ALAMANCE GLEAN

apollo') anilom') ata GRAHAM, N C.,

Gray.

glauce instantly withdrawn.

Janie, 'and I'll go to sleep.'

But she could not sleep.

It was not pleasant, and Janie, almost

wished that she had consented to Pierre

Raymond's wish to accompany her as an

Pierre's dream, laughed at and forgots

ten at the time came back -to her now

with distinctness, oddly blended with

unpleasant recollections of Lindley

'I am a goose,' mentally protested

Onward rolled the lumbering coach

past the suburbs, beyond the few scatters ing habitations that clung to the outskirts

of the little town, into the open country woods, where the solitary farm houses

that they occasionally passed were al-

ready closed and darkened for the night

-woods where the rustling of dead

leaves addying downward, sounded like

wierd whispers; valleys where the moan-

ing sound of lonely streams kept up the

monotony; dreary hill sides; past them

them all the stage coach lumbered and

jolted, until suddenly they plunged into

Janie gave a quick start—it was the very wood that Rierre had described to

er so vividly outlined in his dream.

to congeal icity in her velus.

midnight brigands, yet-'

eaned out of the window.

laugh.

In an instant the warm blood seemed

'Nonseuse l' she murmured; 'it is mere

oincidence-but I wish we were safely

out of this dismal place. We have out-

lived the age of highway robbers and

The coach came suddenly to a stand-

With a sick sensation of terror Janie

Through the frosty freshness of the

night air came perceptibly to her senses

The coachman had fallen from his box.

and lay like one dead on the roadside,

the reins trailing beneath the hoofs of the

docile horses; while the outside passen-

ger had descended quickly, and hurrying

around to the coach door, flung it open

with a hourse, exultant sound, like a

The lantern that he carried displayed

his evil, triumphant face; in fact, he

'Lindley Grey?' shrieked Janie re-

coiling to the further end of the vehi-

'Yes, Lindley Grey!' he answered

jeeringly. 'Do'nt faucy me for a trvel-

ing companion, my haughty spirited

young lady, ch? It is my turn to dictate

terms, now; you are in my power at last.

He turned savagely toward the other

passenger, giving her arm a pull to ex-

Out with you, old lady?

woman to to her feet, hesitated an instant on the

pedite her descent.

made no attempt to hide it any longer.

that peculiar order of chloroform.

the dark recess of an evergreen wood.

escort on the long and lonely journey,

WEDNESDAY JULY 30 1879

NO, 21

THEGLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY S. PARKER

> Graham, N. C.

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LIVER PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint. DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

sure; sometimes the pain is in the left I must go by the noon train.' side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it by train, and there take the stage coach. I shall reach home at midnight.'

Jame.' said Pierre, 'I shall certainly stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative 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 mem-ory, accompanied with a painful sen-sation of having left undone some-thing 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 ex-isted, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to

have been extensively deranged. AGUE AND FEVER. DR. C. McLane's Liver Pills, in cases of Ague and Tever, when taken with Quinine, are productive of

the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afficted with this

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

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

PLUS

The genuine MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear

BROS. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C.
McLane's Liver Pills, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane,
selled differently but same pronunciation. she would have been very lonely, in spite

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS,

Beautiful faces are those that wear-It matters little if dark or fair-Whole-souled honesty printed there. Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautisul hands are those that do Worksthat is earnest and brave and true. Moment by moment the long day through. Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro-Down lowliest ways, if god wills it so.

itiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer. Beautiful lives are those that bless Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may guess,

Littles Living Ag

THE LOVER'S DREAM,

Mr. Pierre Raymond was engaged to Janie Martin, and his sleep was troubled by many dreams about his idol.

He dreamed that they were in a dark wood. Jame was struggling in the evertightening folds of a boa-constrictor with human face like that of Lindley Gray. a discarded lover of Janie, while he striving vainly to cry out-to hasten to her assistance-seemed paralyzed in every limb, helpless and motionless as a marble

He awoke, bathed in cold perspiration. with a painful sense of the vividness and reality of the horrible vision that had oppressed his dreams.

Surely something has happened to Janie. Surely some dark peril hung threateningly over her future.

But he soon ascertained at her house hat 'Miss Martin was quite well.' I-I think I will see her for a minute.

said he. Mrs. Reves the housekeeper, said would Mr. Raymond walk up to Miss

Martin's sitting room?' Janie was hurriedly filling her trunk, in the midst of a chaos of feminine proper-

'Janie! Surely you are not going away?

'I must, Pierre. My step-mother, who is very ill, wants me to come to her at once. I must travel night and day.'

Jane handed the dispatch.

'Your stepmother is very ill; not expected to recover. Come to her at once. A. Montague. had you not better wait until you hear more definite tidings?

PAIN in the right side, under the 'Until my step mother is dead? She was kind to my father and his children.

Where is it?' 'In Dandsdale. I go as far as

go with you.'

'You shall not.' 'But listen to me dearest,' and Pierre

told Janie his dream. She laughed heartily and postively forbid him to accompany her, and if he per-sisted she would consider it a sign that he desired their engagement to be at an

end. 'Your business awaits you,' she said, and I am in a great hurry.' Janie gave Pierre a parting kiss and he

His dream troubled him. It was a brilliant starlight night when the trim little figure of Janie Martin, with traveling dress and veiled face, took her seat in the stage coach—cold enough

to have the windows closed.

'Only two passengers beside the outside one,' muttered the driver rather savagely, as he slammed too the door and

mounted to his place behind the horses, where a tall dark figure already sat.

Janie glanced at the other passenger—a masculine looking old lady, in a beaver bounct, a green, barege veil, and a huge old fashioned bombazine clock, with dauble cares, who see nodding, with her double capes, who sat nodding, with her slows on the lid of the square wicker basket that she carried in her lap.

Janu thought it would be better, in their louliness, to begin acquaintance.

disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

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

It is very cold to night, ed, in a conciliatory tone. 'It is very cold to night,' she remark 'Eh?' demanded the old woman. put-

ting her hand inquiringly to her ear.

A cold night, cried Janie, at the top
of her sweet little voice.

It was plain that the old woman would not be much company for Janie, and she abandoned her social essay in despair. Still a deaf woman was better than nobody at all.

Janie felt that, all alone in the coach,

step of the coach. Lindley Grey's eyes; and he fell like a the gold for the reward. log on the roadside carpet of fallen leaves.

The bombazine cloak fell off; the square wicker basket rattled to the ground. 'Here, coachman, up with you,' cried

clear manly voice, to the bewildered Jehn, who was just Taising himself on one elbow, and stareing vaguely around ike one awakened from a deep slumber; help me to tie the rascal hand and foof, He won't get up again in a hurry.'

Where am 1? what has happened?" cried Jehu 'You've been drugged, but you're all

right now. 'What are you going to do with that villain there?' asked the driver.

Leave him here by the roadside fump on your box and drive on. The sconndrel is sufficiently punished.

'But where's the old woman? And where did you drop from? The tall stranger langhed 'I am the old woman'

Jehn was not certain whether he was n a land of enchantment or not, and Janie sobbing hysterically, found herself clasped in a tender hold.

'Janie, my precious one, do'nt cry so bitterly. You are safe now.' 'Oh, Pierre! what would have happen-

ed to me if you had not been wiser than

'If nothing had happened to you, Janie,' he said, 'you would never have known who your fellow-traveler was. I

band's daughter so pale and wearied.

the lying dispatch were all related.

The party returned to the city, and of the nervous thrills she experienced once or twice when happening to look up as the coach rattled through the gas lightsoon after the pretty Janie Martin was ed suburbs, she caught the quick vigimarried to Pierre Raymond: and neither of them ever heard of Lindley Grey from lance of the old woman's furtive sideway that time to all a to i

> But though they stoutly declare that bey are no believers in old time superstitions, they are both slightly inclined to put faith in the fantastic prophecies of dreams. aw on would a gold a Wi

MURDER'S AWFUL PATE.

A writer on Australian life relates the following story in the Boston Commer cial Bulletin: One evening on return of the miners to camp, there was a terrible outery from one of the tents. Scores of miners rushed in a body to the place whence the cry issued and found a miner bending over his mate, who having been sick had not gone out that day. The sick man was dead, with a dagger in his heart, and the box on which he lay for a hed showed evidence of having been broken open and rifled of its contens. . The body was still warm, showing that the deed had but recently been perpetrated. The miners immediately scattered in pursuit of the murderer or murderers. An hour later man was brought in one of the, most villainous looking characters I ever beheld. His pockets were filled with gold. which was identified by the surviving mate as the property of himself and his dead comrade.

There was no mistake about the matter. The bags in which the dust was contained were marked with the joint names of the mates, and the identity of the nuggets the surviving mate swore to. This was sufficient to establish the guilt of the accused. Some were for hanging him on the spot, but the law-abiding portion of the community being in the majority. He was remanded for the night and a guard placed over him.

Next morning he was missing How he had eluded the guards they knew not, but that he had escaped there could be no doubt. What was worse he carried off the gold with him, which had been placed in safe keeping in the prison with him to be used as testimony against him.

It was deemed idle to pursue him, but a description of the murderer was drawn up and circulated and a reward offered for his capture, dead or live. week passed away without any tidings being heard of the fugitive. At the end of that time a native came into camp, and leaving a letter for the presiding magistrate, disappeared as suddenly as he came. The letter was curt, but it was to the point:

murdered man) was once a mate of The next instant a blow—short, sharp find Bill Grimes, his murderer, at the There is, however, one particular office and sudden-descended directly between head of Dead Horse gully; I have kept

KANGAROO BILL "Capt. of the Bushrangers." A party of miners immediately proceeded to the locality described, expecting to find the murderer fastened to a tree or rock. What was their horror to find nothing but a fleshless skeleton, every bone picked clean until it glistened like ivory in the sun. The bushrangers had robbed the murderer, and then driv-ing stakes into the ground they had fastened him, back down, to an ant hill. fastened him, back down, to an ant hill. The ants of Victoria are as voracious as death. The murderer had been eaten alive!

Whenever certain tribes in Africa win fectually as was the every. The semi-nude fighting men blow upon reed pipes and otter tearful yells that resound hostile prisoners. On such occasions any young lady of the tribe, who has been contemplating matrimony, is apt to seize the opportunity, so that an additional halo of glory may rest upon her nuptials. We've seen one of these brought upon

PAITHFUI SANDIE

Dean Stanley in the course of a recent ermon to children in Westminister Abbey, told a touching story of an Edin-burgh street boy. Two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little bey with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a hundle of rags, carre and said. Please blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said: 'Please sir, buy some matches.' 'No: don't want any;' the gentleman said. 'But they are only a penny box,' the poor little fellow pleaded. 'Yes that you see we don't want a box, the gentleman said again.' Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny,' the boy said at last, and so to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says, 'i bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box tomorrow.' 'Oh, do buy them tonight, please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get ye the change, for I am verry hungry. So I gave him the shilling and he stasted away. I waited for him but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that In the boy's face I trusted and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said: 'Are you' the gentle han that bought the matches fru Sandie?' 'Yes.' Weel, then here's four ence out o' yer shilling; Sandie sannot come; he is very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'.'. And thep putting the tour pence on and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'.' And then putting the four pence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs.' The two little things lived alone, their father and mother being lead. Poor Saintle was lying on a bundle of shavings. 'He said: 'I got the change sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my logs were broken; and, oh, Renby! little Reaby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when and the doctor says he'll die, and that's ing, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do Renly?' The kind hearied gentlemmy took the lad's hand and said he would always take care of Reaby. Poor Saidy had just enough strength to look up as if to thank his protector, and then the light went out of his blue eyes forever. N. Y. Tribune.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ZULUS

The Zulus live in a beautiful and ler-tile land in which they have two harvests in every year, and need scarcely do more than scratch the soil and sow their seed to secure an abundance of vegetable food. There are rich pastures on which large herds of cattle feed, so that beef is plentiful; and as the bash, or chlanzi, as they call it, is full of antelopes, wild boars, and buffaloes (to say nothing of larger game), and many of the men are keen hunters, they are particularly well off for meat. They are also great lovers of beef, which has been compared to thin good and on the well week hock and though gruel made with weak hock, and though this beverage is not very intersecting, they drink such quantities of it in the course of the day that they are sleepily stupid by night. The Zulu idea of per-fect happiness is plenty of beef, beer and nothing to do but just to sit still. eat, drink, and listen to whatever news and gossip any one may be able to tell them. The women do all the field and garden work, with the exception of hoeing the "Mr. Magistrate: J.m Bell (the king's corn, which is done by the men who present themselves at There is, however, one particular office which worres are forbidden under pain of death to perform, and that is, milking the cows, which is always done by men and boys. They are a remarkably supers stitious people, and believe devontly in signs, omens and dreams. A man will not go out hunting if he has had a dream of ill success on the previous night; and it he has a wonderful escape from danger or accident, always attributes it to gel. Their ideas of a Creator are very indistinct, and consist merely in a fradition that the 'big one of all' brought their them a foreign army would soon follow, and to use his own expression, "eat him up.'-Scottish American Journal.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE,

A son of a New York millionaire was a battle the rude drums known as Tom-Toms are brought forth and beaten as ef-for the Insane, at Middletown, N. Y., fectually as was the enemy. The semi-last winter. While there he formed the acquaintance of one of the attendants, a through the forest and stir up the money the steam of the attendants, a stight, delicate and through the forest and stir up the money to a hideous chattering. There is a great feast at night, which is made lid were modestly received by the sermore important by the shunghter of many vant girl and were evidently not distributed at the cradle with no loving tastefully to her, as in due time they resulted in an offer of marriage on his part which was duly accepted. Upon the young gentleman's notice to his mother halo of glory may rest apon her auptials. We've seen one of these brought upon the scene in triumph, while the musicians pounded a wedding march with their fists,

Five years ago the wife and child of a Mr. Chandler were drowned by the Mill river flood in Massachusetts. She wore at the time a valuable dismondring. am glad that through the medium of a river flood in Massachusetts. She wore troubled dream, was so distinctly point at the time a valuable diamond ring. A few days ago some workmen digging in a bank discovered something bright, which as since been indentified as the one worn by Mrs. Chandler at the time of her death.

The story of the perilous journey and river flood in Massachusetts. She wore and irreproachable character. The basing its figures upon statements reparental consent was then given, and the young gentleman having recovered from his unlady the wedding ceremony deaths on investigation proved to be a ring which has since been indentified as the one worn by Mrs. Chandler at the time of her death.

One of the hardest tasks ever man, is to forget the goods deeds he done and to chide himself for the evil

Happy is he who lias learned to the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheeffully, wherever and whatever it may be.

In the South, since the war, over 000 negroes have joined the Metho

Texas is the third sheep State in the Union. California ranks highest, next Ohio and then Texas.

Willie asked his mother where the stars came from. Her reply was: 'My son, I do not know.' 'Well, I do,' he said; 'the moun laid 'em.

Mamma—"Look, Regy, at the pretty white cow that gives us the nice white milk." Little boy—"And does the pretty brown cow give us the nice brown coffee, ma?"

'Have you Blasted Hopes?' asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am, but I have a blasted toothe

A well-known exangelical clergyman, on being accused of leaning toward Uni-versalism, replied that he hoped every body would go to heaven, "and," said he, "there are some persons I wish we there now."

Fourth of July is the day when our forefathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and sacred honor. The young men of the present day will go them better, and pledge their watches and even their boots for money enough to get tight on.

In the opinion of the New Haven Register, you might as well undertake as to try to convince a woman that she looks just as well in last summer's suit as she will in something new, fashionable and altogether "lovely."

The other day, as two friends were alking together in the street, a do began to bray and wheeze and cough in a distressing manner, "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men. "And, by the way, that puts me in mind —how is your cough?"

Some fellow may follow the fickle goddess of fortune for a whole lifetime and never get near enough to kiss the hem of her garment, while flat footed lnck pursues others with a club and knocks the gilded balls of wealth straight into their hands every clip.—

When a man pops out of his front door suddenly with the intention of hur-rying up the street, and sees an indi-vidual only a few yards ahead to whom he owes twenty dollars, how quickly he will remember that he forgot something in the house or had pressing business down town.

An inebriated individual sat down on an open barrel of hard pitch in Balti. the heat of his body had softened the surface of the mass sufficiently to stick bim fast, and it was necessary to cut the seat of his trousers out before he could be released

A home for working girls was lately opened in London under very encourage ing auspices. Working girls between the ages of 13 and 18, who have no parents or friends in London with whom they can reside, are boarded at 4 shillings 6 pence per week. This first home emtains 37 rooms, and others are in cons templation.

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a Lynchburg grocer, recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of oysters you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.—Lynchburg Nows.

"Papa did you see those nice little guns, down to the store?" asked a six year old boy. "Yes, Harry, I saw them, expression on his face. Finally he said, well, papa, I tell you what to do, you can swap little Tommy for a gun.

THE YELLOW FEVER DEATHS LAST YEAR.-Referring to the yellow fever excitement of last week, the Louisville Courier-Journal re-publishes from its columns of November 12, 1878, a table containing the approximate list of deaths in the South last year from the scourge,