March 29th, 1881.

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

1. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

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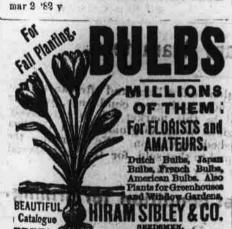
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fractices in the State and Federal ourts will faithfully and promptly attend to all busiessintrusted to him A P A TES ADVERTISEMENTS.

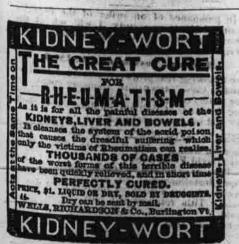
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GRAHAM. N. C., Is prepared to make Fine /Nothing for every oody. See his sampler of Fail goods and styles for 882.



industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needel. Will start you. Men. women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You ian work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other odsiness will pay you nearly as well. No one an fail to make enormous pay, by engaging tonce. Coally only and leaves free. Money Tad e m f easily, and lions ally. Address & ar ito. Amuria Maine.



YOUR by the members of the B. U. Mutual Aid Society. Don't out sending for circulars and particulars to the particulars to the MUTUAL AID SOCIETY, Harrisburg: Pa.

Poetrn.

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 spied,

That hadst thou sprung In deserts, where no men abide, Thou must have nucommended 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 a imired. Then die, that she The common fate of all things care 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 feel 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 ing like a liberated Peri to the gates of 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 slow up and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingslee was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt. Miss Tissie 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 Berkley, and try and carn a for tune in the superior courts of California, like Laura Debussy and several from Bitter Creek.' other bony, strong-minded things.

But Ethel was neither bony nor strongmsuded. Her figure might have been moddled 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 jute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora borealls lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to

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 Evingslee 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 Tissie'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.

Aut Tissie 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 shoon, and a large gold watch chi'n other moment she was in the arms of his knee, completed his neglige attire. her only relative, rapidly kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully cozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tissie Gruelton.

ing 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 move from the house, and there is no hominy or canned green turtle, and her side in a moment. not even a bit of wood to light thestove. Besides this, there is a large motgage the house with which to buy oleomar-

"Never mind, auntie. we're right side up, bet yer boots as they say at Berkley. I've come home to run a model 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-

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 ascend-

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 Tissie's neck and a large smudge of pot black, which almost seemed to kiss her pretty nose, telling Aunt Tissie, 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 mustarg 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

"My own darling," murmured Aunt

"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 Tissie. 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 slum-

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and before Aunt Tissie had alept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared halfan acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkinks ready for market.

"I guess I'll get outside 'o suthin',! she said to herself, "This pumpkin pilin' 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 georgeous 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

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 carelewly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time. raven. His pose was aquiline, and his eyes large, melting and æsthetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken would be a savage."

see Aunt Tisse," cried Ethel, and in an- that drooped, like the cypress nearly to

"One of old Boliyar'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 "Oh, Auntie," cried Ethel, "It is like timidly, a blush at her hardihood sufheaven to see you again and look at fusing her cheek and making her look dear old Bobbie, too. He has actually like a canned tomato, "say, boss, give dug up a piece of meat from the back us a hare, will yer? I'll bet my pile yard, which he had buried, and is offer- 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 soy.

In clear manly tones that rang like a clarion through the still morning air of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to the stranger answered : "Certainly, Miss, I shall be only too delighted," and neither flour nor Worcestershire sauce, springing over a six foot fence he was at

"You're a bully jumper," said she, innocently, as he approached her, and on the property and I have not cent in 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 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 ac cept your invitation to breakfast, and will prepare the hare without more

"Why, ain't you smart, Dick?" she said. "You rip him up and leave the pelt for my old aunt a night cap, and] 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 Tissie's pumpkins, I'll lay in a lot of groceries that will make your mouth water. Why, you dream you are a bad old darling there is old Bolivar coming. Great

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 Evingsice, 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 upall 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 Tissie 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 cura-tive 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. his hair was as black as the wing of a man would be a savage," got the punctustion in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, Food for Thought.

The offender never pardons.

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

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

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way-and the fools

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

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the

depends chiefly on industry and fru-

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 the other world. Whatever you undertake to do, do with all your might, and in the best

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 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 enthusi-asm 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 wnich 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 He that honestly gets all he can, and saves all he gets, necessary living ex-penses excepted, will surely accomplish

The years write their record on human hearts as they do on trees, in hid-den 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, fact unccess.

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 faom 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): "Whyt the new barn. What more do you wan: for five dollars a week? It's a perfect beauty."

Rescued from Agonizing Death,

NEW YORK .- Mr. James White, 1552 Broadway, formerly chief instructor in Dickels 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 GLEAN

484 ADELPHI ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

No family should be without Allcock's Porous plasters, their healing powers are wonder ful and their efficacy far reaching and lasting For years I have seen and known them to care and relieve the most obstinate and distressing ases of rheumatism, kidney complaint, bron hitis, nevralgia, lumbago, inflamation of the lungs and throat, paralysis, asthma, spina. weekness, 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 alliments. As a strengthening plaster, also for backaches and weaknesses, they have no equal. I never yet found a plaster so efficaclous 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 res-

toration to good sound health. MRS. E. TOMPKINS.

ONE TRIAL

If you have been using other plasters one trial of Alleock's Porous will convince you of their wonderful superiority. Take no other so called porous plasters that claim to be better, hey 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 sluce the war

Closed."
Under the hot sun of Angust, 1882, the village of Dover, N. Y., lay still as the sphinx in Egypt, while Elijah Sharp, of that place, slowly and sloftly 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 suns, roke. I came home, miserable in health and splirits; so enfeebled that I took cold on the slightest exposure. Life seemed worthless to

slightest exposure. Life seemed worthless to me; I lived only in memory."

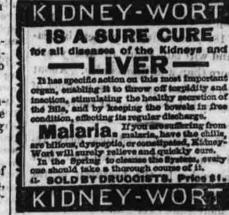
"That was sad enough," I said, dividing my

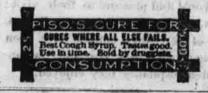
last two eigars.
"That's so," responded Mr. Sharp; "but I got over it. Outgrew it? Not exactly. When in that condition I began taking. Parker's Tonie, and my health commenced to im; rove right away. I was astonished at it, and so was my wile. I plied on the flesh and could eat any-thing. My ambition blazed up, I could at-tend to business, and now—excepting that I have to take care about exposing myself to the

ed. What differences there are in things-guns and bayonets kill; Parker's Tonic saves." This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger 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 charge a coveres in the property.

There is no change, lowever, in the prepara-tion itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parner's Ginger Tonic, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside, wrapper.





The B. U. Mutual Aid Society is becoming universally popular, because it has adopted a system of insurance that the public has long wanted if there is no agency in your town we want to establish one, and it will pay for first class inrance men to address
B. U. MU UAL AID SOCIETY.
Harrisburg, Pa

In the Probate Court. SUMMONS FOR RELIEF. SPECIAL PROCEEDINGS.

Hiram Wells, as Executor of Wm. Wells, Anderson Wells, Ire Hinshaw and Louiza his wife, Joel Wells, Solomon Wells and Rosan-

State of North Carolina,

To the Sheriff of Alamance County

GREETING:

You are hereby commanded, to summon Anderson Wells, Ira Hinshaw and Louiza his wife, Joel Wells, Soloman Wells and Rosana 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 actulement 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 fall to answer the said complaint within that time the plaintuffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Herein fall not and of this summons make due seturn.

due teturn.

Given under my hand and seat of suid Court this 25th day of September, 1883.

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

. I shope the way are what and before advention

our suite brotherwest sterron statistic