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The Alamance Gleaner.

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J. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

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Three Months50
Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices by *No Departure from the Cash System.*

POSTAGE PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.
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3 "	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50
4 "	3.25	4.50	5.75	7.00	8.25	9.50	10.75	12.00	13.25	14.50
5 "	4.00	5.50	7.00	8.50	10.00	11.50	13.00	14.50	16.00	17.50
6 "	4.75	6.50	8.25	10.00	11.75	13.50	15.25	17.00	18.75	20.50
7 "	5.50	7.50	9.50	11.50	13.50	15.50	17.50	19.50	21.50	23.50
8 "	6.25	8.50	10.75	13.00	15.25	17.50	19.75	22.00	24.25	26.50
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10 "	7.75	10.50	13.25	15.75	18.25	20.75	23.25	25.75	28.25	30.75

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion.
No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Graham, N. C.

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Special attention paid to collecting.

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Poetry.

For the GLEANER.

XIX Century Girl.

Girls of the past were content to be,
Just as God had made them;
But the girl of the XIX Century,
Thinks she can surpass them.

She 'fixes up,' comes down the street,
And smiles on the 'Lovers' all;
And oh, that smile! It is so sweet,
'Till be pleased to have you call.

And when you call what do you see,
But bangs and flounces and frills?
Do you see a girl as they used to be,
A girl as true as the hills?

No, she's false as the bangs she wears,
As the rose-tint upon her cheek;
And, then, too, sometimes she swears!
Oh, woman, be not so weak!

She toils not, neither does she spin,
But 'fair as a lily' she looks;
Stop girl, and think of a Heaven to win,
Fling down your 'Seaside' books.

Take off your bangs, throw them away,
Help mamma to sew and cook;
She'll wear a brighter smile each day,
And ten years younger look.

From the 'little bee' you can learn,
As the 'Lovers,' a thing or two;
And in this way, you can 'earn,
What the girls did long ago.

I, too, had a dream the other night,
'A dream not of earth was I given;
An angel whispered, O, beautiful sight!
There are no bangs in Heaven.

ANTI-BANGS

THE MAJOR'S GHOST.

It was the twelfth annual dinner of the club, and the Colonel, the Major, the Captain and myself were seated around a table loaded with wine and fruit. We were the remainder of the club, which originally contained all the officers of our regiment who had survived the war. At first there were fifteen of us, but the hardships and wounds of these four bitter years had taken the others away. Every year there was one plate less, and we began to look on our final dissolution. But we four who had met the previous year gladly drained a glass to the discomfort of the broken spell.

It had not been our fate to have fame of victory without toil, for ours had been a fighting regiment. Dangers shared together had strengthened the bond of friendship, and these yearly meetings were rich in stories of old times, stories of daring, or of the kindness of some who had gone to eternal rest. None of us were old men. The Colonel was just 40, the Major 35 and the Captain was 33 and I six years his junior. We were all married except the Major, and it was a wonder to us that he was not married, for the Major was just the man who could have made a good and true woman's life bright and joyous.

Handsome, brave, generous, a delightful talker, an author of no common merit, and possessed of a fortune ample enough to make the world's comforts and luxuries accessible, the Major was much sought in society and was ever ready to respond to the call. But while attentive to all women with whom in contact, he was noted for the impartiality with which he bestowed these attentions. We knew that he could easily carry off a desirable prize, but he never made the attempt.

As our knowledge of his character had shown us his chivalrous devotion to woman, and as we knew that during our acquaintance he had never had preference for any special one, we were puzzled to know why this was. We had made him the point of subtle attacks regarding the matter, but the Major was a good strategist, and he turned the flank of every forward movement we essayed in this direction, diverting our talk into other channels, until at last we had dropped the matter as one that might touch on a sorrow of which we knew nothing. The talk had been lively all through the evening, centering about reminiscences of jovial times during a raid we had made, which had been prolific of amusing adventure.

The Major had shown at his best, and we had listened to his humorous narrative with keen delight. So the dinner had passed and the dessert was before us, the servants had been dismissed and cigars were lit. Then one of those unaccountable silences that come to such assemblages fell upon us, and we puzzled

away at our cigars and said nothing, until the stillness grew strangely weird and powerful.

Suddenly the Major stopped smoking, and looked at each of us in turn, said, 'You have often wondered why I am not married, and now I will tell you.

'It is a long story, but it may be of interest to you, and as we are all that are left I have thought that the secret should be shared between us.

'When the war came I had but just graduated from the college and as you know enlisted as a private. It was no easy matter for me to do this, but I felt it to be my duty. I was young, strong, and able to fight. I had means to make the life of a soldier as comfortable as it could be made, and while my mind longed for literary and peaceful scenes, I still felt that I owed my country a duty. It was a short time after I enlisted before we were ordered to the South. The regiment, as you know had hard work and plenty of it, but my part was as well rewarded as I could wish, for I was soon advanced to the command of my company.

'You remember the time when we went South of the Rappahannock, and were quartered in this queer little village, where even though we were foes we were treated so kindly! You must also remember the large house back of the village, the one that crowned the hill on whose sides were so many orchards? Well, I had been but a day in the village when I found out that it was the native place of Harry Wayne, my college chum, and also, that house on the hill was his home.

'For a few days I refrained from calling, thinking that my uniform might be distasteful to Harry's mother and sisters, for he had gone with his State and was an officer in Lee's army. At last my desire to know something of my old friend grew too strong to be kept down by such scruples, and one afternoon I walked to the house, and, passing up the broad carriage way running from the road to the door, went slowly up the steps leading to the pleasant and shady veranda, and just as I was about sounding the massive old fashioned knocker the door was thrown open and a young and beautiful woman stood before me. The laugh that had been a moment before ripping from her lips ceased and she started back with a slight gesture of alarm, but my doffed cap and peaceful attitude reassured her and she stood waiting.

'Is Mrs. Wayne in?' I asked.

'My mother is at home; who shall I say desires to see her?'

'Charles Talbot, a classmate of her son, and at present with the regiment quartered in the village.'

'What! are you the Charley Talbot who was Harry's chum at college?'

'I am.'

'Then come, for we all seem to know you, and though on opposite sides, are friends,' and she held out her hand. I took it, and its warm clasp thrilled me strangely, as did the clear glance of the bright eyes that were upturned to mine.

'I am Mabel Wayne, Harry's sister,' she went on. 'We have heard so much from Harry concerning you, and your kindness to meet you, that we have often longed to him. Harry said that he knew you would be in the Northern army, but for us, in your case, there is no war. Please be seated and I will call mother.'

We had passed into a large, airy drawing room while she had been speaking. Here she left me and soon returned with a middle aged lady whose beauty was of that quiet motherly kind, so rich in the power that makes one comfortable and at ease. I found that, despite my antagonistic uniform, I was held a friend; and glad was I to know this, for the first glance of Mabel Wayne's eyes had broken down the barriers that I had raised against love-barriers of which I had made many boasts to myself—and I knew that, come what would, my future life, would garner its joy from her kindness or have no joy at all. I was invited to remain to supper, and did so; and when my duty forced me to take my leave, I was asked to make my calls as frequent as my time and inclination would permit.

'You can easily surmise that both time and inclination made the interval between my visits very short, and I soon noticed that the door was always opened by Mabel after ere I had reached the veranda. Who could mistake the motive of such a mark of favor! And you can know that to my soul this brought a glory that was brighter than sunshine and whose music was sweeter than the spring chorus of birds.

'I have not told you of Mabel Wayne's beauty. It was of that clear, Saxony type, which denotes a bright and sunny disposition. And she was as merry as one could wish, possessing a finely cultivated mind, a sparkling wit, and a sweet, ringing voice, that made it a delight to sit and listen to her talk. As you know, we were quartered two months in that village; but before our regiment marched South I had asked Mabel to be my wife and had heard her own voice tell of a love that I knew would bless me all through the years. Her mother gave a willing consent, and the time fixed for union was the close of the war.

'Then came our marching orders, and the raid in which I won my Major's commission. During the year which followed, and the campaign of which Gettysburg was the conclusion, I heard frequently from Mabel, for the communication between her home and our lines kept open. The last tremendous struggle Southward with Grant followed this and as you all know we were on patrol duty and reconnoitering all the time; and when the flank movement began kept well on the outskirts of the army, and made that last raid down the peninsula which brought the crisis of my life.

'Do you remember the day we were expecting to meet Fitz Hugh's men? I was on picket duty that evening, and had a battalion of our regiment deployed along a road that ran through some broken country. Just after night began to deepen, and the shadows lay nearly between the trees that flanked the road he rapid gallop of a horse sounded up from a narrow valley, and, telling the men near to be ready, I rode down the sloping ground to meet the person approaching. Soon I came to a place that gave me command of a long stretch of road and halted just in the shadow. In another moment a horseman dashed into view, and came rapidly towards me. As soon as my voice could be heard I commanded a halt, but the order was unheeded.

'Halt or I fire!' I cried, and still the horse came dashing on, and the next moment my pistol was leveled, and the sharp report rang out on the still night. With a low cry the horseman tumbled from the saddle, and then the flutter of a white robe made us spring to the ground and run to where the prostrate form was lying.

'The person I had mistaken for a foe was a woman, and as I bent o'er the white face, I felt my heart grow cold, for it was the face of Mabel Wayne.

'I took her in my arms and her eyes looked up in mine so full of love that I sobbed like a child.

'Oh my darling, my darling,' I cried 'what brought you here?'

'I heard you were with the troops, Charlie, and I wished to see you.'

'And I have killed you, and blighted my life,' I answered.

'No, not blighted it, Charlie. You did not mean to harm me, and it was my fault.

'Eyes with the chill of death making her blood grow cold, her love would not let me bear blame. I saw she was rapidly growing weaker, and saying I would get a surgeon, was turning away, when she stopped me.'

'No it will be useless,' she said. I am visiting at a house only a short distance away, take me there.'

'Binding up the wound as well as I could, I obeyed her. And in that house, clasped in my arms, her head on my heart, she died, and there I left her lying asleep.

'I wrote an account of the affair and sent it to her mother, and one to Harry. They both answered, telling me they held me free from blame. But more comforting than this, more comforting than I ought but her living from here, is the knowledge I have that her spirit is with me; that her love is still my own, and will forever be so. I have seen her face:

I have heard her voice; I have felt the pressure of her lips, and soon we will be together, and the love that separated for a time will be joined in heaven for all eternity. I can see her now, beautiful and kind as in the old years. Yes, I can see her, and she is mine.'

The Major ceased talking. A glad light grew brilliant in his eyes and suffused his face. Then he covered this with his hands. We did not say anything for a time, but at last the silence grew oppressive.

'Let us take some wine,' said the Colonel. And all but the Major filled their glasses.

'Will you not join us, Major?' asked the Colonel.

He did not answer, and the Colonel rose and going to his side, touched him. There was no response.

The Colonel took down his hands, and a chill fell upon us.

The Major was dead.

The Editor.

'Father, is that an editor?'

'Yes, my son, that is an editor?'

'How high his forehead is: what makes his forehead so high, father?'

'My son, it comes from writing heavy editorials and telling the people through his columns many great and wonderful things.'

'Is he a country editor, father?'

'Yes, my son, he is a country editor, as you can tell by his beaming happy countenance and shirtless collar.'

'What makes the country editor smile so father?'

'My son, it is because some kind advertising agent has offered him \$25.00, less 25 per cent. commission for a column advertisement, next to reading matter for one year, and two forty line notices, on separate pages each week.'

'What will the country editor do with so much money, father?'

'He will go to Florida, son!'

'Are not the people very kind to the country editor, father?'

'Yes, my son; they give him everything on subscription, from a second-hand shirt to the small-pox.'

Conundrums.

What trade is more than full?—Fuller.

What tune makes everybody glad?—Fortune.

What garden crop would save draining?—Leeks.

When is a sailor not a sailor?—When he is a float.

Spell an interrogation with one letter?—(Why).

What is the key-note to good breeding?—B natural.

When is a man like frozen rain?—When he is hail (half).

Describe a suit of old clothes in two letters?—C D 'sooty'.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history?—The date.

What pen ought never to be used for writing?—A sheep-pen.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other?—Cork.

When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it is a little bare 'bear'.

When does a monkey weigh the least? When he is within the pound.

When does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

Why is a fish-hook like the letter F? Because it will make an eel feel.

What relation is the door-mate to the scraper? A stepfather 'father'.

To strengthen and build up the system, trial will convince you that Brown's Iron Bitters is the best medicine made.

It isn't the girl that is loaded with powder who goes off the easiest.

Invalid wives and mothers quickly restored to health by using Brown's Iron Bitters. A true tonic.

'The early bird catches the worm.'

Why does he not take the potato bug?

Mr. W. A. Forbes, Greenfield, Mass., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of rheumatism. —Cincinnati Christian Standard.

A good question to ask a policeman—Does your mother know you route?

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1882.
For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and because so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
Mrs. L. F. GAZDAR.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.



That terrible scourge fever and ague, with its congested, bilious remittent, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are both eradicated and prevented by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by Physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO., SALEM, N. C.

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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 State. Every Wagon bears the name 'J. F. NISSEN Salem, P. O., N. C.' Write for price list to all who are using our Wagons. June 20, 82.

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Revealing the mysteries of the Theatre, Circus, Variety Show, Concert, etc., etc. Home and Private Life of actors and actresses. Most wonderful and interesting book ever published. Exposing the secret roings of Gladly Ballet Girls, Back Door Washers, Matrons, Midnight Suppers, etc., etc.
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