and a warning against the keeping of diaries. A girl had made at the instigation of her parents what seemed to be a happy match. But she died, and her diary, found after her death, contained a record of such suffering that her mother's mind was unbalanced by the reading. The husband married again, and by way of wedding present to the second bride the mother of the first sent the diary!

**Sardine Fishing.**  
In sardine fishing there are many uncertainties. There is a twenty-eight foot rise and fall of tide in the bay of Fundy, and especially constructed wooden picket enclosures are staked out in the water to gather in the fish. Last season a man erected an enclosure in what he supposed to be excellent fishing territory, but got nothing. He deplored his loss and for a time failed to go near it. "Sway don't you know it again?" somebody asked. "What's the use?" he replied. "Let me try it." The other persisted. "Yes, and you may have all the fish you get." The other man pulled out \$1,700 worth at one haul.—Frank Lester.

**A Sailor's Hands.**  
A sailor is betrayed by his hands, though his gait might betray him. They are permanently half shut. Walking, talking or sleeping the sailor has his hands half shut and could not open them fat if he tried. This is the result of years of climbing and pulling ropes.—London Chronicle.

**Shaking Hands.**  
At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds intervened and proposed that the duelists should shake hands.

**Love Stanzas and the Gait.**  
The assembly which Dr. Johnson bore to Scotland was not singular or unprecedented. Lord Stanley came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I. A gay dressed Scotman refused him admittance into the king's closet. The king, hearing of an altercation between the two, came out and inquired the cause. "My legs," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence."  
"Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?"  
"Oh, no, my legs," replied Lord Stanley, "submit to a severe punishment; send him back to Scotland."

**Stopped Growing.**  
One day after buying a paper from a very little chap a scientist thought he would test the lad's intelligence by putting a few questions to him. Accordingly he pointed to a pile of paving stones and said: "How were these stones made, son?"  
"They wasn't made; they grewed," replied the boy.  
"Grewed?" How do you mean "grewed?" said the man.  
"They grewed the same as potatoes grow," the boy explained.  
The man shook his head. "No, my lad, you are wrong," he said. "Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years or ten years or twenty years from now they would still be the same size."  
"Of course," said the little newsboy, sneering. "They've been taken out of the ground now and have stopped growin', same as potatoes would."

**Feminine Curiosity.**  
Her husband was a merchant, and one day while downtown she dropped into his office.  
"What are all those books on top of the safe?" she asked.  
"Those are the daybooks, my dear," he replied.  
"And where are the night books?" she queried.  
"Night books?" he echoed in surprise.  
"Yes," she rejoined, "those you have to work over at night sometimes when you are kept here until 2 o'clock in the morning."—Chicago News.

**Reformed.**  
"My first wife married me to reform me."  
"Of what?"  
"Being a bachelor."  
"Well, she succeeded in that, anyway."  
"I should say. I've been married twice since."—Cleveland Leader.

**Affectionate.**  
Mr. Head Stall—That horse you bought yesterday seems a vicious looking animal. Is he affectionate?  
Mr. Crupper—Affectionate! I should think so. Why, when he came out of the stable he stood upon his hind legs and tried to embrace me.

**Domestic Bliss.**  
Mrs. Knagger—I remember the time when you were just crazy to marry me.  
Mr. Knagger—So do I, but I didn't realize it at the time.—Town Topics.

**Pining.**  
"I have to pinch for a living," as the crab said when it seized the hand of the man who sought to catch it.

## Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition, beauty, vigor and cheerfulness, and causes the kidneys to become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine smells like the fish, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This important trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder, and not to a habit as most people suppose.

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