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Poetry. Our Own

If I had known in the morning How weary all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind...

Winning a Wife.

'Go down and pick a few quarts of blackberries, Hulda, child and don't sit doubled up over that book any longer,' said Mrs. Holt...

So the Two Orphans had to be laid aside, and Hulda, somewhat reluctantly took her way to the blackberries. They grow at the foot of the meadow by a running stream...

Her Father's Friend

'I've almost given up hope of finding the man I am in search of,' said the Englishman. 'I lose all trace of him since the war. He was a music teacher in Boston...

er party had not appeared on the scene. The newcomer was a stout, man about forty years of age, with a long, black beard, large soft hat and brown velvet coat.

'Hullo, Morley! what luck?' he exclaimed. The sound of his voice startled the girl, but a healthy careless existence had endowed her with strong nerves...

'Possibly so. Well, I have whipped the stream also with more skill than success. Let us adjourn.' Hulda had returned to her berries, but her cheeks were flushed and her young heart throbbing...

The basket was full now, and the girl was turning away, when Morley rose to his feet and addressed her gently and respectfully. 'Can you tell me where I can buy some milk or cider, anything cool to drink?'

'Yes. If you go to the middle of the meadows you will find a bridge. I'll wait here for you, and that red house is where my uncle lives. Auntie will give you some milk; we haven't any cider.'

When they reached the house supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hope expressed no surprise when the number of guests at her table was increased by the arrival of the strangers. She made them welcome and showed them their places.

Silas Hope was a shrewd, middle aged Yankee farmer, God-fearing and sober, smart and far-seeing, and Morley and Carlton soon became interested in his conversation. He asked them no questions that bordered on the inquisitive, but still learned that they were strangers in the neighborhood...

'I've almost given up hope of finding the man I am in search of,' said the Englishman. 'I lose all trace of him since the war. He was a music teacher in Boston, and joined the army, was taken prisoner by the Rebels and escaped from the Southern prison.'

'Supposing the man is dead, sir. Supposing he married out here and left children. What then?' 'If those children can prove their descent they will inherit the title and estate. If they are boys, maybe; what would they get if they are girls? If they are girls they will inherit large fortunes, but the title will pass into another branch of the family...

'You can find a trace of Stanly Earlwood, sir.' 'Where?' cried Carlton, started out of his careless attitude by the marked significance of his tone. 'Yonder,' replied Silas, pointing across the meadows, where in the early autumn moonlight the white tombstones of the churchyard glistened.

'What's here?' 'Yes, here, Stanly Earlwood married my only sister, Maggie, after the war. He met her in Boston, and they went to Portland. He was sickly, and couldn't get along, and they came home here for six months then they went to Baltimore for a spell, but he got worse and worse. Now and then they would come and stop with the old woman and me, but poor Earlwood was mighty independent and didn't like to be a burden. Well, he died five years ago, and he is buried in my plot, and his headstone is there—you can see it to-morrow—and all his papers are in my sitting room in his own desk, and his only daughter is out there with Miss Hope milking our brindle cow.'

So the object of the search was accomplished in an unexpected manner. The next day the grave was visited, the papers, fortunately Earlwood had been a methodical man, and in his desk all the necessary documents to prove his daughter's rights were found.

Hulda was surprised to learn that she was a member of an old aristocratic family. Her aunt said she always knew her brother-in-law belonged to good kinfolks. Silas took the matter very calmly, and only seemed sorry at the prospect of losing his piece, whom he loved like a daughter.

'I suppose you will go to England and live among Lords and Dukes?' he said, placing his arm around her breast. 'No, I will not, uncle Silas. I don't know the Lords and Dukes. Can't I stay in the States if I like, Mr. Carlton?'

'Certainly, Miss Earlwood, I think your wish is natural. Still it might be better to go home, just to form the acquaintances of your father's family.'

'I don't want to know them. They never did my father any good. Uncle Silas was the one who always helped me. I'd rather stay.' Morley did not leave the Hope homestead till he won Silas' consent to return. He told him that he admired Hulda, and besought him to give permission that he might address her.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and Hulda stood beside Silas, who smoked his pipe on the stoop. Hulda was simply dressed in a flowing robe of thin texture—a pale shade of silver grey. She was beautiful and the past year had been well employed by her, for she used her new-found wealth to improve her mind, with the assistance of a good teacher—a lady of genius and culture. She was sometimes thoughtful, her governess thought a little sad, but never expressed any reason for being so.

troubled and turned cold in his. 'Do you, can you love me?' 'Yes,' she whispered. 'I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you. The marriage took place at an early day. And sorry as Silas was to part with his niece, he knew she found a husband worthy of her. So ended the story of how a wife was won by waiting until the blackberries were ripe.'

We like St. Jacobs Oil, and observe too that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilman in letters the rem.-d. - Baltimore (Md) Catholic Mirror.

Mrs. Parlington Again. It was at a distinguished party, called by the ladies in aid of the Soldiers' Bazaar that Mrs. Parlington found herself as well as she could for the crowd. There was much said in support of the object, and a warm enthusiasm prevailed, amounting at times to loud manifestation of approval.

'Quite a failure,' the President of the meeting remarked to the dame that sat beside him. 'A few roars,' she replied her spectacles flashed with excitement. 'I should call it a good many roars, and everybody seems willing to exhilarate the movement. How much we owe to soldiers who made sacrifices of themselves for us, and laid down their arms and legs only when the Union was saved.'

'Very true,' responded the President 'and I trust that all are willing to admit their indebtedness.' 'That may be,' replied she; 'but I feared it was something like Mrs. Hite's borrowing my eggs and saying she was for the never paid 'em back.' The President looked a little annoyed. Soon there came another shout.

'Don't you think,' she said 'that these few roars should have been perpetrated when the war was over, and not left the woman what was incumbered on the man?'

'Perhaps,' replied her interlocutor, but better late than never. 'It came nigh being too late,' said she, 'with the poor legless heroes running to their long home through a pour-house gate; but, thank heaven, some will have a comfortable home to go to, after this, where they can smoke the calumny of peace, without even a tax collector to make 'em afraid.'

'She was weeping, but she meant well. "Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance," Kidney-Wort is able to convert you from a shadow of your former self into the substance of established health. Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when asked to try Kidney-Wort for a remedy. 'I'll try it, but it will be my last dose.' It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kidneys don't fail to try it.'

Persevere. Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will get every object in the way of your success flying like leaves before a whirlwind. A talk-and-water way of doing business leads a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not the perseverance to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, for at least on the very low rounds. Never say I can't; never admit there is such a word; it has dragged its tons of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language. But carry a whole lexicon of can'ts and wills with you, and thus armed, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish. Never envy your neighbor his success, but try and become like him, and as much better as you can. If at first you don't win, don't give up with despondency and I can't, but girl on the armor of I can, my word for it, you will.

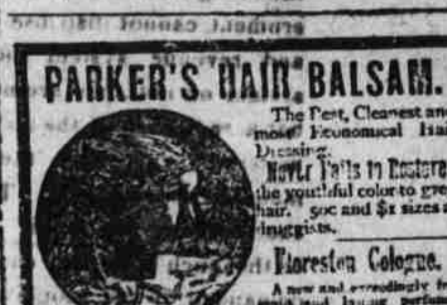
PLAIN TRUTHS

The blood is the foundation of life. It circulates through every part of the body, and unless it is pure and rich, good health is impossible. If disease has entered the system the only sure and quick way to drive it out is to purify and enrich the blood. These simple facts are well known, and the highest medical authorities agree that nothing but iron will restore the blood to its natural condition; and also that all the iron preparations hitherto made blacken the teeth, cause headache, and are otherwise injurious. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from every part of the system; and it will not blacken the teeth, cause headache or constipation, and is positively not injurious.

Brown's Iron Bitters effectually cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief to feeble persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.



Remember that stamina, that energy, the life-principle, or whatever you may choose to call it, is the power which battles against the causes of disease and death, in the grand safeguard of health. It is the garrison of the human fortress, and when it weakens, the true policy is to throw in reinforcements. In other words, when such an emergency occurs, commence a course of Hostetter's Bitters. For sale by Druggists and Dealers in all parts of the country.



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PARKER'S GINGERTONIC. A Pure Family Medicine that Never intoxicates. If you are a physician or farmer, work out with over-work or another kind of labor, you may hold down the reins of your horse, but you must be able to control it. If you are a lawyer, business man, or one who is over-worked by mental strain or nervousness, you must take stimulating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you have Dropsical Affections, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the stomach, leading to indigestion, you can be cured by Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you are gaining away from your health, or if you are suffering from any of the ailments mentioned above, you will find Parker's Ginger Tonic the most reliable tonic on the market.

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