

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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J. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### WHAT FOUR MAIDENS CAUGHT.

Four marrying maidens summing went,  
Each cast her little net,  
Returning they came to "Ma"  
What fortune each has met.  
"O, Ma!" said intellectual Jane,  
"I caught a college man,  
No money—but his stock of brains  
Would load a caravan."  
"O, Ma!" remarked young Sophy Ann  
"I caught a splendid dude;  
No brains—but lots and lots of cash,  
And bluest sort of 'lood."  
"O, Ma!" said delicate Louise,  
"I gained some strength and health;  
I also caught a journalist  
Whose brains will give him wealth."  
"No time to fish, had I," said Nan  
(Some thirty-four years old),  
"Yet staying out to watch these girls,  
I caught a dreadful cold!"

### A STRANGE SITUATION.

BY CLIDE RAYMOND.

Bertha Mason knelt beside the fire,  
Toasting some delicate slices of bread,  
For the evening meal.  
She was not in her first youth—in fact,  
She was every day of thirty-five. Nor  
was she exactly a handsome woman,  
Still she possessed several points of decided attraction, and just now with the freigh dancing over her, flushing her cheeks with a pretty color, and with that light of happy expectancy shining in the liquid depths of her pleasant brown eyes, one might get a very good idea of what she must have been in her girlhood.

Those pleasing anticipations related to two events. One was in no way unusual—simply the coming home of her niece, Floy Mason, from her daily round of music lessons. The other was—but no; we will allow Miss Mason to relate that little item of news herself.

The last slice of toast had been deliciously browned, and the cozy tea table, with its snowy damask cloth, was all in readiness when Floy arrived.  
She came in cheerily, bringing some of the out-door freshness and brightness with her—though, if one looked closely into the pretty, fair face, one might have detected in it a sort of weary desperation which she always tried to carefully hide from her loving aunt.

They were very devoted to each other, these two had lived with and for each other since the death of Floy's parents, when she was a mere child. She was now 17, and exceedingly pretty, with a blonde face, sweet, yet full of purpose, and little rings of silky blonde hair curling about her full white forehead.

"Well Auntie, what's the news?" she exclaimed brightly, as they sat down together to the pretty tea table.  
"Oh, Floy, I really have some wonderful news," said her aunt. "You could never guess it."  
"Then I shall never try," answered Floy, laughing. "What is it auntie? Don't keep me in suspense!"

"Well then, I have had a letter from India to-day, and—and—he is coming Floy. He may be here to-morrow."  
"What!" cried Floy, springing up excitedly. "Not Walter Brockway—that splendid, surpassingly handsome fellow whom you have been waiting for all these years? You don't mean it!"

And Floy hugged and kissed her aunt with all the ready enthusiasm of impulsive 17.  
"Yes I do," replied Bertha, with a laugh and a lovely blush. "And you will soon see for yourself that he is worth this long waiting for."  
But a sudden change had swept over Floy's bright countenance. For one moment she had thought only of her aunt's great happiness. Now she was reflecting upon what the result might be to herself.

"It is going to break up the happy little home, auntie," she said quite seriously. "And what is to become of me? I wish he would not come. I believe that away down in the bottom of my heart I have always wished it."  
"Why, Floy," cried Bertha, with startled eyes. "How can you talk so? You know, my pet, that my home shall always be yours until you choose to leave it for a happier one of your own."  
"Ah! but that wonderful Walter may think differently," answered Floy, with a sage shake of her curly blonde head.

When she reached home the following evening, sure enough the hero had ar-

ived. It was evident to her at a glance that he had been there some time, and that the long separated lovers had lost none of their mutual interest and charm for each other, for Bertha's face looked sparkling and pretty (beautiful, her niece thought) while Walter Brockway—well, much as she had heard of him, Floy was totally unprepared for the splendid vision of magnificent, manly beauty who was introduced to her by that name.

"Well, what do you think of him, dear?" asked Bertha, with shining eyes, when they were again alone.  
"Oh, auntie; how can I express what I think?" cried Floy, drawing a long, deep breath. "He is glorious! magnificent! I never even imagined any one like him. And so rich too! What a happy woman you will be."  
Bertha smiled proudly. She was well pleased.

The days glided by. Walter spent all his evenings at the little cottage, and preparations for the wedding were going on. Bertha was charmed by the mutual admiration which her lover and her niece evinced for each other. To her it seemed an augury of the united, happy future in store for them.

But during those evenings, so sweet and apparently so uneventful, something was really happening which, in such cases, nearly always does happen. Floy and Walter were falling in love with each other.

Bertha, in her blind, adoring confidence in both, never dreamed of such a thing.

When at last the whole truth burst upon her—not gradually or gently, but with the startling suddenness of a thunderbolt—the shock was terrible. Looking back to that hour, years afterwards, she always wondered how she could have lived.

Walter and Floy were alone together in the pretty little parlor. Some errand connected with that bridal trousseau had called Miss Mason from her home, and she had not yet returned. Absorbed in each other's society, they seemed quite forgetful of the danger of her sudden entrance. Floy had even forgotten to bring in a light, and the cold white November moonlight streaming in alone redeemed the room from utter darkness.

What they were saying perhaps they scarcely knew themselves. It was some low murmured lovers' talk, however, and Walter's arms were around Floy's slender form, holding her close to his heart, while her hair curly head was resting contentedly on his broad shoulders.

Suddenly the noise of a heavy fall aroused them. With a guilty start they glanced around and beheld the unconscious form of Bertha, white and motionless, lying at their very feet.

"Great heavens!" cried Walter, struck to the heart with remorse at sight of the still, death-like face. "She has learned all, Floy," turning to her with a strange look on his handsome face which she never afterwards forgot; "this was but a passing temptation, to which we both foolishly yielded. It is best that we should think of it no more."  
Floy felt her heart grow cold.

"Then you mean to be false to me, Walter?"  
Her voice sounded hollow and unnatural. She did not attempt to assist him in his efforts to restore Bertha to consciousness. Perhaps because she felt herself too guilty.

"Heaven help me!" said he, desperately, chafing the cold, pulseless hands. "I must be false to one. Better to you, Floy, who have known me such a little while, than to her who has been true to me so many years."  
"You should consult your own heart and nothing else," she answered passionately. "If you love her best, say so. Make your choice between us, now and forever!"

He paused one instant to look at her, the fair, youthful beauty, as she stood so near him, heightened by her passion for himself, once more proved almost irresistible. But with a mighty effort, he controlled his head if not his heart.

"My loyalty and my love belongs to Bertha," he answered firmly. Hereafter nothing shall come between us."  
Without a word Floy turned and left the room. She refused to see either Walter or Bertha again, though the latter sent a forgiving message to her

room and begged to see her.

Next day Miss Mason received a letter from Floy saying she had gone to make her home elsewhere, and declaring that Walter's brief inconsistency had been far more her fault than his.

"I was strongly infatuated with him from the beginning," she wrote, "though he was twenty years my senior. Then his wealth was a great temptation. I was so desperately tired of my drudging life, and I feared I would not be welcome in your home and his if you were married. Some demon seemed to whisper to me, 'Marry him yourself.' Pretty as you are, Aunt Bertha, I felt sure my youth and freshness would conquer should I try to win him from you. And I did try. Some evil spirit surely possessed me, but I shall never return to you until I can be sure that it is completely exercised forever."

The wedding was delayed for Bertha could not recover her faith in Walter Brockway as suddenly as she had lost it. But, at length he succeeded in convincing her that his heart was all her own, once more, and forever; then their marriage took place, and a very happy one it proved.

Such was Bertha's love for Floy that, had it been required of her, she would generously have sacrificed her own happiness to hers. But the latter's departure and Walter's renewed constancy rendered that unnecessary.

From time to time she heard from Floy who was bravely pursuing her chosen vocation, and trying to atone for the wrong she had done her best and truest friend. She knew that she was forgiven long ago, and that she might at any time return and meet with a loving welcome, but she shrank for such a thought.

It was not until she had found perfect peace and happiness in a new love, and was soon to be a bride herself that she returned to them.

There was a little blush on the fair, sweet face, and a momentary drooping of the lovely blue eyes when she first met "Uncle Walter," as she now called him; but it was merely the confusion of an embarrassing recollection, which soon wore away.

In a few weeks she was married, and now the two happy families dwell within a stone's throw of one another in cordial and unbroken friendship.

### Shall We Meet Again.

Here, partly from the pen of George D. Prentice, and partly from the inspiration of Thomas Noon Talford, is a short and most beautiful sermon upon death and immortality:

The flat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day, have no firmer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass and the multitude that throng the earth to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose loving smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of leafy life. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves; even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of "Ion" the hope of immortality, eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to faith, his Clematis asks if they should meet again, to whom he responds, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that flow eternal of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon the living face I feel there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clematis."

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## Music.

Sunset Cox on music: Nature is a song. The spheres sing together. When the sun gives prismatic beauty to the dewdrop, or when in the dove's neck or the humming bird's wing or the opal of the seashell nature paints its glories, light is music. It is a palette full of sound. It combines concord. When gay plumaged birds fly and sing over the lochs and hills of Scotland, when the wind wails wistfully at night or in the loftiest Andean elevations, when the eagle screams at the sun, or when the sea harmoniously surges over the shingles of Kent, as King Lear heard it from lofty cliffs, there is everywhere, music in nature. Even the meteors which break upon our upper air are musical. In the grand drama of the universe light is the orchestral overture. The universe is but the grand mise en scene. The harmony of it is like the attuning of a great harp or organ. We love, as Mendelssohn loved, nature for its melodious marvels.

A Georgia lady, who engaged in the pursuit of her domestic duties encountered a mouse in the flour barrel. Most ladies, under similar circumstances, would have uttered a few genuine shrieks and then sought safety in the garret; but this one possessed more than the ordinary degree of genuine courage. She summoned the man-servant and told him to get the gun, call the dog and station himself at a convenient distance. Then she clambered up stairs and commenced to punch the flour barrel with a pole. Presently the mouse made his appearance and started across the floor. The dog started at once in pursuit. The man fired and the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted fell down stairs and the man, thinking she was killed and fearing he would be arrested for murder, disappeared and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped.

### DON'T SPILL THE MILK.

"There is no use crying over spilled milk," says the old saw. If you are not only bald, but have no life in the roots of your hair, there is no use crying over that, either. Take both time and yourself by the forelock while there is a forelock left. Apply Parker's Hair Balsam to your hair before matters get worse. It will arrest the falling off of your hair and restore its original color, gloss and softness. It is a perfect dressing withal, clean, richly perfumed, cools and heals the scalp.

"Love lightens labor." "Yes it does," is Burdette's comment, "and when you've taken a fat girl out for a sail, and the wind goes down to a dead calm, and you have six miles to row against the tide with a steering oar and a canoe paddle, 'labor lightens love,' and you bet your blisters."

### Rests Blood.

Mr. C. S. Hotlis, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston, Mass., certifies that he has made the great pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, the sole remedy in his practice for horse ailments, and considers it superior to any cure he has known in forty years. He tried the same great pain banisher on himself for rheumatism and by which he was completely cured.

"I tell you said the bad boy, confidentially to a group of youthful friends, 'my mother may seem small—don't believe she'd weigh more than I do in her stocking feet—but her slippers are heavy, though, you bet!'"

A farmer in "setting" a hen, made a mistake, and got hold of a number of porcelain nest-eggs instead of the genuine article. She is doing all she can, but there is a tired look of wonder in her eyes that is pitiful to see.

Ice cream, being of a high temperature, impairs the teeth, and predisposes them to decay. Young man, cut this out and show it to your girl. If you want to save money next summer.

"Rats," says a writer in "Chambers' Journal," "are very clever animals." Oh, they are; they are. No matter how careless your servants are, you can always depend on the rat to clean out the pantry."

There is an old proverb which says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put in it." This is a mistake. A man can get all that was in it and 10 or thirty days.

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E. F. HARRIS,  
River St., Rockland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

GEORGE ANDREWS, owner in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. His ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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Watch repairing a specialty. Can and estimate my goods.  
C. F. NEESE.  
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## Swept Into the Stream.

One Thousand Acres of Land and "Right Smart of Bears."

On the deck of a big Mississippi steambot stood an aged Southern planter, indicating by a sweep of his arm the waters the boat was passing over, he said to a passenger from the North: "When I was twelve years old I killed my first bear on a new plantation my father was then cutting out of a forest that grew directly over the waters of this bend. That was a mighty good plantation, and there was right smart of bears there, too. But that one thousand acres went into the Mississippi, years ago. It is putting no strain upon the figures to say that great forest of youthful hope, so many beauty and many strength are swept in the same way every year into the great, turbid torrent of disease and death. Yet it should not be so. That it is so is a disgrace as well as a loss. People are largely too careless or too stupid to defend their own interests—the most precious of which is health. That gone, all is gone. Disease is simple, but its rockiness or ignorance the simplest thing might as well be complex as a proposition in Conic Sections. As the huge Western rivers, which so often flood the cities along their shores, arise in a few mountain springs so all our ailments can be traced to impure blood and a small group of disordered organs.

The most effective and inclusive remedy for disease is PARKER'S TONIC. It goes to the source of pain and weakness. In response to its action, the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart begin their work afresh, and disease is driven out. The Tonic is not, however, an intoxicant, but cures a desire for stronger drink. Have you dyspepsia, rheumatism, or troubles which have refused to yield to other agents? Here is your help.

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