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ADVERTISING RATES:

Week	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
100	\$1.50	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$7.50
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10	.30	.90	1.50	2.50
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100	15.00	30.00	45.00	75.00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion free, subsequent insertions less than five cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. GRAHAM, Attorney at Law, Hillsboro, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM, Attorneys at Law, Hillsboro, N. C.

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

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

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

Dr. R. A. Freeman, PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Located at Company Shops, N. C.

Offers his professional services to the community. Calls attended promptly in town or country. Jan 4th

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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 1883.

THE GLEANER JOB OFFICE

Is prepared to Execute Job Printing

GREAT VARIETY.

NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Give Us a Trial

PATENTS NO PATENT NO PAY, is our motto. We have had 14 years experience in procuring Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., in this and other countries.

J. Southgate & Son, Life and Fire Insurance Agents,

DURHAM, N. C. Large lines of insurance placed in best hands.

Poetry.

FAIRIES.

I had rather be Cinderella,
And live upon water and crust,
Than either of her proud sisters
Who doomed her to dwell in the dust.
She sat so sweet and so humble,
While they in their satins swept by,
And sung to herself, when they left her,
Despite the stray tear in her eye.
It is only the old, old story,
Such as good grandmothers tell
At night by fireside and bedside,
And children love it well!
But it has such a sweet deep, meaning,
That, though I am a child no more,
My heart holds ever the echo
Of the story loved of yore,
Yet to all there cometh some fairy:
She may not bring coaches and gowns,
But she scatters an inner sunshine
That is better than kingly crowns.
She sends them to labor smiling,
Helps them to sing when alone,
To rejoice in birds and blossoms,
And to bless their own hearthstone,
Have you ever seen such fairies?
Do you know the way they went?
For they love to work sweet wonders
And to banish discontent.

—Century.

His Punishment.

Demarest sat back in his chair, his legs crossed comfortably, his elbows resting on the velvet-cushioned armrests, his finger tips lightly touching each other, a slight smile on his face that was sarcastic enough to vex Cicely almost past endurance.
Demarest always wore just that same grandly superior look whenever Cicely's friend Dorian and she were together, in Demarest's presence and as usual, to-night Cicely's eyes began to flash, for all she controlled her voice so admirably in the last duet she and Dorian sang.
After she had said good-night, she went in from the piazza, whither she had accompanied Dorian, straight back to the chair where Demarest sat.
"Do you know I think you are just as mean—as you can be, Chauncey Demarest?"
She was provoked, but was trying to show more anger than she actually felt—a rather difficult thing for any woman to do where Chauncey Demarest was concerned, with his lazy, smiling, sarcastic eyes and handsome face that even Philip Dorian's betrothed wife admired and was influenced by as much as the rest of women.
Demarest was conceited, as all handsome men are bound to be, but it was in such a charming, masterful way that it rather added to than detracted from his popularity; and just now, never stirring from his lazy, comfortable position he looked boldly back into Cicely's half angry half smiling eyes.
"Miss Vere you don't mean it."
"Don't? Well, I do then, most emphatically, and I repeat it—you are awfully mean."
His handsome mouth curved in a smile.
"I think you are cruel."
"I know you are engaged to that young cab, but, all the same, you are cruel to me, Cicely Vere, because you know I love you better than he does or knows how."
Cicely raised her eyebrows in expressive incredulity, the lovely eyes tempting saucily in their mock gravity.
"Really, I hardly know what you mean, Mr. Demarest."
"No? don't you? I suppose if you translated that in plain English it would read thus—that you are a little astonished to find that after leading me on a desperate flirtation for six months, you discover I am in earnest about—as much as yourself."
How handsome and impudent he looked, and Cicely thought so as she laughed back at him.
"Well," she said saucily, "you certainly don't look as though you were suffering the pangs of an unrequited affection."
"He rose from the chair leisurely."
"But I assure you I am. My heart is shriveled as hopelessly as a smoked mackerel—and there is nobody but yourself to blame."
He looked at her, the jesting tone, and words, and manner only hiding the intense deeper feeling both of them knew each experienced.

Cicely laughed—a little, disdainful laugh, and turned away and sat down on the piano stool, idly striking a chord or so.
Demarest walked after her, and leaned his elbow on the end of the piano, looking her squarely in the face, that her eyes did not meet his, until a peremptory little pronunciation of her name sent the warm blood in her cheeks, and made her lift her eyes.
"Cicely! there must be child's play between us no longer."
"What shall you do with Philip Dorian? You promised to be his wife—and we love each other."
He spoke rapidly, passionately, and with that masterfulness that Cicely Vere admired above all things in a man, and that Philip Dorian lacked utterly.
He went almost fiercely on, without giving her time to answer.
"Do you think I will let such a man as he is take my happiness from me? You shall be my wife, Cicely, for I love you, and you love me. And I think I am generous in not making you tell me you do."
A strange confession of love but it suited her, and thrilled her to her very soul, and all the rich color flickered and wavered in her face as she looked up at him.
"I will tell you though, Chauncey, but I must marry Philip. It has been arranged so long, ever since that horrible day he saved my life when the yacht went down and not a soul escaped but Phillip and I."
Demarest's lips curled, in spite of the pathos in her voice.
"He was a greater coward to make you pay for your life by giving it to him than if he had let you die. Oh, my darling, give him up for me, for me!"
The passionate persuasion in his voice was inexpressibly sweet, and all the smiling bonhomie of his face had given place now to intense eagerness.
Cicely paled—she could not cut Lorian adrift; he was not a man who would be jilted by a woman.
Their engagement was of four years' duration, and Dorian had told her, only that same day, that his business affairs were in a state that warranted him in begging her to name an early day for their wedding.
He was not a grandly imperious man with a woman he loved, as Demarest was, but he was slow, persistent, almost dogged in his unwearied determination to accomplish what he purposed—and for four years he had purposed to marry Cicely Vere, the charming young girl whom he had rescued from drowning when the Wild Rose went down. And he wanted her for his wife, because she was a woman to be proud of, because she was lovely to look at, because she was rich.
And Chauncey Demarest knew all this, knew that in her gratitude Cicely Vere would wreck her earthly happiness and his own; knew that she did know, or at least suspected, that Dorian would never have begged Miss Vere to bestow the life he had saved for her if she had been well one of the chamber maids whom nobody tried to save in that awful moment.
A day or so after that conversation between Demarest and Cicely, Mr. Dorian went away from the hotel, back to his office in Wall Street, where he would coin money when once he had his wife's capital to start on, and then Demarest and Cicely ceased their devotion to each other, for they were too honorable to take advantage of their opportunities.
Once Demarest had said to her he would never give her up, and she had been confused, and startled, and dismayed, and told him she would marry the man she promised to marry, unless he gave her up of his own free will and accord.
"Which is remarkably likely any man in his senses would do," Demarest answered hotly.
"But they did not very often speak of it; and one day Cicely went to him as he stood looking moodily out on the flashing waves and told him something."
"I want to be congratulated, Chauncey. What a narrow escape I have had, only think, last week my guardian transferred all my funds from the St. Lawrence Bank to the Elberonda, and yesterday the St. Lawrence burst.

Just to think?"
But Demarest did not congratulate her.
"I wish you had lost every dollar you possess in the world!"
She looked at him wonderingly; he returned the look positively.
"I mean just that—if you had lost every dollar, Philip Dorian would give you up."
Then her eyes twinkled.
"But no man in his senses would," she said.
He laughed.
"That's fair, Cicely. But see here"—and he became grave and earnest—"will you do something for me?"
"I certainly will, if I can."
"There is no doubt but that you can, if you choose."
"Write a letter to Dorian and let me dictate it, and promise me I may see the answer. Will you."
She shook her head dubiously.
"I would rather hear the dictation first," she said cautiously.
He repeated it hastily—only a request that Dorian would be so kind as to make all possible inquiries into the St. Lawrence bank failure, and ascertain, if possible, if anything could be saved from the wreck.
She agreed, and the letter was forwarded by the next mail, and two days afterward Cicely sent a message to Mr. Demarest to come to her aunt's parlor at a certain time.
And she handed him a letter, and stepped away while he read it.
A letter from Philip Dorian in which he requested his release from his engagement to her on one side of the sheet, and on the other, as if it were an after thought, a few curt words of reply to her question of the St. Lawrence—that the unlucky depositors would lose every dollar.
Poor Cicely!
Demarest looked at her, with a face that was almost cruelly radiant—did she really care for him?
"If you only will let me be thankful," he said humbly, as he followed her to the window and made her turn her face toward him.
"Cicely, you surely are not so grieved as this? You have been crying."
"Crying! I should think so. Oh, Chauncey! I never was so mortified in my life! I believe I just hate him!"
Then he laughed, so joyously.
"Of course you do—but I love him Cicely. Now because you are so angry and mortified, you know, it will be very proper for me to administer a punishment he will never forget, or get over. And I will do it Cicely if you only say so."
"Punish him? I don't see how you can."
"But I do," he answered, taking her hands captive, and looking at her in a way that brought the rose to her cheeks.
"Do you?" she asked hesitatingly.
"How?"
"By marrying you, my darling. May I?"
And since he took her close against his heart the moment after, it is to be supposed that Cicely consented to Dorian's punishment, and when a few weeks afterward Mrs. Chauncey Demarest, in her husband's elegant carriage, passed him on the street, you would have said, if you had seen his face, that he was most successfully punished.
"It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a protective duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort which invigorates these organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all bad humors.
Pleasure may be aptly compared to many great books, which increase in real value in the proportion they are abridged.
L. A. Smith, Esq., Newberne, N. C., says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters to be a good remedy for malarial troubles."
It is probable that the world owes every man a living, but his best claim for what is due is that he has earned it.
Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for 1,000 years do not spring up in beautiful a reed.
"ROUGH ON HATS."
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, minks, chipmunks, gophers. 5c. Drugists.

Small Bed Chambers.

(The Builder.)

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal diseases are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight by ten rooms, that is in rooms the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic space for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over 4,000 feet an hour is required. Four thousand feet of air every hour! And yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand foot rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July, eighteen hundred and —! Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to it has been proved that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years. Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.

BE BUNNY MEN

"ell's Health Restorer" restores the health of rigger cases Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, etc.

If "prosperity is the worst enemy man ever had," we can only say that all our life we have been surrounded by friends.

"MUCHUPAIBA"

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, bladder, and Urinary Diseases. Drugist \$1.

Nothing makes the world seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance, they make the latitudes and longitudes.

Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10 cents for any color.

Be courageous and noble-minded our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Mr. W. E. Eads, Warrenton, N. C., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and find it to be a first-class tonic."

H. MAHLER,

—RALEIGH, N. C.—

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware.

Plain and Fancy Engagement and Wedding Rings Made at Short Notice.

Send for patented card for measuring correct size of finger.
Goods sent to any part of the State, if satisfactory reference is given. Feb 1st

SALE OF TOWN LOT!

By virtue of an order of the Superior court of Alamance county, made in the case of T. F. Smith and wife and others against Mary L. Boon, Geo. Troxler and others, I shall on Monday, February 19th, 1883, expose to sale, at the court house door, in Graham, a certain lot or parcel of land in the town of Company Shops, known as lot No. 12, in the plat of said town, and now owned and held by Geo. Troxler and heirs at law of Jacob A. Boon deceased. On this lot is a store-house and office attached. Lot is on Main Street and fronts St. R. Office, and is the one formerly occupied by Kline & Hanner.
Terms of sale: Ten per cent cash, one half balance payable in 6 months and the remainder in 12 months.
J. A. GRAHAM, Com'r.
Jan. 15, 1883-td.

New Practical Life Insurance Co. of New York, 100 N. York St., New York. Agents Wanted. Send for Circulars. For Terms, address J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is stunted up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as Brown's Iron Bitters, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

For a long time I have been a sufferer from stomach and kidney trouble. My physicians were unable to cure me. I read of Brown's Iron Bitters, and I tried it. It cured me. I have gained twenty pounds in weight. O. E. Slaughter.

Leading physicians and clergymen use and recommend Brown's Iron Bitters. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

HOSTETTER'S



BITTERS

Invalids, broken down in health and suffering by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of some disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised up by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

It cures all cases of RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cures the system of the most violent cases of rheumatism, and restores the debilitated system which only the most skillful and experienced physicians can cure. THOUSANDS OF CASES OF RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS, have been cured by this medicine.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. McLEOD, JR., 100 N. York St., New York.

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FOR SALE VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY.

A good wheel, a fine and valuable mill, together with 20 acres of valuable land. For terms, apply to Mrs. M. E. Wilson, Millsville, Alamance Co., N. C. 1.12-9v.

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