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1 D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

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DURHAM, N. C.

Sketches, our large

Poetrn.

WHAT I WOULD BE.

If I, myself, my life could choose,

- And rale the Fates as they rule me I would not set by art nor ruse,
- But this is what my life would be Like a cooling shade on a summer day
- Inviting all to a rest,
- Like a singing brook by a dusty way For many a traveler to bless.
- A stepping stone on the height of hope, Placed for some tired fect.
- A divulging light, as the weary grope, Like smiles both true and sweet.
- A teathered warbler in a dull, sad room, To gladen a sick child's eyes : A flower of love in a life of glosin, A star in the clouded skies.
- A gurgling rill in the casis fair. That lies in the burning sand : Like a kind word spoken to ease sad care

And the aid of a helping hand,

Full of a Divine beauty.

- Oh. sweet, pure lives! You fill your place And all your loving duty, A glorious lesson in each parrow space,
- Who would not learn the lesson and try To rise to the standard of truth? For in each lowly life an influence doth lie Beginning in simplest youth.
- Make your influence noble and true. Lifting and exalting all;

As the genial sun it's duties do. Raise the flowers after the rainfall. -Messenger.

THE BLIND SINGER OF STUTT GART.

"Lotchen, promise me one thing and we will speak no more of the cloud which the Lord has seen fit to cast over your young life. Promise me that you will take what care you can of your little brother Karl, and teach him to be good, that some day I may hold you both again, mine for ever and ever."

Lotchen was blind, and the poor, gentle hard-working mother, as she felt her self growing weaker day by day, often wondered what would become of her children when she was really gone, for they had no relations, and very few

Three weeks longer she went abou her daily work, and then sank so gradu. ally that it was like night coming onit is dark almost before the sun has set. All at once she gave up work, and Lotchen and Karl were left alone in their dreary little dwelling, and very, very desolate it was, too.

She would do her best for Karl's sake, and some day she would give him back again to her mother, where there was no more cold nor poverty nor sickness. But what was there in all the world that she could do? For they were very, very poor, and Karl could, as yet, do very little to help.

In her loneliness and dosolation, she often sought the church, which was not far from their humble dwelling, for the grand old notes of the organ comforted and cheered her so. She was very fond of music and could sing in her own untutored way many a sweet tune.

One day, on being more deeply stirred thar usual at the glorious music as it crept around her, there came into Lotchen's heart, for the first time an unaccountable delight as she listened to the sweet voice of the choristers, and wondered while the thought which had so suddenly dawned upon her almost took her breath away—ah ! if she could to pay her any sum if she would only. eyes seemed to grow bright with the she seemed like one suddenly lowered new hope, as she whispered to her-

"Can there be any chance for me? Karl says I bave such a nice voice, and he shall not know."

And in an ecstacy of joy, she went upon her knees, sobbing as if her heart would break.

With these bright castles in her mind, she groped her way toward the organ as they were about closing it. Strange that she might become a singer, when brance.

In vain she listened for the step of the chapel-master. He never seemed to you have done for me," cross her path, and it was many days before she caught the sound of his well

"For many long days I have waited to threshold she turned and received the see you. Do you think I could learn to old man's benediction, and the assurance sing in your choir?"

your name?"

"Lotchen Bremer, and we are very poor. My mother is dead, and she left my little brother in my care, and I thought I could help a little."

"Brave child ! I will see what I can do for you. To-morrow I will try your voice. Come at this hour."

And they parted.

The next day Lotchen was in her ac customed place, where the organist found her, and led her to the loft. At first he tried her on a few low notes, until she should gain courage, and then little by little he brought out tones more rich, and when she ceased, the master turned, and placing his hand upon her head said:

"You will have your wish, my child, you will yet sing in this choir."

Lotchen was almost wild with joy. It was late when she returned bome and found Karl anxiously waiting her com-

She would not tell him now. She would keep her secret well. With his assistance she prepared the evening meal, he never dreaming what made her steps so much lighter, or the voice so cheerful. By and by he would know.

Six years went by, bringing seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, according to the promise of God, and into Lotchen's sightless life had come a harvest of gladness out of her new found talent that only He could know.

There was to be a solemn service in the little church.

As the time drew near, the people flocked from all quarters. Every corner

of the building was brilliantly lighted. It had become a sacred place, that little Gothic church, with its carved old pulpit, black with age, and the choirloft, and the very high-back pews.

The "Hallelujah chorus" pealed from the organ grandly, and the choir stood up to sing.

The words seemed to dance for very joy as she sung those victorious notes. Then came the words of "peace and rest, and they always seemed to carry her away from all cold, and poverty, and loneliness; to that land where her dear mother must be waiting and watching for Karl and her.

What a glow of color was on her cheeks as she closed! And to more than one in that little company how singularly beautiful she was !

Behind one of the quaint old pillars sat a stranger, who in breathless silence had listened to every note, and who now sent a request upon a slip of paper that she should sing in the "Stabat Mater," a piece of which she was passionately fond. Although this was unknown to him, she acquiesced and poured her very soul into it, and when she stopped, he drew a long breath, and retired from the building.

When the service was over and the company dispersed, the chapel-master went to Lotchen as she was about to leave, and taking her thin, white hand in his, told her that the stranger of the night had come all the way from Leipsic to find a voice like hers to sing in the cathedral there, and that he was ready learn to sing ! even her poor, sightless Lotchen's face grew ashen white, and

> down as she answered: "Dear master, how can I go? All my life has been my home; to you I owe all my success; because I am blind. I have loved you all the more; and to leave

> "You shall take him with you my dear girl. You need the money very much, and you cannot resist six hundred flor-

Karl, too-how can I live without him!"

"Yes, yes-I know it all. But who will comfort me when I am sorrowful her life had seemed such an incum- and louely? However, if you say go, I will ably abide you decision. A life time sacrifice will not repay you for all

The old chapel master could not understand Lotchen's feelings. While he cannot climb a tree. assured her that good people were to be found everywhere, he could only see the stern necessity and what a future she had before her far better than it could ever be with her.

e rose hurriedly, gropi

that she had become like a daughter to "Can you sing, my child? and what is i him, and that she little knew how hard it was to urge her to take the step.

And so she went. And Lotchen Bremer's voice sang in the cathedral choir; and its power was so great, its exquisite pathos so touching that strong men were awed by its unutterable sweetness; and to the stranger who was no other than the elector of the parish, she became an angel of light, creeping into his heart all unawares from the hour when in her simple childlike beauty, she had sung the "Stabat Mater" in the little church at Stuttgart.

And what of Karl with his bold bright eyes and sinewy limbs? Was Lothen faithful to her trust?

As soon as she had taken her new position she resolved to placing him in the university of Leipsic, that he might prepare for a profession.

And having chosen the law, and celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday by an admission to the bar, he became a prominent lawyer in that quaint old city, finding his quiet happiness in the beautiful and safe retret of Lotchen's happy fireside, whose "Children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth," while on high the recording angel has written in letters of gold:

"She hath done what shecould."

What a Woman Can Do.

She can talk faster than a man can

She can say "no" and stick to it for all

She can also say "no" in such a low, soft voice that it means "yes."

She can eat her breakfast in bed and enjoy it. This is something that no man She can sharpen a lead pencil if you

give her pleuty of time and pleuty o pencils. She can see in a great big selfish hulk vualities which he does not and never

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and joy every minute of the time.

She can pass a display window of a dry goods store without shopping-if she

is running to catch a train. She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can walk half the night with colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire to murder the infant.

She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recol-

She can go to church and afterwards tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the

She can look her husband square in the eyes when he tells her some cockand-bull story about being "detained at the office," without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal

She can rumple up \$17,000 worth of dress goods and buy a spool of thread, with an order to have it delivered four miles away, in a style that will transfix the proprietor of the establishment with admiration.

She can go into convulsions at th sight of a mouse, and five minutes later she can listen to her husband's story of his financial ruin with a loving smile on her face and with a courage in her heart that comes not within the knowledge of

She can-but what's the use! A woman can do anything and everything, and do it well. She can do more in a minof creation lords the alleged bow to her own sweet will and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything, but with one exception she

A Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he had attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than for her personal charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following

"I was guided (he observes) in my

choice only by blind affection of youth. found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the wost faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misforture to losc. I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weaknesses gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and through one of the most generous natures, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period in my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am, to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I lost, and have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other, when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, also, the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

There was no Conclusion.

Uncle Ben was confronted with his supposed accomplice in a hen roost rob-

"Fore de Lawd, Judge, I neber seed dat nigger befo'."

"That may be Uucle Ben, but the evidence goes to show that at first you were in collusion with the prisoner,

"Skuse de interruption, sah, but dat's what I'se got de ebidence on de hip. Hit warn't in Collusion, in war in Harrisville dat I fust met de nigger."

The court explained the meaning of the word collusion.

"I don't 'spute de elucidations ob de word; it am kerec', no doubt, but, boss yo' is mistaken agin. Dar no was collusion 'tween us. Hit don't stan' to reason dat dere was kase dat nigger always wants de hull profits, an' I nebber colludes wid dat sorter a man. I'se a hones man. Jedge, an' whar dere's no chance for me to git naffin, I neber collude."-Texas Siftings.

The Latest Monance in California.

BIRBER, CAL.—Mr. Thomas P. Ford, editor of the "Mountain Tribune," of this place, published that the great pain cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has worked wondere in his family, and that he would not be without it. He states that

Clara Louise Kellogg says: "After on has been to Paris one thinks more of ar and less of dollars." Clars has evident ly seen an American bonanza king paying a French artist ten thousand dolors '101 a \$500 picture.

Words fail to express my gratitude Mr. Shelby Carter, of Nashvil m... "for the benefits derived for

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extra Sarsaparilla and other blood-pur roots, combined with lodids of P alum and Iron, and is the safest, most rellable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and ren the blood, and restores its vitalizing por It is the best known remedy for S and all Scrofulous Complaints, I elas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blots Seres, Bolls, Tumore, and Krups of the Skin, as also for all disorders or by a thin and impoverished, or corrust condition of the blood, such as Rheumati Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Gon Debility, and Scrofulous Catarris.

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One Thousand Acres of Landand "Right Smart of Bears."

On the deck of a big Musissippi steam stood an aged Southern planter. Indies by a sweep of his arm the waters the boat passing over, he said to a passenger from North: "When I was twelve years old I k my first bear on a new plantation my fawas then cutting out of a forest that grav rectly over the waters of this bend. That a nighty good plantation, and there was smart of bears these, too. But that one is sent acres went into the Mississppi, years. It is putting no strain upon the figure say that great forest of youthful hope, wonly beauty and manly strength are swept in some way every year into the great, turbid rest of disease and death. Tet it should be so. That it is so is a discrease as wall be so. That it is so is a disgrace as walloss. People are largely too careless stupid to defend their own interests—the precious of which is health. That gone gone. Disease is simple, but to reckle or ignorance the simplest thing might she complex as a proposition in Conic Stas the huge Western rivers, which so flood she cities along their shores, arise few mountain springs, so all our allments traced to impure blood and a small or disordered organs.

The most effective and inclusive remedisease is PARKER'S TONIC. It goes sources of pain and weakness. In the

sources of pain and weakness to its action, the liver, kidneys, at heart begin their work afresh, and driven out. The Tonic is not, howe toxicant, but cares a desire for strukture was districted. Have you dispepsia, rheumatism, which have refused to yield to of Here is your help.



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