# The Alamance Gleaner. 

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| HE ALAMANCE GLEANER |  |
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BETTER THAN HE DESERVED

## by mattie dyer britts.

At the window of a neat cottage, in a
pretty but simple country viliage, stood girl with a bright, hopeful face if no She had a fine
She had a fine head crowned with put simply back, in a heavy loop be hind, guiltless of bangs, frizzes or puff ladylike made not the slightest pretenThere was not a particle of city "stylle" ywhere abont her-she lioked like blossom, a willdwood rose, that had
yet lost its freshness and fragtance: She was inteligent-that her no 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 la-
dy, and, indeed, any knowledge of "socety ways" at all،
But what cared Jeanctte Allyn for so-
ciety now? All the "society" she wantciety now? All the "society" she want-
ed was coming to her in a few moments.
Her lover, Stephen Foster, who had goming to visit her, and she stood by
con he window, wrenthed with climbing
oses which Stephen's hand had helped er plant, with a bright light in ber cye nd a crimson rosc-bute on the smoot
heek nearest the window which vie with the queenly bowers without. Stephen had been very successfal in 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 hom in the city which would by that time
ready. And Jeanette was willing to for would not Stephen be with her? She had fears-she knew that
sphere was now far above her, and might be that her simple gifts would ail to satisfy him. But he han written, he had said he was coming to fulfill hip And the hour was almost arrived whet he would be with her. Nay, it had come! For she heard his footste was in her presence.
He was looking splendidly, and was elegantly dressed. He took her in his arnas and kissed hete fancied she missed something from the embrace that had been wout to bo there She could not have told what it was earnestly. Stephen told her of his strag gles for a high position, and of his trihe brilliant future before hi. And with every word Jeannett's heart ank lower: These whe by she was never dued, With eager, ques. education, to reach. Wht, in her turn, o read the deepest recesses of his na-

for him.
She ha once of late, but thised to bect more than was only her fancy. She saw the bittel truth. Hothor held him-he had come
to fulfill the latter of all his pledges, but the heart had gone out of them, long ago. They were irksome to him,
and he would regard het not as a helper to his bitght future, but as a a clog up-
und on his footstepis:
Poor, loving girl! She had given him her whole heart, her deep, undivided
love, and this blow was a cruel shock. It well nigh killed her, but she was a proud, brave girl, as well as a loving
gentle one. She resolved not to act to hastily. She did not give one hint of had gone, she suivk upon the window seat, buried her head in her arms upon
the table; and wept such tears as youth weeps but once.
But when she had sobbed out her "I have decided what to do," she
said, I will give hin his freedom. If he said, I will give him his freedom. If he
dies not accept it,"-ah, that one last
hope that she clung to - "Then I may be happy. But if he does, oh, I would
rather he would, a thousand times, than let him wed me when he did not love
me.".
She gathered Stephen's letters all to gether, placed his ring with them, wrote a letter, telling him what she had dis-
covered, and setting him entircly free, entirely from all bonds to her. She told him she had not reased to
love him $\rightarrow$ never would, but feared that he had lost his love for her, and that she would be a clog upon his climbing feet
if he joined his lot to hers, aud that if he She his freedom, it was his. She sent the package to the hote
where he bad stopped, hoping against hopethat he would not accept her sac rifice, but would hasten, joyful
convince her of her mistake. But, alas, no Stephen came! He s was right, and if she too, desired to break the engagement, it would be bet back to the city by the yery next train Poor Jeannette took up her burden of life again, only saying, "it might have
been !" and bore it bravely. Her seen! and bore it bravely. Her
ather died, and she was left alone in he rose wreathed tottage. She migitt sought for a favor, but a single experience was enongh for her. She cal
said "no" and kept on her way. She had means enough for the mol life she led, and if she was ever lonely, f the nights dragged and the days grew weary in the withe cottage, where she
lived alone with one main, nobody ever eard her complain.
And in the city Stephen Foster pros-
pered. He married six months after he eft Jeanette, a wealthy bride, with no soul or heart, a vain, frivoloas girl, whose
illy life must often have called to his mind in contrast, the pure, true, no
woman he had so cruelly dessrted. But she only lived two years, andthen he had her wealth. Jeannette in her aiet cottage heard of him often. She rich. Men spoke his name almost in whispers. He went here and there and he ever thought of Jeannette she neve new it much less had any token of his emembrance: But at last camie a change. His fast fie undermined all. Wealth went first odily trength.
Nothing on earth is so fickle as public avor, and with the decline of its idol, that deserted him, he was glad to retire
to private life, with fame asd fortune both wrecked. After a time a longing his youth. He thought then, of Jean: atte.
"Married long ago; no doubt," said e, "avd happier than ever I would He went to the quet villige: Being reak from ill health, be did not feel hotel where he intended to stop, but took his seat in one of the carriages
waiting at the railroad to ride down. witing at the railrodid to ride down.
What was it? Was it retribution?
behalf of his good angel, which cansed ives hefore had dreame never in thei thivgi, to run away and upset the car riage, throwing Step
nette Allyn's door.
Whatever it was they did it. An
when sho came out, grieved to find poor traveler flung lifeles at her doo
stone, and bade them carry stone, and bade them carry him in and
lay him upos her best bed, and hasten for a physicia
stranger was.
When, in bathing his pale face with
him. She was deeply startled, but tha

## was all.

He is an old friend. Why
ot care for him?" sae said.
Aneck, lay in Jeaninette Allyn's be wreck, lay in Jeaniuette Allyn's bes
room tenderly nursed and waited upon for days before he knew her, or
where he was. It was herself who told him.
He feebly asked one evening for arink of water, and when she gave it ha
recoguized her.
"Jeannette!" he said. "Is it you
Where am I?" ".
"Tt is I , Stephen, You are in my "It is I, Stephen. You
house," she anstwered.
"But how came I here ?"
But how came I here
"The stage was overturne oor, you were hurt and brought here he said quietly.
Have I been a trouble to you long? an said,

You have beell here a week, bu ver a trouble, stephen, she answere "And not ungrateful, Jeannette "I never had any. I am still Jear "My wife is dead," said Stephen afte long pause.
"So I heard, before you came," sai

## eannette.

"Not only that," said he, "but I have
lost all else. Fame, wealth, health You have hal a broken up wreck ca upon your threshold for mercy my of
Mercy he shall not have, unless stops talking at once, as the doctor ha
ordered," said Jeannette, trying to eak gayly.
"But I cannot stop until you let $m$ "ank you," he said.
"Wait until you
Stephen, no yatter are stronger, then
Stephen, no matter what you are,
of my youth, and you shall share all have untill you are well enough to mes the world on your own account onc now. When you are well we will tall Stephen
he quiently turned his faco away, an
ere warm tas she bid him do. But ther his pillow where phe could not see This was the woman he had thongh beneath him, and d
Well, retribution
Well, retribution had overtaken him And well deserved say your
Perhaps it was. No doubt it was But the heart of a lovihg woman ea forgive and forget much. Stephen was now alone and lorely eannette had always been both. So when he was well again and able to be about the house, when he asked her to forgive and forget the unhappy pas hich would wander from her more she did not say him nay
Stephen had a small reminant of mon
ey left, but he had no other home to go
So Jeannette would not let him
go
. So Jeannette would not let him go
the little church, and they went back
them both.
of course gossip commented, and many
said he only married her for a home,and
allied her a fool. But he really appre-
and hoved her at last, and thoug

eamette was ne
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oring is given for 10 cts. than in any , more brilliant colors:


