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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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Just returned from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and can be found at his office in Graham, one door north of the GLEANER office.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. A. NOEL, Fashionable Tailor.



GRAHAM, N. C., Prepared to make Fine Clothing for everybody. See his samples of Fall goods and styles for 88.

H. MAHLER, MANUFACTURING JEWELER, AND DEALER IN 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 satisfaction is given.

\$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging in this. Costly outfit and terms free. Money taken in easily, and honorably. Address & Co., Augusta Maine.

KIDNEY-WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It is for all the painful diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It cleanses the system of the acid poison which 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. It is a liquid or dry, sold by all druggists. Dry can be sent by mail. W. S. LITTLE & Co., Burlington Vt.

Poetry.

UNTOLD.

A face may be woeful-white to cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light over a heart that's breaking!

'Tis not the heaviest grief which we wear the willow,
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be the burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn when none save Christ can find them.

For the loyal ones who leave our side our souls are well-nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide, have pity tender heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that so the spoken sorrow:
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE SQUIRE'S FUN.

BY EEN E. REXFORD.

Squire Doolittle was a farmer, fat and jolly, who liked fun; but always preferred it at some one else's expense.

If he could play a trick on one of his sons, he enjoyed it hugely. As a consequence the boys did not reverence him very much, and were always trying some practical joke on their father. Sometimes they succeeded, but not often.

"I'm too old a fish to be caught by the pin hooks of boys," he would say when some plan of theirs had miscarried and the joke was turned upon themselves, much to his delight and their chagrin. "You've heard of weasels, haven't you? Yes, Well, weasels, especially old weasels, never sleep."

"We must get a laugh against him some way, said Tom. "He's too provoking! I'd give a dollar to trick him in such a way that he wouldn't like to hear about it."

"So would I," said John. "And I'd make it two," said Robert, but we are hardly sharp enough, that's the trouble."

It happened that the squire was in the haymow in the barn when this conversation took place, and the boys were sitting on some boxes on the barn floor.

He chuckled as he listened, and a moment later called out from his lofty perch, "I'll tell you what I'll do, boys. When you get a joke on me I'll buy each one a hat."

The boys looked foolish. But finally because they had nothing else to say they accepted the challenge, and in a half-hearted sort of way, set their wits to work to earn the hat.

In the squire's flock of sheep was an old ram named David. The animal had a chronic spite against the whole human family, and never lost an opportunity of exhibiting it to any member of the family that crossed his path. If a stranger entered the yard or pasture where David was, the poor man was fortunate if he was not knocked down as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning. The ram always attacked from the rear. He would get behind the object of his attack, curb his neck, shut his eyes and charge! As may be imagined the great horns of the animal, backed up by the momentum gathered by his charge, gave anything but a pleasant sensation when they came in contact with the legs of his unsuspecting victim. Generally a board was strapped across his horns, over his woolly face, to obstruct his range of vision and serve as a warning to strangers of his warlike propensity. But he often contrived to tear it from his head—and then alas for his unsuspecting victim.

The boys enjoyed many an hour of fun with David. The sheep pasture came up to the barn on one side and a creek run along by both. Where the pasture came to the creek was a very high bank, and this bank was steep. The Doolittle boys used to get upon a narrow rock that was just under the edge of the bank. Here, when they stood up, all their bodies above the waist could be seen above the level of the pasture. Placing themselves in position, they would attract the attention of old David by calling and shaking their hats at him. He was always ready for battle. With lowered head, curved neck, and a snort of anger, he would rush at them with eyes closed. Taking advantage of this

peculiarity, the boys would drop down behind the bank, and David would go over them and into the water, with a plunge that would have done credit to a Newfoundland dog. Then he would get back to the shore looking very wrathful and sheepish; but he could not be induced to renew the attack again at that time.

His memory, however, was poor, or his pugnacity was too strong for his discretion, for in an hour, if the boys came back and showed themselves above the bank, he was ready for another charge. Perhaps the foolish animal thought that sometime he would be too quick for them.

The squire had often watched this sport, and laughed at David's recklessness and at his appearance as he plunged into the water and came forth with wet wool and disgusted wrathful aspect.

One day the squire was in the barnyard salting the cows. He had a half bushel measure in his hand, and as he looked over the fence into the sheep pasture, and saw David watching him, he held up the measure and shook it at the old fellow.

David gave a snort of defiance, and began to curb his neck and shake his head, as if challenging the squire to a combat.

"I wonder if I couldn't trick the old fellow in the same way that the boys do?" thought the deacon. He looked about the yard cautiously. His sons were not in sight, and he concluded he would have a laugh at David's expense. Crawling through the fence he reached the rock on which the boys stood in their encounters with David. The ram had not seen him. When the squire raised himself cautiously and looking over the bank, David was watching the barnyard, and evidently wondering what had become of the man who had just challenged him.

"Hi David!" cried the squire, holding the half bushel measure out before him as a target for the sheep to aim at. "Hi David!"

David "hi-ed" at once. He gave a grand flourish as if to say, "Look out there!" then charged.

Unfortunately for the squire, he was so excited over the fun that he forgot himself completely, and only thought about the half bushel measure. Instead of dropping out of the sheep's way, he swung the measure on one side, in his excitement forgetting that David always shut his eyes when he charged, and aimed for the object before him when he closed them. The consequence was that the ram did not follow the measure, but bolted straight for the place where he last saw it, struck the poor squire squire in the stomach and he and David went over the bank and into the creek as if shot out of a cannon.

"Well, I snum!" spluttered the squire, as he made his way to the bank, "I forgot all about dodging. I do believe the old renegade's broke my stomach in, by the way it feels. You old rascal!" He screamed to David, whose air was one of victory, as he stood on the pasture side of the fence, making defiant motions with his head at the deacon who had clambered out of the water on the barnyard side, "I'd like to break your old neck!" I shan't get over this for a month, if I ever do. I wouldn't have been so bruised for five dollars. I'm glad the boys didn't see me."

He made his way up the bank and toward the barn, under cover of the fence. He didn't want anyone at the house to see him in his wet clothes. As he opened the barn door, a broadside of laughter saluted his ears from the haymow in the end of the barn toward the creek. He knew that the boys' hour of triumph had come. They had seen his discomfiture.

"I say, father!" irreverently called out Tom, in a voice choked with laughter. "You didn't scooch quick enough. Next time you'll know better how to do it."

"What became of the half bushel?" asked John, and Rob screamed "Hi David!" in such a way that, notwithstanding his pain the squire was half inclined to laugh himself.

"I—I acknowledge that David was too much for me that time," said the squire looking very red and foolish.

"Laugh away boys if it does you any good."

"What's the price of hats?" asks John.

"Well, but the joke wasn't yours," said the squire, "But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want say anything about this foolish affair I'll buy the hats, and give you a day's fishing any time you want it."

"We agree! we agree!" cried the boys.

But the story leaked out in some way, and the squire had to endure a great deal of sly laughter from his sly loving neighbors. But he never quite forgave old David, and although he did not say so, he had a feeling of unqualified satisfaction when he heard one day that the old sheep's neck had been broken in a fight.

Married Folks Would be Happier.

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If house hold expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If they would try to be a support and comfort to each other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they are to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer.

If both remembered that they were married for worse as well as better.

The Pennsylvania Excursionists.

The gentlemen who came here three weeks ago from Pennsylvania to see how North Carolina looked, were certainly pleasantly impressed with the people, our lands and our climate. Capt. John T. Patrick was in the city yesterday afternoon. Talking with a reporter he said that of the thirty-six Pennsylvanians who came here no less than twenty-five, he had been informed by a member of the party, had purchased lands. All were pleased; there was not an exception. They looked at the State pretty well while in it. He was impressed by the fact that all of them were substantial men, who meant business in coming here. In November the next party will arrive. In this there will be over 100. It will go over the State as did the first party. Capt. Patrick says he has sent a man to Mechanicsburg, Penn., where there is a big fair in progress, with specimens of our field crops. This was done by request. Several of the Pennsylvanians who were through this State have volunteered to attend the fair and make speeches giving facts about North Carolina, the advantages of coming here, etc. There is no doubt that the excursion was a success in all respects. Some one remarked yesterday, upon our speaking of the exhibit at Mechanicsburg, that it would be a good thing if our exhibit at Boston could be moved about so that the people of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, etc., could see it. Every one of these exhibits is pushing the State forward, and it may truly be said that no Southern State to-day occupies a more advanced position in the eyes of Northern people than North Carolina.—News-Observer.

Chicago's First Citizen.

The Chicago Tribune, in closing an elaborate article on Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of that city gives the following as Mr. Harrison's opinion of St. Jacobs Oil: "When I first found myself suffering from the rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I procured some of it immediately, and found it excellent for that ailment."

Some Beautiful Thoughts.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Life is too short to be worrying as to who likes you and who does not. Press on through the shadows that hang over these low grounds to the bright mountain tops over yonder, where you will not have an enemy.

Sometimes God garners the dew of life, holds the tiny, precious drops in reserve to form some sudden shower of mercy, which shall save from under barrenness the parched, arid soul in its seasons of burning need.—Ellen Oliver.

Food for Thought.

The first great work is that yourself may be to yourself be true.

What is resignation? Placing God between ourselves and our trouble.

Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.

The only sound and healthy description of assisting, is that which teaches independence and self-exertion.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

A work prospers through endeavors, not through vows. The fawn runs not into the mouth of the sleeping lion.

Poetry is the only verity—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal; and not after the apparent.

All the results of religion imply a life set right with God. If there is to be the river there must be the fountain.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil, so fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavor.

Habits are the daughters of action, but they nurse their mothers, and give birth to daughters after her image, more lovely and prosperous.

When a high minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice, his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

The grave is a very small hillock; but we can see farther from it, than from the highest mountain in all the world.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go around without creaking last longest.

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

The hope of our national perpetuity rests upon the individual freedom which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change.

Do good and be good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude some one will love you and greet your coming.

The world would be much better off if the pains taken to analyze the subtlest moral laws were given to the practice of the simplest.

By rousing himself, by earnestness, by restraint and control, the wise man may make for himself an island which no flood can overcome.

The mere wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple, but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.

If the Lord does not give you what is sweet, he will give you what is meet; he is consulting your welfare when he appears to forget your comfort.

Young man, in building thy temple of life, let the foundation be honesty, the timber wisdom and the roof thereof temperance, virtue and manhood.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

There are struggles of the secret soul, known only to God, that mark the face with wrinkles and whiten the hair in the midst of manhood's strength.

Emotions are the start that guide only when the heavens are clear; but reason is the magnetic needle that directs when stars are bidden and shine no more.

The action of a man is a representative type of his thought and will; and a work of charity is a representative type of the charity within, in the soul and mind.

The happiness of man arises more from his inward than his outward condition; and the amount of good in the world cannot be much increased, but by increasing the amount of goodness.

Nobility of birth does not always insure a corresponding nobility of mind; if it did, it would always act as a stimulus to noble actions; but it sometimes acts as a clog rather than a spur.

A man's moral principles, like the dykes of Holland or the levees of the Mississippi, need to be continually watched and strengthened. He is ruined if they are undermined or overthrown.

The life of a dependent being must ever be a life of faith, and the essential property of faith is obedience. This runs through all the relations of this life and those which take hold on the eternal future.

Here is a thing wherein I would willingly have you agree, that is to dispute and not to quarrel; for friends dispute between themselves for their better instruction, enemies quarrel to destroy one another.

As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest.

Subscriber for the GLEANER. \$1.50 a year in advance.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE WOUNDS OTHER PLAINTERS. FAIL, EVEN TO BELIEVE. Take no other or you will be disappointed. Insist on having ALLCOCK'S.

PHILA., 508 North Third St., February 1st, 1884.

I have been using Allcock's Porous Plaster or a number of years and always with marked benefit. I have been much troubled with muscular rheumatism; have been treated by five of our best physicians without receiving any relief whatever. I then used Allcock's Porous Plaster on the parts affected and I can assure you the pain has almost entirely left me. I can recommend them to every one of the best plaster made. I have tried other plasters but found them worthless.

B. F. GALLAGHER.

Weak Kidneys Cured.

CONTOOCH, N. H., March 8th, 1880.

I have been greatly troubled with rheumatism and weak kidneys. I was advised to try Allcock's porous plasters, (had used two other kinds of so called porous plasters, which did me no good,) but one of yours has worked like a charm, giving me complete relief, and I have not been troubled with rheumatism and kidney complaint since using them, and I consider myself cured.

EDWARD D. BURNHAM.

In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work oblige" a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should be liquor abate. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head, depends the safety of life and property.

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A. Brockman, of No. 254 1/2 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 us; but for my part, I find PARKER'S Tonic an important invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard my now; never go on a trip without it. When I 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 Tonic, it would help them to break off. (No, that isn't a light-souled; it's a star low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag staff? Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that, all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic, and as an invigorant, when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-by! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER Tonic, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of Parker's Tonic. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger and a ginger is really an important ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine; if the fac-simile signature of H. C. Parker is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. Aug 1st '83.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in this become wealthy; those who do not improve the opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the start. The business will pay more than ten times a day's wages. Expressive outfit furnished free. No one who a slacker fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address: HENSON & CO., Portland, Maine, Nov. 23, 82-17.

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We can furnish anything from a Bodkin to a Cylinder Press.

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IS A SURE CURE

for all diseases of the Kidneys and LIVER.

This specific action on the most important organs, enabling it to throw off completely and fraction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular change. It cures Malaria, jaundice, dropsy, the Gravel, Rheumatism, Gout, neuralgia, and all the diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. It 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 61.

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