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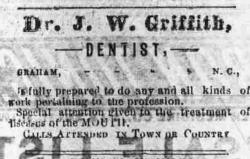
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poetry.

No Time Like the old I ime. 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 sp.ing-time sung. The garden's brightest gleries

By summer suns are n arsed, But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place Where you and I were b rn. Where we lifted first our cyclida On the splandor of the morn. From the milk white breat 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 suuflower. With gaudy crown of gold: But frienship 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 and s, There are blossoms all around us, With colors of our dawn, And we live in borrowed suashine When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old t imes-They shall never be forgat! There is no place like the old place-Keep green the dea, 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 raally shocked at your absurd affection for that woman. You must contess it is but a sorry comphment to my judgment'

"Pardon me, Anet 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

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

'I es auntie, proposod,' sh : reported plemembered that look afterward, and it with mischievous emphasis, 'and-been set her thinking. rejected."

"Inpossible!' ej culated Philip's aunt incredulously.

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

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

'Thanks, dear auut,' said Kate, flush ing with pleasure. 'I am quite as proud of our Phil as you are, but in this case his sup rior attractions have proved of no avail. Mrs. Rose has positively refused 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,' r turned her niece, some what bitterly, '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 ordinarry 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 Europ an 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 yourg widow's charms.

Time passed ou, and still Philip did not return. She who could have summoned, him to her side in a single moment by a single word remained inflexible,

"We are drifting into impossibilities, Kate. I should never dream of doing uch 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 disconsolate at the long absence of her idolized forced to do something desperate.

"Why don't you get n arried then, queried her auut, crossly. 'I'm sure you're old enough. Twenty-three years next birthday, remember.' 'Oh, I'm not likely to forget it,' an-

trouble me halt so much as does the ineligiti ity of all my suitors. I've plenty suppose I would marry one among them | Bandall.

al', 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 sea, there is only one of all my admirers -Colonel Milford-who possesses any attractions for meat all. And, of course,' for. regretfully, 'I could not think of accepts ing him.'

"Why couldn't you?"

'For the same reason that Phil cannot maray 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, bling her lips, as she recognized a phrase which she was very foud 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-

maie, susperting the truth, had, that fatsl 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 permit his former wife to enjoy that happis ness 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 nephew, while Kate finally vowed that his base conduct, and how she clung to if he did not come home she should be him with wilely fidelity until his unprincipled course had made marriage but a mockery. Then, only, she renounced him, refusing, to claim any portion of the wealth which might so easily have been hers. He had follows ed her to her new home with the base intention of persecuting her still farswered Kate, lightly; 'but that don't ther, but had been partially diverted from his purpose by the brilliant prosnect which he thought he had of winof them heaven knows. But you don't uing an heiress, in the person of Kate

'Marian is as worthy of your confidence 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 does look possible, just now. But, you | doubly such-warmly to her heart, and was the very first to send to Philip the summons which his heart was thirsting

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

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

Language Cannot Describe It



NO. 22

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, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

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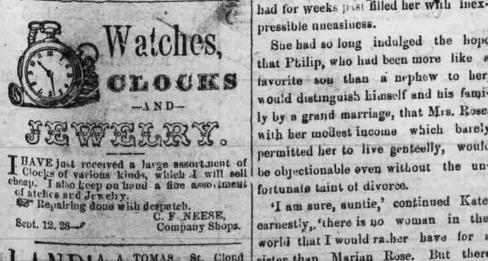
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June 29-18 3m.

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she is the most perfect lady of my ac quaintance, not even excepting your own irreproachable niece."

"Tut, tut l' exclaimed the old lady tesnily, though casting a sly look of admiration across the breakfast table at the hiece in question, whose honest indepen dence of character sometimes gave her loving aunt's strictly conventional prejudices a terrible shock.

The subject under discusion this morning, as it had been on many anothe er one, chanced 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 hostility of Mis. Mortimer, and certain others whom she influenced, before that good lady had even set eyes upon th slight, elegant figure, the golden hai and dark, wistful orbs of Mrs. Rose. Her nicce, Kate Randall, on the comtrary, had early formed a very just esti mate of the young widow's character, and this first good opinion had deepen ed more and more nutil the two were upon the terms of the warmest friendship, much to the annoyance of Aunt Mortimer.

Possibly, however, her extreme fastidiousness would not have stood guard so rigorously had Kate not possessed an only brother, a handsome and attractive fellow, who was the idol of Aunt Mortimer's heart. To see him sharing his sisters 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 nucasiness. She had so long indulged the hope that Philip, who had been more like a favorite sou than a nephew to her, would distinguish himself and his family by a grand marriage, that Mrs. Rose, with her modest income which barely permitted her to live genteelly, would

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

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

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 indignation 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 soci-ty 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 stabborn will to resist her sweet influence.

bim.' "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 pronouncing judg ment upon her own sex was her way. She saw quite as clearly as Kate did that Marian Rose was beautiful in person, oultivated in intellect. refined and lady like in manner; but in her those very charms seemed to her but the wilei of an adventuress, scheming to ensnare a rich husband-her Philip, for instance-and at last her suspicious mind begin to look upon Mariau's delicate regard for her own scruples in the matter as but another

artful strategem to lure him on. I can scarcely wonder at your aunt's

ave raion to such a marriage for Philip, said Mrs. Rose to Kate one day when the latter was valuly trying to recall her absent lover. There was some scandal attached to my d vorce, il ou th heave en knows how blameles my own life has been. She is but following the fashi n of the world.'

> 'It's an abominable fashion,' said Kate, gloo mily.

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

'But why not demand it of him,' Mas rian?" 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 hovering about her own sweet, sad lips. Kate | ly judgment between man and woman, gists,

men. Colonel Milford is the finest 'catch' of the season, and I thall feel proud of you, it you are sensible enough to secure him.'

'Thanks, dear auntie; but don't waste our breath in pleading Colonel Milford's cause. I have not the slightest in-

tention of securing him. So far from believing him entitled to more consideration than Mrs. Rose is from society. I am thoroughly cenvinced that he is an auprincipled man, whose wife, doubtless, had excellent reasons for loaving

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

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 reurning from a horseback ride when, just as they neared the gate, the Colonel's horse shied and threw him with fearful force against one of the iron posts. Bloeding and insensible he was tenderly carried into the hospitable mansion which he was nover to leave again until he joined the 'innumerable throng' 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 existeace, Kate,' said Mrs. Mortiner, wonderingly, as she listened to his ravings. 'Yes,' replied Kate, quietly; the is thinking of his wife,' and, as though understanding instinctively, she dispatched a hasty note to Mrs. Rose.

Aunt Mortimer was too busy caring for the comfort of the wounded guest he had, 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 Lis couch and soothe his sufferings with the touch of a pity ing angel.

6

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

Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for Walker & Moxey, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: 'About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. 1 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,'-Kennebec Reporter, Gaidiner,

It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: 'Ah, if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would tastel.

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 Ginger Touic handy,' was the reply, "and lius easily keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always teel good natured."

Solomon was the first man who, proposed to part the hein hs a 11.a.

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Among the glad voices of summer the Baltimore American hears with delight the clam's whoop.

In countries where malaria is prevalent, or where the climate is subject to sudden changes-should be found in eve ery house Brown's Iron Bitters.

AN IMPOMIBILITY .- Deserving articles are ulways appreciated. The exceptional cleantiness of Parker's Hair Baisain makes it popular. Gray hairs are im-10 s.ble with its occasional use

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

"BUCHUPAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Bladder, and Urinery Diseases. 81. Druggist

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

SELINNY MEN.

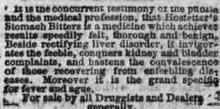
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A sejentific man says gr at poises will make milk sour. They will also make the average chizen protty sour, especially if they come at night when he wants to sleep,

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