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FR. LOISELLE
27 Fifth Ave., New York.

Executor's Sale of Land.
By virtue of authority in me vested by the will of W. E. Sloan dooc, I will on the 6th day of September, 1887, at 11 a. m., proceed to sell at the late residence of Mrs. Ruth B. Sloan dead, a lot of household and kitchen furniture belonging to the estate of the said W. E. Sloan and also a certain tract of LAND containing sixty (60) acres, situated on N. 2 township on West side of Lane's creek and on East side of the great road leading from Charlotte to Salisbury, and adjoining the lands of Robert Williams and others, the same being the place whereon the late Ruth B. Sloan lived.
Terms made known on day of sale.
W. W. JOHNSTON,
Exec. W. E. Sloan,
By J. H. H. Caldwell, Att.
Concord, N. C. Aug. 14, 1887.

BREMEL
Classical and Military
ACADEMY,
In a country school, equipped with a Course of Study, (branches) comprising in thoroughness and variety the best of both the Latin and Greek languages, and also the best of the modern languages, French and Italian. This is a rare opportunity for a young man to receive a liberal education at a moderate cost. For further particulars apply to
BREMEL ACADEMY, P. O. Box 100, Concord, N. C.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."
CONCORD, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1887.

INFLUENCE OF THE RISEN.
Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker's Sermon in Plymouth Church.

"He is not here, but risen."—
LUKE XXIV: 6.
I am confident that in view of the pathetic circumstances which give uniqueness to this occasion, I may rely upon the utmost indulgence of every Christian heart. We have not assembled under ordinary circumstances. For nearly forty years this particular Sunday—the first in October—has been signalized by the reappearance in this church of an honored and illustrious pastor. To-day he is not here, but we say of him as of the Lord, "He is risen." Yet, if we should dare to speak of the mortality of the life of man, this brevity of earthly existence, who would not instantly fasten upon the speaker the charge of fanaticism or of commoneering. We feel that our friend is not here. We know it by a sense of loneliness and coldness and desolation we have never felt before. There may be those who would pass over such an event swiftly. Some men have a genius for the degradation of all things to the level of commoneering. We must not be led by them. We must take the responsibility of forming our own opinions as to what is great and as to what is abject, what is august and what is worthless, and it ought never to be a commonplace to man that his life passes like a weaver's shuttle; that his days are but a handful at most; that his breath is in his nostrils, and death, so men understand it, is nearer to him than what he calls his life. Let us beware of wretchedly do some men get through everything. The landscape furnishes but a walk so many miles in length. They would not care to look upon it a second time. They have seen it. Not they; they cannot see it. These fastgoers see nothing as it really is. They have been through the forest, but they have not seen a single leaf. They have heard no voices in the swaying branches, no anembs in the sunny air. They wonder that any man can be weak enough to repeat the pilgrimage through such a scene. And what is true of nature is true of art. There are boys not much more than 12 years of age who have galloped through the galleries of Europe. With a nod they have set a fool's estimate upon what has cost a great man thought, blood and anxiety, to accomplish.
These circumstances would not be worthy of mention did they not point to something deeper and deadlier than themselves. They do not end in their own folly. Men who can get through landscapes and picture-galleries can also get through miracles. We have outlived the signs and wonders of the Son of God. We have become so familiar with them that we begin to question them. We are the victims of cold blood. We want to do in coldness what can only be done in the intensest fire and enthusiasm. Unless miracles come to us in showers, and thus become no miracle at all, we will not believe. The time will come when commonplace will be the miracle; when he will be the supreme preacher, the great reaching mind in the Christian century, who keeps us on bread and water. Christ never promised anything beyond. He said He was bread. He said: "I am the water of life." He who fixes himself in analogies of this kind can never be moved. He cuts himself with the deepest and most solid necessity of the world. When we get through miracles, we get through inspiration quickly. We make theories about it. We compare one kind of inspiration with another, as if there could be two kinds. And thus we live riotous and wasteful lives; not in any sense of physical debauchery, to which we have foolishly limited the word "prodigality," but we impoverish and enfeeble the soul by not making enough of the common things; by not turning common bread into sacrificial flesh and common supper wine into sacramental blood. You will soon live through the universe; you will soon feel that eternity is stale if thus you bound with a fool's haste from scene to scene in the infinite panorama of the universe. Be not afraid to dwell upon the commonplace. Be well grounded in the elements. There be scholars over-certified and burdened down with papers who cannot spell their own language. Be right in the thoughts of life, in the realities of Providence.

This announcement, "not here," is not uttered in any sense that provokes or suggests melancholy. This is a note of triumph. This is not only a declaration of absence, it is a reason for that absence, or a glorification of it. "He is not here." That is negative, chilling, disappointing, unless the sentence be continued and concluded in a note of triumph. Such note we find in the angels' voices. Negation, even in its hugest denials, is only a gigantic cipher, an infinite emptiness. Yet some men make reputations by their genius in negations. They are allowed—oh, be astonished, ye heavens!—to make money by uttering the everlasting "No." Probably a kind of grim consolation goes with that style of teaching. It is a consolation that will not last. It does not fit the measure of life. It is a short line, and leaves life's most urgent necessities and frequent pains unprovided for. The angel adds, "But He is risen." He is risen, and therefore, is more here than ever—here in fuller personality, in richer influence, in tenderest sympathy. That which was local, limited, burdensome, is gone; but the radiant saintliness, the royal spirituality, the new creation, is alive for evermore. Thus ascension is not only the last explanation of absence—it is the largest and truest affirmation of presence. Our friends never get a real grip of us till they get into heaven and reach down to us, and are aided in their reaching by the whole leverage of their elevation. They truly live who are out of our sight as to the body, but never out of sight as to the soul. The body disappears, but the spirit carries to bless our soul with companionship. "I am alive, yet not alone, for the Father is with me." We know somewhat of the range of this truth by the natural analysis, by daily experience and observation. We are touched as by an ineffable pathos by the dawn. How tender the light as it rises in the whitening east! We say: "We will bring our friends to see this great"—and lo! when we have returned with them a voice seems to say, "It is not here." It is risen and is far on toward the noonday. How charming is the little child, all dimples, all smiles! How wondrous the influence of its whole life! We will say of it: "This same shall convert us"; and lo! in a day or two, as it seems to our imagination, the child is not here, but "risen" into the boy, and the boy will rise into the man, and the man to a prince and angel. That is the law of the universe. If anything stands still, have no faith in it. We often find a mystery where there is none. We operate from misconceived circles, and our points of origin are not points of origin at all. There is little difficulty with the word "risen" if we can get through the dark word "here." To be here is the painful burden. We did not want, we did not ask to be here. We often wonder what it means. The place is so little, yet so suddenly assuming aspects of ghastliness—so winsome, yet so frightful—that we wonder up to a point of amazement which might easily become religious. Then, again, what perils beset the fact of incarnation and visibility. It were better that we should not see some of the influences which have most blessed or sustained our lives. We know how perilous a thing it is to be admitted to familiar intercourse with men who have swayed us by their thoughts or have thrown upon our lives the spell of genius. So long as they stand away, operating only intellectually and sympathetically, we gave them reverence and homage, and spoke of them lovingly and gratefully. Mayhap when they came near they lessened their influence upon us by some concealed manner, eccentricity of habit or action, some bodily infirmity. And how quick we are to magnify these little imperfections? What a genius we have for mischief! And some may come to regret that they ever saw in the flesh the man who from afar and from some invisible tabernacle ruled and swayed us with a mighty and gracious dominion. The flesh has always been a difficulty. The eye has always been its own victim. Who, for example, can incarnate his thoughts in words? What are words? Who made them? What has written his words? When he has written his thought, he feels that he has not expressed it. He is struck with nothing so much as the emptiness of what he has written. What is true of our little words is pre-eminently true of the word that was God, and was made flesh and dwelt among us. When we saw God in the flesh, we killed Him on a tree. This we are always doing. We are the victims of the senses we all but adore. We can only see the least aspect of things, the narrowest, most limited view of God's creation. Yet we venture to put in stakes, and to say: "This is tent of God, and other tents there is none. Blessed are they who sing hymns under our canvas, and as for those who sing their hymns elsewhere, we make no prediction concerning them." When Jesus said: "Lo, I am with you even to the end of the world," he did not indicate

a merely arbitrary presence, a mountain shadow that was walking behind us and gaining step by step. He meant more than an external relation. He is in us, part of us. We are identified with him and he is identified with us, and herein is his prayer answered that they may be one as he himself was One with the Father. We can throw off that which is external, but who can commit suicide of the soul—cast out Christ, when He has become identified with every pulse of our nature, with every aspiration of our spirit. Who can throw off the influence of a really happy home? The prodigal strove to do it, but could not. Make your homes happy for your children. Their homes will assume the protection and the sanctity of churches by and by, and if they cannot come home to you in any bodily or physical sense, they can still come home to you in the largest and deepest sense of that term. Oh, poor wandering prodigal, go home this moment! They all wait for you. Immortality of existence would be intolerable but for immortality of influence. Existence is nothing but a burden under given conditions. You could kill some men by taking from them their occupations. Leisure would now down the men of New York and London as with a scythe. They can only live in captivity. Other men can only live in doing good. God has made provision for this great need of our nature. We never read of heaven as a place of mere contemplation, mere leisure, but a place of activity. The best testimony we can give to the influence of the dead is to continue and extend the work in which they delighted while they were with us. There should be no more gazing up into heaven. Hear a sermon that makes you contemptive, dreaming and that soothes you, and you may know that it is not of heaven. There may be parts of it gracious as the beautifude, tender as the tears of Jesus, but in every right sermon there must be something like a storm, a trumpet calling to battle, a sword terrible to him who would do evil at the altar. If any man says he mourns the dead so deeply he can do nothing for the living he is dishonoring the dead, whom he never understood, and is blighting the flowers which he pretends to preserve. When we mourn our sainted dead it is our infirmity that mourns. Our faith rejoices, our hope sings, our love keeps blessed festival. When we think of our joy we forget our sorrows, and call men to bless the Lord for his goodness in giving rest to his weary ones. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet, praise Him with the timbre and the dance, for he has opened the door of heaven and made them glad who once knew the bitterness of infinite tribulation.

[This sermon was delivered Sunday morning, Oct. 2d. The day was noteworthy as being that upon which for many years Mr. Beecher had been accustomed to make his first pulpit appearance after the summer vacation.]

A Fact Worth Knowing.
No mere cathartic can exert any action upon the Liver, yet many persons of a bilious habit are continually dosing themselves to produce actions which only weaken the bowels and aggravate the evil. When the Liver requires stimulating the precise agent to give healthful and prolonged action is Simmons Liver Regulator. It is a safe medicine to take, being purely vegetable. There is no danger from salivation or from exposure.

Every wife and mother in the country should know the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier. It gives tone, health, and strength, to the vital organs, corrects all irregularities, and expels impurities from the system. Young and old use it. Price \$1.

Malaria does not always reveal its presence by chills or regular shivers. Your system may be full of it, and none of these symptoms be present. You will feel miserable, think you are bilious, take purgatives and only feel weaker and worse, because the malarious poison is still operative. A dose of Shallenberger's Pills at bed time will show you next morning that you have hit the real enemy, and a dose or two more will remove every vestige of the poison. They never sicken the stomach, do not act on the bowels, but simply destroy Malaria.

Why suffer with that aching head when it can be cured with Ayer's Cathartic Pills?
Send a 2 cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a set of their attractive album cards.

CALENDAR,
CABARRUS SUPERIOR COURT
Special Term, November, 1887, Judge E.T. Boykin Presiding.

FIRST WEEK.
Monday, Nov. 14th.
A. M. Wilhelm,
vs.
Isaac Burleyson.
Henry N. Goodnight, adm'r,
vs.
M. M. Litaker and C. W. Litaker.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th.
T. C. Stricker, Administrator,
vs.
D. F. Cannon, Administrator, and I. S. Henderson.
Geo. W. Michael,
vs.
A. Foil.
S. M. Stafford,
vs.
W. M. Sapp, Adm'r Jno. Gourley
A. G. Bost, Adm'r C. F. Foll,
vs.
Henry Barnhardt.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th.
P. M. Morris,
vs.
Victor Query, et als.
A. B. Galloway,
vs.
Hannah Slough, ——— Slough,
William Barnhardt,
H. M. Brooks and wife,
vs.
W. M. Austin, et als.

Thursday, Nov. 17.
Chris Boger,
vs.
R. & D. R. R. Co.
Chris Boger,
vs.
R. & D. R. R. Co.
M. L. Holmes,
vs.
F. W. Hughes, J. J. Hughes.

Friday, Nov. 18th.
C. M. Cook, P. M. Motley,
vs.
D. M. Fink.
M. Scott,
vs.
Mary H. Winecoff,
James Lefler,
vs.
A. Foil.

Saturday, Nov. 19th.
C. A. Pitts,
vs.
Cannons & Fetzer.
C. A. Pitts,
vs.
C. A. Pitts,
vs.
Cannons & Fetzer, R. & D. R. R.
C. A. Pitts,
vs.
Cannons & Fetzer, Asa Linker.
Srink Bros.
vs.
P. M. Morris.

SECOND WEEK.
Monday, Nov. 21st.
J. P. Goodman and wife,
vs.
T. H. Sapp and wife, et als.

Tuesday, Nov. 22nd.
Sol. Furr,
vs.
I. B. Teeter.
State ex rel Calvin Varner,
vs.
N. Johnston, et als.
N. Johnston, Administrator, Ibbey Gallimore,
vs.
Calvin Varner et als.

Wednesday, Nov. 23rd.
M. J. Corl,
vs.
Geo. C. Hegler.
A. Walter,
vs.
E. K. Misenheimer.
P. M. Morris,
vs.
S. M. Stafford.
P. M. Morris,
vs.
Stafford & Heard.
J. T. Pounds,
vs.
M. L. Bost.

Thursday, Nov. 24th.
Sam'l. McNinch,
vs.
A. N. McNinch.
W. H. Perry,
vs.
Martha Means.
Joshua Walker,
vs.
W. H. Lee, Cannons & Fetzer et als.
Calvin Torrence,
vs.
Amanda Torrence.
H. M. Earnhardt,
vs.
J. F. Fink.

Friday, Nov. 25th.
J. C. Winecoff,
vs.
J. W. Cannon.
Thursday, Nov. 24th.
Jas. H. Shive,
vs.
P. M. Sides and wife.
J. J. Cross,
vs.
J. A. Kimmons.
Lundy Green, and others,
vs.
The Valley Mutual Life Ass'n.
J. A. Litaker, et als,
vs.
E. T. Faggart.
E. Mauney, Adm'r of David Dry,
vs.
D. C. Dry, et als.

WHAT IS FLIRTATION?
What is flirtation? Really, How can I tell you that? But when she smiles I see its wiles, And when he lifts his hat.
'Tis walking in the moonlight,
'Tis buttoning on a glove,
'Tis lips that speak of plays next week While eyes are talking love.
'T's meeting in the ball room
'T's whirling in the dance,
'Tis something hid behind the lid,
More than a simple glance.
'Tis lingering in the hallway,
'Tis sitting on the stair,
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips,
(If mamma isn't there).
'Tis tucking in the carriage,
'Tis asking for a call,
'Tis long "good night" in tender lights,
And that is—no, not all!
'Tis parting when its over,
And one goes home to sleep.
Best joys must end, "tra la, my friend,"
But one goes home to weep.

THE SCEPTRE OF SCINDA,
How She Sways It Over Mississippi Negroes.
Grenada county furnishes a new theory which is interesting. Along after the war a negro woman named Scinda, who was a slave of Captain Mitchell, a farmer of this county, suddenly revealed it to the world that she had been inspired by God, and was a servant of his to direct his people, both black and white. She organized a band of exhortors, and went from farm to farm, pleading with both colors to quit their meanness. Her band grew, and now it numbers something like 800 members of her color.

In company with some friends I drove out to her church, which is situated three miles from here, Sunday evening. Long before we reached the church we could hear the picking of the banjo and the shuffling of feet. Alighting, Scinda, arrayed in gorgeous red and yellow, came to the door to greet us and welcome us in. The church is a small structure made of pine logs. Around on the walls hang her paraphernalia used in her marches through the country. In the centre of the room stood a little table covered with a red cloth of grotesque figures of white sewed on it. This is where the members speak.

When we arrived a "soldier" was telling his inspirations of the day. He consumed about ten minutes. They danced and sung and played the banjo and shouted. When dancing begins they all stand up, and as many as can join hands until a circle is formed. They march around and around, singing their own chants, occasionally stopping, and each one goes through a "shuffle" to the music of a banjo. This performance lasts about ten minutes, then another preaches, then a dance, and so on until a few minutes before they break up for the day. Then every voice is hushed and a stillness prevades the house.

Rising slowly and deliberately from her seat Scinda, the priestess of this new, original and strange religion, proceeds to the appointed stand. Every one watches her with wide-eyed wonder, and is eager to catch every syllable of her utterance. Her sermons are short and to the point. She claims that every word escaping her lips is from God. Her sayings are original and some of them not devoid of good sense. In her sermon Sunday, among other things, she said: "Some of you darkeys are like a hoe cake cooked only on one side. You come to church, and oh, nothing is too good for you to do. You sing and pray, and dance and shout, until one would think you are ready for heaven. Monday comes, you show the raw side. You are with the world; you steal, you lie, and do everything that is wrong. That is not the kind of religion we want. We want the hoe cake cooked through and through; when you break it in the middle let it be brown as it is on the bottom." Speaking of law she said no law could be made too stringent for her. She wanted every violation of God's will punishable on earth as well as in the world to come. "The judges of our courts," she said, "ought to be baptized in the grace of God; the Bible says that lawyers ought to be good and honest, and prosecuting attorneys ought to be choekful of religion." She insists on personal cleanliness, and in this she is not far from godliness. She rigidly enforces honesty and the prompt payment of debts.

She plays a powerful part in the political affairs of Grenada county and the surrounding country. No politician dares to oppose her, and about election time she is the recipient of more adulation and homage than her white exponents of the Scripture.

She regards virtue as the highest law of God, and it is said that none of the band indulge in any licentiousness.

A negro barber has been put in jail at Raleigh for selling liquor on the sly.

Her teachings, with her peculiar modes of worship, are good. She is just in all things, and her word is good for anything. The whites and blacks respect her. She preaches every Sunday at her little church and occasionally makes a trip through the country. Her meetings are opened by music and dancing for some time. They usually commence by 8 o'clock and last all day. At the close there is considerable ceremony. It is marked by a procession, single file, each one carrying a symbol marked by design, moving under the music of the fiddle and banjo. After rounds of marching they assemble in awe around their priestess Scinda, whose presence indicates she stands on the outer circles of divinity.

Here, after singing their peculiar requiems, they disperse one by one. Occasionally one is overcome by clear visions of future happiness and demonstrations, followed by hallelujah and dancing. Scinda is a small woman, with plainly marked features of African and Caucasian intermixed, ignorant and uneducated, she has the confidence of a class of people who are marked by their good behavior, the payment of their debts, and their love for Scinda and her doctrines.

Natives she nor her band is subject to derision. They are subjects for thought. This enlightened age, closely surrounded by churches, this woman has built up an influence that is powerful and continues to grow. She firmly declares that God has told her the world would come to a close this year. This statement only came from her a few days ago, and the colored people are exercised over her message from God as they were never before.

The stock law is still winning its way. In certain townships in Burke county, where the law was recently voted on, the measure was carried.

There are said to be more dogs to the square yard in Greensboro than in any other town in the State.

In Brief and to the Point.
Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disorder of liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.
Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many things which ought not to be have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.
But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this bad business and making the American people so hearty that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.
Remember: No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggists for it.

Give Them a chance.
That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the "hundreds of little tubes and cavities leading from them."
When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.
Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of the throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. This is to take Boesche's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Never Put Off
Fill tomorrow, today's duty. If you have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, or any form of Throat or Lung Disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and completely cure these ailments.

Two years ago I took a severe Cold, which, being neglected, was followed by a terrible Cough. I lost sleep rapidly, had night sweats, and was soon confined to my bed. A physician was called, but the medicine he prescribed did not relieve the cough. A friend advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I began taking this medicine, and before long the first bottle was able to get up; four bottles effected a perfect cure.
—Geo. W. Dineen, Newton, Mass.

In several cases of Bronchitis, caused by exposure to damp and cold weather, I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is an excellent and powerful expectorant and is highly recommended to patients of all ages. Its certainty of action, and its safety and satisfaction, are among its most valuable recommendations. No other cough preparation does its work so quickly and satisfactorily.
—C. E. Hoyt, St. D. New Orleans, La.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 75 cents a bottle.

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