

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER
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J. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.
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Poetry.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

BY F. H. CURTIS.
No doubt she flirted—all girls do;
But then you know she didn't mean it;
To me in all things she was true—
A blind man even could have seen it.
But thorns are found near every rose,
And after some few months we parted;
A tear drop glistened on her nose,
And I for days was broken hearted.
A score of years have passed away
Since then; I lately heard about her.
Her hair had grown a trifle gray,
Her figure grown a great deal stouter.
And I since then have married twice,
My heart no longer reaches toward hers,
For she has been a widow thrice,
And lately gone to take in boards.

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

"No, life is not fair. Its troubles are given to the many, its pleasures only to the few!" mused Mrs. Merriam as she stood in her cottage door looking after the fine carriage of an old schoolmate that had just dashed by. "She has so much, and I so little! And yet I once had the opportunity of accepting that rich husband of hers, and she would have given her eyes, in those days, if Tom Merriam would have cared for me! I wonder how it would have been if I had taken Jacob Marabout, instead of telling him that I was engaged to Tom, and seeing real tears in his eyes as he listened! I wonder if Tom—but what am I thinking of? I am quite sure that Tom could never have cared for her—never!"
Mrs. Merriam's set face softened a little as her memory went back to the days when Tom had wooed and won her, and when she was so glad to secure him after her long fear that Hermione Macy would be his chosen bride.
But the next moment the bright sunlight flashed upon the highly varnished panels of Hermione's pony carriage far up on the Gorge road. She turned away from the open door with a heavy sigh and entered the plainly-furnished sitting-room where her two little girls were getting ready for school.
"Put it away! Hide it under your apron, Rosy, or mama will see it!" she heard her twelve-year-old Lucet say in a frightened whisper as she laid her hand on the latch of the door.
Rosy was shuffling something out of sight under her white pinafore with a very guilty face. Both the children were anxious to set off to school before their usual time, and when the mother had allowed them to do so she saw them turn out of the door to go to their father who was at work in the field on the hillside.
The two trim little figures stood on the hilltop, in strong relief against the pale-blue horizon, and Rosy's apron was unfolded, and "father" was evidently made the participant in the secret which "mother" was not to know!
It was a little thing but it added to the discontent with which the neat and capable housekeeper went about her usual tasks that morning.
Tom Merriam was unusually silent that noon when he came to dinner. He partook of the tempting meal in an absent-minded kind of way and went back to the hillside the moment he had finished, instead of lingering to talk to his wife as he generally did.
And yet this was her thirty-fourth birthday! Tom might have remembered it sufficiently to say a kind word or two in praise of the extra good dinner which she had given him. But no; there he was on the hillside again, and actually leaning over to talk to Hermione Marabout, as she drove by on her way to the beautiful little villa which her husband had taken for her during her absence in Europe on important business.
The hillside conference lasted nearly ten minutes; then the pony carriage rolled by the small brown farmhouse once more; but Hermione's face was persistently turned the other way.
"She has forgotten, too," thought Mrs. Merriam, bitterly. "And yet her own birthday comes only one week after mine."

She finished washing and putting away her dinner dishes and swept the kitchen floor. Her house was none the less spotlessly tidy because her heart was aching.
She put on a clean dress of pink print which she had made ready for this very day.

the open fireplace. Over the carved and arched top Hermione Marabout was arranging a wreath of golden-rod and field-daisies, while Tom Merriam was fastening above the wreath a finely executed inscription, painted in colors upon tinted pasteboard.

"Oh, do hurry, papa, please!" cried Inez, dancing up and down in her Sunday slippers and best muslin frock. "Rosy and I just now saw her coming out of the woods, and—oh, here she is!"
There were two screams of delight from the lips of the children in their Sunday attire; and Tom Merriam—also dressed in his best—turned from the chair and added his embrace to that of Inez and Rosy.

"Welcome, dear mother!" said the glowing letters on the board.
"Welcome, dear wife!" whispered her husband as he kissed her.
"Inez painted the letters and I made the wreath!" cried Rosy, capering about like a mad thing. "And we were so afraid that you would see them both this morning!"
"And papa bought the chair and hid it out in the barn all last night," chimed Inez. "And dear Mrs. Marabout has brought you—oh, such a lovely new black silk dress, and such lots and lots of nice things for supper! And it is just the happiest birthday in all the world—now isn't it mamma?"
"I congratulate you, dear; and I am afraid I envy you," said Hermione in a low tone, as she kissed her friend. "I married for money, you know, and have it; but that is all. Never once in all my life, Esther, have I known the least tinge of joy that you feel this day. You are a very happy woman, my dear. May God keep you so!"

With light hearts they all sat down together to share the birthday feast.
But in the twilight of that evening, when they two were alone, the wife confessed to the husband all the evil thoughts that had beset her that day.
Never again will they trouble her. Never has she forgotten the silent lesson taught her by that momentary glimpse of the two sides that may exist in the most fortunate of human lives.

When Brigham Young was alive he collected his tenth of the farmer with a persistency that balked at nothing. On one occasion he called before him a subject and said:
"Brother Bland, you have failed to bring in my wheat this year."
"I didn't raise a single bushel," was the reply.
"Then I'll take it in oats."
"I have none."
"Well, hay will do."
"I have no hay."
"Then bring in some potatoes or corn."
"Both crops were a failure, oh, wise prophet. All I have off my farm are ten bushels of onions, and of course the Lord doesn't eat onions."
"Maybe not," replied the old man, "but you may bring me a bushel and well take the risk."
Mr. Bland said it was that bushel of onions which convinced him that there was something suspicious about old Brigham's inspirations. It was too strong a religion.

Wheat Wrought in the Forest.
How depressing it is to see acres of trees cut down in the midst of a noble forest. How saddening it is also to see that thin spot in the midst of your otherwise abundant hair. Stop it at once by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam. For actual efficiency this famous article stands at the head of its class. Elegant for the toilet, delicious in odor, and restores the original color to gray or faded hair. Economical, as a slight, occasional application keeps the hair and scalp in perfect order.

"Why, how do you do?" exclaimed a gossiping lady to Mr. and Mrs. Battler as they paused on the church steps; "did you know that Higheze, our soprano, is going to marry our first base?"
"What ball club does she belong to?" innocently queried Battler. The ladies continued the conversation without his assistance.
"Yes," said a fashionable lady, "I think Mary has made a very good match. I heard that her husband is one of the shrewdest and most unprincipled lawyers in the profession, and, of course, he can afford to gratify her every wish."

The Burlington Hawkeye thus discourses in a "lay sermon" preached for the benefit of those who are perpetually contracting the present unfavorably with the past:
"Dearly beloved, so there are men in Burlington this very Sabbath morning who sigh for 'the good old times,' when our times surpass those of Solomon more than his days surpassed the years of Egyptian bondage. You can buy a box of matches to-day for five cents, while Solomon's throne of ivory and gold couldn't have bought one match. The Queen of Sheba thought Solomon's wisdom and greatness beyond comprehension. What would she say could she only have beheld a yard engine of the Burlington & Northwestern Narrow Gauge? The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three score and six talents of gold, but with all of it he couldn't buy a common hard coal base burner. He had fourteen chariots and twelve thousand horsemens, but he couldn't telegraph to Hiram that he wanted a cedar raft, as soon as it could be shipped, and he couldn't even give his messenger a horse that could trot a mile in 2:30. There wasn't a newspaper nor a printing press in his kingdom, and he didn't know what it was to write 'dimes' and see it printed 'dimers.' There are conveniences to-day in the county almshouse that Solomon had to do without. We can buy a watch for twenty dollars—yes, for five dollars—that he couldn't have bought for his kingdom. We haven't as many wives as he had, but we have better children, much better, in deed, for while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family."

Full Length, or Bust?
She was from the country, seeing the sights, and wanted her "pict'er took," so she called on the photograph man.
"Well, madam," said the polite engineer of the camera, "what can we do for you?"
"You take likenesses here, don't you?"
"Yes, madam."
"Well, I want some struck off."
The engineer got everything ready, and, telling his victim to take her place, he moved his arm around, sighted her once or twice, and popping up his head suddenly, said:
"Full length, or bust?"
"What's that?" asked the startled victim.
"Full length, or bust," I said.
"Hold on a minute. Drat your machine. Don't pull the trigger yet. I never had no likenesses took, and I want a stand up picture, but if you've got to take it that way, or bust, I reckon I'll set down, I'm in town to see the sights, anyhow, and if you're goin' to split, I s'pose I might as well take in the whole show. Now then go ahead with your rat killin'!"

WHISKEY AND TALENT.—"Take that bottle out and get me some whiskey," said Col. Jimsams to the sad eyed woman whose misfortune it was to be the wife of a convivial inebriate.
"Give me the money to buy it with."
"Give you money! Why, any darn fool can get whiskey with money, but to get whiskey without money is what takes talent. I thought you had some talent."
Taking up the bottle with a sigh, the patient long suffering woman went out. In a short time she returned. Apparently she had been successful, for she placed the bottle before him, and said, in low, reproachful tones:
"There! take it, and drink to your heart's content."
"Now, that's what I call smart. You have got real genius or you couldn't get whiskey without money," and placing the bottle to his mouth he was about to quench his thirst when he discovered the bottle was empty.
"Why, what does this mean?"
"It means that anybody can drink whiskey when whiskey is in the bottle, but it takes real talent to drink whiskey when there is none in the bottle. Drink away. I know you have got talent."
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FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.
* Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.
Gentlemen:
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Has been used in my household for three reasons:—
1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.
It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY CRANE.
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Climbing the Spiral Stairs.

Invisible Architecture in a New England Cottage.
"Yes," she said, "our children are married and gone, and my husband and I see by our water fire much as we did before the life line came to widen the circle. Life is something a spiral staircase, we are all the time coming around over the spot we started from, only one degree further up stairs."
"That is a pretty illustration," remarked her friend, musingly, gazing into the glowing coals which glided a pleasant heat from the many windowed stove. "You know we cannot stop toiling up the hill though."
"Surely we cannot, and for myself I don't find fault with that necessity; provided the advances in life is not attended with calamity, or suffering; for I have had my share of that. Not long since my health completely broke down. My system was full of malaria. My digestion became thoroughly disordered and my nerves were in a wretched state. I was languid, ate little and that without enjoying it, and had no strength or ambition to perform even my light household duties. Medical treatment failed to reach the seat of my trouble. The disease—which seemed to be weakness of all the vital organs—progressed until I had several attacks which my physicians pronounced to be acute congestion of the stomach. The last of these was a desperate struggle and I was given up to die. As this crisis had passed, my friends advised me to try Parker's Tonic as an invigorant in just such cases as mine. I took it and felt its good effects at once. It appeared to pervade my body, as though the blessing of new life had come to me. Taking no other medicine I continued to improve, and am now in better health than I have been in a long time."
[Extract from an interview with the wife of Rev. A. P. Perry, pastor of the Baptist Church, Coldwater, Mass.]

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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever effected the permanent cure of this disease. Whatever the cause, however obstinate, this remedy will overcome it. It is a powerful purgative, acting on the bowels, and is very gentle and pleasant to the taste. It is sold in all kinds of Piles and is very effective in their cure. It is sold by all Druggists and is very effective in their cure. If you have either of these troubles, write to us for a free trial bottle.
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