

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 8.

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NO.

The Alamance Gleaner.

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J. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

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	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.
1 week	1.00	1.50	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50
2 weeks	1.75	2.50	3.25	4.00	4.75	5.50	6.25	7.00	7.75	8.50
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4 weeks	2.75	3.50	4.25	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	8.00	8.75	9.50
5 weeks	3.25	4.00	4.75	5.50	6.25	7.00	7.75	8.50	9.25	10.00
6 weeks	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25	9.00	9.75	10.50
7 weeks	4.25	5.00	5.75	6.50	7.25	8.00	8.75	9.50	10.25	11.00
8 weeks	4.75	5.50	6.25	7.00	7.75	8.50	9.25	10.00	10.75	11.50
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Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion No local insertion for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. GRAHAM, HILLSBORO, N. C.
JAS. A. GRAHAM, GRAHAM, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practice in the State and Federal Courts,
Special attention paid to collecting.

J. D. KERNODLE,
Attorney at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal Courts
will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him

Dr. J. W. Griffith,
DENTIST,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Is fully prepared to do any and all kinds of work pertaining to the profession.
Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH.
ORAL ATTENDED IN TOWN OF COURTESY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE GLEANER JOB OFFICE

Is prepared to Execute
Job Printing

GREAT VARIETY.

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Give Us a Trial.

Watches, CLOCKS AND 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 despatch.
C. F. NEESE,
Company Shops, N. C.

R. A. NOBLE, Fashionable Tailor,



GRAHAM, N. C.

Is prepared to make Fine Clothing for everybody. See his samples of Fall goods and styles for 1882.
mar 21 '83 ly

Poetry.

The Old Farmhouse.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the cold hearth-stone;
With itching grace, in the old fire-place,
The evergreens are strewn,
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While 'midst the leaves on the moss-grown
cave,
The martin builds her nest.
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er,
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lays a muck-ole, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And in the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with a noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And in their flight all shorn its might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft winds play with the snow-white
hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

In side the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy, footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to the trembling form.

A Broken Chain.

She sat on a great gray stone, very
close to the low, sobbing music of the
waves, looking far out on old Ocean's
crested billows, her dimpled cheeks resting
in one soft rosy palm, while a far
away look beamed in her passionate,
soul-thrilling eyes.

Elise Snow had been her dream of
love, but it had receded far her and still
farther away from her, until it had al-
most faded from sight.

Three years ago General Boutelle had
spent the summer in the village of Car-
leton, regaining his health, lost by a
winter's disipation, and making love to
and winning a heart that was far too
pure and confiding for association with
such a man.

It had been the same sweet, beguil-
ing story told by the gray rock, the
same worthless promises, the same
heartbreaking parting, that are so famil-
iar to all, and with many a sad expe-
rience.

For one year innocent Elise looked
for his coming with faithful trusting,
waiting for a word from the absent one.

He was not false, Elise thought, but
dead.

He would never return to her, but
she could go to him with the lingering
dew of the first love kiss fresh upon her
lips.

Did she regret the bright summer
that had come and gone, leaving only
an aching void?

No, no; far from it.

Had Gerald Boutelle, with his irra-
sistible blonde beauty, never crossed her
path the throne in her heart had been
erected for naught; the crown jewel,
studded with devotion and faith, left to
crumble away and form a ruined and
tenantless edifice.

The foamy waves crept higher and
higher, until they almost touched the
hem of her dainty muslin dress, while
the spray dashed a shower of sparkling
diamonds over the dark-haired maiden,
still looking out and dreaming of the
future—not an earthly future, but a
bright hereafter far up and beyond the
blue sky, that seemed to dip its azure
mantle in the dancing waves.

A tiny white speck caught Elise's
eye, and she watched it mechanically as
it came nearer to the shore.

Soon the low, mournful boom of a
signal-gun announced a ship in dis-
tress.

In an instant the fearful storm of the
night before occurred to her mind, and
she knew full well that his must be a
noble ship that had received its death-
warrant from the old storm-king, and
was aimlessly drifting with the tide.

By the time the second gun had
sounded its mournful call the beach
was thronged with eager villagers, ready
to do and dare to save the lives on the
doomed ship.

The boats were soon launched, man-
ned and ready to start—in fact, were
pushing off when Elise sprang forward,
begging to go with them.

There was no danger, she argued, and

she might possibly be of some assist-
ance.

The slightest wish of little Snowbird,
as the villagers called her, was an un-
questionable command to them, and
she was permitted to go.

They soon reached the ship, and Elise
was lifted on board, eager to do some
thing to prove to all that they could not
have gotten along without her.

Down in the cabin all was confusion.
Each was anxious to be first so leave
the sinking ship, and, since help had
come, all wanted to take some prized
luggage, and in their eagerness thought
it possible.

I said "all" not so.

Away to the extreme end of the cabin
a little group attracted Elise's atten-
tion.

A beautiful lady, whose fair hair
swept the floor, lay on a sofa, while a
gentleman, clasping a wee toddling one
in his arms, knelt with bowed head,
careless of all around.

Was it instinct or true woman's
sympathy that caused Elise to turn
from those self-reliant ones and offer
her assistance to the bowed form before
her?

As the little one, who could not fully
understand its father's trouble, caught
sight of Elise, it stretched forth
its dimpled hands, crying:

"Papa, lady tum an' help mamma."

At the words of the child the gentle-
man turned and looked up.

"Little Elise! Snowbird!" he said,
"It is thur me meet again?"

Every pulse of her body stood still,
then burned and quivered with fever-
heat.

She tried to steady her voice but
failed.

"Gerald, who is it? and is it death?"

He would have given worlds, if it
were possible, if he could have truth-
fully answered, "She is my sister," but
with those honest, soul-searching eyes
looking into his he could not deny the
mother of his child, "She was my wife,
Snowbird, and now our little one is
motherless.

"Oh Gerald!"

Elise said no more, but all the words
in the English language could not have
described her feelings better.

Reproach, surprise, almost belief, ar-
ranged themselves in that one pitiful cry.
She turned away her head.

She could not endure the sight of that
fair, cold beauty who a Gerald had called
wife, although she were cold in death.

What could it mean?

Had he been false?

A low moan of anguish told how bit-
ter thought would be.

No, no it could not be!

Circumstances had forced him to mar-
ry another.

He could explain all, she knew.

The woman's standard—faith—came
to the rescue, and she put forth her
hand, while her low sweet voice caused
Gerald to look again.

"Gerald, it is over. May I help you
now?"

He did not need to inquire what was
all over.

Too well he knew the struggle that
had swept like an overwhelming flood
over that trembling soul, and left noth-
ing but pity and forgiveness.

He could not understand, it did not
seem possible that any woman could
love a man so unselfishly that after he
had wrecked her life she could under
the trying circumstances offer her assis-
tance without a word of reproach.

"Yes, Elise; you may help me. Take
my baby girl, and Heaven will bless
you."

"But you must come, Gerald. There
is room for all in the boat. We will
take the lady on shore and bury her
there."

Elise could not say "your wife yet;
the wound was too deep, the blow had
been too sure."

She gave orders for the removal of
the dead, with Gerald's baby clasped
close in her arms, like one talking in
her sleep.

It was all like a troubled dream that
she must awake from soon.

She never rightly remembered how
they reached the shore and what hap-
pened after—how Gerald's wife was
laid to rest by the old gray rock; they

said it had been her wish: nothing
seemed real but Gerald at the old trust-
place by her side.

She had come out to the rock tonight
for the first time since she had sat and
listened to the signal gun of the sink-
ing ship.

As she sat reviewing as best she could
the last four days, Gerald came and
stood by her side, looking so pale and
worn.

"Elise, I have something to tell you,
he said, sitting down by her side, "Are
you willing to listen?"

"Yes, Gerald, I am willing to listen,"
she said, repeating his words in a low,
caressing tone: "it is best that I should
know how it all happens."

"Snowbird, let me begin three years
ago, when I stood on the old stone hold-
ing your hand in mine and saying the
word farewell. Heaven knows, I in-
tended no harm when I told my love
and won your trusting heart. It was
like "drifting with the tide," and
it would have been like "pulling
against the stream" to have fled from
your coy, sweet presence when in your
innocence and trust, you could not hide
your love from me. I was but mortal,
and failed to do my duty. I left you
with a promise of speedy return, when
you would be all the world to me.

And how did I fulfill that promise? I
will tell you, Snowbird, although I
hide my head in shame. I was en-
gaged to be married when I won your
love, but, Elise, I forgot it in your love.

I returned home and fulfilled that en-
gagement, trying to think that you
would prove as false as I. Even that
has been a consolation. My bride
loved me truly and tenderly, and in due
time, after baby Maude came, I almost
thought that love was fully returned.

I filled her life; I made her happy at
least, for which I thank Heaven now!

We had been on the Continent a year,
and were returning home up the Medi-
terranean, when our ship was caught in
a fearful storm. In a sudden lurch of
the ship my wife was hurled from my
side, and her head coming in contact
with something, I know not what, she
was instantly killed. I knew not cared
for nothing more until I heard your
voice calling me back to life and reality,
and felt your hand clasped in mine.

Snowbird, you have heard my story.
Now I am going away. Will you keep
my baby Maude while I am away, and
will you try to forgive and forget the
error of the past?"

A wild thrill of joy ran like fire
through her veins.

He was only asking what was the de-
sire of her life to do, and she reached
out her hand blindly towards him.

"Yes, Gerald, I will take little Maude,
and care for her until you come to claim
your own. I have already forgiven and
I will try to forget."

Gerald pressed these small hands
very close to his, and through reverence
for the dead and respect for the living,
he looked his cares and turned away.

One year had passed, freighted with
its joy and woe.

To Elise it had been very sweet.

Maude, with her baby ways, had
crept in and filled the aching void, that
Gerald's absence had made, and to-
night, the anniversary of his departure,
she stands on the old gray rock clasping
Maude's dimpled hand in hers, wait-
ing for—what?

Through the low music of the waves
came a voice—a voice that she had not
heard for one year.

It said, "Elise, I have come to claim
my own. Is it all mine, or only a part?
Is it to be but a tiny ray of light, or one
eternal day? Tell me, Snowbird, am I
asking too much?"

"No, Gerald, all is yours," said Elise,
a glad smile lighting up her fair face,
"I have learned to forget."

Gerald clasped her in his arms; he
had that right now.

And he knew and felt he was a better
man for passing under the chastening
rod, while Elise found love just as per-
fect after the gathering up of a broken
chain.

A LOSS PREVENTED—Many lose their
beauty from the hair falling or fading.
Parker's Hair-Balsam supplies necessary
nourishment prevents falling and gray-
ness and is an elegant dressing.

Kiss Me Good Bye, Dear.

That is a phrase heard in the hall-way
of many a home as the man of the house
is hurrying away to exchange daily
labor for daily bread in the mart of
commerce. Sometimes it is the wife
who says it, sometimes the infant lips
prattle the caressing word, holding up a
sweet flower face that is its warm sun-
shine of life, and the strong man waits
a moment to clasp his treasure and is
gone; and all day he wonders at the
peace in his heart; at the nerve with
which he meets business losses or bears
business crosses. The wife's kiss did it,
and he realizes that it is not wealth or
position or luck that makes our hap-
piness, but the influence we bear within
us from the presence of those we love.

Kiss me good-bye? Oh, lips that have
said for the last time, would you ever
ask again in those pleading tones for
the kiss so tardily given? Would we
not remember that relation the flower
bears the universe is as carefully pro-
vided for as that of the brightest star;
that the little action of a loving heart
goes side by side with the deeds of
heroic worth; that love is the dew of
life; that the parting for a day may be
the parting of a lifetime.

"How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken
For kind words spoken
That sorrow can never set right."

Make the air vocal with kisses. Many
tears have been shed over unloved kisses—
over those "dear as remembered
kisses after death!" but the time to kiss
is the present. Kiss your children, man
of business, before you leave home; kiss
the mother of your children and that
dear old mother who sits in the chair by
the window—no matter if her cheek is
wrinkled, her heart is young, and then
go about your day's work with a thank
God in your soul that you have some
one at home to kiss.

"For though in the quiet evening
You give us the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for thee
The pain of the heart should cease.

Enrich and revitalize the blood by
using Brown's Iron Bitters.

Shall we Meet Again.

The following is one of the most brill-
iant paragraphs ever written by the la-
mented George D. Prentice:

The fat of death is inexorable. No
appeal for relief from that great law
which dooms us to dust. We flourish
and fade as the leaves of the forest, and
the flowers that bloom, wither and fade
in a day, have no frailty hold on life
life than the mightiest monarch that
ever shook the earth with his footsteps.

Generations of men will appear and
disappear as the grass, and the multi-
tudes that throng the world to-day
will appear as footsteps on the shore.

Men seldom think of the great event of
death until the shadow falls across their
own pathway, hiding from their eyes
the faces of loved ones whose living
smile was the sunlight of their exist-
ence. Death is the antagonist of life,
and the thought of the tomb is the skele-
ton of all feasts.

We do not want to go through the
dark valley, although its dark passage,
may lead to paradise, we do not want
to go down in to the damp grave, even
with princess for bed-fellows. In the
beautiful lun the hope of immortality;
so eloquently uttered by a death-devot-
ed Greek, finds deep response in every
thoughtful soul. When about to yield
his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemen-
the asks if they should meet again, to which
he responds: I have asked that dread-
ful question of the hill that looked eter-
nal—of the clear streams that flow for-
ever—of stars among those fields of
azure my raised spirits have walked in
glory. But as I gaze upon thy living
face, I feel that there is something in
love that mantles through its beauty
that cannot wholly perish. We shall
meet again. Clementhe.

A BIG SUCCESS.—"My wife was in
bed two years with a complication of
disorders the physicians could not cure,
when I was led to try Parker's Ginger
Tonic. It was a big success. Three bot-
tles cured her, at a cost of a dollar and
fifty cents, and she is now as strong as
any woman"—R. D., Buffalo.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business,
strength to study a profession,
strength to regulate a household,
strength to do a day's labor with-
out physical pain. All this repre-
sents what is wanted, in the often
heard expression, "Oh! I wish I
had the strength!" If you are
broken down, have not energy, or
feel as if life was hardly worth liv-
ing, you can be relieved and re-
stored to robust health and strength
by taking BROWN'S IRON BIT-
TERS, which is a true tonic—a
medicine universally recommended
for all wasting diseases.

Dr. M. Fremont St., Baltimore

During the war I was in-
jured in the stomach by a piece
of a shell, and have suffered
from it ever since. About four
years ago it brought on paral-
ysis, which kept me in bed six
months, and the best doctors
in the city said I could not
live. I suffered fearfully from
indigestion, and for over two
years could not eat solid food
and for a large portion of the
time was unable to retain even
liquid nourishment. I tried
Brown's Iron Bitters and now
after taking two bottles I am
able to get up and go around
and am rapidly improving.
G. DECKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is
a complete and sure remedy for
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria,
Weakness and all diseases requir-
ing a true, reliable, non-alcoholic
tonic. It enriches the blood, gives
new life to the muscles and tone
to the nerves.



The true antidote to the effects of malaria
is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medi-
cine is one of the most popular remedies of
an age of successful proprietary specifics,
and is in immense demand wherever on
this Continent fever and ague exist. A
wonderful three times a day is the best
possible preparation for encountering a
malarious atmosphere, regulating the liver,
and invigorating the stomach.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers
generally.

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

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. P.
NISSEN Salem, P. O. N. C." Write for prices.
Refer to all who are using our Wagons.
June 20, 0m.

Trust Sale.

Is the exercise of the powers conferred upon
me by a certain deed of trust executed by
Duncan Hazell on the 25th of August 1875,
and registered in the office of the Register of
Deeds for Alamance County, in "Trust Regis-
ter No. 2" on pages 212 & 213, I will sell at
the Court House door in Graham, on
SATURDAY, 21st of October, 1882,
at public outcry, to the highest bidder, the
following real property to wit:

TWO TRACTS OF LAND,
both in Alamance County, North Carolina.
The first on the waters of Jordan creek ad-
joining the lands of Belle Foster, John Horse
and others, known as the Dohle Mathews
tract, containing

120 Acres

more or less.
The second on the waters of Deep creek ad-
joining the lands of Andy Crawford (form-
erly N. P. Dabring), James McClure and others,
known as the Henry Roney tract and contain-
ing

57 Acres

more or less.
Both of said tracts are good tobacco lands
and also for grain.
TERMS OF SALE CASH.
JAMES E. BOYD,
Sept. 11, 1882, tra.