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JNO. W. GRAHAM, Hillsboro, N. C.

Graham, N. C.

TERMS:

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## GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1881.

NO 16.

light was to discourse nea	ging and tumbling of the waters be- th. Her heart beat wildly. She	Just necewea.
the fiddle, seated him- stor and struck "The girl I hav	pped in sudden terror and would fair te turned back, but for the though Aunt Hester's triumph over her fai	20,000 pounds Ship Stuff, the

On she pressed. The last stroke of the clock was dying on the air, as she reached the water's edge, and stepped timidly out in the full glow of the moon On every side lay sleeping forests.

No sound broke the awful stillness but the sullen rour of the waters, as they tumbled in ghostly white over the moonlit rocks that jutted from the river's bed. But what was this phantom-picture before her? Bessie shaded her eyes, and peered eagerly forward. Had the too py children, the music, the dancing, the loangers and the story-tellers, the crouchpowerful rays of this glorious harvest noon indeed turned her brain? There ing dogs and the unharacesed borses stood seven stalwart gentlemen, phangrazing peacefully beside their wagons, toms in line, upon the water's edge each and, below all this, the shado w presenting her, in ellence grim, with a ravine, or 'Soup-Ladle,' where foamed and surged the sparkling stream, up.

Suddenly, a succession of piercing which was said to guench the almost increams sounded in the woods above satiable thirst of the Evil One during his Like a flash each phantom dropped his Like a flash each phantom dropped his cup and dashed up the bank. Faint with terror, Bessie sank upon a rock, and but for the timely assistance of a pair of arms, anyone can become a successful agent 'Tell us the legend of the 'Soup-Ladle,' said one of the loungers, lighting his accompanying a manly form, which sprang to hor side, would have fallen "Which logend ?" asked his companion, leauing his elbow on the turf and puffinto the torrept. ing graceful columns of cigar smoke to-

'Foolish child I' exclaimed Gustave Metville, sprinkling ber face with water. "Are there so many?" asked Aunt Why did you come on such a goose chase? Did you want to meet your fate, Bessie? May I suggest the name of one who would gladly fill the position?" and he gazed tenderly at the still white face. . Whose cup have you just drank from?" and he smiled rogaishly. "Mine, of course," and he laid his handkerchief wet from the stream, upon her forehead. You would not break such a promise, would you, Bessie?

She smiled faintly, while the co lor 'Yes, tell us the legend, whatever it stole slowly back to her checks.

is!' cried a gay, young voice. "What were those cries?" she exclaim And Bessie, leaning on the arm of ed, opringing suddenly to her feet as she Gustave Melvile, joined the group at recalled what so irightened her. that moment, followed by a merry par-'Only Mrs., Jones, dear, who slipped ty, among whom were the two unhappy

thu

on a stone in hurrying down here to see the amusement? suswered Gustave. 'W-e-l-l,' began the story-teller, 'What amusement?' cried Bessie knocking the ashes from his pipe, 'it

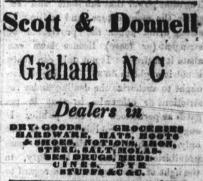
And those men with cups standing here -who were they ?' she asked, shivering nervously.

'My dear, I greatly tear,' said Guaave, humorously, 'that they were the gentlemen who listened with us a few moments ago to the story of 'The Moon Trial!' All I know is, I saw each man catch a cup from the wagon near, and as you disappeared in the path they took a short cut through the woods to the of them. They catch frogs and forget fate, who will present them with a cup water, followed by Mrs. Jones and a number of other ladies. My own daring.' and he tenderly

best of stock feed. Seeds, Seeds. JUST RECEIVED Clover Seed, Orchard Grass and Garden Seeds. SCOTT & DONNELL. LUCIEN CRATER, **Fashionable Barber** AND HAIR DRESSER AT THE GRAHAM HOTEL.

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The Alamance Gleaner. Boitey. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT Gray Hair. Eldridge & Kernodle The first gray hair!' Others have sung the PROPRIETORS. theme And I have smiled in youth's unthinking way, That the first child of age's wintry gleam Should wake to rhyme a poet growing gray! Every person sending us a club of ten sub-Ah! earth was bright about me in those days; scribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices No Departure from the Cash System The years by Summers noting time's elapses slow-footed age approached by llugering ways Down the long vista of life's future haps! POSTAGE PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE But mine are these wan threads so ghostly ADVERTISING RATES: white, 11 in. 1 2 in. 8 in. 1% col 1 col. 1 col. Paling the brown locks with their fateful hue, And if I smile to see him here to night, 'Tis with a sigh for life's lost morning, too! But I am not so very, very old, Th at the grim gray beard there should his seal. ome nobler cause has paled their dusky gold. Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if 'Thought's central fires' or life's untempered Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion No local inserted for less than fifty cents. No, no! The vanguard of the conqueror, Time PROFESSIONAL CARDS. Notes his approach, and Youth-a crayen part !--JAS. A. GRAHAM, Graham, N. C. Fearing the works, unmanned, presumed to And raise the 'white flag' o'er a guarded heart ! GRAHAM & GRAHAM. The traitor fain hath fled that fatal day, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, But Love with swift arrest declared h cilme Since, prisoned in the heart he would betray, Practice in the State and Federal Courts, Brecial attention paid to collecting. With new-found zeal he wards the shocks of Time. J. D. KERNODLE. leauty may look askance at that pale sign, But wisdom reads a glorious promise there illumined by the light of Love divine, Attorney at Law, A fadeless crown art thou, despised gray hairl

> Indian summer had come in "Ole Virgrassy stream, lingering to gaze at its their red purple on stalk and leaf, like an

tant hills, freshed flushed with the thought of fall. Nature seemed intoxicated with the red wine of pleasure. All was still, save the "tinkling herd" that Is fully propaged to de any and all kinds of work pertaining to the profession. Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH. -CALLS ATTENDED IN TOWN OR COUNTER. grazed lazily in the meadow, when, lol

Dr. Geo. W. Long

THE MOON TRUAL. Practices in the State and Federal Courts-Will faithfully and promptly attend to all busi asses intrusted to him giuny." A dreamy haze hung in the still air; the cardinal flower blazed down by the river. It leaned far over the

> sweet" reflection, ere it withered; the queen of the meadow flashed golden in the last rays of the setting sun. Ever and anon it bent graciously to whisper to the drowsy clover at its feet; the pokeberry bushes-by the fences were flinging

Dr. J. W. Griffith eager painter. A mist lay on the dis-DENTIST

the shrill laughter of a party out gipsying rent the air, and four open wagons, drawn by powerful horses, appeared, bowling on the soft Virginia road,

GENERAL PRACTITIONER and plenty of colored help, with

only one?' asked the girl, merrily. 'Ouly one, chile; an' dey shook han's when dey parted, an' swore to abidedat were de word, chile-to abide by your decision' an' be triends ever arter. Oh, Miss Bessie, t'ink de matter well ober, an' take the right man !' said Aunt Cloe, stroking with loying hands the silky black hair of the child she had nursed when an infant. What you

denly shook with merriment.

of those puppies l' replied Bessie. 'I'm not a china doll, or a bag of candy to be won at a raffle," continued she with flashing eyes. 'That is always the way, auntie. The men we don't want pursue us relentlessly, while the one we love stands coldly aloof."

"A-what?" asked Aunt Clos, glancing shrewdly at the girl's teartul eyes. Aloot! what's dat?

"She lubs young Mars Gustave," muttered old Aunt Clos, as she hobbled back to her boiling kettle, 'There he stan's now alone, an in sight of Miss Bessie, his back turned, an' thinking, Mars Gustave,' and the old negress touched his arm, a moment later, 'let me

He turned quickly, smiling, and extended his handsome, strong white

"I sees a lady. She am young an' she

swors to ax her han'. If you lubs her, houey, dere is no time to stan' here

And before the astonished gentleman could reply, old Aunt Clos had hobbled away.

a cable dispatch of information and guidance for me, direct from-" voice from the encampment. 'That's the place.4

Devil's Soup Ladle for the information, and will act upon it. Can it be possible

friends, were there, all attired as gipsies, them. May they experies

the frogs !

laughin' 'bout, baby?' as the girl sud-'To think, auntle, of the impertisence

his back turned, thinking about his dinner, his hunting, his books-anything but the girl who loves him,' answered

keenly at his face. 'She am rich an' she am proud, but she loves you, Mars Gus. tave. Dis berry night two suitors hab

thinkin','

'It is, is it?' replied Gustave, under his breath. 'Then I return thanks to the a rock, with her Cousin Jack and the dogs, while her two suitors-if I mistake passion in the occupation vulgarly termed 'broiling trogs' hiudquarters,' before the drink of water, will meet, on reaching gipsy fire yonder. Philosophers, both the bank, the phantom of his or her

glauced tenderly at the girlon the rock,

then at the moon, loosened his necktie,

Nine o'clock found the party once

more upon the road. The moon was

high and quite as red, Susie affirmed, as

her Cousin Jack's hair. The soft and

spot, I will know my fate to-night !

upon the grass in the mooulight, recounting the blood curdling tales which belonged to the haunted ravine. It was a beautiful picture-the white tents standing in solitude on the moonlight hillside, while below appeared the camp fire and suspended kettle, the hap-

'Stands at a distance, Aunt Clos, with

Bessie, with rising coler.

read your paim."

hand.

am dark, said the old crone, glancing

Hester, looking up suddenly, while the moonlight struck her glasses, causing them momentarily to flash like calcium lights. 'At least a dozen," replied the gentles

man gipsy, who seemed posted in the history of the 'Soup-Ladle.' 'But the most appropriate on this occasion, I should think, would be the one they call "The Meon-Trial." "Tell us the legend,' said one and

all.

"Witchcraft !" exclaimed he, 'Is this 'The Devil's Soup Ladle I' shouled a

that Bessie loves me? There she sits cn quarter before 12. The little tale runs them not-are drowning their tender

Uncles and aunts, and cousins and their troubles in cooking and eating of water. Should the youth or the provi ice more diffi

McCormick, a whose chief deli sweet sounds on th selt astride a rock left behind me," w their place for a da Around the fire stood a group of children, intent on watching a huge kettle of molasses boil preparatory to a candypull, and still another knot of gipsies sat

tempests of fury.

ward the moon.

lovers.

pipe as he stretched upon the grass.

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attention, 6-1 80. Iy.



#### GRAHAM, N. C.

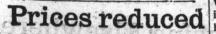
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ions and cooking uteasils, in a rear conveyance. Behind all came (barking and panting) Black-eye, Pinknum and Snort. three of the smartest and happiest dogs in all Virginia.

'Now, children,' spoke Aant Hester, it is after suuset-

"Alas! my stomach says it is after teaas though to give freer play to his fancy, ime,' interrupted Dick Jones, a curly- muttered, as he faced for the encampheaded youth, with honest blue eyes. ment: 'It is both,' continued Aunt Hester, 'By the blue imps which haunt this

glancing critically at the last ray of the retreating orb of day, 'and we ought to stop and eat.'

'Yes, yes !' cried several merry voices, 'stop and eat.'

"After supper we will order up the full balmy air was heavy with delicious odors harvest moon,' said Dick. from field and wood. Crickets chirruped.

'Goosey, there is the moon now. big joyously in the bushes, and fire-flies as a cart-wheel,' replied his Cousin flashed their finy lanterns in the gleom Susie. of the shadows. Here and there a stray

'And yellow as your dress,' answered squirrel shot, meteor-like, up the trunk Dick. of a tree, the stripes on its back appear-'It will be as red as your hair before ing distinctly in the moonlight; while we are on the road again,' responded ever and auon a hoarse grandfather bull-

Susie. frog would give a grunt, as though By this time both teams had stopped suddenly awakened from a bad dream and were being unloaded. They had and turning uneasily in his miry bed, discovered a beautiful spot under a wkile, all, the joyous bark of the dogs

chestnut ires in the meadow, near the and the gay voices of the travelers rang road. Here they pitched their gipsy ea- out clear and sweet.

campment and prepared to kindle a fire. Ten o'clock found the little band un-On a high rock overlooking the scene. loading for the night. At last they had and commanding a view of the rising reached their destination, a spot that they moon, perched a dark-haired, dark-eyed had traveled twenty long miles to see.

girl. No sooner had she flung herself This was a wild and beautiful ravine. down than old, black Aunt Clee hobbled known as "The Devil's Soupe-Ladle," It to the summit of the rock, whispering was noted for its picturesqe scenery and shrilly:

"Honey, I's such news for yeu! Dis goblins. Neither money nor pursuasion arternoon I's heard young Marse Alfred could induce the colored help to remain the ravine, while the distant strokes of a an' Marse Fred taikin' 'bout you in de on this haunted ground during the village clock slowly tolled out the midwoods. Dat was when you was all fished night. So after pitching the tents, build- night hour.

in', chile. Dey bole said how as dey ing a cheernal camp-fire and carefully arhad tried for weeks to see you alone, an' ranging all for the night, they retired to dat drefful dragon fly aunt ob yourn a neighboring field overlooking the unwouldn't 'low it nowhow; an' how as holy ground and prepared to offer praydey had determined to settle dere troubles 'ers for the souls of their masters, whom in the moonlight. . More and more lones ey frame of mind; and asked her to sing dis yere night by axia' you fa'r and it was their firm conviction daylight ly grew her path, fainter and more dis- him something that would "move" him squar' to marry dem? would never again behold !

'Did they wish me to marry both, or | And now the merriment began,

maiden drink from the culty in securing and devouring the despledge themselves to wed the phantom's sert which they propose to tackle atter earthly connterpart, when fate is pleased to bring the two together.' And, with this hasty soliloguy upon

the frailty of man, Gustave Meluille irl ever tried it?'

'One unhappy maiden, so history tells, did go to the bank,' said the story teller, solemnly, stroking his beard.

isn't much, but it's appropriate to the

place and hour. 'That's why I tell it.

Behold ! the harvest-moon is at its full,

and'-looking at his watch-'it is a

thus: Any creature, youth or maiden,

who goes alone, by the light of yon har-

vest-moon, at its full, while the clock

strikes 12, to the stream below for a

'And she never returned ?" inquired several anxiously. "Not that night,' replied the story

teller, in a sepulchral voice, 'And did no one go after the silly

thing?' Asked Aunt Hester. 'No one knew she went,' replied the story-teller. 'After waiting on the bank long time, looking for her fate, and making at least a dozen mud pies to pass the time away-this artless country

maiden atterward confessed-she fell sound asleep, until the hot sun next morning waked and hurrled her home to breakfast with a terrible appetite from sleeping out all night."

"That shows there is no virtue in the Moon Trial l'exclaimed Susie, with a superior air.

'Not at all,' answered the story-teller The Moon Trial was correct. The girl had no fate to come. She died an old maid, years ago.'

"Whe will try it to-night?" asked some one.

'Nobody if I can help it,' exclaimed Aunt Hester, quickly. 'It is foolish and wicked . "Then I am both foolish and wicked,

said Bessie, 'for I will try it.' "Away she darted, like a sprite, toward

A well-worn path through the woods, which excursionists had already explored, led directly to the water's edge, and along this the girl flew like a spirit tant the voices of her companions above; She sat down at the piano and sang, while nearer and clearer sounded the "Darling, I am growing old." Pat

young face to the mocolight, 'would you refuse to listen to one who has loved you so long and saved you at last 'What rubbish !' exclaimed Aunt from seven phantoms and a watery Hester, with her nose in the air. What grave? Quick. my dear! I hear them coming. We have but a moment to be alove. Say, Bessie, will you not be my dear little wite?"

> "Oh, Gustave, how can you doubt it?" she answered, with dazzling eyes.

> "Then The Moon Trial has proved true.' replied her lover, holding her close to his heart.

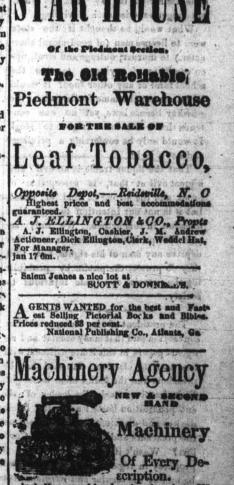
'Too true!' whispered she, joyous ly.

#### The Cheapest Medicine.

About the cheapest medicine that mor tals can use is sleep. It is a sovereign remedy for weakness, it relieves languor it cures restlessness, uneasiness and irritability; it will remedy headache, teethache back-aches and heartache; it cures pervouspess; and will make heavy burs dens seem light and great trials look very small.

When weary we should rest; when ex hausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal; what weary men need is sleep. The lack of sleep causes neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep, and the point where many a sufferer turns his back from the very gates of death to the open path of life is where he sinks into sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazerus: 'If he sleep he shall do well.

They had been engaged to be man ried fifteen yoars, and still be had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One even,



m me. ver 1,000

machinery. Jan. 31. '81

If you write say