

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## The Alamance Gleaner,

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**Eldridge & Kernodle,**  
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## Poetry.

### The Beautiful Rain.

Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain,  
Falling alike on hill, dale and plain;  
Over the turnip-tops, taters and leeks,  
Over the butcher's carts all full of meats—  
Pouring,  
Whirling,  
Rushing along,  
Beautiful rain! coming down so strong,  
Rubbing the paint off a lady's cheek,  
Making her give an inward shriek—  
Beautiful rain from the heavens above—  
Come out of it, quick, or you'll catch cold, my love!

Oh, the rain, the beautiful rain!  
Dashing against the window-pane,  
Coming down in its drenching fun;  
It soaks the pedestrians every one,  
Wheezing,  
Sneezing,  
Coughing by—  
It moistens the nose and bungs up the eye,  
And even the ducks with a quack and a bound,  
Dasha into puddles from the dusty ground;  
The people are rushing to catch the rain,  
To get out of the damp of the beautiful rain.

How the wild crowd goes swearing along  
Because they left their umbrellas at home;  
How the gay 'Grecian' benders' like meteoric  
flashes by,  
Drenched to the skin; but, between you and I,  
They ain't singing,  
Nor swilling,  
Nor dragging their train  
Over dirty pavements soaked with rain—  
Rally so pure when it falls from the sky  
Right into big water butts by and by;  
And the youngsters are whacked for getting  
wet feet,  
Or playing with boats in the horrible street.

Once I went out in the rain, and I fell—  
Like the rain drops—into a well;  
Fell to be cramped in my stomach, my feet,  
Fell several feet, till I felt dead beat—  
Bleeding,  
Swimming,  
Heaving a sigh,  
(Only I couldn't be heard, by the by.)  
I'd have given my head for a morsel of bread,  
Or a very small sweep in a chimney high;  
For I feared my friends thought me 'very dead';  
Messrs. Moses & Sons I thought of in vain,  
For a waterproof overcoat to keep out the rain.  
Once I went to a fair in the beautiful rain—  
And made love to a girl, in a shady lane,  
And kissed her. I did, and her name was 'Grace,'  
And for it I got a slap in the face.

Mother,  
Sisters, all  
Said I deserved it, as much as my fall!  
And I felt like some wretch that goes shivering  
By,  
Or a very small sweep in a chimney high;  
For all that was on or about me 'twas plain,  
There was nothing—that had not been soaked  
by the rain.

It is not at all strange that this beautiful rain  
Should fall on several sinners, both handsome  
and plain.  
It is not at all strange, when the nights come  
again,  
If it should rain quite as hard on my desperate  
brain.

Fainting,  
Ringing wet,  
Dying—alone,  
Quite too wet for prayer. Two weeks for my  
moon,  
That can't be heard in the splash of the crazy  
town;  
Gone mad in its joy at the rain coming down;  
While I lie in my night-gown made of muslin  
delaine,  
Cosily tucked up in bed—out of the beautiful  
rain.

### THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."  
Years ago, at a grand old cathedral  
overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a  
mysterious organist. The great composer  
who had played the organ so long had  
suddenly died, and every person from  
peasant to the king was wondering who  
could be found to fill his place. One  
bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton en-  
tered the church, he saw a stranger sit-  
ting at the crape-shrouded organ. He  
was a tall graceful man, with a pale but  
strikingly handsome face, great black,  
melancholy eyes, and hair like a raven,  
for gloss color, sweeping in dark waves  
over his shoulders. He did not seem to  
notice the sexton, but went to playing;  
and such music as he drew from the in-  
strument no words can describe. The  
astonished listener declared that the  
organ seemed to have grown human—  
that it wailed and sighed and clamored,  
and when the music at length ceased, the  
sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

'Pray, who are you sir?'  
'Do not ask my name,' he replied. I  
have heard that you are in want of an  
organist, and have come here on trial.'  
'You'll be sure to get the place,' ex-  
claimed the sexton. 'Why, you surpass  
him that's dead and gone.'  
'No no—you over-rate me,' resumed  
the stranger, with a sad smile; and then,  
as if disinclined to conversation, he  
turned from old Hans and began to play  
again. And now he changed from a  
sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and  
the mysterious organist—

Looking upward full of grace,  
Prayed, till from a happy place  
God's glory smote him on the face!

and his countenance seemed not unlike  
that of St. Michael as portrayed by Guido.  
Lost in the harmonies that swelled  
around him, he sat with far seeing gaze  
fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of  
which he caught through the opened  
window—when there was a stir about  
the church and a royal party came sweep-  
ing in. Among them might be seen a young  
girl, with blue eyes, like the violet hue,  
lips like cherries. This was the Princess  
Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her as  
she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned  
pew appropriated to the court. No

sooner had the music reached her ears  
than she started as if a ghost had crossed  
her path. At last her eyes met those of  
the organist, in a long yearning look, and  
the melody lost its joyous notes and  
once more wailed and clamored.  
'By my faith,' whispered the king to  
his daughter, 'this organist has a master  
hand.' Hark ye! he shall play at your  
wedding!

The pale lips of the princess parted  
but she could not speak she was dumb  
with grief. Like one in a painful dream  
she saw the pale man sitting at the organ,  
and heard the melody which filled the  
vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who  
he was, and why the instrument seemed  
breathing out the agony of a tortured  
soul.

When the service was over, and the  
royal party had left the cathedral, he  
stole away as mysteriously as he had  
come. He was not seen by the sexton  
until the vesper hour, and then he ap-  
peared in the organ loft and commenced  
his task. While he played, a veiled figure  
glided in and knelt near the shrine. There  
she knelt until the worshippers dispersed,  
when the sexton touched her on the  
shoulder and said:

'Madam, every one has gone except  
you and me, and I wish to close the door.'  
The sexton drew back to a shady niche  
and listened. The mysterious organist  
still kept his place, but his head was  
bowed upon the instrument, and he  
could not see the lone devotee. At length  
she arose from the aisle, and moving to  
the organ-loft paused before the music-  
ian:

'Bertram!' she murmured.  
Quick, as though the organist raised  
his head. There with the light of a lamp  
suspended, to the arch above falling up-  
on her, stood the princess who had  
graced the royal paw that day. The court-  
dress of velvet with its soft ermine trim-  
mings, the tiara, the lace and the brace-  
lets had been exchanged for a grey, serge  
robe, and a long thick veil, which was  
now pushed from the girlish face.

'Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!' ejaculated  
the organist, as he sank at her feet, and  
gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.  
'Why are you here, Bertram?'  
'You are to be married to-morrow,' he  
replied.

'Yes,' sobbed the girl. 'Oh Bertram,  
what a trial it will be to stand at yonder  
altar and take upon me the vow which  
will doom me to a living death!'  
'Think of me!' rejoined the organist.  
'Your royal father has requested me to  
play at the wedding and I have promised  
to be here. If I were your equal I could  
be the bridegroom instead of the organ-  
ist; but a poor musician must give you  
up.'

'It is like rending body and soul  
asunder to part with you,' said the girl.  
'To-night I tell you this—tell you how  
fondly I love you—but in a few  
hours it will be a sin. Go, go, and God  
bless you!'

She waved him from her, as if she  
would banish him while she had the  
power to do so. And he, how was it  
with him? He rose to leave her, then  
came back. Held her on his heart in one  
long embrace, and with a half-smothered  
sigh, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless  
splendor, and at an early hour the father-  
land was thrown open, and the sexton  
began to prepare for the brilliant wed-  
ding.

Flame colored-flowers waved by the  
wayside; flame-colored leaves came  
rushing down from the trees and lay in  
light heaps upon the ground; and the  
ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and  
the berries dropped in red and yellow  
clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened  
and the royal party appeared, escorting  
the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral,  
where her marriage was to be solemnized.  
It was a brave pageant; far  
brighter than the entwined foliage, and  
blossoms were the trills of pines which  
floated from the stately heads, and the  
feats' robes that streamed down over the  
housings of the superb steeds. But the  
princess, mounted on a snow-white  
palfrey, and clad in snow-white veils,  
looked pale and sad; and when on near-  
ing the church, she heard a gasp of organ  
music, which, though jubilant in sound,  
struck on her ear like a funeral-knell,  
she trembled and would have fallen had  
not a page supported her. A few  
moments afterwards she entered the  
cathedral. There with his retinue, stood  
the bridegroom, whom she had never  
before seen. But her glance roved from  
him to the organ loft, where she expected  
to see the mysterious organist. He  
was gone; and she was obliged to re-  
turn the graceful bow of the king to  
whom she had been betrothed from  
motives of policy. Mechanically she  
knelt at the altar-stone, mechanically lis-

tened to the service, and made the re-  
sponses. Then her husband drew her to  
him in a convulsive embrace and whisper-  
ed:  
'Elizabeth! my queen! my wife! look  
up!'

Trembling in every limb she obeyed.  
Why did those dark eyes thrill her so?  
Why did the smile bring a glow on her  
cheek? Ah! though the king wore the  
purple and many a jeweled order glitter-  
ed on his breast, he seemed the same  
humble person who had been employed  
to teach music, and had taught her the  
lore of love.

'Elizabeth!' murmured the monarch,  
'Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious or-  
ganist, and King Oscar are one! For-  
give my stratagem. I wished to marry  
you, but I would not drag to the altar  
an unwilling bride. Your father was in  
the secret.'

While tears of joy rained from her  
blue eyes, the new-made queen returned  
her husband's fond kisses, and for once  
two hearts were made happy by a royal  
marriage.

### A Fearless Engineer.

AN ACT OF COOL, DELIBERATE, SELF-SACRI-  
FICIOUS HEROISM.

The highest order of human courage is  
that which impels a man, in his cool and  
reflective moments, to confront approach-  
ing danger of death, that it may be  
averted from others. An act of such  
cool, deliberate, self-sacrificing heroism,  
in which Mr. R. F. Irving, a young en-  
gineer on the Ohio & Chesapeake Rail-  
road, was the actor, deserves the record.  
On Wednesday of last week eleven trains  
were blocked at Waynesboro awaiting  
the arrival and passage of extras which  
were behind time.

These having finally come up and  
passed on their way westward, the east-  
ward-bound freights were at liberty to  
resume their way. The first of the eleven  
started up the heavy grade toward the  
tunnel, but, owing to the sleety condition  
of the track, could make no headway.  
Mr. Irving, the engineer of the train next  
behind, uncoupled his engine and came  
to the assistance of the other. Their  
united forces got the heavily-laden train  
under way, and Mr. Irving, after helping  
it over the heaviest grade, uncoupled his  
engine and backed down the grade to his  
own train. He was scarcely in position  
again when the familiar rattling sound  
of an approaching train struck his ears.  
He looked up and for a moment stood  
horror-stricken, as he saw a section of  
the train he had helped up the grade  
coming back slowly now, but gathering  
speed as it moved. He realized the situ-  
ation in an instant. Thirteen heavily  
laden cars had by some accident become  
uncoupled from the rest of the train, and  
were now returning down a seventy-five  
foot grade threatening a collision with  
the standing train, that must entail an  
immense destruction of property, besides  
the mangling of human victims.

The young engineer did not hesitate a  
moment. He saw that there was but  
one thing to do, and he did it, though he  
knew that his own life must in likelihood  
be the sacrifice. The approaching section  
had already gathered considerable head-  
way, when he put his engine in motion  
to meet it and break the force of the  
collision. Whatever might be his own  
fate the lives and property behind him  
would be saved. It was a terrible spec-  
tacle—the heavy cars with their thou-  
sands of tons burden thundering down  
the grade and threatening to immolate  
whatever opposed their path—the single  
engine, under a full head of steam, fairly  
leaping up the grade as if anxious for  
the dreadful encounter. The young en-  
gineer was seen by several as he passed  
flying into the jaws of death. He stood  
with his hands upon the lever, pale but  
resolute, slightly stooped as he watched  
the descending mass that at the next  
moment was to overwhelm him and his  
engine and consign him to a frightful  
death.

The shock came. The intrepid engineer  
had somewhat lightened it by reversing  
his lever at the last moment. The crash  
was awful. The foremost car fairly  
mounted the opposing engine, dashing  
itself to pieces. A scene of wreck and  
ruin ensued. We have no particulars of  
the extent of the damage or the loss to  
the company. Nor are we much con-  
cerned about that. What does concern  
us is the fact that the brave engineer lay  
in the midst of the wreck, bruised and  
stunned, but beyond that un hurt.  
Behind him stood the long train of cars  
which he had saved from wreck, and  
around his prostrate form stood those  
whose lives he had saved by an act which  
has few parallels for boldness, prompti-  
tude and deliberate self-sacrifice.—Rich-  
mond (Va.) Whig.

### Pat's Pledge.

'Tim, this won't do; you must take  
warning from the fate of your friend,  
O'Shaughnessy. Only three nights ago  
he came home much soberer than you  
are, but in attempting to blow out a  
candle his breath took fire and he ex-  
ploded—blew up—so his friends in three  
days have not been able to scrape enough  
of him together to hold a wake over.'

'An' do you mean to tell me that he  
bust up?' said Tim.  
'Indeed I do, upon my honor.'  
Tim said he would take the pledge at  
once, and he did so in the following  
form: 'I swear never to blow out a  
candle while I am drunk again.'

### A Nocturnal Ramble and What Came of It.

Some genius—we suspect him to belong  
to the jovial order of humanity—has said:  
'The day to dream and dream, the night  
to learn and ramble.' We do not pro-  
pose to dispute this worthy's view of the  
matter, but present herewith the experi-  
ence of a Philadelphia journalist, Mr.  
William H. Cunningham, 1712 North  
Twentieth street, one of whose nocturnal  
rambles he thus refers to, beginning his  
narration rather peculiarly, however: 'I  
ain not a rheumatic, and have been  
troubled very little with bodily pains.  
Last Tuesday morning I experienced a  
very annoying stiffness of the neck, which  
grew worse as the day wore on. Toward  
evening it became very severe, and I  
could scarcely turn my head in any di-  
rection. Arriving home at tea time, it  
was with difficulty that I could eat my  
meal. My wife wanted to rub my neck  
with St. Jacobs Oil, but I refused, saying  
I thought the affliction would soon pass  
away. Tea over, against the remon-  
strances of my family, I left home to  
ramble toward the new Chestnut-Street  
Opera House, about two and a-half miles  
from my residence. I started in the  
midst of a heavy snow storm, and re-  
mained at the theatre until the close of  
the performance, although I could feel  
my neck getting worse and becoming  
very painful. Leaving the play the trouble  
came to reach home. The storm contin-  
ued; the car in which I was became block-  
ed in nearly every square, a cold current  
of air swept through the car, and I did  
not reach my home until toward 2 A. M.,  
by which time my neck had become  
absolutely rigid. Then I consented to the  
use of St. Jacobs Oil, which my wife ap-  
plied two or three times before I arose.  
I continued its use that day and by  
evening I was free from pain, and the  
next morning I amused myself by twist-  
ing my neck in any direction that suited  
me, and not a vestige of stiffness remain-  
ed.'—Boston Herald.

Teach Your Boys.  
Teach your boys that a true lady may  
be found in a calico quite as frequent as  
in velvet.  
Teach them that a common-school edu-  
cation with sense is far better than a  
college education without it.  
Teach them that one good, honest  
trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen  
beggarly professions.  
Teach them that honesty is the best  
policy; that it is better to be poor than  
to be rich on the profits of crooked  
whiskey, etc., and point your precept  
by the example of those who are suffer-  
ing the torments of the doomed.  
Teach them to respect their elders and  
themselves.  
Teach them that as they expect to be  
men some day, they cannot too soon learn  
to protect the weak and harmless.  
Teach them that to wear patched  
clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a  
black eye is.  
Teach them that God is no respecter  
of sex, and when he gave the seventh  
commandment he meant it for them as  
well as their sisters.  
Teach them that by indulging their  
depraved appetites in the worst forms of  
dissipation, they are not fitting them-  
selves to become the husbands of pure  
girls.  
Teach them that it is better to be an  
honest man seven days in the week than  
to be a religious (?) man one day and a  
villain six days.—Baltimorean.

Jay Gould.  
Jay Gould is forty-five years old and  
has saved a million for every year he  
has been here. He was reckoned a poor  
man in 1869 but he has been laying by  
the 'filthy lucre' at a pretty lively rate  
since that date. He has forty-five mil-  
lions salted down for a wet spell of  
weather, and yet he is not happy. He  
lives awake nights, probably, planning  
how to get more. He is a week little man  
with only one good lung. There is not  
much more than a hundred pounds of  
him, all told, but when he grabs for a  
corporation and takes it by the back of  
the breeches he weighs a ton. He is a dic-  
tator, almost absolutely, his friends say,  
of railroads worth \$80,000,000. Let us  
just pause and think of that brethren,  
we who couldn't buy a cross-tie if railroads  
were selling at two dollars per mile.  
But it don't do us much good to think  
about it. Yes, Jay is pretty well pro-  
vided for, and he's a powerful customer  
among corporations. He can take up a  
pen and draw a check for a million and  
not miss it, or at least not very long for  
he can go out and make another million  
before dinner. He's a small piece of  
humanity, but he speaks for forty-five  
million dollars. He is a financial earth-  
quake when he gets ready. But one of  
these days Old Man Death will come  
along, and with a cross-eyed sort of a  
wink, will say 'Jay, I want you. You've  
had a pretty good time, generally speak-  
ing, and you've provided pretty boun-  
tifully for the heirs, and I guess we'll close  
the proceedings now.—Come along!'  
Then Jay will find that his whole forty-  
five millions will not buy a new lease,  
even for ten minutes. Death will nab  
him up quicker than he ever nabbed up  
a corporation, and the heirs will proceed  
to quarrel over and divide the assets.

In a Cincinnati daily we notice that  
Mr. Tim Gleeson, ex-member of the  
Council from the Fourth Ward of that  
city, says he suffered terribly with rheu-  
matism all last winter and spring. He  
tried all kinds of liniments and medicines  
without any benefit until he used St.  
Jacobs Oil, the first application of which  
insured a full night's repose, and its  
subsequent use entirely cured him. It is  
a great remedy.—Akron (Ohio) Beacon.

## ST. JACOBS OIL



## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

## FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Sprains of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a  
soothing, curing, and strengthening remedy. A  
trial entitles but the comparatively trifling outlay  
of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain  
can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.  
Directions in Eleven Languages.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN  
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## THE GLEANER

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Main Street, 3 doors above Johnston & Cheek's  
Bank, Danville, Va.  
Mr. Dailey will be pleased to have his North  
Carolina friends call on him.  
Jan 17-17

## Watches, CLOCKS

## JEWELRY.

I HAVE just received a large assortment of  
Clocks of various kinds, which I will sell  
cheap. I also keep on hand a fine assortment  
of Watches and Jewelry.  
Repairing done with dispatch.  
C. F. NEESE,  
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