

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

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GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1879.

THE GLEANER

W. F. ROSENFIELD

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year	\$1.00
Six Months	.75
Three Months	.50

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one year free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices

No Departure from the Cash System

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.	
1 square	62 00	93 00	94 00	8 5 00	910 00
" "	3 00	4 50	6 00	10 00	15 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square
for the first and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRICES REDUCED

Perfected Farmer Friend Plows made in Petersburg, Va.
One-Horse No. 5 Price \$4.00
Two-Horse No. 7 " 6.00
Two-Horse No. 75 " 6.50
Two-Horse No. 8 " 7.00

For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNEL.

Yarbrough House
RALEIGH, N.C.

S. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

RATES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

45 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. MC LANE'S

Celebrated

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSMORIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

DRAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

A GUE AND FEVER.

Dr. C. McLane's LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better antiseptic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

REMARKS ON IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression Dr. McLane's LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLane's LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLane and F. Bergmann, on the reverse.

Not upon finding the genuine Dr. C. McLane's LIVER PILLS, prepared by F. Bergmann, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, under different but same pronunciation.

OLD GRANDPA'S SOLiloQUY.

It wasn't to when I was young—

We used plain language then;

We didn't speak of "them galoots,"

When meaning boys or men.

When speaking of the nice handwriting,

Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill;

We did it plain; we didn't say,

"He sings a heavy quill."

And when we saw a gal we liked,

Who never failed to please,

We called her pretty, neat and good,

But not "about the chaise."

Well, when we met a good old friend,

We hadn't lately seen.

We greeted him, but didn't say,

"Hello, you old sardine!"

The boys sometimes got mad and fit—

We spoke of kicks and blows;

But now they "whack him on the snout,"

Or "paste him on the nose."

Once when a youth was turned away,

By her he held most dear,

He walked upon his feet, but now

He "walks off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young—

And plainly called it so;

But now they don't, they only "eling

The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain,

That no one did plurie;

But in those days one doesn't die—

He "passes in his checker."

We praised the man of common sense,

"His judgment's good," we said;

But now they say, "Well, that old plum

Has got a level head."

It's rather sad that children now

Are learning all such talk;

They've learned to "chit" instead of chat,

And "waltz" instead of walk.

To my little Harry yesterday—

My grandchild, aged two,

I said, "You love grandpa?" Said he,

"You bet your boots I do!"

Oh! give me back the good old days

When both the old and young

Conversed in plain, un-fashioned words

And slang was never "plung."

Now ANNACAROLA BEGINS HER

TUESDAY.

A group of girls stood at the stage door of the Grand Opera House in Vienna, talking or exchanging words with the other employees who passed in, keeping the while a sharp lookout for the manager. One of these chorus singers, a young and beautiful Italian girl, standing just within the extreme entrance, with her mantle wrapped close about her throat, suddenly remarked:

"We must sing our best to-night, for the Emperor is coming."

"Is hot? How do you know? Who told you, Anna Carola?"

"One of the band," answered Anna Carola, quietly. "Carl Rosenfeld. There he comes with his violin."

With some others of the opera band there approached all, handsome young Hungarian, who paused to answer the girl's eager inquiry, "Has he said the Emperor was coming?"

"Yes; the Imperial Guards have just passed by to take up their place at the grand entrance. The house will be crowded."

Then passing inside, he stooped to whisper to Anna Carola, with a smile in his deep blue eyes.

"Anna, I lead the violins to night—

Stendhal is ill."

She put her hand in his, with the sweet, perfect trust of one who knows she is loved.

"I am sorry for him; but for you, Carl, my heart must be glad."

"Here they come together!" cried a girl outside. "The manager and chief director. Away!"

The new leader of the band hurried away as the chorus trooped in, and Anna Carola followed them into their dressing room. There she soon donned her stage dress, and slipped away to watch the house filling, and, above all, to hear every note of the exquisite overture to "Oberon."

How fast every place was filling from floor to gallery! The auditorium was one blaze of splendor; and as she gazed, the poor, friendless chorus singer—whose dramatic talent and splendid voice ought, if she had only the fortune to get the first lift, to place her high in the lyric stage—wondered sadly if such a chance would ever come to her! If not, Carl's father would never consent to their marriage.

And now the whole house rose as the Emperor entered his box, splendidly dressed, glittering with jewels of rarest value, which flashed a thousand rays as he bowed right and left with his usual courteous grace. Then the band struck up the overture, and with the last bar the curtain drew up.

Flitting here and there during the performance, with eyes and ears for everything, the manager noticed the Imperial visitor inditing to a gentleman beside

him some in the chorus.

It was Anna Carola, whose beauty had attracted his eye, whose rich voice his ear had caught above and through all the others.

The first act went splendidly, and the second as soon commenced. But fate had decreed that it should never be played out that night. Halfway through, as the manager, pleased and complacent, was quietly standing back in one of the wings, he suddenly felt his arm grasped, and turned sharply to see Anna Carola's lovely face, so full of determination and character, at his side.

"Hush!" she said, very low and quietly; "make no exclamations, but go and see in it before it gains or is discovered."

The theatre is on fire somewhere back of the green room. The company can leave by the stage door. Go."

"But, child, if there is the least hint of alarm, look at that house. They will be crushed to death in their terror and crowding to get out."

"Listen," said the Italian, in the same calm, self-contained manner. "Send the call boy to tell the doorkeeper to order each one as they pass out to depart quickly. I will clear the house quietly."

"You do that," said the manager, with a smile.

"Yes, here is the boy; send him, and clear out the company; I will do my part."

The manager blindly obeyed the strong will and steady purpose of the mastermind, as people in emergency generally do, whatever their relative positions in the world.

Anna Carola passed on to the stage, and advancing at once to the footlights, stood for one moment, her tall, commanding and beautiful head drawn erect, undinchingly facing that crowd, meeting full even the astonished gaze of the Emperor, himself, and the wondering look of her lover in the orchestra below her.

Then she said, in a voice not loud but clear as a bell, with cool, steady authority in every measured accent:

"I am here by the manager's orders. His Imperial Majesty has been robbed to-night of a rare diamond, and the thief is in the house. Every one, and the speaker's dark eyes swept the audience from gallery to pit, "is at once to withdraw quietly and in order; any one attempting to remain will be immediately arrested. The band will also retire at once."

Even as she spoke, her ear, painfully straining for the sound, could hear the roar of flames from the back, but unmoved she stepped back, swept a deep obeisance to the audience and Emperor, and the curtain fell.

The Emperor instantly left his box, whispering to the gentleman to whom he had before pointed out Anna Carola:

"There is something behind all this. I am not robbed. Send Colonel Bergmann round to summon the manager to our carriage-door."

Meanwhile, the vast crowd filtered rapidly, in quiet order and in safety, out only learning at the door, as they hurried away, the awful death by fire or crushing, from which the brave and quick-witted girl had saved them.

The last few to leave the auditorium snatched the fire and heard the crackling of flames and hurried wildly, spreading the alarm. But the terrible cry of fire came too late to do mischief, and once outside, the police and soldiers, under the cool directions of the Emperor himself, kept order. And though the flames mounted at first, Anna's timely discovery, and the energetic measures taken, forced the fire under. In less than an hour and a half it was completely drenched out, and the mutilated Opera House left in charge of the police.

Then, and not till then, did the Emperor descend from the horse he had used and return to his carriage. As he did so, he paused suddenly.

"Bergmann, see there goes that Italian girl herself, leaning on the arm of the young fellow who led the band so splendidly to-night. Go see who and what they are." Colonel Bergmann departed to obey the order, and the Emperor drove off.

The next day the whole story was in the Government organ, with an intimation, "inspired" of course, from that quarter, that His Imperial Majesty had graciously caused inquiries to be made about the young chorus singer.

A few days later, old Herr Rosenfeld received an official information that his gifted son Carl, and his fiancee, Anna Carola, were both under Imperial protection, and their marriage was desired to take place as immediately as possible, the Emperor dowering the bride.

The manager also received a similar intimation through Colonel Bergmann,

that his late chorus singer was to be brought forward and advertised for the reopening of the opera as Madame Carolla-Rosenfeld.

Once more the elite of gay Vienna crowded the Opera House to witness the debut of the new singer, as Agata in "Der Freischütz." The moment she came on she was received with a furor which might well make Carl Rosenfeld proud of his beautiful young wife, and it was evident that she was grateful indeed, and sweeping salutes, for him was the smile in the soft dark eyes that met his for one second.

When the curtain fell, the new star was called for and showered with bouquets from many a distinguished hand, but from the Imperial box was flung one in which lay nestled a costly bracelet, in the centre of which blazed a diamond of rare value and beauty.

"That fits last-made out fortune, Carl," his young wife said, smiling, as they drove home.

He was right.

GUMPTION.—Not a high-sounding word,

perhaps, but a very expressive one, is Gumption. A man had better be born with a good stock of gumption in his cranium, than with any amount of money in his (prospective) trousers' pocket.

"You do that," said the manager, with a smile.