

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7. GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY NOVEMBER 28 1881. NO. 39.

The Alamance Gleaner,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
Graham, N. C.
Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

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Sept. 12, 28-4.

Poetry.
A Song in the Evening.
O, sweetest bird, that ever sang
In notes of wild rejoicing,
Thy voice sang as first it rang
Was thrilling in its voicing.

I felt thy rapture, as I heard
Thy song in all its beauty;
To me it scarce seemed but a bird—
'Twas life and love and duty!

And still thy notes of glad tone
I heard sweetly and reverently,
With tender meaning all its own
And trills, trills on forever.

Not all, but as brother
'Twas life and love were both in vain
Were dry rot a flower
That springs from the blessed rain
To crown life's darkest hour.

Not unto me a bird that live
In notes of earth was singing,
But a pure voice its way did cleave
From Heaven, a message bringing.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.
"Strangle! what can this mean? Is this a stupendous fraud, a trick, or what? And Dr. Pomeroy stared most vacantly at the closely-written sheet he held in his hand. He read:

"Dr. Pomeroy, I will not apologize for the unparalleled service I am about to ask of you; suffice it to say I have heard your history, heard of your struggle, and realize how hard a task it is for one so young in the profession and without friends in the great wilderness of houses called a city. Also, permit me to add, I have been informed of the cruel blow you received from the hand of one you loved, who was unworthy of you; and yet I am not acquainted with you, nor you with me. Indeed, we have never looked upon one another's face. Nevertheless, I am about to request you to do me a great favor. Will you come to South Street Church to-morrow at eight o'clock? Come privately unattended, and never repeat that which happens there. Will you give me, a stranger, a lawful claim to your name, and yet not seek to know whom you marry? If you will do so I will make over to you fifty thousand dollars payable to your order at the city bank, as soon as the ceremony is over. Trusting that the money will be a temptation to you, I shall anxiously await you at the appointed time."

"That was all. There was no signature—nothing to give any clue to the writer's address or name. Indeed, it was so terse and unemphatic in its details that he was tempted to believe some of his mistresses were playing a joke on him.

He hung the missive down, then he picked it up, folded it carefully, and thrust it into his pocket. He remembered that he had a patient to visit, and went out, but every where he counted on that strange letter were hanging in his ears. He went to see his mother. She was suffering even more than usual, and a number of darning bills had been sent to him by the doctor, bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He knew them, and he had looked at his face in his hands.

"Poverty is a curse, mother," he moaned. "I do not know which way to turn."
She tried to cheer him, but in vain. Every where he turned he met a chaos of bills which he had not the most remote idea how he was to meet. He knew them, and he had looked at his face in his hands.

gentleman spoke to one of the ladies and she then advanced to meet him.
"Are you Dr. Pomeroy?" she asked in a low tone.
"I am," he replied.
She led him to where the gentleman stood, and he extended his hand.
"How do you do, Pomeroy?" he said, and Pomeroy recognized him the president of the city bank. "I am here by the request of this young lady," pointing to the one who had not moved or spoken to inform you that if you agree to her proposition, I am authorized to pay to your order the sum of fifty thousand dollars."

Pomeroy tried to speak, but his voice was choked. It was no fraud; it was really. He stood motionless for a moment; then advanced and offered his arm to the silent lady. She took it with out a quiver, and went with him to where the minister awaited them. The ceremony was quickly performed.

Dr. Pomeroy registered his name, and then looked with considerable curiosity at the bold, plain signature, "Ellen Latour," which his bride wrote down. The minister hastily filled out a certificate, which he had brought with him by request, and which the maid and the banker signed as witnesses. The bride took it, kissed it and thrust it in her bosom. One moment more and the two glided swiftly away from sight.

Dr. Pomeroy wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then asked:
"Who was she?"
"I do not know," said the minister. "I was requested by letter, and paid to perform the ceremony and keep it a secret. It is perfectly lawful."

"And I," said the banker, "did not see the lady's face. She deposited the money with me, and requested my attendance here to assure you that her promise should be faithfully fulfilled."
The three men separated; the gas was turned out; the curtains fell on the first act.

The next day Pomeroy tried to realize what he had done. He had sold his name to the unknown woman but he thought that could not injure him.
She must have been in deadly peril, to pay such an exorbitant price for a simple name.
He took an office further up town, and moved his mother to a nicer home. Patients came pouring in; a different class employed the rich Dr. Pomeroy than those who had employed the poor one.

"Five years had passed away, and he had gained a reputation and a comfortable living. He had been an indefatigable worker, and now he felt that he needed rest for a while.
"We will take a trip to Europe, mother," he said. "It will do you more good than you can imagine."
A great many gentle hearts felt a pang to see the "good doctor" leave, although their outsiders to catch him had been in vain. He had no preference for the opposite sex. He had recovered from his disappointment, and he ceased to remember that he was a married man, or to think kindly of the unknown woman who had so suddenly changed his life.

They traveled leisurely through the tour they had marked out before they had started, and one night found them in a French village. About the middle of the night the doctor was awakened by some one tapping at his door and calling for him to come out.

He did so. He found the landlady, who told him in broken English that one of his countrymen had just died in a room in a first-class hotel. He registered at the hotel, they called him in. He went into an elegantly furnished room where a man some fifty years of age was lying in a dying condition, you had been set by the bed standing him. The doctor hastily examined the patient and found it was impossible for him to live, but the day passed, and still another before he drew his last breath. He never recovered his consciousness.

The landlady told Dr. Pomeroy that he was her father. His name was Eugene Sydenham, a native of England, and he would like to have him buried where he died. They were traveling for the benefit of her health, she went on to explain, and he was a widower.
Here only remaining relative was a young sister, who was being educated in the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Paris.

After Mr. Sydenham was buried, Miss Sydenham went, under the care of the doctor and his mother to Paris. She insisted on their taking up their abode where she had apartments, and so not a day passed but she was with Mrs. Pomeroy. The old lady not warmly attached to her, and talked defiantly to her son about the time they should have to

separated.
"She told them confidentially not to wonder that she did not mourn for her father, for she had had a very unusual her too deeply, that it was not love that held her to his side; and in all her life she had never been so happy as now that she was free."
Dr. Pomeroy watched her. At first he was very gallant, but at last he became reserved and cold. A feeling of dread now crept over him, and he dared not look at her. He had felt heavily were the letters had forged for himself. She pointed the change; she tried to beguile him to forget his grief that was evidently wearing out him, and that in a fit of desperation he told her all.

"I am a married man!" he said, abruptly. "I love you, and yet I am not free to love."
She replied, but bade him "tell her all."
"It was cruel, asking of her to bind you so," she said.

"No, no," he ejaculated. "She said me—she blessed me—and I shall always respect her, but never did my words hurt me until I met you. Now I shall be faithful forever."
"You may see her," she said. "I'm afraid not."
"But possible," she said, with a sorrowful look. "I know your sister, Ellen Latour. She lives, and I must give you up."

"You know her?"
"Yes, to-morrow I will introduce you to her. She is anxious to see you, she knows you are honest, and she believed you loved me, and wondered if you were as upright as she had always thought you to be."
He bowed his head to his hands, and Miss Sydenham left him. The hour had come which he had hoped for in bygone days—he was to learn whom he had wedded; but it gave him no pleasure now.

At an early hour the servant told him that Miss Latour awaited him in her private parlor, and he was ushered into a strange room. He scarcely lifted his eyes as he entered, but when he did they fell upon Miss Sydenham.
"I am Ellen Latour," she said, simply. "That is my real name, though I never anticipated revealing the truth to you. Listen to my story before you blame me, and you will see."
"The man whom you saw die was my step-father. He married my mother when I was but five years old, and sister Ada was a baby. My mother was weakly, and she died a few years later leaving all our father's property in the man's hands. He was our sole guardian, to hold our property under his control until we were married or became of age. He placed me in the Sacred Heart, and kept her there until I was sixteen years old, and then he took me out, and proposed to marry me to a friend of his. I rebelled. One night I heard a conversation between them, and found that he was selling me for twenty thousand dollars, and was to be made down to him out of my property the moment I turned became my husband. I was shocked. I had no friends to go to, and was totally at a loss what to do. He did not allow me to go into society, I made no acquaintances, and instead of allowing me to stay in my mother's house, he kept me traveling about the country."

"At last I proposed to compromise. I told my step-father to take me to America, and when I returned I would marry his friend. He complied, and I got my maid to gossip with one of the servants in the hotel, and by chance she told her your history, as her sister worked for your mother. Just before I started from England an uncle of my mother's left me fifty thousand dollars in my own right, which my step-father could not touch. I had it transferred to New York, and determined to save myself with it. Hearing of you, I adopted the plan of getting you to marry me. When we returned to England, my step-father commanded me to fulfill my promise. I showed him my marriage certificate. He wrote, but he saw his case was lost. I had outwitted him. I did not leave him, but remained to protect my sister Ada from a similar fate. I never expected to meet you. I intended to save you for a divorce as soon as he should die, and I would not endanger my safety."

"But this intention will never be carried into effect," Dr. Pomeroy exclaimed. "You will be mine forever, Ellen!"
"Yours forever!" she answered.
And when they went to see his mother

of these women thought a happier world could be found in the whole world. She had years have passed since then, and she had a home with her sister, who never regrets that she was saved from a fate worse than death by strategy.

The Wonderful Uses of Paper.
The display of paper articles that we see in the Atlanta Exposition is a very particular, and is commonly made out of wood, iron or steel. On the outside of the railing which surrounds the display are two large paper articles, such as the made and each piece durable and cheaper than the ordinary. These are the railings where the display of most every article of kitchen furniture can be seen. There are wash basins, pots, tubs, trunks, and stands. A reporter of the *Courier-Journal* met Mr. Ross at the Exposition last night, and from him obtained some points about the work.

"The fact of the matter is," said Mr. Ross of the Breaker-Morgan Paper Company, "there are very few things that can be made out of paper, and yet people as a general thing have no idea of its general usefulness. Take the article in the display—a paper cage, which is made entirely of paper, and which is used for the purpose of holding a wheel. It is made entirely of paper, rings pressed together under a pressure of six tons, and then fastened with the rings are laid loosely upon each other, they form a cage as high as the shoulders of an ordinary man. When this great pressure is put upon them they do not break, and they are ready for use. In making these wheels are used more than a million sheets of paper, and they are made of the same material as the paper which is used for the purpose of making a diamond foot and makes an indentation into it. At our mill there is a square block of compressed paper fastened on a turning lathe, and it is so hard that if a fine steel chisel is held against it when it is moving instead of cutting the paper it will break the chisel into a hundred pieces. The most remarkable thing about paper is its strength. I will take for illustration, a bank note of the Bank of England. These notes are made by a peculiar process, which is known only to the English mint. The process is such as to make the finest fibers into the paper without destroying any of its strength. You can take a five-pound note of the Bank of England and twist it in your fingers into a kind of rope, and you can then suspend 325 pounds upon one end of it and not injure it in the slightest. Here is another article—a small kitchen or house truck on wheels, used for wheeling things around the house. The sides and bottom of this are very thin, but made of specially compressed paper, and is capable of bearing a weight of five tons. These bath-tubs, wash-basins, and made in the same manner, by compressing the paper into one of these fibers and annealing—that is, printed over with a composition which becomes part of the paper and is fire-proof. The tubs will last forever, and never leak, or you can put them in the fire, and they will not burn up. It is almost impossible to break them, as you can see by the one with a hammer, and not injure them in the least. This kind of President Garfield is made of paper and pressed over a mold and made very solid. In making such articles as these it requires but very little pressure. These plates are made of paper, compressed and annealed, and also very durable, you can wash them and not injure them in the slightest, or you can drop them on the floor, and stand on them. The plates are cheaper and much handsomer than china, and will, I think, come into use. The knives and forks are made in the same manner as the others, by compressing the paper. The fork can be used for any practical purpose, and it is as good as

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DR. J. C. AYER'S
SARSAPARILLA
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