

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
E. S. PARKER

Subscription Rates: One Year \$1.50, Six Months .75, Three Months .50

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one year's subscription free of charge, which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices at No. 405 North Second Street, Richmond, Va.

Transient advertisements payable in advance yearly advertisements quarterly. Rates: 1 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m. 1 y. 1.50 3.00 4.50 6.00 10.00 15.00

### 45 Years Before the Public. THE GENUINE DR. C. MCCLANE'S

### LIVER PILLS,

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint, Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

DR. C. MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, 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 afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL. For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

### AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, 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 afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

### REWARD OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sealed. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. C. MCCLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

### North Carolina College

The annual session of this institution begins the first Monday in August, and continues six weeks. The course of instruction is thorough, and the location is healthy: the community moral and beautiful.

### AGRICULTURIST, 1200 CENTS FOR AGE, GOOD THINGS FOR YOUR OWN USE.

### HEAVY BUCK.

BY REDICA HARDING DAVIS.  
One of the young men came out of the Academy of Music when the opera was over, and lingered in the lobby, which the party of the crowd. Young Fred Sautler came up to them while putting his pearl locket in his case.

"Money!" said the doctor, angrily. "Why, his father is head bookkeeper for Smith & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as a pleasure. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pockets of his own earning. His restaurant and cigar stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of every month."

"How those old fellows must envy us!" he said. "Wine, with life in its sparkle, and dress, oh! by the way, I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do; so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into he actually is—I'm ashamed to tell it!"

"What? What is it?" asked his listener.  
"Driving an engine on the Central road! Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke, in his little caboose to-day. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'Knight, are you mad?'  
"Not so mad as to starve," he said, laughing.  
"I asked him why his father did not support him, and keep him from such degradation. Then he was mad."  
"Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?" he said; and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading man and that no man was ever degraded by honest work, with more of the same sort of bosh; all very ridiculous and very disgraceful. You'll see him to-night if you take the 11 P. M. train."

"Tut, tut!" the lads said; and "Poor Knight! he was a good fellow," precisely as if he were dead.  
Indeed, from the heart and brilliancy of the scene above them—the music, the beautiful low-voiced women, themselves daintily attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a fair life death to the grimy engineer-driver in the dark depot, a girl which none but a madman, they thought, would voluntarily cross.

"There he is," whispered Sautler. "He looks our train out, but the engine is not yet put to it."  
The engine was puffing steam, and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, many-colored fellow, was coming at that moment down from the Superintendent's room. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.  
"Going to speak to him, hey?" said little Billie McGee, anxiously.  
The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkwardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.  
"I say no," said Sautler, peremptorily.  
"If he chooses to leave the compartment, my civility shall not follow him. I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better; but Knight is a social suicide, sir."

"What's the matter with you?" said McGee. "How well Sautler puts things!" he added again. "Social suicide? Well, I shall not bring him to life."  
"He is right," said the young men with a bow and a hurried glance, while they hurried into the train, and to the depot.  
"It was yet five minutes until the time of starting," said Sautler, and at the base of the main track, on the engine still being detached, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

"A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.  
"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomerooy.  
But the engine had not steam upon its engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on his liver, calm and determined.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomerooy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.  
"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomerooy came out, "how is it? Will he live?"  
"I think so," God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"  
"You know him, then? Who is he?"  
"Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomerooy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.  
"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble as a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it. We've seen to-night. It is not the daring course I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow; he said to the station master."  
"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler, breathlessly, of the official.  
"The President of the board, Dick Knight, if he lives, has open road to fortune now, and to deserve it."  
Fred Sautler crept into the car to go home: his lawyer's gloves were soiled, and the wire rose in his on-ton-his face, and he was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. His itself was sickly and decayed, he thought with a yawn, and he

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.  
"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomerooy.  
But the engine had not steam upon its engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on his liver, calm and determined.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomerooy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.  
"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomerooy came out, "how is it? Will he live?"  
"I think so," God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"  
"You know him, then? Who is he?"  
"Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomerooy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.  
"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble as a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it. We've seen to-night. It is not the daring course I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow; he said to the station master."  
"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler, breathlessly, of the official.  
"The President of the board, Dick Knight, if he lives, has open road to fortune now, and to deserve it."  
Fred Sautler crept into the car to go home: his lawyer's gloves were soiled, and the wire rose in his on-ton-his face, and he was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. His itself was sickly and decayed, he thought with a yawn, and he

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.  
"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomerooy.  
But the engine had not steam upon its engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on his liver, calm and determined.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomerooy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.  
"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomerooy came out, "how is it? Will he live?"  
"I think so," God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"  
"You know him, then? Who is he?"  
"Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomerooy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.  
"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble as a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it. We've seen to-night. It is not the daring course I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow; he said to the station master."  
"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler, breathlessly, of the official.  
"The President of the board, Dick Knight, if he lives, has open road to fortune now, and to deserve it."  
Fred Sautler crept into the car to go home: his lawyer's gloves were soiled, and the wire rose in his on-ton-his face, and he was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. His itself was sickly and decayed, he thought with a yawn, and he

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.  
"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomerooy.  
But the engine had not steam upon its engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on his liver, calm and determined.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomerooy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.  
"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomerooy came out, "how is it? Will he live?"  
"I think so," God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"  
"You know him, then? Who is he?"  
"Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomerooy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.  
"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble as a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it. We've seen to-night. It is not the daring course I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow; he said to the station master."  
"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler, breathlessly, of the official.  
"The President of the board, Dick Knight, if he lives, has open road to fortune now, and to deserve it."  
Fred Sautler crept into the car to go home: his lawyer's gloves were soiled, and the wire rose in his on-ton-his face, and he was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. His itself was sickly and decayed, he thought with a yawn, and he

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"

looked like a man who had been through a mill. The train was full, and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety: between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages. Just then, a short distance on the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked in our horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the cars! Out of the cars! Out of the cars!"