

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 8.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1882.

NO. 22

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

J. D. KERNODLE, Prop. & Cor.

TERMS:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

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To meet the demand for Improved

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NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,

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Give Us A Trial.

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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 despatch.

C. F. NEESE,
Company Shops.

Sept. 12, 28—

Poetry.

No Time Like the Old Time.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed
And the birds of spring-time sang.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are raised,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids
On the splendor of the morn.
From the milk white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arm that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
That will look for us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love,
That we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us,
With colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear, old spot!
There're no friends like our old friends—
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

Marian Rose.

'Kate Raymond, I am really shocked
at your absurd affection for that woman.
You must confess it is but a sorry
compliment to my judgment.'

'Pardon me, Aunt Mortimer, if I say
that your judgment is really too severe
in such matters. It is particularly so
in this case. I have seen much of Mrs.
Rose, and am compelled to admit that
she is the most perfect lady of my ac-
quaintance, not even excepting your
own irreproachable niece.'

'Tut, tut!' exclaimed the old lady
testily, though casting a sly look of ad-
miration across the breakfast table at
the niece in question, whose honest inde-
pendence of character sometimes gave her
loving aunt's strictly conventional prej-
udices a terrible shock.

The subject under discussion this
morning, as it had been on many another
one, changed to be a young widow
who had come to reside in the town
a few months previously, and who
was known to have been
divorced from her husband. Therefore
she had incurred the unreasoning hos-
tility of Mrs. Mortimer, and certain
others whom she influenced, before that
good lady had even set eyes upon the
slight, elegant figure, the golden hair
and dark, wistful orbs of Mrs. Rose.

Her niece, Kate Randall, on the con-
trary, had early formed a very just esti-
mate of the young widow's character,
and this first good opinion had deep-
ened more and more until the two were
upon the terms of the warmest friend-
ship, much to the annoyance of Aunt
Mortimer.

Possibly, however, her extreme fas-
tidiousness would not have stood guard
so rigorously had Kate not possessed an
only brother, a handsome and attrac-
tive fellow, who was the idol of Aunt
Mortimer's heart. To see him sharing
his sister's admiration for Mrs. Rose,
with many indications that his feelings
toward her were not going to stop there
had for weeks past filled her with inex-
pressible uneasiness.

She had so long indulged the hope
that Philip, who had been more like a
favorite son than a nephew to her,
would distinguish himself and his fam-
ily by a grand marriage, that Mrs. Rose,
with her modest income which barely
permitted her to live genteelly, would
be objectionable even without the un-
fortunate taint of divorce.

'I am sure, auntie,' continued Kate,
earnestly, 'there is no woman in the
world that I would rather have for a
sister than Marian Rose. But there
seems little chance of my wish being
realized, since Phil has already pro-
posed.'

'Proposed!' shrieked Aunt Mortimer
with such a look of helpless horror that
Kate laughed outright.

'Yes, auntie, proposed,' she repeated
with mischievous emphasis, 'and—been
rejected.'

'Impossible!' ejaculated Philip's aunt
indignantly.

'Are you so sorry that she refused
him, auntie?' asked Kate, innocently.
'So am I.'

'Sorry! You vixen, you know I am
not! I am only sorry that he gave her
a chance to do so. But I can't be-
lieve it. You must be mistaken. I
don't believe there is a woman in our
set who would refuse Philip Randall's
wealth and position, to say nothing of
his personal attractions.'

'Thanks, dear aunt,' said Kate, flash-
ing with pleasure. 'I am quite as proud
of our Phil as you are, but in this case
his superior attractions have proved of
no avail. Mrs. Rose has positively re-
fused him, and only because she realizes
how bitterly you are prejudiced against
her.'

'Sensible woman!' exclaimed Aunt
Mortimer, nodding her head with great
satisfaction, as she sipped her chocolate.
'I never give her credit for such wise
penetration.'

'The fact has been clear enough, I am
sure,' returned her niece, somewhat bit-
terly. 'And you would find that she
possesses many noble qualities, if you
were not wilfully blind to them, aunt.
Marian Rose is not to be judged by the
standard of ordinary society women.'

But Aunt Mortimer's satisfaction at
the widow's decision had its drop of bit-
terness in the fact that it had sent Philip
away upon a prolonged European
tour. He had confided everything to
Kate, and left her with the hopeless
task upon her hands of bringing Aunt
Mortimer to their own appreciation of
the lovely young widow's charms.

Time passed on, and still Philip did
not return. She who could have sum-
moned him to her side in a single moment
by a single word remained inflexible,
and Aunt Mortimer was alternately
lost in wonder—though she kept it to
herself—at the delicate pride which for-
bade her doing so, and filled with indig-
nation toward her for being the cause
of Philip's exile from home.

It was hard to understand, as Kate
said, how anyone could be much in the
society of Mrs. Rose and not learn to
love her. So lovely, so ever ready with
a kindly word or charitable deed that it
must needs require a stubborn will to
resist her sweet influence.

'But Mrs. Mortimer's worldly heart
had long been a stranger to the power
of tender sentiment. She looked at
everything from a terribly practical
standpoint, and society's way of pro-
nouncing judgment upon her own sex
was her way. She saw quite as clearly
as Kate did that Marian Rose was beau-
tiful in person, cultivated in intellect,
refined and lady like in manner; but
in her those very charms seemed to her
but the wiles of an adventurer, schem-
ing to ensnare a rich husband—her
Philip, for instance—and at last her
suspicious mind began to look upon
Marian's delicate regard for her own
scruples in the matter as but another
artful stratagem to lure him on.

'I can scarcely wonder at your aunt's
aversion to such a marriage for Philip,
said Mrs. Rose to Kate one day when
the latter was vainly trying to recall her
absent lover. 'There was some scanda-
lous attached to my divorce, though heav-
en knows how blameless my own life has
been. She is but following the fashion
of the world.'

'It's an abominable fashion,' said
Kate, gloomily.

'Of course it is,' replied the young
widow, smiling, but you and I cannot
change it, Kate. There is but one per-
son in the world, perhaps, she added
thoughtfully, 'who could thoroughly
convince your aunt of the injustice to me.
But to expect that he would ever do so
would be asking too much of human
nature.'

'But why not demand it of him,' Mar-
ian? asked Kate eagerly, for she knew
that Mrs. Rose, was referring to her
former husband. 'If I knew where he
was I would appear to him myself.'

Mrs. Rose regarded the noble, earnest
countenance of her friend in silence for
a moment, with a peculiar smile hover-
ing about her own sweet, sad lips. Kate

remembered that look afterward, and it
set her thinking.

'We are drifting into impossibilities,
Kate. I should never dream of doing
such a thing, under any circumstances,
and I fear that Philip has no alternative
but to forget this unfortunate love.'

'Which he will never do,' said Kate,
decidedly. 'I know my brother too well,
Marian, to believe that possible.'

Aunt Mortimer was growing discon-
solate at the long absence of her idolized
nephew, while Kate finally vowed that
if he did not come home she should be
forced to do something desperate.

'Why don't you get married then,'
queried her aunt, crossly. 'I'm sure
you're old enough. Twenty-three years
next birthday, remember.'

'Oh, I'm not likely to forget it,' an-
swered Kate, lightly; 'but that don't
trouble me half so much as does the in-
eligibility of all my suitors. I've plenty
of them heaven knows. But you don't
suppose I would marry one among them
all, do you, Auntie?'

'No, I don't,' snapped Mrs. Mortimer.
'I suppose you are going to die an old
maid.'

'Kate broke into a ringing laugh.
'Let us hope not, Auntie; though it
does look possible, just now. But, you
see, there is only one of all my admirers
—Colonel Milford—who possesses any
attractions for me at all. And, of course,'
regretfully, 'I could not think of accept-
ing him.'

'Why couldn't you?'
'For the same reason that Phil cannot
marry Mrs. Rose. You would never
allow me to become the wife of a man
whose name has been dragged through
the mire of a Divorce Court.'

'Fiddlesticks!' cried her aunt, biting
her lips, as she recognized a phrase
which she was very fond of using in
connection with Mrs. Rose. 'I should
think you had been in society long
enough, Kate Randall, to know how
the world judges between men and wo-
men. Colonel Milford is the finest
'catch' of the season, and I shall feel
proud of you, if you are sensible enough
to secure him.'

'Thanks, dear auntie; but don't waste
your breath in pleading Colonel Mil-
ford's cause. I have not the slightest in-
tention of securing him. So far from
believing him entitled to more consid-
eration than Mrs. Rose is from society,
I am thoroughly convinced that he is an
unprincipled man, whose wife, doubt-
less, had excellent reasons for leaving
him.'

'Kate Randall, you shock me!' Mrs.
Mortimer's invariable refuge whenever
her niece led where she did not wish to
follow.

But one lovely autumn afternoon that
worthy lady's household was thrown
into a state of violent commotion by an
event which stilled the pretty ripples of
her ambitious vanity, and called out, for
a time at least, all that was best in her
too superficial nature.

Colonel Milford and Kate were re-
turning from a horseback ride when,
just as they neared the gate, the Col-
onel's horse sided and threw him with
fearful force against one of the iron
posts. Biggled and insensible he was
tenderly carried into the hospitable
mansion which he was never to leave
again until he joined the 'innumerable
thrang' of travelers to the 'silent city of
the dead.'

'Marian! Marian! Marian!'
'This was the continual cry of the
stricken man as he lay wildly tossing in
delirium.
'He has forgotten your very exist-
ence, Kate,' said Mrs. Mortimer, won-
deringly, as she listened to his ravings.
'Yes,' replied Kate, quietly; 'he is
thinking of his wife,' and, as though un-
derstanding instinctively, she dispatched
a hasty note to Mrs. Rose.

Aunt Mortimer was too busy caring
for the comfort of the wounded guest
to find time just then to be shocked at
her niece's action. But her worthy eyes
filled up with real womanly tears as she
saw Marian Rose bend gently over his
couch and soothe his sufferings with the
touch of a pitying angel.

Colonel Milford died, but not before
Mrs. Mortimer had heard from his own
lips the story of two lives—his own and
Marian's—which made her vow within
herself never again to set up her world-
ly judgment between man and woman,

and, suspecting the truth, had, that
fatal afternoon, told him the story of
Philip's love, and made the appeal to
him which Marian was too proud to
make for herself. Whether, had his
life been spared, he would have been
generous enough to yield to it, and per-
mit his former wife to enjoy that hap-
piness which she deserved, she could not
tell.

But now, with the touching eloquence
of a dying man, he told how Marian's
pure, brave life had been wrecked by
his base conduct, and how she clung to
him with wifely fidelity until his un-
principled course had made marriage
but a mockery. Then, only, she re-
nounced him, refusing, to claim any
portion of the wealth which might so
easily have been hers. He had follow-
ed her to her new home with the base
intention of persecuting her still fur-
ther, but had been partially diverted
from his purpose by the brilliant pros-
pect which he thought he had of win-
ning an heiress, in the person of Kate
Randall.

'Marian is as worthy of your con-
fidence as I was unworthy of it,' he said,
with pleading earnestness. 'If I had not
cruelly driven her from me she would
have been the good angel of my life.'

When all was over, Mrs. Mortimer
took the pale, sweet young widow—now
doubtfully such—warmly to her heart, and
was the very first to send to Philip the
summons which his heart was thirsting
for.

A year later Marian Milford's sorrows
were all forgotten in such a perfect love
as falls to the lot of but few on earth's
happiest women.

Mrs. Mortimer is never weary of de-
claring that her 'niece Marian' is the
crowning blessing of Philip Randall's
life; and no one who has the entire of
their happy household ever doubts it.
But one of her sayings is destined to
prove an ignominious failure; for not-
withstanding the predictions of her fond
aunt, Kate is not going to die an old
maid.

Language Cannot Describe It
Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for
Walker & Maxey, who are lumber deal-
ers, recently said to our representative:
'About one year ago I was taken with
the genuine sciatica. I employed the
best physicians, but they could only
relieve me for the moment. Finally I used
St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete
cure.'—*Kennedee Reporter, Gardiner, Me.*

It was a French woman who exclaim-
ed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh
water: 'Ah, if it were only wicked to
drink this, how nice it would taste!'

How it was done.—'How do you
manage,' said a lady to her friend, 'to
appear so happy and good natured all
the time?' 'I always have Parker's Glin-
ger Tonic handy,' was the reply, 'and
thus easily keep myself and family in
good health. When I am well I always
feel good natured.'

Solomon was the first man who pro-
posed to part the hair of a lion.

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business man-
ager of the Houston (Texas) Post has
used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest
benefit for rheumatism, says the Galves-
ton (Texas) News.

Among the glad voices of summer the
Baltimore American hears with delight
the clamor of a whoop.

In countries where malaria is preva-
lent, or where the climate is subject to
sudden changes—should be found in every
house Brown's Iron Bitters,

'AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—Deserving articles
are always appreciated. The exception-
al cleanliness of Parker's Hair Balm
makes it popular. Gray hairs are im-
provable with its occasional use.

He said her hair was dyed, and when
she indignantly exclaimed, 'Tis false!
he said he presumed so.

"BUCURPAINA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney
Bladder, and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists

A Chicago scientist believes a man
ought to go on all fours. If he is working
his way out of a mclon patch, perhaps
he had,

"SKINNY MEN."
'Well's Health Renewer' restores health and
vigor cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual De-
bility. \$1.

A scientific man says get at noises will
make milk sour. They will also make
the average citizen pretty sour, espe-
cially if they come at night when he wants
to sleep.

"ROUGH ON RATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-
bugs, gnats, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Drug-
gists.

Failing!

That is what a great
many people are doing.
They don't know just what
is the matter, but they have
a combination of pains and
aches, and each month they
grow worse.

The only sure remedy
yet found is BROWN'S IRON
BITTERS, and this by rapid
and thorough assimilation
with the blood purifies and
enriches it, and rich, strong
blood flowing to every part
of the system repairs the
wasted tissues, drives out
disease and gives health and
strength.

This is why BROWN'S
IRON BITTERS will cure
kidney and liver diseases,
consumption, rheumatism,
neuralgia, dyspepsia, mala-
ria, intermittent fevers, &c.

303 S. Paca St., Baltimore,
Md.
I was a great sufferer from
Dyspepsia, and for several
weeks could eat nothing and
was growing weaker every
day. I tried Brown's Iron
Bitters, and am happy to say
I now have a good appetite,
and am getting stronger.
JOS. McCAWLEY.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
is not a drink and does not
contain whiskey. It is the
only preparation of Iron
that causes no injurious ef-
fects. Get the genuine.
Don't be imposed on with
imitations.



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CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

It is the concurrent testimony of the press
and the medical profession, that Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters is a medicine which achieves
results speedily felt, thorough and benign.
Beside rectifying liver disorder, it invigor-
ates the feeble, conquers kidney and bladder
complaints, and hastens the convalescence
of those recovering from enfeebling dis-
eases. Moreover it is the grand specific
for fever and ague.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers
generally.

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Wholesale Druggists,
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KEROSENE OIL,
OILS FOR FACTORIES,
Peerless Safety Oils,
Spindle Oils A Specialty.

Cylinder and Engine
OILS.

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Using only the best of materials, we make the
best of work, and warrant every job. We have
the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our
Wagons have the best reputation of any in the
Middle West. Every Wagon bears the name
NISSEN, Salem, N. C. Write for prices.
Refer to all who are using our Wagons.