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As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS,

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. 100

Poetry.

True Beauty.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air;
If her beauty goes alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.
May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain
Tell me love where's thy gain?
May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise,
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double arm'd she is too ill.
May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind—
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his and his and thine?
May I find a woman true?
There is beauty's fairest hue;
There is beauty, love and wit;
Happy he who can compass it.

THE DAPPLEVALE MILLS

It was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb old mountains, clothed in blue-green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in foamy billows, a river reflecting the azure of the sky, a knot of houses with a church spire at one end, and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky.

This was Dapplevale, and in the rosy sunshine of a June day the girls were all issuing forth, while Gen. May, the foreman, sat at his desk, pen behind his ear, and his small, beady eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrows.

One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday. One by one they filed out with discontented faces until the last one stood before the desk.

She was slight and tall, with large velvety blue eyes, and a complexion as delicately transparent as rose-colored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the casual observer would have pronounced it black, and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her neck was tied, and the manner in which the ample details of her dress were arranged that bespoke foreign birth.

"Well Mademoislle Marie, how do you like factory life?" asked the foreman.

"It is not disagreeble," she answered, a slight accent clinging to her tones like fragrance to a flower, as she extended her hand for the money counted out to her.

"You have given me but four dollars, and it was eight by the contract," she said.

The foreman shrugged his shoulders with an insolent air.

"Humph! you aint much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight of course, but we deduct $2 for a fee."

"A fee! for what?" demanded Marie, with flashing eyes.

"For getting you the situation, to be sure. Such places don't grow on every bush, and you naturally expect to pay for the privilege."

"I did not."

"Oh, well you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean that if I don't pay this money——" hesitated Marie.

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said May hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars.

"Oh that is a percentage all the girls pay," said the foreman.

"But what is it for?"

Mr. May laughed

"It helps out my salary. Of course you know the girls expect to pay something each week for keeping their situations in a place where there are so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elder?"

"Well, yes, he owns it, but I manage everyting. Mr. Elder reposes the utmost confidence in my ability, and he is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you have any more questions to ask——"

"I have none; but I need this money myself. I work hard for it, I earn it righteously. I cannot afford any more than the others among these poor laboring girls to pay it to your greed."

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. May, jumping from his seat as if stung.

"And I will not pay it," calmly continued Mademoiselle Marie.

"Very well, just as you like, Mademoiselle, only if you wont conform to to the rules of Dapplevale Mills—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded the girl.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books; you are no longer in my employ. Good evening, Mademoiselle.

Mr. May slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Marie's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls who had hovered around the place to hear the discussion, looked with awe stricken faces at Marie as she came out with four dollars in her hand.

"You've lost your place, mam'selle," whispered Jennie Bass, a pale, dark-eyed girl who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her factory earnings.

"And he'll never take you on again, he's as vindictive as possible," said Mary Rice.

"It matters not. He is a rogue and rogues sometimes out-general themselves."

"But you can't starve," said Jennie. "Come with me mam'selle. My home is a poor place but you are welcome to stay there until you write to your friends.

Marie turned and impulsively dissed Jennie on her lips.

"I thank you, but I do not need your kindnes, I have friends nearer than you think."

Marie Duvelle went back to the red brick house all thatched with the growth of woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the mills.

"Does he cheat you out of your money too?" she inquired of Simeon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to his supper.

"One sixth I have to pay him," said Simeon, as he glanced at the five little ones around the board. "Yes miss, he's a villain, but this world is full of such; and I find it a pretty hard world to get on in. Mr. Elder never comes here, or maybe things would be different. Mr. Elder lives abroad, in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now, and I intend to write to him."

"It won't do no good miss."

"Yes it will," said Marie quietly.

* * * * * * *

The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the woods, and the Dapplevale Mills wore their holiday guise, even down to Simeon Pettengill's newly brightened steam engine, for Mr. Elder and his bride were to visit the factory on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Mam'selle Marie went away soon, for they say the master is kind hearted in the main and she might have spoken up for herself," said Simeon to his assistant.

Mr. May, in his best broadcloth suit and moustache newly dyed, stood in the entrance smiling as the carriage drove up, and Mr. Elder, a handsome blonde man, sprang out and assisted a young lady in a dove-colored traveling suit to alight.

"May, how are you?" he said with the carelessness of conscious superiority. Marie, my love, this is my foreman."

"Mademoiselle Marie!"

Mr. May found himself cringing before the slight French girl he had turned away from the factory a month before.

"May," said Mr. Elder authoritatively. "my wife tells me some very strange stories about the way things are managed here, It became so notorious that the rumor reached her even at Blythea Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Marie, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make these poor girls is a new foreman. May you are dismissed."

"But sir—"

"Not a word!" cried Mr. Elder, with lowering brow, and Mr. May crept out with an uncomfortable consciousness of Marie's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elder turned to his wife.

"You were right, my love. The man's face is sufficient evidence against him."

And a new reign began for Jennie Bass and the others, as well as for Simeon Pettengil. And Marie never regretted her week's apprenticeship at the Dapplevale Mills.

The Mad Poet.

Such was the name given to McDonald Clark, a wild, eccentric writer of verses, who lived in the city of New York some thirty years ago. He had talent for improvisation which he used to celebrate the charms of those persons of whom, from time to time, he became enamored. A volume of his poems, published by subscription contains these touching paragraphs:

"I won't pester folks with apologies Here's a rough handful of flowers—a little dirt about the roots—a tear'll wash it off!"

"If the life of my poetry is wholesome 'twill breathe after the wild spirit that inspired it has been sobered at the terrible tribune of eternity, and the weak hand that traced it long wasted to ashes."

In one of these wild moods which frequently came upon him, when the will to be sublime was not sustained by the strength, he wrote thes linese on Washington:

Eternity—give him elbow room!
A spirit like his is large;
Earth—fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge,
To the memory of America's greatest man;
Match him posterity if you can.

The "Mad Poet" died in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island and was buried in Greenwood cemetery, New York. Speaking of the arrangements he desired made for his funeral he said:

"I hope the children will come; I want to be buried by the side of children Four things I am sure there will be in heaven—music, flowers, pure air and plenty of little children."

Some of the Difficulties of Unbelief.

If, notwithstanding every appearance of truth, you suppose the testimony of the Apostles to be false, inexplicable circumstances of glaring absurdity crowd upon you. You must suppose that men, of mean birth, of no education, living in that humble station which placed ambitious views out of their reach and far from their thoughts, without any aid from the State, formed the noblest scheme thnt ever entered the mind of man, adopted the most daring means of executing that scheme, and conducted it with such redress as to conceal the imposture under the semblance of simplicity and virtue. You must suppose those men guilty of blasphemy and falsehood, united in an attempt the best contrived; and which has in fact proved the most successful for making the world virtuous; that they formed this singular enterprise without seeking any advantage to themselves, with an avowed contempt of honor and profit, and with the certain expectation of scorn and persecution; that, although conscious of one anothers villainy, none of them ever thought of providing for his own security by disclosing the fraud, but that amidst sufferings the most grievous to flesh and blood, they persevered in their conspiracy to cheat the world into piety, honesty and benevolence. Truly, they who can swallow such suppositions have no title to object to miracles.—*Hill*

***"Men condemn in others what they practice themselves." Those who practice the use of Kidney-Wort never condemn its use by others, but commend it to all affected with piles, dispepsia constipation and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of kidney liver or bowels.

Sparks.

When is a boat like snow? When she is a drift.

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

When is a soldier like a watch? When he makes time.

What is the form of an escaped parrot? A polly-gone.

Why is F like a bullock's tail? Because it is at the end of "beef."

Which is that which does not die though being drowned? A voice.

What kind of a robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery.

In what key is the Gobble Song written? Why, Turkey, of course.

What is that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? A lawsuit.

Why have chickens no hereafter? Because they have their necks twirled in this.

Cleveland Ohio.

The *Daily Anziger* says: "Chief Superintendent of Police, J. W. Schmitt of this city, who has been in the service a quarter of a century, endorses St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-banisher. It cured him of rheumatism."

Mr. F. W. Wheeler, Warrentown, N. C., says: "I have derived great benefit from Brown's Iron Aitters as a tonic."

Bluff old Mrs. Jeffries: Mrs. Benjamin I heard that your son had been quite ill." Mrs. Benjamin: "Yes he has been suffering from neuralgia of the heart." Mrs. Jeffries: "Umph! I might have guessed as much from seeing him hugging Laura Philips so often.

Dimes and Dollars? M.S.M.H. JUST THINK OF IT!

Dollars and Dimes!

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AN EMPTY POCKET IS THE WORST OF CRIMES

IN THE SHAPE OF A PIANO OR ORGAN IS A

My Pocket is M. T.,

But the McSmith Music House Is Jam Full.

Hercules of Happiness in Any Family.

—AND YET I AM HAPPY—

WRITE TO McSMITH,

—AND—

NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE ME.

TELL HIM YOUR TROUBLES.

Music will be Like Unto the Balm of Gilead, and only Genuine at the

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THAT WILL MAKE YOUR

Wives and Daughters Sing, Laugh and Whistle 24 Hours out of 48.

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H. S. M.

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STOMACH BITTERS

What the great restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will do, must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental despondency, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are so subject.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and

—LIVER—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

Dissolution.

The firm of Holt, Erwin & Holt has this day dissolved by mutual consent, for the purpose of engaging in other business.

Having sold our store house and stock of goods, &c., to Messrs Locke Erwin and T. P Moore, notice is hereby given to all who have claims against, and those indebted to the late firm, to come forward and settle the same with W. A. Erwin, who will be found at Company Shops.

In retiring from the business of merchandising we wish to express our most grateful thanks to our many customers for their liberal patronage ever extended to us, which we always strove to merit, and we take pleasure in recommending to your confidence and patronage our worthy successors, Messrs. Erwin and Moore, who will conduct the business in the same lines as heretofore.

We are, Very truly yours,

HOLT, ERWIN & HOLT.

April 3, 1883.—4t

$10.00 Reward!

On or about the night of the 26th of December, 1882, Minnie, my daughter, aged about 13 years, was abducted from my home in Wake County.

She is of a bright ginger-cake color, well grown for her age and medium in flesh. At times she was subject to spells, when the use of her mind deserted her. She was carried off by one Haywood Beck, of a dark ginger-cake color, spare-built and about 5 feet 10 inches high and about 23 years old. Said Beck has a wife and child about two years old.

I have information that they are in Alamance county about some one of the factories. Any one giving me such information as will lead to the recovery of my daughter and the prosecution of the offender will be paid a reward of $10.00.

Address:

JAMES LOWE, (Col'd,)
care of JAMES PUGH, Post Master,
Morrisville, N. C

March. 24th, 1883—1m

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J. Southgate & Son,

Life and Fire Insurance Agents,

DURHAM, N. C.

Large lines of insurance placed in best companies.

Oct. 2, tf.

SUPERIOR COURT:

Alamance County.

Petition for Partition:

Sally Brinsfield, Jacob Loy and wife Mary J, and others.

vs.

William Baldwin and others.

This is a special proceeding for the sale for partition of a tract of some forty acres of land in Alamance county, which descended upon the heirs at law of Barbara Huffines, who intermarried with Richard Baldwin, and is now held by them as tenants in common.

It appears that defendant William Baldwin is a non-resident of this State, and an order has been made that service of summons be had upon him by publication of notice of this proceeding in THE ALAMANCE GLEANER for six successive weeks. Upon his failure to answer or demur within twenty days after said publication is complete judgement *pro confesso* will be rendered as to him.

At office in Graham, March 14, 1883.

mar 15 6w A. TATE, C. S. C.

ALAMANCE COUNTY,

In the Superior Court.

Summons for Relief,

Special Proceedings:

Wm. H. Robinson, Adm'r of Wm. C. Robinson.

vs.

Mary Black and —— Black, her husband, Geo. Robinson, Wm. Robinson, Franklin Robinson, Ruth Robinson, Henry Robinson, Joshua Robinson, Jos. B. Robinson, Ruth Isley, Elizabeth Bishop and Robt. Bishop, her husband, Wm Robinson and a minor child of Jos. Robinson, dec'd, name and residence unknown.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

To the Sheriff of Alamance County,

Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Mary Black and —— Black her husband, Geo. Robinson, Wm. Robinson, Franklin Robinson, Ruth Robinson, Henry Robinson, Henry Robinson, Joshua Robinson, Jos. B. Robinson, Ruth Isley, Elizabeth Bishop and Robt. Bishop her husband, Wm. H. Robinson, and a minor child of Jos. Robinson, dec'd, name and residence unknown. The defendants above named if they be found within your county, to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court for the county of Alamance within twenty five days after the service of this summons on them exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint which will be deposited in the office of said Clerk within ten days from the date of this summons; And let said defendants take notice that if they fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Herein fail not and of this summons make due return

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, this the sixth day of March eighteen hundred and eighty three.

mar 15 6w A. TATE, C. S. C.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS

OF ALL PLANTS, FOR ALL CROPS, FOR ALL CLIMATES.

We are the largest farmers, largest seed growers and largest seed dealers anywhere; hence have greatest facilities for producing Best Seeds. *All our Seeds are tested*, and only the best sent out. Our *Annual Catalogue and Price List* brings THE GREATEST SEED STORE IN THE WORLD TO YOUR OWN DOOR. It includes all the desirable new and standard varieties of Flower, Vegetable, Field and Tree Seeds, and Plants. Sent FREE to any address.

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