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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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Local notices on cents a line, first insertion. No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. D. KERNODLE, Attorney at Law.

R. A. NOEL, Fashionable Tailor.

Poetry.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

EDMUND WALLER.

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spled,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have been commended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Flen die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

ETHEL'S ERROR.

It was a dull, gray, dewy September eve as the emigrant train stopped at the little hamlet of Chicamauga, in the State of Susquehanna. From it sprang a young girl, wearily carrying a bundle on a tooth pick across her finely formed shoulder. A tear stood in her eye until it fell down, as she gazed on the caboose of the slowly receding train which had brought her back to the home she had left two years before.

"I wonder if Aunt Gruelton will be glad to have me back," she soliloquised, as she nearly fell over a barrel of pork which had been standing at the depot for a week waiting for the consignee to fetch it away.

It is a lovely place, Chicamauga, at any time, and trains only stop there once a week as a rule, but the conductor had been so moved by the tears of Ethel that he had consented to stop and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingale was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt, Miss Tizzie Gruelton, who struggled, out of a small legacy and the proceeds of a pumpkin patch, to make a living. Two years before Ethel had left her for the west, to study law in the great city of Berkeley, and try and earn a fortune in the superior courts of California, like Laura Debussy and several other bony, strong-minded things.

But Ethel was neither bony nor strong-minded. Her figure might have been modelled by Phidias, but it wasn't, for several reasons. Her velvety eyelashes drooped all over a cheek, the bloom on which was like that of a violet after it has been kissed by the sun-god arising from his saltwater bath at 4:55 a. m., on June 21st (vide almanac).

Her golden hair needs no lute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora-borealis lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to speak.

Her teeth were perfect, except three that had been filled, and one that was going, and her rosy lips would have made Venus weep for envy and leave heaven to come to earth and buy a bottle of carmine.

Such was Ethel Evingale as she tripped daintily over the alkali prairie to Aunt Gruelton's cottage. She could not miss the road for every rut was familiar to her, and Aunt Tizzie's cottage was but fourteen miles from the depot.

As the lovely old home of her childhood loomed up with the nine hundred and ninety nine memories of the past, Ethel's eyes filled with pearly tears. Yes there were the nodding potatoes waying in their hills, the stately squashes laying near their vines, and the tall apple trees laden with ruby and aureate fruit, and in the middle of all the darling old two-roomed farm house, where she had spent so many happy hours.

Aunt Tizzie heard the gate open, and so did Bobby, the watch dog, erst once formerly, a long time ago, a fierce mastiff, but now crippled with rheumatism and that dread disease, the mange.

As his only remaining eye fell on the form of Ethel, old Bobby gave a cry of delight, and limped slowly toward her with his affectionate tongue hanging out on the left side of his massive jaw.

"Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie!" cried Ethel, as regardless of her new polonaise, she knelt on the ground and pressed the almost hairless canine to her bosom almost overcome with devotion.

"But, Bobbie, I must hurry on and see Aunt Tizzie," cried Ethel, and in another moment she was in the arms of her only relative, rapidly kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully oozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tizzie Gruelton.

"Oh, Auntie," cried Ethel, "it is like heaven to see you again and look at dear old Bobby, too. He has actually dug up a piece of meat from the backyard, which he had buried, and is offering it to me as a sign of welcome."

"Ethel," said Aunt Gruelton, between her sobs of joy, "I think Providence must have sent you back to me. I am stricken with lumbago and have a touch of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to move from the house, and there is neither flour nor Worcestershire sauce, no hominy or canned green turtle, and not even a bit of wood to light the stove. Besides this, there is a large mortgage on the property and I have not a cent in the house with which to buy oleomargarine."

"Never mind, auntie, we're right side up, bet yer boots as they say at Berkley. I've come home to run a woddel farm, you can wage your sweet life, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent stem-winder."

It was a scene never to be forgotten to see Ethel take off her things, collect some old fence rails, split them, light the fire and run out with her merry laugh to watch the blue smoke ascending like a liberated Peri to the gates of paradise.

Oh, if you could have seen that couple an hour later, after Ethel had washed up. There she sat with her dainty dimpled arms around Aunt Tizzie's neck, and a large smudge of pot black, which almost seemed to kiss her pretty nose, telling Aunt Tizzie, her story.

"I can never be a lawyer, auntie. I did not pass a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustard liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you up a regular snifter out of some old rye that I've got in my bundle—a sockdolager of a toddy that'll make you dream you are a bad old darling from Bitter Creek."

"My own darling," murmured Aunt Tizzie.

"And I'll be up at daylight," said Ethel, a dreamy smile floating over her marble brow, "and get in the pumpkins and a load of apples and take them to market, and we'll be hunky, auntie. Why, I should blush to simper, Aunt Tizzie. Now say your prayers and go to bed. Here's your toddy, throw it down, and before you are awake I'll have the pumpkin patch clear. Kiss Effie. Now go to sleep. That's the racket," and the affectionate girl turned off the gas and left her aunt to slumber.

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and before Aunt Tizzie had slept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared half an acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkins ready for market.

"I guess I'll get outside 'o suthin'," she said to herself, "This pumpkin pili'n ain't no slouch of a job. Wish I had a lime though. However, it's just a healthy straight."

So saying the fairy Ethel, glowing with good health, her gorgeous hair only half hidden by a green sun-bonnet, and her dimpled round arms bare to the elbow, tripped into the house, looking like some sweet angel just dropped out of paradise to brighten our sad earth.

She came back in a minute or two, wiping her dainty lips on her elbow, country fashion, and murmuring, "Oh, my! wasn't that a snorter?" was about to resume her work, when she was conscious of the presence of a stranger.

He was leaning over the fence, gazing silently at her, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand a couple of dead hares.

In person he was tall and erect, his manly figure set off by three diamond studs and a velvet coat. A long silky mustache fell carelessly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time. His hair was as black as the wing of a raven. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes large, melting and aesthetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken

shoon, and a large gold watch chain that drooped, like the cypress nearly to his knee, completed his negligé attire.

"One of old Bolivar's farm laborers, I guess," said Ethel to herself. "He's out early. I wish he'd give me one of them rabbits though. Say, boss," she cried timidly, a blush at her hardihood suffusing her cheek and making her look like a canned tomato, "say, boss, give us a hare, will yer? I'll bet my pile you're hungry and ain't had no breakfast. If you'll skin it and clean it I'll cook it right off, and we'll divvy on the bird. What d'yer say."

In clear manly tones that rang like a clarion through the still morning air, the stranger answered: "Certainly, Miss, I shall be only too delighted," and springing over a six foot fence he was at her side in a moment.

"You're a bully jumper," said she, innocently, as he approached her, and then, as she looked up in his eyes and saw the great depth of tenderness that protruded from his azure optics, she cast her own down timidly, and continued in a low tone, "I'm afraid you'll think me very rude, but I guessed you were one of old Bolivar's farm hands, so I called you. I am just from the law schools of California, so you must pardon me if I was impolite."

"You guessed right," he said in a superb baritone voice. "I'm a farm hand and they call me Dick, and I accept your invitation to breakfast, and will prepare the hare without more ado."

"Why, ain't you smart, Dick?" she said. "You rip him up and leave the pelt for my old aunt a night cap, and I will put the water on to boil. Hurry up, Dick."

As she ran in the house the stranger, who had pulled out a gold handled dagger, deftly prepared the hare. In ten minutes it was in the pot, and an hour afterwards the two were sitting on the porch enjoying a delicious hare stew.

"Sorry I ain't got no jelly, Dick," Ethel was saying, "But if you'll tell Bolivar I want to borrow one of his wagons so that I can sell Aunt Tizzie's pumpkins, I'll lay in a lot of groceries that will make your mouth water. Why, there is old Bolivar coming. Great snakes, ain't that bully?"

She rose to meet him; and after a hearty hand shake she said: "Pesky glad you dropped over. I got here last night, and want to borrow one of your wagons and your man Dick to make two trips to market."

"My man Dick!" exclaimed Farmer Bolivar.

"Why, Ethel, this is the Hon. Cyril Waterbury, the banker and member for Susquehanna, who holds a mortgage over your mother's farm. Let me introduce you—Miss Ethel Evingale, Mr. Cyril Waterbury."

Ethel's face was crimson now, as she gave him her hand and murmured, "Jumping Jehosaphat! Great Scott!"

"Can you forgive me, Mr. Waterbury," she murmured.

"Forgive you," he replied and in another moment she was in his arms, weeping the first tears that welled up all over his coat from her new found love.

But he drove her to the market all the same, and sold the pumpkins, and to-day Aunt Tizzie has a deed of gift to her homestead and a new cottage on it. Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury reside chiefly at Washington, spending the summer at Lake Como, and thus the rich young banker and rising politician found his bride and they both bless the morn, the happy morn that brought them together through Ethel's error.

"It is easier to convince a man against his senses than against his will." When a sick man has given kidney-wort a thorough trial, both will and senses join in unqualified approval of its curative qualities in all diseases of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

"What're you doing with that cigar you little rascal?" exclaimed a father, addressing his son. "Ma said that if I hit the cat again she'd make me smoke and I hit her again an' am smoking."

A blundering compositor, in setting up the toast: "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

Food for Thought.

The offender never pardons.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The spirit asks of every man, how is it with thee?

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty, and waked and found that life was duty.

The way to wealth is open to all. It depends chiefly on industry and frugality.

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest.

There is no sorrow greater than to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.

It seems as if them that aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted in the other world.

Whatever you undertake to do, do with all your might, and in the best possible manner.

There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself, or to others, than good humor.

Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness.

A young man who is all the time trying to do good, very rapidly grows to be a very good man.

We find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

There's a sort of human paste, that when it comes near the file of enthusiasm is only baked into a harder shape.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

Time is an estate which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry.

A needless offense to another does not die. It is next to impossible to kill it, and it is sure to turn up at some wrong time.

Men forget that vices draw blanks, so surely as virtues draw prizes, in what they are pleased to call "the lottery of life."

He that honestly gets all he can, and saves all he gets, necessary living expenses excepted, will surely accomplish riches.

The years write their record on human hearts as they do on trees, in hidden inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

Avoid the scolding tone. Tired mothers find it hard to do this, but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule.

Twenty-four beautiful colors of the Diamond Dyes, for silk, wool, cotton, &c., 10 cents. A child can use with perfect success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.

To Repair Damages.

Dear lady, there is probably no use telling you that fashionable life in a great city is a rough one on your beauty. Late hours, loss of sleep and mental excitement will leave you by and by shorn of those beautiful tresses which drew lovers around you in other years. Artificial substitutes can never pass for those rich and glossy locks. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop your hair from falling out, restore its natural color and softness, and prove cleansing and beneficial to the scalp.

Rural Scenery—Gent from this city, "But where in the deuce is the scenery? What in the thunder is there to look at?" Farmer (indignantly): "Why! the new barn. What more do you want for five dollars a week? It's a perfect beauty."

Rescued from Agonying Death.

NEW YORK.—Mr. James White, 1552 Broadway, formerly chief instructor in Dickens Riding School, in this city, said to a newspaper reporter: "I broke my shoulder, arm and elbow, splitting the socket in four parts. Rheumatism set in and I employed the best physician. He tried everything, but I grew worse, and at last he said: 'I have one more thing to try and if that fails nothing can give you relief, and that is St. Jacobs Oil.' I used this great pain reliever and am able to use my arm, free from all rheumatic trouble. I have also recommended the remedy to a number of people, and in every case they have been speedily and effectually cured."

Bring your Job Work to THE GLEANER office.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

484 ADELPHI ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
March 20th, 1881.

No family should be without Alcock's Porous Plasters, their healing powers are wonderful and their efficacy far reaching and lasting. For years I have seen and known them to cure and relieve the most obstinate and distressing cases of rheumatism, kidney complaint, bronchitis, neuralgia, lumbago, inflammation of the lungs and throat, paralysis, asthma, spinal weakness, coughs and colds. In my own case they have afforded me almost instant and permanent relief. My friends consider them invaluable and a speedy remedy for all kinds of aches and pains. They are a blessing in disguise, and no wife or mother should be without them if she values her peace and comfort and freedom from nervous exhaustion and other ailments. As a strengthening plaster, also for backaches and weaknesses, they have no equal. I never yet found a plaster so efficacious and stimulating, or to give so much general satisfaction. Used in connection with Brandreth's universal life-giving and life-saving pills, no one need despair of a speedy restoration to good sound health.

MRS. E. TOMPKINS.

ONE TRIAL.

If you have been using other plasters one trial of Alcock's Porous will convince you of their wonderful superiority. Take no other so-called porous plasters that claim to be better, they are all frauds gotten up to sell on the world-wide reputation of the genuine article.

What Struck an Old Soldier.

"It will soon be twenty years since the war closed." Under the hot sun of August, 1882, the village of Dover, N. Y., lay still as the sphinx in Egypt while Elijah Sharp, of that place, slowly and softly spoke of the past. "Yes," he said, "I was in the army and saw many of the sights of those fearful years. I was finally discharged from disability, resulting from sunstroke. I came home, miserable in health and spirits; so enfeebled that I took cold at the slightest exposure. Life seemed worthless to me; I lived only in memory."

"That was sad enough," I said, dividing my last two cigars.

"That's so," responded Mr. Sharp; "but I got over it. Outgrew it? Not exactly. When in that condition I began taking Parker's Tonic, and my health commenced to improve right away. I was astonished at it, and so was my wife. I piled on the flesh and could eat anything. My ambition blazed up, I could attend to business, and now—excepting that I have to take care about exposing myself to the hot sun—I am as well as I was the day I enlisted. What differences there are in things—guns and bayonets kill; Parker's Tonic saves."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Gluger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply Parker's Tonic. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant 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 Gluger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hixox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

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 impurities and maintain its healthy condition. It is the best remedy for all cases of Malaria, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation, 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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

SOUBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Taste good.
Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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Cut This Out

Bring in your MONEY in One Month that anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either the MONEY or your MONEY back. No risk.

WELLS, ROBERTSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

ALAMANCE COUNTY.

In the Probate Court.

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

SPECIAL PROCEEDINGS.

Hiram Wells, as Executor of Wm. Wells,

VS.

Anderson Wells, Ira Hinshaw and Louisa his wife, Joel Wells, Solomon Wells and Rosanna Wells.

State of North Carolina,

To the Sheriff of Alamance County

GREETING: You are hereby commanded, to summon Anderson Wells, Ira Hinshaw and Louisa his wife, Joel Wells, Solomon Wells and Rosanna Wells, the defendants above named if they be found within your county, to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court and Judge of Probate for the county of Alamance within twenty days after the service of this summons on them exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint for the settlement of estate, which will be deposited in the office of said Clerk and Probate Judge within ten days from the date of this summons. And let the said defendants take notice that if they fail to answer the said complaint within that time the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Herein failed and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court this 25th day of September, 1883.

A. TATE, C. S. C. Alamance Co.,
and ex officio Probate Judge.

16403m

R. A. NOEL,
Fashionable Tailor.



GRAHAM, N. C.

Prepared to make Fine Clothing for everybody. See his sample of Fine Goods and styles for 1883.

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BULBS

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FOR FLORISTS AND AMATEURS.

Dutch Bulbs, Japan Bulbs, French Bulbs, American Bulbs, Plants for Greenhouses and Window Gardens.

BEAUTIFUL Catalogue FREE!

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\$72 a week made at home by the inductions. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We want young men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. It is the time. You can work by night, 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 100 cc. Costly outfit and terms free. Money paid easily, and promptly. Address & etc. to Amaria Maine.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS, which cause the system of the world to poison, and the cause of the dreadful suffering which thousands of our victims of Rheumatism and other diseases of the bowels, kidneys and liver, have been quickly relieved, and in almost every case PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, \$1. LIQUID OR SOLID, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Try one bottle sent by mail.

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GET YOUR MONEY

Will be you free. This is done by the members of the B. U. Mutual Aid Society. Don't miss this advertisement, without sending for circulars and particulars to the

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Harrisburg, Pa.

16403m