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Setter than gold is a peaceful home Where all the freside characters come; I he shine of love the me ven of life, dallowed by mother, or sister, or wife; However humble the frome may be, Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree, And centre there are better than gold, Faifer Ryan The blessing that never was bonger or sold

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A child was playing with some building blocks, and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportious, a new pleasure swelled in his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of a 'thing of beauty,' and was conscious of a newborn power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and batlement were all the work of his hands He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks a structure of such rare designs.

castle with something of the pride of an | architect, who sees, after months or years of skillfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle lifting itself hundreds of feet upward toward the blue say and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the overmastering illusions-now walked slowly around, yiewing the structure on all sides and noting every minute particular, and now sat down and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he arose, purposing to attain another and more distant view of his work. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses and instantly with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing, for a moment, to the startled child, and then turning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shedow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his head in silence upon them and wet them with

For more than five minutes he sat as still as if sleeping, then, in a mouraful kind of way, yet almost apiselessly, he commenced restoring to the box from which he had taken them the manyshaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled he replaced the cover and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half an hour afterwards, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attractions of the book he read, the momentary annoyance expressed in words and tones, with a pow-

many days in preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she awaited his return, with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing-gown and a pair elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skillful fingers, sweet wife, and would not, of set purwere the gifts with which she meant to pose, have wounded her for the world. delight him. What a troop of fancies was in her heart! How, almost impaproaching darkness to her.

awaited her.

To men in the world of business few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is men's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many fail to leave their basiness cares and troubles in their stores, workshops, or counting-rooms at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles, and carry them home to shadow their households.

It was so with the young husband on business had taken an eddying whirl and thrown his vessel backward instead of was still in the current and gliding safely onward again, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely.

There was no heart warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, not because love had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew Silently he stood and gazed upou his his arm around her; but she was conembracing arm.

'Are you not well ?'

question asked.

He might be in body but not in mind: that was plain, for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success. never received before. At tea time she smiled so sweetly across the tea-table and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance, and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From the tea table they returned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gifts and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, follow edby sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But hat is questioning too closely.

'I will be back in a moment,' she said, and, passing from the room, she went lightly up the stairs. Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret, with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes when thought returned, with a single bound, to an unpleasant event of the day, and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern when his wife came back with the dressing Be gentlemen-ladies, or-in a word gown and slippers. She was trying to force her countenance into a grave exexpression, to hold back the smiles that were continually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the spirit, driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly as she came forward.

'What are these?' he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise and affecting an igrorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands that he did not feel.

'They are for you, dear. I made them.

'For me! Nonsense! What do I want with such jimcrackery? This is a woman's wear. Do you think I would er in them to shadow the heart of his disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them away my dear. Your husband is A young wife had busied herself for too much of a man to robe himself ingay colors like a clown or an actor.' And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real-the real born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his

This unexpected repulse-this cruel rejecti n of her present, over which she tiently, did she wait for the coming twi- had wrought patiently, in golden hope light, which was to be dawn, not ap- for many days-this dashing to the tained a description of the vocal organs, searth of her brimful cup of joy, just as and a number of rare anatomical engrav-

band in the passage, and her pulses leap- | fond young wife could bear. To hide the before nor since, and of course I pur ed with fluttering delight. Like a bird | cars that came rushing to her eyes she chased the two volumes and had them upon the wind, she almost flew down to turned away from her husband, and to bound in one, and there is the book in meet him, impatient for the kiss that conceal the sobs she had no power to its case opposite me as I write this letrepress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and, going back to the room from which she had brought the present she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then, covering her face with her hands, she sat down and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep the heartache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, somewhat to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving manner:

'Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing-gown and a pair of slippers, and this particular occasion. The stream of I would have vetoed the matter at once? You couldn't hire me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to onward, for a brief space, and, though it the parlor'-he took hold of her arm and lifted her from the chair-'and sing and play for me. 'The Dream Waltz' or 'The Tremolo,' 'Dearest May, or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more to methan forty dressing gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers.'

the parlor and placed her on the music the measured syllables in conversation stool. He selected a favorite piece and scious of a diminished pressure in that laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in With what tender concern was the skilful touches, but when she tried to take up the song utterance failed, and sobs broke forth instead of words.

'How foolish!' said the husband in a vexed tone. 'I'm surprised at you.' And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left thus alone There was still gravity in his manner and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the room-her husband not seeking to restrain herand going back to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep, and, though, the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in loves horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, neighbor are we not all casting shadows daily on some hearts that are pining for the unlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures of life, true pictures, not as a mirror but as a kaleidoscope. In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfishly or thoughtlessly-from design, meanness or ignorance-are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act will cast a shadow and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetters of self and regarders of others, niways watchful, lest he wound intententionally-always thinking when with with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows. that includes all graces and excellencies -Christians, for it is the Christian that casts fewest shadows.

A Cure for Stammering.

The Instructions Laid Down in the Old French Work.

[Ira Jones in Detroit Free Press.]

A few years ago in my wondering among the old bookstores of New York, searching for copies of rare works, a favorite past-time of mine, in a store on Ann street, at the bottom of a pile of old magazines I saw two volumes in paper covers and on the pack of each was writter the words with pen and ink, "Orthophonea" That is a curious title, thought I. Perhaps they are music books, for orthos in Greek mea 1. "right," and phono, "sound." . They are either music or books that treat on the correct sound of something; we will dig down and bring them to light anyhow. And so we did, and when we reached them, found they were tied together with a piece of faded blue ribbon. Having separated them and seeking out the title page of the first volume, found they were printed in Paris and in the French language. The title in English read thus: "Treatise on all Defects of Speech, and Particularly on Stammering or Theoretical and Practical Researches on Orthophony."

In looking through it I found it con-At last she heard the stop of her hus- t touched her lips, was more than the ings. I had never met a book like this pure, rich, warm, and vitalizing.

ter. Now I do not wish to let this cure lie buried in these volumes. I give it in as condensed a form as I can in answer to a request for a cure for stammering : Draw a long breath so as to fill the lungs with air to their fullest extent, and divide the sentence you wish to speak into syllables, beating time for each syllable by bringing the first finger of the right hand and thumb together. Have confidence in yourself and do not be embarrassed in the presence of strangers. Get some good poem and read it through always beating time and drawing a full breath at the end of every second line. "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard" is a good poem to read; so is Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." Shakespeare, Virgil by Dryden, or any good book of poetry

If you have none of these take the Bible and repeat the psalms of David or the proverbs of Solomon, as I have di rected, always following the rule and Almost by force, he led her back to reading aloud. You must always use at home and in your workshop. If you are a schoolboy, in your classes, take care never commence to speak without drawing a full breath. This rule must be followed at least four weeks, or perhaps longer if an adult. Do not be SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES ashamed of the monotony ef your measured syllables; be convinced that your new method of speaking will not last long, and that in all cases it is better than the grimaces and painful contortures of the mouth that some stammerers have to make in order to articulate certain words.

These directions, if faithfully and energetically followed, will cure the worst case of stammering, if the upper and lower incisive teeth are perfect, and the lips tongue and larvnx are not deformed. The habit cannot be broken too early; it grows with the age of the individual and gets fixed, so that it is much easier to cure a child when he is 10 years of age than when he is 21.

Love in J une.

On a quiet eve ir leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair, so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, there was none to harm or make afraid. Her name was Sue, and his was Jim; and she was fair, and she was slim. He took to her and she to him. Says Jim to Sue, "By all the snakes that squirm among the bush and brakes, I love you better'n buck wheat cakes. Says Sue to Jim, "Since you've begun it, and been and come and gone and done it, I like you next to a new bonnet." Says Jim to Sue, "My heart you've busted, but I always the gals mistrusted." Says Sue to Jim, "I will be true; if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two." "Through thick and thin, for your true love count me in; I'll court no other girl ag'in." Jim leaned to Sue, she leaned to Jim, his nose just hit her jockey brim, four lips met-when ahem ;-And then-and-then-then ! O, gals, beware of men in June, and underneath the silvery moon, when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your name in the paper soon.

How He Doubled Mis Trade.

Mr. Benj. W. Patton pharmacist, Globe Village, Mass., says that the miraculous pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has greatly helped his other business, and the sales of the remedy have doubled in one month. He keeps a large supply on hand. Officers of the Army and Navy pronounced St. Jacobs Oil to be the greatest pain-cure of the age.

"In our country," says the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife," "Yes, I know" upon the wife." "Yes, I know," re-plied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors," "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."

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of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS "At the age of two years one of SORES my children was terribly affilesed with ulcerous running scree on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powders were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Sore EYES Physicians told us that a powders were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Sore EYES Physicians told us that a powders were swollen, much in the swollength of "Huito, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882 duced a perceptible improvement, which, be an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. Mey describe the statement of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHMEON.

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'Haroun of Aleppo,' said Sir Philip Derval, 'had mastered every seeret in nature which the nobest magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art of healing is to assist nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all included the reinvigoration of the principle of life.'

It this the Eastern sage nerely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of to day. What life itself is, nebody knew then—nebody knows how. But we have learned something of the reasons why the mysterious tide rises and fails. Provided the great organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve, and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid processes of depiction, barbarous and stupid processes such as bleeding, by which it was att such as bleeding, by which it was att cure disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Now a days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strangthen it. In this intelligent and beneficent work, it is conceded that Parker's Tonic leads all other

conceded that Parker's Tonic leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immedicately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of ligastion. It follows that all allments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similiar results. It is delicious to use, and the best known antistoxicant. Price 50c and \$1. Hiscox & Co., New York.



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