# ALAMANCE GI

#### M, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883.

## The most reliable, carefully prejars

ed and best purgative of the preseit age is

## Brandreth's Pills.

NO. 26

gums of the most healing and beneficial kind. As a family medicine they are unrivalled, uring head ache. constipation, liver complaint rheumatism, dyspepsia - clearing the blood of impurities-acting on the liver kidneys and other important organs, removing the waste tissue, and adding years to the lives of all who use them.

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#### A Perfect Remedy in 20 Cases. ASHFIELD, MASS.

I am verging on eighty years, and deem it my duty to suffering humanity to say that my ong life is due to Brandreth's Pilis which have been my sole medicine for half a century. I lknow the las! forty-three years of my life is owing solely to their use. Your pills saved me many times after the best medical skill in several states had given me up as hopeless, I have had many converts to purgation with Brandreth's Pills and have seen them perform almost miracles of cure . For children a few whooping cough. In all female troubles and weakue-ses I have never known them to fail. In adult males I have known them to care the worst cases of dyspepsia, theumatism, kicpey discusses, dysintery and diarrhea; even d.opsy; paralysis, and appoplexy have yielded to a persistent coarse of Braz dreth's Pills. In fact I have found them the true Life Edixir. They act as continual preventa ives against the effect of time disease and labor

JOHN H. MANNA

### In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kird of work colles" a mari to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world steamboat pilots and rallroad engineers should let liquor atone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head de; each the spfe-

ty of life and property." Keeping life hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A. Brockman, of No. 29½ Silver street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink: but the sober ones have the best, positions and the best pay. Yes, the work and exposure sometimes tells on ue; but for my part, I find PARKER'S TONIC to be all the ind v gorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When 1 haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the Toric, it would help them to break off. (No, that isn't a light-house; it's a star low down near the water.) As I was sav-ing, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag staff? Well, with a bottle of Paux su's Toxic in the locker I can keep malaria as from me as that, all t.e time. My wife'l

	GRAH	AN
EANER	Poetry.	too, fe
	OUR INNER LIFE.	for his She
AT	Each has a secret; an I nor life, .	oncet
prietor.	Of hopes and f.ars, High aspirations, doubtings, c.lms and fears	was of truth.
priorore	And joys and tears. No eye but God's within the vale can look ;	to ful
	The human heart is an unopened book-	but t long s
	A banner furl'd : A neighty öcean into whose lowest deeps	and h
b of ten sub- imself to one for which the	A secret treasury, of which Heaven keeps	er to l
liferent offices	The master key, An unsolved, awful, mystery sublime	Poo
ash System.	Ne'er understood A battle-field where virtue strives with crime,	her v love,
-	Evil with good. The angels of our kind and adverse fate	It we
ATES:	Are marshalled there : Light grappling with grim darkness, love with	proud gentle
1 1 col. 1 col.	Hope with despair.	hastil her p
0 \$750 \$120C 0 1100 1501 0 1350 1800	None e'er can pass the secret inner door That guards the heart :	had g
15 00 22 00 17 50 30 00	It is a crypt one's self cannot explore	seat, 1
0 20 00 37 00 0 35 00 45 00	In every part. We are not as we seemfor oft the eye	the ta
0 48 00 <del>4</del> 00	Belics the breast : The lips cry peace when häggard care is nigh	weeps
ed quarterly if	And wild unrest. Measure the sunbeams-compass sea and	heart- "I
first insertion ty cents.	Creation's plan, Find out!-'Twere easier than to understand	said,
ARDS.	The heart of man. —Selected.	does v hope
in the second second	BETTER THAN HE DESERVED.	be ha
. A. GRAHAM Graham, N. C	Woman's Love and Forgiveness,	rather let his
AHAM,	BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.	me."
AW,	At the window of a neat cottage, in a	She
al ovrts, llecting.	pretty but simple country village, stood	a lett
DIE	$\Rightarrow$ girl with a bright, hopeful face if not a beautiful one.	cover
DDLE,	She had a fine head crowned with a	entire She
Law,	wealth of rich brown hair, but it was put simply back, in a heavy loop be-	love h he ha
	hind, guiltless of bangs, frizzes or puffs,	would
ederal ourts nd to all busi-	and her dress though perfectly neat and	if he j
•	ladylike made not the slightest preten- sion to style.	desire She
tsett,	There was not a particle of city "style"	where
loul,	anywhere about her-she looked like	hopet
-	what she was, a modest, pure, country	rifice,
timore College found it his north of the	blossom, a wildwood rose, that had not yet lost its freshness and fragrance:	convit But
the country.	She was intelligent-that her noble	a cold

im. e had left this neglect more than fill the latter of all his pledges, nette Allyn's door. the heart had gone out of them, ago. They were irksome to him, he would regard her not as a helphis bright future, but as a clog upis footsteps: or, loving girl! She had given him for a physician, she had no idea who the whole heart, her deep, undivided and this blow was a cruel shock. ell nigh killed her, but she was a

le one. She resolved not to act too | was all. ly. She did not give one hint of purpose to Stephen, but when he gone, she sunk upon the window buried her head in her arms upon

os but once.

t-break she was stronger.

have decided what to do," she I will give him his freedom. If he not accept it,"-ah, that one last that she clung to ;-"Then I may appy. But if he does, oh, I would er he would, a thousand times, than im wed me when he did not love

e gathered Stephen's letters all toter, telling him what she had disred, and setting him entircly free,

> e told him she had not ceased to him-never would, but feared that ad lost his love for her, and that she d be a clog upon his climbing feet

ed his freedom, it was his. e sent the package to the hotel "I never had any. I am still Jeannette Allyn," she answered, still quiet

re he had stopped, hoping against , but would hasten, joyfully, to ince her of her mistake.

it, alas, no Stephen came! He sent old note, saying that perhaps, she

quiet cottage heard of him often. She

knew that he was growing great as well

felt that she was no longer a mate | Or was it the last despairing effort in | Newspaper Editors and their Work. behalf of his good angel, which caused those staid horses, who never in their of late, but tried to believe that it lives before had dreamed of doing such a only her fancy. She saw the bitter thing; to run away and upset the car-. Honor held him-he had come riage, throwing Stephen out just at Jean-

> Whatever it was they did it. And when she came out, grieved to find a poor traveler flung lifeles at her door stone, and bade them carry him in and lay him upon her best bed, and hasten

"You have been here a week, but

"My wife is dead," said Stephen after

stranger was.

When, in bathing his pale face with cold water, she looked at it. she knew d, brave girl, as well as a loving, him. She was deeply startled, but that

"He is an old friend. Why should hot care for him?" sae said. And so Stephen Foster, a shattered wreck, lay in Jeannette Allyn's best able; and wept such tears as youth I room tenderly nursed and waited upor for days before he knew her, or even

it when she had sobbed out her where he was.

It was herself who told him.

He feebly asked one evening for drink of water, and when she gave it he recognized her. "Jeannette!" he said. "Is it you

Where am I?" "It is I, Stephen. You are in my house," she answered. "But how came I here ?"

"The stage was overturned at the er, placed his ring with them, wrote door, you were hurt and brought here, she said quietly. "Have I been a trouble to you long?

ely from all bonds to her. he said, with a pained flush on his pale face. never a trouble, Stephen," she answered

quietly. joined his lot to hers, aud that if he "And not ungrateful, Jeannette Are you-where is your husband?"

that he would not accept her sac- ly.

"So I heard, before you came," said Jeannette

there has always associated a certain degree of mystery. There is no class of

so constantly before the public eye; yet there are few with regard to whose real position and functions more vague, confused or erroneous notions are entertained, even on the part of persons otherwise well informed. This is no doubt largely due to the anonymity which is

preserved in the newspaper press of this country. Readers come to identify the opinions of a particular organ more with the sheet of printed paper, and with its distinctive name and features, than with

the individual or individuals by whom it is directed, and of whom, it may be, they know nothing,

The power and influence, with their attendant responsibility, exercised by the editors of our great newspapers, are enormous. Thomas Carlyle once described journalists as the true kings and doses have cured the measles, scarlet fever and priests of the nation. The office so described is a most attractive one for young man in search of a career ; especially if they be fairly educated and believe they are imbued with the fire of genius. The commonest mistake of such aspirants to the editorial chair is, that they greatly under-estimate the attainments requisite for such a position. They speak of "taking to journalism" as if it were a very simple matter, to be accomplished without much personal trouble or inconvenience, and never thinking of the long years of patient work and varied experience which will have to be undergone before they can reach the point they have in view. Jouranlism is now, and is becoming more so every year, a profession for which "a special training" is required. There have been instances in which men of brilliant parts and profound erudition have proved signal failures in the editorial chair ; while men of inferior educa-

tion and meaner intellectual power, but

Newspaper editors are personages with whom, in the mind of the public at large, They are compounded of roots, herbs and men whose work passes so directly and

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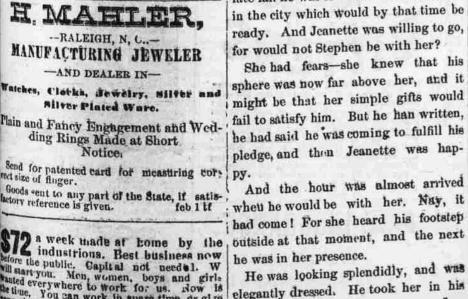
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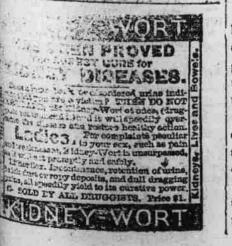
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brow would have told you at once, and she was well educated too, having been an eager student with the best of teachers, but she lacked all sign of the prestige and self possession of a society lady, and, indeed, any knowledge of "so-

ciety ways" at all. But what cared Jeanctte Allyn for society now? All the "society" she wanted was coming to her in a few moments.

Her lover. Stephen Foster, who had gone to the city to seek a fortune, was said "no" and kept on her way. coming to visit her, and she stood by the window, wreathed with climbing roses which Stephen's hand had helped her plant, with a bright light in her eye, and a crimson resc-hue on the smooth cheek nearest the window which vied heard her complain. with the queenly bowers without.

Stephen had been very successful in the city, she knew. He had won honor and fame in his profession of a lawyer, and he was fast winning wealth. In the late fall he was to take her to his home woman he had so cruelly dessrted. in the city which would by that time be ready. And Jeanette was willing to go, for would not Stephen be with her? he had her wealth. Jeannette in her

She had fears-she knew that his sphere was now far above her, and it might be that her simple gifts would as rich. Men spoke his name almost in fail to satisfy him. But he han written, whispers. He went here and there and he had said he was coming to fulfill his pledge, and then Jeanette was haphe ever thought of Jeannette she never py.

And the hour was almost arrived remembrance: when he would be with her. Nay, it had come ! For she heard his footstep

he was in her presence. He was looking splendidly, and was strength. elegantly dressed. He took her in his arms and kissed her warmly, yet Jeanette fancied she missed something from there.

She could not have told what it was but she felt it. They talked long and earnestly. Stephen told her of his strugnette: gles for a high position, and of his triumphs, and his hopes and intentions for have made her, poor girl!" the brilliant future before him.

And with every word Jeannett's heart sauk lower. These were heights which she was never fitted, either by nature or hotel where he intended to stop, but education, to reach. With eager, questook his seat in one of the carriages tioning heart, she sought, in her turn, waiting at the railroad to ride down. to read the deepest recesses of his nature, and the truth was borne. Stephen

"Not only that," said he, "but I have was right, and if she too, desired to break the engagement, it would be betlost all else. Fame, wealth, health. You have had a broken up wreck cast ter broken than kept. And he went back to the city by the yery next train. upon your threshold for mercy my old Poor Jeannette took up her burden friend.

a long pause.

of life again, only saving, "it might have Mercy he shall not have, unless he been!" and bore it bravely. Her stops talking at once, as the doctor has ordered," said Jeannette, trying to father died, and she was left alone in the rose wreathed cottage. She might speak gayly.

"But I cannot stop until you let me have married. More than one suitor sought for a favor, but a single experithank you," he said.

"Wait until you are stronger, then ence was enough for her. She calmly Stephen, no matter what you are, or what you have lost, you are the friend She had means enough for the molest of my youth, and you shall share all ifeshe led, and if she was ever lonely, have untill you are well enough to meet if the nights dragged and the days grew weary in the little cottage, where she the world on your own account once lived alone with one maid, nobody ever | more. Don't say a word, but just rest now. When you are well we will talk

And in the city Stephen Foster pros- it all over. Stephen turned his face away, and pered. He married six months after he lay quietly as she bid him do. But there left Jeanette, a wealthy bride, with no were warm tears trickling down upon soul or heart, a vain, frivolous girl, whose his pillow where she could not see silly life must often have called to his This was the woman he had thought mind in contrast, the pure, true, noble beneath him, and deserted for a senseless doll of fashion. But she only lived two years, and then

Well, retribution had overtaken him and it was sufficiently bitter:

And well deserved say you? Perhaps it was. No doubt it was But the heart of a loving woman ca was feted and praised on every hand. If forgive and forget much.

Stephen was now alone and lonely Jeannette had always been both. S knew it much less had any token of his when he was well again and able to b

But at last came is change. His fast 'about the house, when he asked her to life undermined all. Wealth went first, forgive and forget the unhappy past health followed, and with the loss of and talk about the last and latter love bodily vigor, the loss also of mental which would wander from her more, she did not say him nay.

Stephen had a small remnant of mon Nothing on earth is so fickle as public favor, and with the decline of its idol, ey left, but he had no other home to go that deserted him, he was glad to retire to. So Jeannette would not let him go the embrace that had been wont to be to private life, with fame and fortune at all. There was a quiet wedding in both wrecked. After a time a longing the little church, and they went back came over him to revisit the scenes of to the cottage, which was now home for his youth. He thought then, of Jean- them both.

Of course gossip commented, and many said he only married her for a home,and "Married long ago; no doubt," said he, "and happier than ever I would called her a fool. But he really appreciated and loved her at last, and though He went to the quiet village: Being no doubt he got better than he deserved,

weak from ill health, he did not feel Jeannette was never sorry that she had able for the walk from the station to the given it to him:

In the Diamond Dyes more col oring is given for 10 cts. than in any 15 or 25 cent dyes, and they give faster and What was it? Was it retribution? more brilliant colors,

with those indispensably qualifications tact, judgment and experience-have succeeded admirably under the same conditions. It is, therefore erroneous for a young man to suppose because he has the advantage of a good education, writes with facility, and has a notion of such work, he can "take to journalism" and surmount all difficulties, as it were with a pair of seven-league boots.

Some years ago a young man wrote to an American paper that he wanted to be an editor; and the reply he re ceived is well worth producing here 'Canst thou," asked the editor, "draw up leviathan with the hook thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale and fry them at five minutes notice? Canst thou write editorials to measure? Canst thou write an editoriol to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches for the beginning, nine inches of humor in the middle, and, and outburst of maxim and precept, six inches long, at the close ?"

This, of course, will be regarded as a bit of facetious exaggeration on the part of the editor, and no doubt it was; but it really reflects certain necessary phases in the work of a journalist. Important intelligence frequently arrives at the newspaper office within a short time of the paper going to press, and the editor wishes to be up beside or ahead of his contemporaries, as most editors do; he must have a leading article on the subject in the same issue as that in which the news appears. There is not a moment to be lost; indeed there may be scarcely time to perform the mere mechanical operation of writing what has to be said, not to speak of hunting about for an idea or appropriate quotation, or a choice form of expression. These must all, in the language of the American editor, hooked up, cleaned, scaled and

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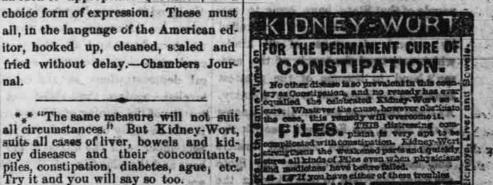
ger and as ginger is really an unimportant in-gredient, we drop the misleading word. There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the bands of dealers, and all bottles remaining in the name of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonle, contain the genuine medience if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. Ang I im,

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