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Doetro.

Qur Own.

If I had known in the morning How wearily all the day The words unkind Would trouble my mind I said when you went away. I had been more careful, darling,

Nor give you needless pain, But we yex 'our own' With look and tone We might never take back again.

You may give me the kiss of peace. Yet well it might be That next r for me.
The pain of the heart should cease.

How many go forth in the morning Who never come home at night, And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken, That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have c reful thought for the strangen And smiles for the sometime guest, But oft for 'our own' The bitter tone,

Though we love our own the best. Ah! lip with the curve impatient: Ah! brow with that look of scorn, 'I'were acruel fate Were the night too late To undo the work of mora.

Winning a Wife.

·Go down and pick a few quarts of of black-berries, Hulda, child and don't sit doubled up over that book any longer,' said Mrs. Holt, as she dumped down a basket of linen, she had just brought in from the bleaching patchfresh, fair, traggant linen, with the odor of new mown hay permeating through every fold of it

Hulda lifted up her golden brown head and gazed at her aunt with great, soft appealing eyes.

'Oh! aunty, its the 'Two Orphans,' and I do want to know whether they ever find each other again. You know Louise is blind and-'

'There, that'll do. I bet they found each other all right in the end. You know it they did it right off there wouldn't be any story. Take your basket and get enough berries for supper. You know Joe Travers and Aleck Hunt are helping your uncle with the hay, and hungry enough they will be. Go. along.

So the Two Orphans had to be laid aside, and Halda, somewhat reluctantly took her way to the blackberries. Tuey grow at the foot of the meadow by running stream, and they were tempting, luscious and plentitul. Hulda's thought were with blind Louise, while her fingers were busy with the berries and she sourcely let her eyes wander from her basket.

She was fuir to look upon, this ore phan neice of the old New England Tasmer. Tall and slender, with gold tinted, bronz hair, brown eyes, and aunkissed, smooth cheeks, with a peachen down on them. Her eye-lashes were particularly long and curving, and she had a way of looking out from under them that had a great effect upon the young men she met at meeting and singing sobool. Not that she tried to issciuate them, but she could not belp doing it anymore than a rose can belp smelling sweet. Hulda was not quite seveuteen. Her father had been a a teacher of music; her mother a sister of Silas Hope. They both died young and poor, so Hulds came to the Hope homestead when she was a shy girl of eleven, slender but not ungraceful, looks ing with her wistful brown eyes like a young fawn. Her uncle welcomed her with open arms, and his wife, though childless herself, was woman a with big enough heart to have a place for all the friendless little oues that came in her

Hulds was happy, thoroughly happy and content. The fresh air, new milk and early hours soon built up her slight form. Though she remained slim, she filled up with the roundness of beauty. Her warm cheeks glowed with a sunset flush, and her lips were like corle prepared to make Fine Clothing for every.

sunset flush, and her lips were like corleody. See his samples of Fall goods and styres

al. Hulda's dress was a simple darkblue print, and her head was covered by blue print, and her head was covered by that well-nigh obsolete form of ugliness a sun bonnet. Still the waves of golden hair showed on the smooth young brow, and the black-berry gatherer formed a pretty picture.

Not unberred, either, for across the brook, under the shade of some droops ng willow, a tall man in gray shooting

dress lay watching her. What a study for Evangeline!' said he to bimself. What a Maeguerie!

The man kept very still, and in all probability Hulda would never have been conscious of his presence if anoth-

·Holle, Morley! what lack? he exclaimed. The sound of his voice starts led the girl, but a healthy corselless existence had endowed her with strong She gazed at the straggers with calm inficance of his tone. interest for they were pulike the men she saw in her daily life.

are too sensible to take much gotice of stones, of the churchyard glistened. my unsophiscated efforts to attract their artention.'

success. Let us adjourn.

but her cheeks were flushed and her here for six months then they went to young heart throubing, for she felt Mor- Bettimore for a spell, but he got worse ley's ones fixed on her face.

an undertone.

never saw anything mere lovely than den. Well, te died five years ago, and mixture of tints on her face. No com- be is buried in my plot, and his headmon pink and white b'onde beauty, stone is there-you can see it te-morbut the ripe tone of the eld Italian mas- | row--and all his papers are in my sit-

was turning away, when Mortey rose to milking our brindle cow. his reet and addressed her gently and

some milk or cider, anything cool to drink ?

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

She stood waiting for them, basket in hand, while Morley gathered up his fishing tackle and sought the bridge, tollowed by bis friend.

Hulda was shy, but she replied to the questions addressed to her by Morley with self-possession. He was surprised to find how well informed she was. She bad a passion for reading, and fortanately had been able to gratify it, for the library of the old clergyman who lived near the Hope homestead had been put at her disposal.

was already on the table. Mrs. Hope x pressed no surprise when the nu mber of guests at her table was increased by the arrival of the strangers. She made them welcome and showed them their places. Fresh, home-made bread, cold boiled ham, corn cakes and Halda's blackberries washed down with creamy milk, engrossed their attention for a door step with their pipes and Huida, mission that he might address her. her agut and the hired girl went out to

Silas Hope was a shrewd, middle York, and come here in a year's time. aged Yankee tarmer, God-fearing and sober, smart andlar-seeing, and Morley and Carlton soon became inverested in questions that bordered on the inquisi tive, but still learned that they were strangers in the neighborhood, Carlton, an English lawyer, came over to look for a lost heir; Morley, also a lawyer from New York.

'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 n Boston, and joined the army, was aken prisoner by the Rebels and escaped from the Southern prison.

'An Englishman music teacher serv ed in the army, May I ask his name, sir?ı

'Certai ply. His pame was an uncommon one, Stanly Earlwood. He was the younger son of a younger son, and when he left England had no expectation of ever coming into the title or estate,

Silas Hope took his pipe from his mouth and rubted his chin thoughtful-

'Supposing the man is dead, si Supposing he merried out here and left children. What then.

'If those children can prove their descent they will innerit the title and

they get if they are girls?

er party had not appeared on the scene. herit large fortunes, but the ti-firembled and turned cold in his, 'Do The newcomer was a atout, man about the will pass into another branch you, can you love me? forty years, of ago, with a long, black of the family, I could not find any beard, large soft hat and brown vel- trace of Stanly Earlwood, I shall return to England next month, but I have. The marginge took place at an ear's done nothing."

You can tind a trace of Stanly Earlwood, sir.

'Where?' oried Carlton, started out of nerves, and her surprise was not alarm. | his circless attitude by the marked sig-

'Youder,' replied Silas, pointing agros- the meadows, where, in the ear-'Poor lack, Carltone. I test the trout ly antumn maonlight the white tomb-

'What, here?

'Yes, here. Stanly Earlwood mar -'Possibly so. Well, I have whipped ried my only sinter, Maggie, after the the stream also with more skill than war. He met her in Boston, and they went to Portland, He was sickly, and Hulds had returned to her berries, couldn't get along, and they came home and worse. Now and then they would "What a pretty girl! said Carhone, in come and stop with the old womat: and me, but poor Earlwood was mighty in-'Yes; an unusual style of beauty. I dependent and didn't like to be a bury ting room in his own deak, and his on-The basket was full now, and the girl, y daughter is out there with Miss Hope

So the object of the search was accomplished in an unexpected manner. ·Can you tell me where I can buy The next day the grave was visited, the papers, fortunately Earlwood had been methodical man, and in his desk all the necessary documents to prove hi daughter's rights were lound.

Hulds was supprised 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 kinsfolks. Siles took the matter very calmly, and only seemed sorry at the prospect of loosing his piece, whom he loved like a daughter.

"spose you will go to England and live among Lords and Dooks?' he' said, placing his arm around her breast.

'Ny, I will not, uncle Silas, I don't know the Lords and Dukes, Can't stay in the States if I like, Mr. Caris "Certainly, Miss Earlwood, I think

When they reached the house supper 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 us. I'd rather stay, Morley did not leave the Hope homes

stead till he won Silar consent to ro-

turn. He told him that he admired rease sabe time, h a the men sought the Hulds, and besought him to give per-'Nol' replied Filar, sturdily. 'The garl is too young. Go back to New

Then we shall see. Morley obeyed, though he was loth to do so. He took a long walk with his conversation. He asked them no Hulda, but faithful to his promise, said no word of love. He was wealthy, but he worked hard during his probationary year to better his fertune.

> It was a glorious moonlight night, and Hulda stood beside Silas, who smoked his pipe on the stoop. Hulds was simply dressed in a flowing robe of thin texture_of 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 thought ful, her governess thought a little sad, but hever expressed any reason for being

As she stood looking across the mead ows listening to the chirps of the crickets, and watching the shadows cast by clouds as they crossed the old queen of beayen, a click of the gate caused her to turn in that direction A tall form in a grey suit stood before -a face that to her looked unnaturally pale in the

'Frank Morley!' cried Silas Hope, in tones of warm welcome.

Yes. I've come now to ask the ques

'Yes,' she whispered. T've loved you ever since the first time I and you.

day. And soury av Silas was to par with his niece, he knew she found a h shaud worthy of her. So en ! the history of how a wife was wen by wait ng until the blackberries were rips.

We like St. Jacobs Oil, and obreive too that the Rt. Bev. Bestep Gilnaur n forces the rem. dy . - Bultimore (Md) Catholic Miror.

Mrs. Parington Again

It was at a distinguished party, called by the ladies in aid of the Soldiers' Bazear that Mrs. Partington found berselt 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 manis festation of approval.

'Quite a furore,' the President of the meeting remarked to the dame that sat beside him.

'A lew roar,' she replied her spectacles flashed with excitement. 'I should call it a good many roar, and every body seems willing to exhilerate the movement. How much we owe to soldiers who made sacraments of themselves for us, and taid down their arms and legs only when the Union was saved.

Very true, responded the President Sand I trust that all are willing to admit their indebtedness." 'That may be,' replied she; 'but I

leared it was something like Mrs. Hite's borrowing my eggs and saying she would be indebted to me for them; as she was for he never paid 'em hack, 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 incombered on the man?

'Perhape,' replied her interlocutor. but, better late than yever, 'It came nigh being too late,' said she, with the poor legless heroes running to heir long home through a poor-house gate; but, thank beaven, some will have s comfortable home to go to, after this, where they can smoke the calluny of peace, without even a tax collector to make em alraid.

She was wearying, but she meant

* Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance, Kidney-Wort is able to sonyey you from a shadow of your former self into the substance of estab. lished 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 curedhim and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kid neys den't fail to try

Persevere.

Don't stand sighing, wishing and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every object in the way of your success flying like leaves before a whiriwind. A tailkand-water way of doing business leaves 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 perseversnes to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, for a least on the very low rounds. Never say I can't; never admit there is such a word; it has dragged its tens of thous and to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was at:icken from ourlanguage. But carry s whole lexicon or 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 wilt down with despondency and I can't, but | gird on the armor of I can, my word for it, you will,

HOW SHE SAVED BER DARLING, shall not teel [so nervous again about baby's teething writes a grateful mother. We almost lost our darling from cholera ntantum, but happily heard of Parker's Ginger Tonic in time. A tew spoonfuls soon cured baby, and an occasional dose keeps us in good health.—Brooklyn

Only what we have wrought in to our characters during life can we take away

In the New York Herald we lately observed montion of the speedy care of Thaddens Davides, E.q., of the greatink firm, 127 William steet, New York, o theumatic got by St. Jacy in Oil. - 24. Paul (Miun. Picnet Press.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out,

of they are girls? What would to see the gree to see they are girls? We will in
Of they are girls they will in-

TRUTHS

of the bood is the boundarion of hife, 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 to out is to pairify and earich the

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 head-

BROWN'S IRON BUTTERS will thoroughly and quickly assimilate with the blood, purifying and strengthening it, and thus drive disease from any part of the system, and it will not blacken the treth cause head-ache or constipation, and is posi-tively not injurious.

Saved his Child

17 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. Feb. 12, 1880. Gunta:--Upon the recommenda-on of a friend I tried Brown's gents.— Upon he recommenda-tion of a friend I tried Brown's Irow Britans as a tonic and re-storative for my daughter, whom I was thoroughly consinced was wasting away with Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, it was loth to believe that anything could arrest the program of the disease, but, to my great surprise, before my daugh-ter had taken one bottle of Brown's Inor Britans, she began to mend and now is quite restored to former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of Consumption, and, when the physician was consulted be quickly said "Tonks were re-quired." and when informed thas the elder sister was taking Bnown's Irow Britans, responded "that is a good tonic, take it."

BROWN'S IRON BrETERS effectualby cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness, and renders the greatest relief and benefit to persons suffering from such wasting diseases as Consumption, Kidney Complaints, etc.

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