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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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

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R. A. NOEAR,

Fashionable Tailor,

GRAHAM, N. C.,

Is prepared to make Fine Clothing for everybody. See his samples of Fall goods and styles for 882.

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$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 at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

GET YOUR MONEY While you live. This is done by the members of the B. U. Mutual Aid Society. Don't pass this advertisement without sending for circulars and particulars to the MUTUAL AID SOCIETY, Harrisburg, Pa.

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Poetry.

WHY?

Sometimes how near you are,
Sometimes how dear you are;
Then, then, so far, so far,
Like some far star you are.

Sometimes through you, through you,
I see the gray sky blue,
And feel the warmth of May
In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes, I let
All burdens fall, forget
All cares, and every fear,
In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas, alas!
Why does it come to pass,
Before the hour goes by,
Before my dream doth die,

I drift and drift away
Out of your light of day,
Out of your warmth and cheer,
Your blessed atmosphere?

Why does it come to pass?
Alas, and still alas!
Why doth the world prevail,
Why doth the spirit fail,

And hide itself away
Behind its wall of clay,
Since time began—alas!
Why does it come to pass?

THE JUDGE'S WIFE.

Judge Shickleton, one of the most prominent jurists in Arkansaw, at a banquet the other night, related an interesting reminiscence of the early days of Arkansaw.

"I came here," said the judge, "just after I had been admitted to the bar in a Northern State. Like the average young lawyer, I was poor, and actually thirsted for a case. Shortly after my arrival I went to a mountain district, and stopped at a small town where court was in session. There was considerable excitement in town over the trial of a young man who had been indicted for murder. The old lawyers were loth to engage in the prosecution, so the young prosecuting attorney was working single handed. I met him the second day after my arrival, and when he learned that I was a lawyer, he said:

"I am glad to see you, for I know that as a young man in the profession, you of course want an introduction to the people of the State. Nothing so effectually introduces a man like participancy in an important case. I am at present prosecuting, for murder a young man named Dawes. He is as guilty as guilty can be, and should by all means hang; yet I fear with so much opposition, that I will not be able to assist justice to a proper punishment of the terrible crime. Now, what I want you to do, is to assist me."

"I did not relish the idea that my first case should be one of a tragedy, and that my first money derived from the law should be blood money; but seeing no other opening, and fearing that none would present itself, I consented. Just before we reached the argument in the case, the prosecuting attorney was taken violently ill, leaving the entire conduct of the case devolving upon me. This to me, put a dreadful phase on the affair, and for a time I meditated whether or not I would run away from the country and seek my fortune elsewhere, but finally I decided that I could never become a lawyer without making sacrifices in the discharge of my duty, I resolved to remain and do my best. I studied the case carefully. I went to the place a short distance away, and examined the ground where the murder had been committed. I found a witness who had not been summoned, and upon the whole did good detective work. The arguments began. I nerved myself to the point and made the best speech I could possibly formulate. I was somewhat surprised at my own powers, and at the interest I was taking in the case. The prisoner, who was a handsome fellow, would at times look at me in mute appeal, but I knew that he was guilty. I established the fact that the defendant had quarrelled with an old man named Shannon, and that shortly after he went to Shannon's field and shot him from the fence. I made every point so clear that could see the jurymen shaking their heads when an illustration was strikingly vivid. The counsel for the defense, composed of old lawyers, whose fame had long been established, looked at me in astonishment. They met me and wanted a compromise. I knew nothing but justice, and justice knew no compromise. Finally, the case went to the jury. Within five minutes afterward a verdict of guilty was renderd.

"An appeal to the Supreme court was taken, but the decision of the court below was sustained, and the young man was hanged.

"I did not settle in the town, for the scene became repulsive. I moved to another part of the state, where I soon established a good practice.

"One day, about three years afterward, I met, at a northern watering place, a beautiful young woman whose husband was dying of consumption. She seemed so devoted to him, consulted his every whim, and seemed so anxious about his comfort, that I was attracted toward her. She did not seem to doubt her husband's recovery, and when one evening I asked her if she did not think that he was sinking rapidly, her large, lustrous eyes filled with tears, and in a choking voice she replied:

"I don't think that he is sick enough to die."

"But you should be prepared for the worst," I suggested.

"I cannot be prepared for it. No preparation can lighten the blow. If he dies it is my desire to go too."

"But you cannot go without committing suicide, and you certainly cannot contemplate any such a step."

"Oh, I don't know," she exclaimed, "I don't like to think about it."

The consumptive grew rapidly worse, but his wife was still hopeful, for he would talk of what he intended to do when he recovered. One night, about twelve o'clock, I was summoned to the poor fellow's room. He lay gasping for breath, and his wife beautiful even in grief, sat holding his hands. The end soon came, and I saw her bow her magnificent head in despair.

"He was buried, in compliance with a request that he made, on the mountain, where a little stream flowed, and where a tree covered with wild, beautiful vines, shaded a grassy plot.

"I did not see Mrs. Delure, the fair widow, for a few days after the funeral. Then she came to bid me good-bye

"When the memory of your husband affords a melancholy pleasure, instead of a deep grief, will you not write to me?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't feel as though I shall ever again feel disposed to write, but I thank you for the deep interest you have taken in me, and I hope some day to meet you again."

"You are young, Mrs. Delure, and so am I. We may live a long time. We may meet again. I would like though, to gain one promise; that, five years from now, you will write to me, if for no other purpose than to tell me that you are well."

"But I may not be well," she replied, with a faint smile that went to my heart.

"Then promise to tell me whether you are sick or well."

"Why, if I am living, I will be either sick or well, and if I am dead, I cannot write, you know," and again the faint smile, like a softened twilight, passed over her face.

"Write to me anyway?"

"I will," she said, as she entered the back. "I will write just as soon as I can."

"I returned to Arkansaw and resumed my practice, but business cares did not remove the image of that beautiful face. Day and night my thoughts, sometimes anxious almost beyond endurance wandered back to the watering place. Once I dreamed of that quiet, sad smile, and awaking, I found that the first beams of a rising moon were lighting my chamber.

Two years passed, and I had heard nothing from Ella, as I had learned to think of her. At last I determined to go again to the watering place. One evening, after I had been there a few days, I was strolling on the mountain, when I chanced to stroll near Delure's grave. Hearing voices, I approached cautiously. I stood behind a tree. The moon came out, and I saw Mrs. Delure and a man sitting near the grave.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You have been very kind to me. and have greatly aided me in getting my school, but I cannot marry you."

"Do you ever expect to marry again?" he asked.

"I don't know. There is one man whose memory I love. He was with me when my husband died. If I were to ever marry any one I would marry him. I promised to write to him and I have tried to, a dozen times, but each letter seemed like a love letter."

I could stand no more, and exclaiming, "Ella." I rushed from my hiding place and caught her in my arms. The man looked on for a moment, and turned away.

Our arrangements were soon completed. Our wedding was quiet and simple, and immediately after the ceremony, we started for my home in Arkansaw.

"We began housekeeping at once, and I know there is not a happier man in town than I. One evening while Ella and I were in the twilight, she said:

"I never saw a man so little interested in any one's history as you are. You have been acquainted with me a long time now, and have never asked me anything about my former self."

"Your present self," I replied, "belongs to me; your former self did not. I am never anxious about anything that does not belong to me."

"Do you know that I used to live in this State."

"Did you?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes," she said in a saddened tone, I have been three times married. My first husband was named Dawes, but he was a bad man, and died by the had of the law.

"Great heavens, I had hung her husband."

"Father Hubbard's" to Match Mother Hubbard's.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]

The other day when old Major Solman announced his readiness to proceed in the direction of church, his wife appeared wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The old man intently regarded her for a few moments, and asked:

"Mary, what sort of a coat do you call that?"

"It's a Mother Hubbard, Jeems."

"Air you going to wear it to church?"

"Why certainly Jeems. The Mother Hubbard is all the fashion now."

"Well, I'm glad to know it," the old man replied. "Just wait until I get ready, and we'll go."

The old man went into the kitchen, took a couple of meal sacks, cut the bottoms out, sewed the tops together, and put them on in imitation of pantaloons. When he returned his wife uttered a loud cry of astonishment, and said:

"Great goodness, Jeems, what's that?"

"Father Hubbard," the old man replied.

"You are not goin' to wear them sacks, are you?"

"I've got to be fashionable to keep up with you. I've got as much right to wear these meal bags as you have to go in that bran sack."

"I'll take it off."

"All right, off goes the Father Hubbard," and turning away he added to himself: "Only one way to beat a woman, and that's by agreein' with her. Ef it hadn't been for that daddy Hubbard I'd been in a mighty bad fix."

Watching One's Self.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "We had a school master who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us, "Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me and I will attend to the case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "There is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I told the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on the book when you saw him?"

"I was caught and never watched for idle boys again?"

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

Don't wear dingy or faded things when the ten-cent Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect.

Newspaper Borrowers.

Every successful newspaper has three classes of readers. First comes the honest, straightforward, prompt-paying subscriber, who is never in arrears, and who seems to realize the fact that it costs something to run a newspaper. This is the class of subscribers that editors love. They are the back-bone of the newspaper business. Next to the above comes the "slow coach" subscriber, who, like the cow's tail is always behind. He will read the paper just as long as he can without paying for it, and when you stop his paper because he won't pay, he considers the debt settled. The editor don't care much about this class of subscribers, and it is a source of relief to him when one of them comes in and "pays" up and stops "his paper." The last class of readers is the borrower. Too mean and stingy to subscribe for the paper, he sponges on his neighbor, who in many cases is less able to pay than the "sponger." These fellows can never find anything in the papers worth reading, which is the general reason they give for not subscribing, but somehow or other there is always news enough to induce them to "sneak" 'round and "sponge" it from those who do subscribe and pay for it, and it is in the interist of this class of our patrons that this article is written. Let every borrower read it and mend his ways.—Ex.

No Grease for Him.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed schoolboy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasion to grease anybody's knees," shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original gloss and color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linen; not a dye, good for the scalp; prevents falling out.

Calomel for Hog Cholera.

Mr. J. W. Thomas, a subscriber at Red Shoals, Stokes county, writes us that he finds calomel a good medicine for hogs affected with what is commonly called cholera. He gives them the ordinary dose for a person, and he finds that it is the best remedy he has ever seen tried. If this treatment shall prove efficient in the eastern section the information is important, for cholera has been the chief impediment to raising meat. We hope the suggestion will receive attention.—*News-Observer.*

A Hotel Man's Luck.

Mr. J. G. Tyler, chief clerk at the Union Hotel, Ogden, had rheumatism in the muscles of the chest and left shoulder. By applying the Great German Remedy three days he realized complete restoration, and he is of the opinion that there is nothing equal to the St. Jacobs Oil for pain. The Great German Remedy is also a specific for burns and sprains.—Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune.

A Western editor alludes to a rival as a person entirely devoid of bigotry in medical affairs having allopathic feet and a homeopathic head.

The need of the age is not only a stronger nail, but also a nail that can be driven by a woman. One with a head about the size of a trade dollar.

A great many men remain awake during the sermon until the minister straightens up and says, "But one word more and I am done." Then they start for a long nap.

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Those that didn't run are they yit!"

A Parisian lady, who is soon to be remarried, has a little daughter eight or nine years old. One of the girl's friends invited her to dinner for the following Tuesday. "Oh, I can't on Tuesday," replied the child, with a most important air; "I marry mamma on that day!"

The most gauzy story ever presented to the credulity of the American public, says the San Francisco Post, is that in a recent stage robbery in Montana an editor who was a passenger was robbed of $1.50 and had $600 that was not taken. The inside facts are that he had the $1.50 in the toe of his sock and the $600 in his mind.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—The president of a defunct savings bank of Chicago got into a hack and rode to the central depot. Upon arrival at his destination; the driver said: "Fare, please, one dollar." As the regular price is only fifty cents, the indignant prssenger at once demanded of the Jehu," "What do you take me for?" "Fifty cents on the doldal for the ride, or fear you would want to settle with me foronly twenty-five cents, that being fifty per cent., and the rate at which you settled with your other creditors." The hack-man got his dollar, and the ex-banker got something he had not thought of before.

Allcock's Porous Plasters

CURE WHERE OTHER PLASTERS FAIL EVEN TO RELIEVE.

Take no other or you will be disappointed. Insist on having

ALLCOCK'S.

PHILA., 308 North Third St., February 1st, 1684.

I have been using Allcock's Porous Plasters 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 as the best plaster made. I have tried other plasters but found them worthless.

B. F. GALLAGHER.

Weak Kidneys Cured.

CONTOOCOOK, N. H., March 3rd, 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.

Half Out of His Head.

"Blessed be the man" said Don Quixote's weary squire, "who invented sleep." Sancho's gratitude is ours, but what if one cannot for any reason enjoy that excellent invitation? "Nervousness in me had become a disease," Writes Mr. William Coleman, the well known wholesale druggist of Buffalo, N. Y.

"I could not sleep, and my nights were either passed in that sort of restlessness which nearly crazes a man, or in a kind of stupor haunted by tormenting dreams. Having taken Parker's Tonic for other troubles I tried it also for this. The result both surprised and delighted me. My nerves were toned to concert pitch, and, like Caesar's fat men, I fell into the ranks of those who sleep o' night. I should add that the tonic speedily did away with the condition of general debility and dyspepsia occasioned by my previous sleeplessness, and gave me perfect digestion. In brief the use of the Tonic thoroughly re-established my health. I have used Parker's tonic with entire success for seasickness and for the bowel disorders incident to ocean voyages."

This preparation has heretofore been known as Parker's Ginger tonic. Hereafter it will be advertised and sold under the name of Parker's Tonic—omitting the word "ginger." Hiscox & Co., are induced to make this change by the action of unprincipled dealers who have for years deceived their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of Ginger. We drop the misleading word all the more willingly, as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient in our Tonic.

Please remember that no change has been or will be made 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 Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. Sep 1m

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in thus 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 ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages 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 STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Nov. 23, 83—1y.

DAMON & PEETS, 44 Beekman Street, N.Y. dealers in Type, Presses, Paper Cutters, and all kinds of Printing Materials, both New and Second-hand. A corrected list of prices issued weekly, of all material on hand for sale, (much of which are genuine bargains) will be mailed free on application.

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

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KIDNEY-WORT

HAS DEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a large book or testimonial prove it? Ask your druggists if they can recommend it. Ask your neighbors if they know of its wonderful cures. Ask your friends if they have tried it and found it wanting. No! they will say, we know it cures, we know it is the best medicine. Ask for it, take no other, it is the best. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price, $1. It is a dry vegetable compound, and one package is sufficient for most ordinary cases. It is put up in tin cans, so that all can have it. It is the only medicine that acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels. It cleanses the system from all impurities, and then it acts on the diseased organs and restores them to healthy action. It is the only medicine that acts on all three at the same time. It is the only medicine that cures Piles, Constipation, and Kidney Diseases. It is the only medicine that cures Kidney Diseases. It is the only medicine that cures Bright's Disease. It is the only medicine that cures Diabetes. It is the only medicine that cures Albuminuria. It is the only medicine that cures Gravel. It is the only medicine that cures Dropsy. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Back. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Side. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Loins. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Bladder. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Urinary Organs. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Kidneys. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Liver. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Bowels. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Stomach. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Head. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Eyes. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Ears. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Nose. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Mouth. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Teeth. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Throat. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Chest. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Lungs. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Heart. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Arms. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Legs. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Feet. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Toes. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Fingers. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Nails. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Hair. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Skin. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Flesh. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Blood. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Bones. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Marrow. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Brain. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Nerves. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Spirit. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Soul. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Heart. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Mind. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Body. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Life. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the World. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Universe. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Eternity. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Infinite. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Absolute. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Relative. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Abstract. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Concrete. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Real. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Ideal. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Spiritual. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Material. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Physical. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Mental. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Moral. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Social. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Political. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Religious. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Philosophical. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Scientific. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Artistic. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Poetic. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Dramatic. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Comic. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Tragic. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Sublime. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Beautiful. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Ugly. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Good. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Bad. It is the only medicine that cures Pain in the Evil