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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in the State and Federal courts.
Special attention paid to collecting.

J. D. KERNOLE,
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Practices in the State and Federal courts.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

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Special attention given to the treatment of the MOUTH.
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PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
Located at
Company Shops, N. C.
Offers his professional services to the community. Calls attended promptly in town or country. Jan 4/11

ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. A. NORRIS,
Fashionable Tailor,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Is prepared to make Fine Clothing for everybody. See his samples of Fall goods and styles for 882.
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THE GLEANER

JOB OFFICE

Is prepared to Execute
Job Printing

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GREAT VARIETY.

—AND WITH—

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Give Us a Trial.

LACKSMITH SHOP!

Ervin Van-Buren has taken charge of this Lacksmith Shop on the corner opposite the Courthouse. He will always be found ready to do kinds of smithing on short notice.
Remember the name and place.
July 8-2061.

Poetry.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded.
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wisest and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.
Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret.
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set.
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be
lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has
met,
The flame of your love will be purer and
brighter
If, God-like you strive to forgive and forget

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the
heaven
Of malice, and be an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt,
Thy value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept: "Forgive and
forget." —CHAMBERS JOURNAL.

Saved by a Dummy.

"I think, mem," said Salina, "there's a man in the wood-shed, a hiding his self."

"Nonsense!" said Fanny Clifford, who was too much accustomed to Salina's sights and mysteries to pay much attention to them. "Who should be in the wood-shed and what should he be there for?"

"For no good, mem, you may be very sure," said Salina, compressing her thin lips. "Haden't I better go over to Mif-ton's and borrow their fig dog?"

"Certainly no!" said Fanny leaning back in her chair to realize the effect of that last blue splash on the petals of the iris that she was painting in water color. "You said there was a tramp hidden in the coal-cellar last week, and day before yesterday you had Mrs. Milton's hired man up with a lantern to go through the barn, because you was certain somebody was there."

"And I'm certain of it now, mem," said Salina, standing very straight, with her elbows tightly grasped in both hands. "But Josiah, he's that stupid. A coach-and-four could ha' drivin' out before him and he not see it. And as for my stertious sounds in the coal-cellar, how was I to know it was the cat a knockin' down six hyacinth-glasses? Noise is noise, whichever makes it. But this time, mem, I'm morally certain."

"Oh, don't tease me!" said Fanny, adding a touch more of ultra-marine to the extremest edge of her flower.

"We may be all murdered in our beds, gloomily observed Salina, "with Mrs. Dedbrooks diamonds in the house, and I'm most sure the letter which told you they was to be sent here was tampered with!"

"Oh, Salina, don't be so ridiculous!" said Fanny.

"You know Mr. George ain't a-comin' home to-night added Salina.

"Why, of course I know it! didn't you hear him tell me so?" retorted her mistress.

"And me, and you, and Miss Abby is all alone in the house!" persisted the woman.

"Yes," said Fanny absently. "Salina you may make us a little chocolate for supper, and broil those trout Mr. George brought in; and as it's a chilly evening, Salina, we will have some nicely browned griddle-cakes, with maple syrup."

Salina tossed her head.

"Well, mem, just as you please," said she. "Only don't say as you haven't been warned."

"No, Salina, I won't," said Miss Clifford, with provoking indifference.

But in spite of all these disavowals the air of 'ancientry' that lingered around the place was very enticing, and George Clifford decided that he could do his writing at Tower Pines as well as in the city, while Fanny and Abby, a brace of very enthusiastic young artists delighted in a circular walled studio, where they could have a fire in the great open chimney place, and there was a north window overlooking the distant shimmer of the sea. So here they were now that the chill winds of early November were shaking the last brown leaves off the trees, to the infinite disgust of Salina, the superstitious, who much preferred a city flat.

That domestic had just vanished down the winding stair, which she declared was destined "some time or other to be the death of her; when an opposite door opened, and in ran Abby Clifford, the younger sister, — a tall red checked girl, with hair as black and thick as an Indian's, sparkling brown eyes and a huge bundle under her left arm.

It was too dark to work longer upon the blue irises, and Fanny was sitting in a reverie before the red glow of the burning logs. She started up at the sight of her sister.

"I've got it Fan!" said Abby, waving the bundle around in the air. "The whole suit complete, with the dearest old canvas hat into the bargain. They used to belong to Mr. Milton's uncle who was a whaler, and finally died at sea—his Sunday suit."

"Is it too late to dress him up?" said Fanny with animation.

"But he's down in the library."

"Well, we'll go there," said Fanny, "we can work there as well as in the studio; and we shall run less risk of Salina's interference. Salina never can forget that we are no longer little girls of ten and twelve."

The supper served up in the little round room before the dining gleam of the logs was exceptionally nice.

Fanny and Abby were in exuberant spirits, and praised the chocolate, trout and griddle cakes with enthusiasm. Salina was as gloomy as a prophesies.

"I only hope we shall get through this night alive," said she.

But as she had made the same remark on an average, three hundred out of the three hundred and sixty five days of the year, neither Fanny nor Abby paid much attention to it.

But as she passed out with the last dish from the table, Salina paused close to Fanny Clifford, and asked in a sepulchral whisper:

"Are them diamonds locked up?"

"They are in my desk," said Fanny indifferently.

Salina lifted her eyes skyward.

"In your desk?" she groaned. "Haden't I better take 'em and put 'em under my pillow?"

"Certainly not," her young mistress answered sharply. "Do, Salina leave me to manage my own affairs!"

And Salina vanished in a huff.

"I'll go to bed early," she said, grimly, to herself. "It ain't no use settin' up to look arter the goods of people as won't take no trouble for themselves."

But just as she was about to ascend with a candle, Lady-Macbeth-like, to her room she suddenly paused.

"Them three hemstitched handkerchers 'o mine are out on the grass, a bleachin'" she said to herself. "And them black clouds in the West mean wind. I don't want them handkerchers blowed away. I'll go out fetch 'em in."

Carefully unbolting three bolts and unlocking one ponderous lock, Salina sallied forth, shading the candle with her hand, but the first puff of freezing pine-perfumed air blew the little flame out.

Undann'd by this mishap, however, Salina went bravely out, feeling her way through the cloudy starlight, until she was opposite the woodshed.

"I guess I'll go in and cross ever that way," she thought.

But as she was turning in the intended direction a light suddenly flashed out—the reddish glow of a lantern that was almost instantly obscured by the slide.

"Gracious!" thought Salina involuntarily stepping back in her terror and amazement.

"Confound you!" muttered a gruff

voice—the identical voice of Milton's hired man. "What did you want to show a light for?"

"The slide was rusty," apologized the second voice. "It don't matter—there is no one but the cats and the grasshoppers to see us the last window was darkened long ago. Come on; I'm fit to perish with cold and cramp in that outlandish Lole. Let's get the matter over with."

And while Salina was striving to overcome the terrible weight on her chest sufficiently to cry out or to make some sign, two dark figures slunk past her like the procession in a hideous dream, and vanished through a cellar door which she could have sworn she had safely secured early in the evening.

Reverting her senses as fast as she could, she hurried through the long wet grass to the rescue of the two helpless girls in the old house.

"I always knewed it would be so," she thought. "Oh, dear—oh, dear; it seems as if my feet were weighted with lead!"

Finally she stumbled in the tangled flower beds, once she caught her ankle in the down-hanging loop of an old grapevine and nearly wrenched it out of joint. But at last she reached the green space in front of the door, just as it flew open and the two midnight marauders came stumbling out dropping their lanterns in their frantic haste.

"You fool!" muttered the man who had carried the light, "why didn't you tell me there was a man about the place—a great, burly sailor, with a cutlass half as long as himself? You told me the coast was clear!"

"As I live and breath," whined Milton's hired man, "I never know of the fellow; I don't know how he came there, I can't understand it at all, I—"

"Don't stand here fooling!" savagely uttered the other. "The whole neighborhood will be in uproar directly. Clear out! Through the shed is the best way!"

But Salina was too prompt for them. Before they could escape she had securely looked and belted both the shed doors on the outside and fastened the solid timber shutters of its solitary window. And then she rushed to the house and ran shrieking up the stairway to where Abby and Fanny, with streaming hair and shawls wrapped around their shivering forms stood on the landing.

"Salina, what is it?" cried Fanny. "What is it, Salina?" reiterated Abby.

"We're all robbed and murdered!" screamed Salina. "That is we would have been, if it hadn't been for that sailor or with the cutlass. And how he ever made his way into the house it beats me to tell!"

Abby and Fanny burst into hysterical laughter.

"It's the model," said Fanny.

"The lay figure dressed up as a sailor in old Deodatus Milton's Sunday clothes, with the rusty sword that belonged to his suit of armor," breathed Abby, down in the library! We arranged him to-night so that we could begin to sketch him for our naval battle scene early to-morrow."

"Well, I never!" said Salina. "I do believe he's saved our lives; they thought he was alive and was half scared to death. Now I'm going to ring the big bell for help."

And a rusty bell which had hung out of the window for half a hundred years, ready to be rung in some such possible emergency as this, presently, swung forth its deep toned warning in the silence of the November night, pulled by Salina's energetic arms.

Aid arrived in a marvelously short period of time. The two burglars were arrested and put in safe keeping until they could be committed to prison. Old Squire Milton, who was more amazed than anyone else at the 'novel' accomplishment developed by his hired man, remained at the lonely house all night to protect the two young artists, and laughed very heartily when he saw the naval dummy which had served so good a turn in frightening off the cowardly thieves.

George Clifford resolved not to leave his sisters alone again until the removal to the New York flat was an accomplished fact. As for Salina, she had now a valid excuse to traverse the whole house with a lantern two or three times a

night, whenever she pleased, and to set up a watch dog and a burglar alarm.

"It was a very narrow escape," said Salina, "and there's no tellin' when I may happen again."

HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

The Bedroom.

A bedroom should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it while a prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggests repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft pea green. No colors equal green for giving rest to eyes and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of Summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make rooms appear larger than the dark shades. Wood work painted chocolate and cream walls, look well with bright blue curtains, or maroon paint and drinre, well with deep blue.

Or well for pale tone of blue, and green woodwork, will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bed rooms; a square of carpet covers center, leaving three feet all around the room. Dust invariably collects under furniture and chairs, while dresses and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards, being without covering, allow of its being easily taken up with a duster. Then too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out, or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumulates thickly.

SKIMMY MEN.
"ell's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sexual Debility. Price \$1.

The postoffice department has ruled that a husband has no control over the correspondence of his wife. But this decision will not prevent a man from carrying his wife's letter in his inside coat pocket three weeks before mailing.

Lightning struck a contribution plate in a Western church just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck this plate for three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

"BUCHUPAINA."
Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney umber, and Urinary Disasters. D. Druggists.

In the way of thanks; Young lady, writing a love letter for the kitchen maid. "That's about enough, now, isn't it?" Kitchen maid: "One thing more, miss; just say, please excuse bad spelling and writin'."

"How to Treat Women" is the title of a newspaper article. Headlines are often deceptive. Some women like to be treated with consideration, others with affection, and there are still others who like to be treated to ice cream and oysters.

"ROUGH ON BATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, minks, chipmunks, gophers, etc. Druggists.

It is the late cat that catches the early boyfack.
New method of making tooth powder: Grind your teeth.
Characteristics of a rich man; The elegance of his carriage and the loftiness of his gate.
"You have lovely teeth. Ethel. "Yes, George," she faintly lisped; "they were a Christmas present from Aunt Grace."
A minor fell in love with a girl at first sight, she was easily smitten with him and the entire courtship was, "My pet! You bet?"
Miss Fannie Smith Newbern N.C. says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitter and consider it the best tonic in existence."
Always talk of your private, personal and family matters when conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.
A little boy, who has been used to receiving his elder brothers old toys and old clothes, recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"
Teacher: "Define the word excava'te." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Constantly a son'ence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excava'es when it gets hurt."
A pint of the finest ink for families or schools can be made from a four-cent package of Diamond Dye. Try them.

STRENGTH

to vigorously push a business, strength to study a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. All this represents what is wanted, in the often heard expression, "Oh! I wish I had the strength!" If you are broken down, have no energy, or feel as if life was hardly worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, which is a true tonic—a medicine universally recommended for all wasting diseases.

502 N. Fremont St., Baltimore.
During the war I was injured in the stomach by a piece of shell, and have suffered from it ever since. About four years ago it brought on paralysis, 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 a year 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 requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It enriches the blood, gives new life to the muscles and tone to the nerves.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives steadiness to the nerves, induces a healthy, natural flow of bile, prevents constipation without unduly purging the bowels, greatly stimulates the circulation and by promoting a vigorous condition of the physical system, promotes also, the cheerfulness which is the truest indication of a well-balanced condition of all the animal powers. For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort in its cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint, which is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed. It is a sure cure. If you have either of these troubles, get it.

PRICE 51. USE Druggists Sell.

SEEDS SOUTH

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Seedsmen,
Richmond, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Sawing Made Easy.

The New Improved **MONARCH LIGHTNING SAW.**
In the chambers and holes of a boy's eyes a young man can see a better and more useful saw than ever before. It is made of the finest material and is easy to use. It is a great saving of time and labor. It is a great saving of money. It is a great saving of strength. It is a great saving of health. It is a great saving of life. It is a great saving of soul. It is a great saving of heaven.

FARMERS AND FARMERS' WIVES CAN MAKE **PRUNES** AND **JARS** During the Fall and Winter. For particulars, apply to J. C. McQuerry & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.