THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. PARKER Graham, N. C.

Rates of Subscription. Postage Paid:

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

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Poetry.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball, Deny yourself to the friends that call. And a good long letter write-Write to the sad old folks at home, Who sit when the day is done, With folded hands and downcast eyes,

Don't selfishly scribble, Excuse my haste I've searcely the time to write, Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back

To many a bygone night-Waen they lost their needed sleep and rest And every breath was a prayer— That God would leave their delicate babe To their tender love and care.

Dor't let them feel that you've no more need Of their love and counsel wise: For the heart grows strongly sensitive When age has dimmed the eye-

It might be well to let them believe You never forgot them quite; That you deem it a pleasure when far away, Long letters home to write. Don't think that the young and giddy friends

Who make your pastime gay, Have half the anxious thought for you That the old folks have to day. (The duty of writing do not put off;)

Let sleep or pleasure wait, Lest the letter for which they looked and lor Be a day or an hour too late. For the sad old folks at home, With locks fast turning white,

Are longing to hear from the absent one-Write them a letter to night. NO NAME.

OR THE MEART OF HAMPTON HOUSE.

BY G. W.G.

Auni My sat in her cosy arm chair before the cheerful fire-place, polishing her glass " 'La certier apron, while her knitting lay neglected in her lap. The old brindle cat lay in his accustomed place on the hearth rug, purring from excess of comfert, and blinking lazily at a ball of yarn that had rolled upon the hearth, as if thinking what a grand trolic he would have if he were as young and active as he used to

It was evident that Aunt Sophy was sorely troubled about something to-night for several times as she gazed thoughtfully into the fire, a half-stifled sigh struggled up from her overcharged bosom once her eyes became so dim with tears that she was forced to call her apron into requisition.

I suppose I must tell her,' she said, softly to herself. 'It would not be right to keep the truth from her now. since she is going to be married in the spring. Poor Daisy I I wish I knew-I wish I knew! Sometimes, I think it would be better to say nothing-to leave her in happy ignorance of the little I could fell - to let her live and die under the delusion that she is really my niece. I should think there were girls enough in New York for this city chap to select a wite from, without being compelled to come down here and steal my Daisy. But there is no denying that George Maynard is a nice young man, if he has a good deal of impudence, and nobody can say that he didu't show good sense by selecting Daisy from all the girls in this neighborhood.

Here she comes, this minute." There was a lively jingling of sleighbells outside, mingled with shouts and merry peals of laughter, as the sleighing party dashed up to the door of Aunt Sophy's cottage. Then there was a confusion of masculine voices and femine screams-a run of playful raillery in a much higher key than was necessary-a profuse exchange of good-byes and goodnights-and away went the party again, jingling and laughing as they had come. Then the door of the cottage flew open. and the young girl entered the cosy room. bringing with her a current of wintry air and a sprinkling of snow. Her blue eyes sparkled like diamonds, her cheeks were all aglow with the rosy bue of health, and her pretty mouth was wreathed with smiles, disclosing two even rows of pearly teeth.

'Oh, Aunt Sophy, we have had such a nice time!' cried the witching creature. as she began to divest herself of her wraps. 'We went clear to Midgeville, and came back by Duncan's Cross Roads and came very near getting lost. We stopped at Sally Baker's grandfather's for supper, and there was a young married couple there from New York, whom George was acquainted with, and, oh, Aunt Sophy, George isn't going home till Thursday, because Sally Baker's party comes off to morrow night, you know, and he is going to stay and take me. Do

you care?" She had thrown off her hat and wraps and shaken out her loose, golden rings, and resumed the polishing process. lets, and as she made this coaxing inquiry, out of breath, she threw her arms inform you that, when you first came

"Of course it is right that you should have an escort,' returned the old lady; and I suppose that young Maynard would not like to trust his sweetheart to

The little beauty, who had dropped into her favorite rocking chair, and put out her tiny-booted feet toward the fire,

the protection of any of his country ri-

flushed rovily at this remark. 'You like George, don't you, aunt?' Why, yes, he's a worthy young man,

so far as I know. Because-you see-when George askand he is con.ing to-morrow to ask your is I will repeat to you.

after a long pause, and Daisy looked up and never resided in America. For some suddenly, for the old lady's voice was reason or other he was removing his husky. Daisy, my child, I have no ob- small family to Australia at the time the jections to George Maynard. I believe terrible calamity occurred which left you him to be a true gentleman, and one who an orphan. Perhaps be designed giving deserves such a wife as you will make up his sea-faring life, and settling permahim; but before I give my consent to nently in that new country. Be that as this union, I feel it is my duty to tell you it may, he was not permitted to accomsomething conserning your past life plish his designs, for the vessel was which has hitherto been a secret of my

Oh, do, Aunt Sophy! I have always thought there was some part of my lite. dashed to pieces on the rocks, and by history which you purposely concealed trom me. ' And Daisy moved closer, and leaned on the arm of Aunt Sophy's except your mother and you. Both of chair, looking up into that kind old face with the eager longing of a child to hear an interesting story.

'What I'm going to tell you will grieve you, my dear, said Aunt Sophy, solemns ty, as she laid her hand on her head. It is no pleasant talk to reveal the secret to before he could do so, the sailors had you; I had almost decided once to keep grasped the cars and pushed the boat it from you even at this stage of events; out with me fraulte. She even tried to leap an thing might occur the whole truth of the boat herself, but one of the seamer might, through some unforescen accident pulled her rudely back. be brought to light years hence—that you would probably blame me for pot having told you all before the occurrence of certain events. Daisy. I am not your aunt-you are not my niece!'

Daisy's blue eyes opened to their wid est excent and the color began to fade from her cheeks. 'Not my aunt-not your niece-'

faltered, scarcely able to believe that she had beard aright. ·We are related by no ties of blood

Daisy,' said Aunt Sophy, firmly. Not related-what do you mean? You ever hinted at such a thing before, aunt

Sophy. 'No. child. I couldn't bear to. It is only because you are soon to enter upon the most important era of your life that I now tell you.

But how came my home to be with you?

I adopted you because I had no chillren of my own. 'Then my name is not Willis, the same

s vours? 'No, dear, your name is not Willis.' 'Who am I then? What is my

'There, Daisy; don't look so. You must try to be calm. 'You evade my question, Aunt Sophy.

Please tell me what my true name is.' 'My poor child, I cannot, for I do not mow.

'Oh! don't say that? Don't tell me that have no name!

'No doubt you have a name, Daisy, but I never heard it.' 'No name! Oh, this is cruel-cruel!'

The girl was deathly pale now. The last trace of the rich bloom had fled from cheeks and lips, leaving an ashy pallor that made her startled eyes look all the wilder. One of her little hands was raised to her head in a pitiful, be wildered way, as if she had been stunned by a

like figure, she drew it close, and imprinted a motherly kiss on the white fore-

'Daisy, my darling, I can't bear to see you look like that. I surely did not think it would hart you so. If such is your wish, I will never utter another word on this subject.

'No, I want to bear all,' returned Daisy quickly. 'I am calm now. I won't alarm you again. Go on, Aunt Sophy; tell me all that you know about it-where you found me, and all.'

Her voice was low and steady, and as she spoke she sank back into her chair, clasped her hands in her lap, and gazed steadfastly into the fire. waiting calmly to hear the whole bitter truth.

Aunt Sophy took off her spectacles

'Well,' sho said, with a sigh, 'I must around the old lady's neck, and kissed under my notice, you were in the Founds

ling's Home. As it was not the Lord's will that Jason and I should be bles-ed with children of our own, we both set our hearts on adopting one. It was for that purpose that we visited the Home one day, while in the cuy. Of all the inmates it was you who pleased as most, and you whom we at once decided to adopt. You were only a more infant at that time, about seven months old and in delicate health; but there was something in your pale face and pleading blue eyes, that enlisted our sympathy and love from the first. The matron did not know your name, but she told us such of your story ed me to be-to be his-to be engaged to as had been related to her by the parties him, you know, I-I referred him to you, placing you in her care. And such as it

'Your father was an English sailor-Dalsy, my child, said Aunt Sophy indeed, your parents were both English, canght in a storm. driven a long distance out of its way, and wrecked off the coast of some island. The ship was literally some strange freak of Providence, everybody on board was lost, so far as known you had been lowered into a boat by your father. The boat was full of sailors and passengers, and you two were the last to enter it. Your father then seized the away from the deck. The poor woman

The last she saw of her husband, he was still daugling on that rope above the boiling ago i. The sight almost drove her wild. In a little while the moun. tainous waves capsized the boat, and its occupants were all consigned to the iner cy of the angry sea. Your mother elling-ing to a floating plank with her babe hugged close to her bosom, was picked up by an American bound vessel. Not nother human being belonging to the ill-fated ship was saved; and even your mother was so near dead when help came, that she only lived a few hours after ber rescue. She told her simple story, begged her preservers to take care of her child, and closed her eyes on this world torover. She was buried at sea. Then It was remembered that the poor found you.

That, Daisy, is all I know of your story. We took you into our hearts and home, and taught you to call us uncle and aunt. It was because of our great love for you that we deceived you. Jason used to say, before he died, that it would be time enough to tell the truth of the matter when you began to think of getting married, and leaving us. Are you crying Daisy?'

Yes she was crying softly but bitter-

'I can't help it, she sobbed. I will have to release George from his engagement now.

'Surely not, my child,' said aunt Sophy, in a consoling tone. George is not the man I believe him to be, if a knowleedge of your true origin in the least ef-lects his desire to possess your hand.'
'No,' replied Daisy, drying her tears

and looking up with a momentary flash of pride, no. Amit Sophy, George would ed way, as if she had been stunned by a be too generous to give me up on that blew, and she repeated soitly to herselt account. She made a little gesture as though she would wring her bands, and then, suddenly rising to her feet, she stood calmly before the old lady. But I would not do him a wrong for the world. she added in a low monotone that covered so much agony. So long as I have no name—so long as my parentage is clouded in mystery—I will never marry

George Maynard, or anyone else!"
Daisy this is not right. There is no need of causing yourself so much un-

happiness."

'Perhaps I am over sensitive and proud, but I am determined. Our engagement will be broken off tomorrow. Good night Aunt Sophy."

And before Aunt Sophy could utter another word, Daisy had kissed her and left the room.

another word, Dalsy had kissed her and left the room.

And sure, enough on the fellowing day when theore and Dalsy met, she sobbed out the whole story on his breast—the story that Aunt Sophy had told her—and in spite of the young man's earnest entreaties and expostulations, she firmly assured him that she never could be his wife. In vain he tried to convince her that her notion in regard to the matter that her notion in regard to the matter was very foolish; that there was no reason in her resolution to make herselt and him nubappy for life, simply because she happened to know so little of her or-igin. Daisy had her own opinion con-

ling paler and and quieter every day, till Adut Sophy was nearly destracted. The whole neighborhood saw and wondered and sadly missed the merry pranks of

the light-hearted girl.

But one day, after a week had passed, there came a short letter from George Maynard. It was not addressed to Daisy but to Annt Sophy nerself: and that good lady, after duly adjusting her spec-tacles and breaking the seal; read the

MRs. WILLIS! - I will arrive in your neighborho d to-morrow evening by the 6:80 train, and will stop at your house on my way to the hotel. Hope you and Daisy will both be at home. I will be accompanied by my employer, Mr. Fansworth, whom I wish to introduce to you. told him the particulars of my love at-fair—how it ended and all—and be seem-ed very much affected by Daisy's life history, as I related it to him. He wants to see her; he thinks he can tell her what she most desires to know indeed, he is so confident of it that he leaves his business to take this trio with me.

Yours truly, "George Maynard."

Annt Sophy removed her speciateles and looked at Daisy. 'This Mr. Fansworth has something of importance to fell, or he would not leave his business to come and see us. Perhaps he can tell who your parents were, Daisy.

who your parents were, Daisy?

'Oh, it be only could I and the little white hands were closed tightly, while the soft blue eyes it up with a hungry longing. But the next moment Daisy shook her head sadiy. 'No Annt Sophy that cannot be. I was the only one that survived that awful wreck; who but to, and tell me aught of my parents? None who saw me when a helplese infant would recognize me now. I may have would recognize me now. I may have relations in the second recognize me now. I may have relations in the second recognize me now them! and her chin quivered like that of a grieved child. 'Nobody in the whole world knows who I sm, and I—I cannot tell them?'

The platnive words out like a knife The plaintive words cut like a knife into Annt Sophy's heart, but one made no reply. She telt assured that Mr. Fansworth's visit would be productive of happy results, yet she could not adduce a single good reason for entertaining such a belief.

The following evening Aunt Sophy was knitting as usual in her arm-chair, and the brindle cat was making himself very much at home on the rug when young Maynard and his employer arround.

young Maynard and his employer arrived. Daisy had gone to her room to make some necessary change in her toilet and had not returned; therfore it was Aunt Sophy herself that answered the knock, and invited the visitors in. May nard presented his companion to the old lady, and Mr. Fansworth acknowledged the introduction by a courtly bow. Mr. Fanswort was a fall fine looking gentle Then it was remembered that the poor woman had not told her name. No hint as to what part of England she came from—no name—no clue. The babe lived, was brought to America, and placed in the charitable institution where I

ering.
Lis first act upon entering was to cast a quick expectant glance around the room; then he accepted the profered chair by the old fashioned fireplace, and made a few commonplace remarks, about the weather. After a little he looked

squarely at Aunt Sophy, and said:

'Mrs. Willis, I presume Mr. Maynard's letter explained the object of my visit.

You have a niece—I should have an dopted niece—'
He stopped short at this juncture, for

just then a door opened, and Daisy her self entered the room. As Mr. Fans worth looked at her he started visibly and the color came and went in his face. He did not wait to be presented, but held out his hand toward Dalsy, and said, in trembling voice:
'Come here girl; I want to speak with

'Margaret's hair, Margaret's eyes, Mar garets expression | My dear girl you are the very image of your mother. I know now there can be no mistake. Look at

me child, I am your father.'
Auut Sophy's heart leaped into her throat, and Daisy turned ashy pale. But the girl drew back with a perfectly skep ticle sir.

'My father was drowned when I was an infant' she said coldly.

You mistake, at least you must hear my story,' and Mr. Fansworth retained possession of her hand while he proceeded; I am a mative of England; and when a young man I was a midshipman in her Majesty's service. I marfied Margaret Hammin, of Hammin House a hearth Majesty's service. I married Margaret Hampton, of Hampton House, a beautiful helress, who was disin herited by her father because she insisted on accepting my hand in marriage. A friend of mine who had settled in Australia, and was making a fortune there, urged me to give up my sea-taring life and join him. I commented so I commenced my lest making a fortune there, urged me to give up my seastaring life and join him. I consented. So I commenced my last voyage en the stanuch brig Yarmouth. accompanied by my wife and child. The latter was only three months old. A storm overtook us; the Yarmouth was driven toward some rock-bound islands and wrecked. I tried to save my wife and babe. I lowered them into a boat, and was descending by means of a rope when the trightened sailors pushed the craft from under me, and I was lett da. gling over the stern of the vessel. A moment later I saw the wild waves capesize the boat, I saw my poor wife struggling in the stormy sea and my senses forsook me. I awoke to find myself ly-ing on the solid earth. The waves had

ceruing the question of right and wrong in this case, and although she cried herself shek over it, no amount of opposition could alter her views.

So the brief engagement terminated and George Maynard vent back to his book keepers desk in the city with a heavy load on his heart. And Daisy almost cried her eyes out, and kept growsing paler and and quieter every day, till and sonly was nearly destracted. The Adut Sophy was nearly destracted. The the other day related a story that filled whole neighborhood saw and wondered me with hope. I know that you are my at the change that had come over Daisy, child. You are the exact counterpart of

your mother.'
Dalsy clasped her hands and looked pleadingly at Adut Sophy. 'Oh. can this

There is one way to prove it, said Mr. Fansworth, standing up in his excitement. 'It you'are my child, there is a small criffish spot on your right should small critison spot on your right shoulder, in the shape of a heart. Your mother had one like it. She told me that all the ferinales of the Hampton stock were born with that mark on their shoulders, it was called 'the Heart of Hampton House', and was said to signify that those who bore it would be early and hampily marked.

those who bore it would be early and happily married.
Anut Sophy started up frantically.
'It's there, sir—it's there I've seen it a hundred times.'
Daisy's white shoulder was instantly laid bare and there sure enough, was the crimson birthmark alluded to—the Heart.

crimson birthmark allided to—the Heart, of Hampton Honse. No inrther proof was required. Daisy threw herself into the arms of her new-found father, and wept for joy. Then she wellt into Annt Sophy's arms, and even in George Maxinard's; and the whole group were 'as happy as happy could bo.'

Having learned her name and found a father, Daisy he longer objected to the name of Maynard, which she accordingly adopted in the spring. And Mr. Farnsworth, giving his sonsin-law a partnership in his business, caused the name of the firm to read:

"Fansworth & Maynard."

Glednings

There are only three thirgs you can get for nothing in this world air, water,

One hundred and thirty employees are required at Vassar college to wait on the girls and attend to the estate;

Tennessee, Virginia and North Caro-lina furnish the peanuts for this country. The crop this year is a big one—335,000 bushels bigger than last year.

A Buffelo school teacher west fishing all one holliday week, and never had a bite. One of his scholars slipped ont of school for two hours and caught thirty-six pounds of black bass.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer to an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calar reply.

Rev. Dr. Skinner, pastor of the First Baptist church in Raleigh, lately rec-ived from Mr. Pierre Lorrillard, of New York, a present of a box containing 1,000 cigars, worth \$1 each and a \$1,000 bill. Mrs. Skinner is a cousin of Mr. Lotrillard.

A French broker was saying the other day that he knew all his partners secrets, and therefore could risk a quarrel. "But he knows yours, too," remarked a friend, Aye, cries the boursier, "but he is a gentleman; he will not abuse my confi-

Who wouldn't rather be President than to be right? Come, now, no shirking around. The salary of President is 50,000 per year; the salary of being right down to splitting wood for a cold dinner.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Denver girl, for diversion, not only engaged herself to marry two men, but appointed the same day, hour and place for a secret wedding with each. The suitors were somewhat disconcerted, by each other's presence, as well as by the girl's absence, but they finally came to an amicable understanding to despise

Mr. Gladstone has eight children, seven of whom are living. His eldest son is a member of Parliament, his sec-ond son is rector of Hawarden, his third is engaged in mercantile pursuits. His eldest daughter is married to the Head Master of Wellington College, Mr. Gladstone was about thirty years old when he was married to the daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne.

An Irishman had joined one of the Father Matthew societies. A friend met him and said, "Pat, I've heard you signed the pledge."

"Fath and I have Dinnis and I am

not ashamed of it." "But Pat, didn't Paul tell Timothy

to take a little wine for his stomach'.