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# Boetry.

#### Carolan's Irish Airs.

'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion.' Carolan, thy happy love No jealous doubt, no pang can prove; Thy generous lord is kind as brave-He loves the bard and scorns the slave : And Charlotte deigns to hear thy lays; And pays thee not with thoughtless praise With flowery wreaths the cup is crowned: The frolic laugh, the dance goes round The Hall of Shells;' the merry throng Demand thy mirth, awake the song; Here echoes wake to eatch the strain And sweetly give it back again.

Then, happy bard! awake thy fire, - Awake the heart strings of thy lyre,-Invoke thy muse—thy muse appears But robed in sorrow, bathed in tears! No blithesome tale, alas! she tells, No glories of the 'Hall of Shells,' No joy she whispers to thy lays. No note of love, no tone of praise; But to thy leading thought she shows The forms of Erin's future wees; The wayward fates that crown the slave That mar the wise and crush the brave-The tyrant's frown, the patriot's doom, The mother's tear, the warrior's comb. In vain would mirth inspire thy song, Grief heaves thy breast and claims thy tongu Thy strain from joy to sadness turns—
The bard would smile, the prophet mourus!

#### THE VICTORY OF A FORLORN HOPE.

Que morning Mark Devine found a note waiting for him on his office deska note without a crest, or monogram, or thick, satin smooth, faintly and curiously perfumed, with the mingled odor of violets and frankincense. The handwriting was easy, with the ease of constant, yet careless practice, and the signature that of a woman rising rapidly to tame and wealth upon the ladder of her splendid mind and arduous, well-directed labor. He had known her well three years before, when she had come, alone, and unaided, to pursue her career in the busy city. They had met at a pleasant boarding-house, where there was really a home element, which called forth the kindly feelings of its inmates in their intercourse. He had found her always bright, agreeable, ready of speech, full of resource—a companion much to be destred in the enforced intimacy of a transient abode. When she had found her level and taken hold, she sent for her mother, and went to her own house, and; gradually, they had drifted apart. He had heard of her late, more and more frequently, and had partly resolved to seek her out and renew their friendship. Struggles and success had separated them, but with her, as with him, he felt sure the memory of the old days was a pleasant one; and a return of them full of pleasant hopes. Now, she sent for him. The few lines of the note ran thus:

May I ask you, Mr. Devine, to call on me at my house on Wednesday or Thursday evening of this week? I will not detain you long, and you will find, before you leave, that you have greatly obliged.

SELMA D. BIRNEY: Mr. Devine sat a moment balancing

the note on his finger. Then he dashed off an answer; and sent it by the boy. On Wednesday evening in June and perfect !-he was shown into the dimlylighted, exquisitely appointed parlor of a house far removed from the the tiny abode in which he had seen her last.

A strange sense of unreal yet familiar surroundings came over him. It was like a confused dream. The beauty, the luxury, the quiet elegance were hitherto unknown in any thought he ever had of her, yet, at once and forever, they became a part of her to him.

'It is rediculous!' he exclaimed, standing before the mantel mirror in its carved and massive frame, and looking at hims self with a puzzled air. 'But I could swear I would have known the room for bers anywhere.' He started. She had come noiselessly in, and he saw, reflected, her pale face, and fine, clear, dark eyes over his shoulder, She was not smitting, but an expression of infinite, sweet still joy struck him as he turned

'You are very good, Mr. Devine,' she said, holding out her hand. 'Remembering your habits of old, I scarcely expected you would be at liberty upon the instant. Had you really no engagement for this evening?"

He laughed, and flushed.

of it. But I have not heard of her for a year.

'Yet I thought that really, the 'love of your life.' Has it not found you yet? No!' as he shook his head in comical depression, 'But I must spare you. How easily one falls into old habits, and takes Tell me all about vourself before I enter upon the object of our meeting. Tell me everything, as you used.'

half-romance, half-confidence. But there

was something more here than of old. The self-possession, the sense of power exerted and acknowledged, the graceful poise of the stately little figure, the perfect yet unique, taste of the simple, yet men, spoiled and petted by them as he had ever been, but to-night there was an She lifted it to her cheek like a child. unknown field before him, and he knew that moved him to strange new desires me. I do not ask much, do 1?' and aspirations, that appealed at once to the higher nature he had almost ceased to think of as his; that awoke him to painted device; the paper pure white, earnestness and self-respect in a way that thrilled him. In the conversation topic to another, never directly touching | jou. upon his own life, but drawing out his putting into words half-tormed resolves, rendering clearer and clearer fair, yet stern, aspects of duty against which he had often closed his eyes. And always, it was himself, not his companion, who, apparently prompted speech and ennobled thought. An exhibitation of years, pure and exalted, grew upon him, and was evident in his sparkling, fearless eye, his animated words, his full soft resonant voice. Miss Birney sank into the embrace of her bamboo chaiselounge and watched him eagerly, breathlessly, despairingly, with glowing eyes and quivering lips. When he ceased there was silence. Miss Birney roused herself and sat upright.

'I promise not to detain you,' she said, keep my word and proceed to explain my motives for requesting this interview. You do not know them, and you will, doubtless, find them a surprise and shock, I intend to be perfectly frank the hour. all. Promise me that!

'I promise,' said he, gravely and briefly, awed by her manner, her pallor, and the pathetic sadness of her eyes.

She bent her head a moment on her hand and he saw it trembled. Then she raised it suddenly, looked him full in the eyes and said:

'In less than three months I shall be in my grave. Unless I am restored to health by a miricle; there is no hope of reprieve. I have known it now three months and two weeks, and am used to the thought almost! I have made all arrangements as far as is possible. I am gathering up the loose ends and frayed out purposes day by day; in the efforts to leave my life-work perfected as far as it has gone. There is not much to regret in taking leave of all. Except for the happiness I never had, I cannot mourn,

She paused, as thought choosing the words wherewith to proceed, Mindful of his promise he sat silent and horrorstruck studying her face. Her eyes had fallen, and he saw a sudden faint, swift color flash into her pallor as she thought.

'The happiness I never had!' she res peated, softly. 'Mine has been the sad-dest life possible for a nature such as mine. I have stood always at the gate of Paradise, dumb and chained; while others passed in before my eyes to waste the fruits for which I hungered and beauty I left you raying about?

She—Mark paused, looked doubtful, mortification of flesh and sprint. It was caught her cyc, with its subtle gleam of mirth and answered, hurriedly, 'She is when it is too late. I have been ill and in the late of the spoke of the dark in the lear and sadness of her past and future, she is thought was felt. When Mark Devine folded her to his passionate, so long to return the same when he looked into her awest face, with no depths of his love, there were no words ligher thoughts. But, how much more and leas frivolous as we learned to think ligher thoughts. But, how much more her special to tell his happiness. For her, she gave one long sight of perfect content and rest-light means by the same words. There was a man who had it quoe; and I when it is too late. I have been ill and the solution of the same words.

There is no one out of heaven, persual, has she knew that, in the lear and sadness of her past and future, she it had eas for the time and the locked into her avec face, with no and leas frivolous as we learned to think ligher thoughts. But, how much more one long sight of perfect content and rest-light means by the same words. Iter love would be a wonderful thing!

There was a man who had it quoe; and I was man who had it quoe; and I was much more incompleted the passionate, so long to the lake the locked into her avec face, with no keen arrow of rankling sear tearing the depths of his love, there were no words to tell his happiness. For her, she gave one long sight of perfect content and rest-levely and leas frivolous as we learned to think light thoughts. But, how much more one long sight of perfect content and rest-levely when he may be a wonderful thing!

There was a man who had it quoe; and I 'The old days, Miss Birney, were long thirated, to trample on the beauty that

married, I think. Yes, I am quite sure in pain so many years, that I forget the thought always he would never lose it. very sensation of rest and ease: and all the time having been sternly, unflinch-

ingly, rigidly forbidden the quiet and the absence of toil that would have made my burden lighter. I have the fondest nature. and the most passionately tender beart, and it has never known one thrill of up another's life where one laid it down! happy love. Maddened, agonizing, deflant, I have reached the very verge of that world, respect for which, or, rather, the proud determination that it should She asked it easily enough, but he respect me, would have kept me silent as found it impossible to comply . The I held any part or lot in it. There is pale face and the dark eyes, the nothing now to hold me back from asksmall white hand and its dell heavy ring ingfor the one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words-I meau-your of barbaric gold were the same he had

studied in his hours of idle chatter and presence. A silence, dumb as the stars of heaven, tell upon them. To neither of them, confused and palpitating with hope, fear, surprise, passion, was it a dark and hopeless moment. There was in its mysterious shadow faint glimcostly toilet, were new to the Selma mers and sparkles of life that meant-Birney he had known and counted a one knew not what. Mark bent for-'first rate friend.' He was used to wo- ward, and laid his hand on hers firmly, tenderly, yet gently, in its stength.

'You always said you would like to it. To pour out as he used all sorts of hold my hand,' she said brokenly. 'I confidences, rhapsodies, confessions and knew you liked me, and I thought-1 excuses, was a thing impossible, indeed. thought you were so kind you would There was in his hostess a hidden power not mind loing such a little thing for

'I will do anything I can for youanything! I am truly grieved-I am more sorry for this than I can tell you.' 'Thank you,' she said, simply, 'II

will. soon be over, and I do not care, that followed he was at his best. Skill-if you will only come to me now and fully, steadily, she led him on from one then, when no one else has a claim on

"I will come as often as you say opinions, flashing light into his thoughts, There is no one who can have a stronger claim. They are all newer friends than you are.'

The happy nature, crushed, wearied, breaking down under the lot she bad not depicted darkly enough, rose blithety to a gleam of sunshine. There was something inexpressibly arch in the flash mind, such as he had not known for of her eye as she repeated, in a tone of influite expression:

All! and still the their name is legion?

'Yes,' he said, 'gravely; 'and I thank she seemed very, very happy. A quiet God, Selma, no nearer, no more limited look of sweetness and manner grew up-'Yes,' he said, 'gravely; 'and I thank bond than a legion of light ocquerries binds me now. I am free, dear and honored friend, to do your will.4

'Oh, Mark ! said she, 'and I thank God you meet me thus. Come to me, when you can't I have two months yet before in a slow, clear voice, that he knew must the end, begins: After that -she patiend be the re ult of an effort for self-control, and shuddered-'after that I will have atid at which he woodered. 'I must done with all but the pains of death. You will never regret that you helped me to meet them by all the strength that only happy hours can give us.

The tiny clock on the mantel chimed

with you. Let me ask one favor of you. Do not speak to me until I have told you not speak to me until I have told you I trust you have not been very

two hours ago."
Tell me one thing, Are you, are you sorry you came? I am not, he replied, decisively, hold-

ing in his both her trembling hands, and looking down into her uplifted eyes until they sank beneath his gaze.

'Good night,' she said, 'and come again soon.'

Good night,' he answered, 'and I will

be here—to-morrow?'

And it was. Mark Devine went home in a whirl of emotions. What had happened to him? What change had come over her! Was it pity that moved him to such infinite tenderness for her? How dreadful the sthought of death taking her out of his life! Two months and two weeks before those wonderful sweet eyes should be closed for ever! What a voice she had! He could hear it when he chose, dwelling with such pathos on those words: 'The happiness I never had.' Then the shuddering horror of that sentence. 'It was a long-drawn agony'; the pitiful regret of, 'And it is only unded when it is too late'; or most

sweet remembrance of all—the sinking and tremor of the passion—surred de flance into, 'The one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words-I mean-your presence,' He started as be said it over to himself. Could itcould it mean all it was capable of ex-pressing from her lips? Had she loved

Over and over he recalled their past weighing each word and look and of the years gone by against the ever-moving memory of the hon' just ended, It was wonderful how many things he could bring forth from the shadows to confront the light. Sometimes he thought he grasped a new meaning in sentences spoken, and forgotten by him at the time, Sometimes he recalled words and careless actions of hers that arned sirch fancies into irritations al his own folly. But make what he would of it, he could think of nothing else than Selma Birney until he presented himself before her at the earliest parmissible

hour the next evening.
This time he watched the door eagerly. and saw her come floating down the long staircase and through the curtained arch all in white, and scarce less colorles She met him with a timid air in spire of ber cordial greeting, and during the whole visit was so far removed, in her pleasant grace and cheerfuluess, from the agitated woman of the previous ovening that he could not recur to the all the day. She was certainly charming. Her conversational powers had always been fine, and study, practice, the desire to please those superior to herself in years and honors, had so im-proved them as to render her the rival of the much vanuted 'talkers' of history. There was about her, moreover, the witchery of personal attraction some women possess to the never-ending conwomen possess to the never-ending con-fusion and ruin of men, and others--a glited and glorious exception few in number--make use of to lead them on to the best of which they are capable. To be near her was pleasant in itself, Mark felt. He left her, pleased, with him-self and her; elated he knew not why, and hoping, he knew not what.

It would be a needless task to track
Mark Devine through the slow advance

of the two months he counted, at fas hour by hour. Daily he grew in strength and tenderness, in nobleness of thought and pure ambition as the wonderful nathre of this woman opened before him In one of their earliest interviews she had begged that nothing might be said of the future. I have said all I need to make you understand, Let me be something more than a tharnel house mem-ory when all is over for us. There is another side to death, Mark! That will fit itself naturally to be the best life we can live here.' From that time no di-rect allusion to her approaching death was eyer made, but in a thousand and one nameless ways he was aware that the thought of it was never absent from her mind, and that she constantly labored and planued with it in vain. on her, a charm that every one felt lighted her eye and rested on her lip with each smile. And with each smile. And Mark Devine with each smile. And Mark Devine loved her with a very agony of love. It tore his gay proud heart with storms of passionate sorrow when away from her, and sent him hungering and despairing to learn the joy of her presence anow, and add yet keetler pangs to the consciousness of his approaching wreck. wreck.

wreck.

The last day of the two months came and passed. The last day of the two weeks that were to have seen the end was over. The full three months had drilled into the abyss of time; and still Selma Birney lived. More than that Selma Birney lived. More than that the color had come into her soft cheeks, and strength she had not known for years into her fair round limbs. Mark, trembling in hope, was shocked to find a shadow of another sort' falling upon his path. Ununs akably she had changed towards him. Their close and happy bored.

I have had a most strangely sad and happy evening, he answered, as he rose. I do not know why, but I feel another man from the Mark Devine of At last, in a passion of hurt feelings,

serve he strove in vain to surmount. At last, in a passion of hurt feelings, disappointed hopes and vague tortures; he burst out one evening:

'Selma, I can bear it no longer. I must speak in spite of your wish. What has happened? Now that I almost dare to hope, now that you have been spared to me even a little longer, oh, my darling, what has turned our—friendship into pain to you?

She did not speak, but he saw her kuit her fingers in a close clasp, and he felt her tremble as he leaned upon her chair

Listen to me, then, since you will

not speak out? he cried, almost angrily, 'In these months I have come to love In these months 1 have come to love you as never a man loved wdman—yes! I am sure of it, for never did mais learn the sweetest of lessons with such a fate impending and unavoidable. I have not dared to tell you lest I disturb your so much needed caimness, but I cannot; I cannot bear it in silence. Unless you hate me it cannot pain you to know I love you. And, oh, Selma, you do not, you surely do not hate me—you must

love me a little.

Then she rose up quickly, and turned towards bim flushing, paling; trembling in tears and latighter, and crying, soft-

'Oh, Mark, Mark, why did you not tell me sooner? How could you help it? How could you keep at? For I love you —I love you with my whole heart, and I am not to die, after all."

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