

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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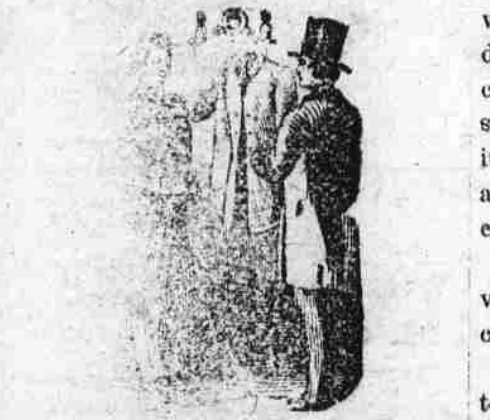
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## Poetry.

### WORDS AND DEEDS.

They do the least Who talk the most; Whose good designs Are all their boast; For words are dew.

They do the most Whose lives possess The stirring stamp Of righteousness; For deeds are true.

And if the heart Be pure and good The life will be Just what it should— Not dew but true.

—By James H. Hood's.

### MIRIAM.

"Here are decay's facing flangers Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Beneath the lofty cliffs which frowns above the "silver streak" there is a sheltered spot called Maderia, which is much affected by those who love the gentle glow of the winter sun.

It was there, upon a certain morning that Herbert Trevaunton found himself in a bath-chair. A fall from his horse and a broken limb had brought him to Brighton. He was horribly bored, of course, and had he had a sympathetic friend, he would have expressed himself thus:

"What in the world am I to do with myself in this abandoned place? There is not a house open to me; not a soul to speak to; not even a woman to love—at least, not a good-looking one. And to think that it will be at least a month before I can cross a horse! It is maddening!"

In despair he produced a paper—the Daily Telegram—and abandoned himself to the charms of its sparkling columns.

He was in the midst of a letter from a butlerman, lamenting the difficulty of providing in these hard times, with a due regard to their position in society, for eleven sons lawfully begotten, when the sound of wheels disturbed him. It was only a bath-chair passing. An ordinary occurrence enough. But in this chair was a woman whose face which seemed to interest him, for he followed it with his eyes steadily till it passed away up the cliff out of sight. Then he exclaimed:

"What a perfect beauty! She is the very image of that Greuze at home. Who can she be?"

Perhaps he obtained an introduction to the "image of the Greuze" through the French chaperon, or more likely, presented himself sans ceremonie; at all events, he is standing a month afterwards by her side. He is quite well now and able to hunt, and in fact is hunting, but not the fox, for beauty lures the full-grown child as effectually as the red vermin of the woods, and as often as not leads him to a chase of idle hopes and fears, to finish up, alas! with tears.

That the quarry is hard pressed is evident, for her face is unusually pale, and her voice trembles as she murmurs in reply to an appeal of her companion, "It can not, can not be!"

"But if you will not marry me what will you do?"

"Go home and try to forget you."

"You dare not go home, for you can not forget me."

The image turned her face towards the sea, and was silent for a while. Then said, "What you tell me is, also, too true; I can not forget you."

"Then marry me, Miriam!"

"I can not marry you," she repeated.

"Tell me, are you engaged to be married?"

"I am not."

"What, then, is the meaning of it all?"

"Never mind what it means; enough that I love you too much to leave you."

"Place then, you hand in mine," said the hunter, "and I will lead you far away beyond the sea, to where we shall be to one another all in all."

Again there was a silence. Then said the woman, "Close your eyes for a moment, Hebert, and promise me on your honor that you will never seek to learn who I am and whence I came, nor to me again of marriage."

"I promise."

Then she drew from her left hand a glove, and cast something with a sigh, into the sea.

"Now open your eyes," she said, "and here is my hand, and with it my heart. Let the dead past bury its dead. I will go away with you whenever and whithersoever you please."

"In one unclouded blaze of living light the sun is sinking behind the rugged outline of Les Iles Sanguinaires. From the bosom of a cobalt sea the purple peaks of Sardinia project themselves far into the pale transparent ether, whilst broken shafts of silvery moonlight gleam through the chestnut trees upon the desolate house where, two years before, Trevaunton had brought the fair captive of his bow. They are on the terrace, watching the dying day. Silently hand in hand, they note the shadows of the 'isles of blood' creep along the sea. Presently one speaks—it is Miriam.

"I have been happy, very happy, here with you, my well-beloved, and the thought of parting is bitter pain; but my days now, I know are numbered."

Trevaunton leant over the couch on which she was laying, and looked sadly into her face. There was a change he perceived, even since the morning. He had known for many a day that she was too fragile to live. He saw that the shadow of death was indeed upon her. But he answered never a word.

"You have always been so good and kind to me," she continued, "that I know you will not refuse me another favor, the last I shall ask of you."

"What is it that you would have me do for you, Miriam?"

"I would have you by and by when I am gone—take me away from here, and lay me away in the old churchyard on the cliff at home; and I would like you to beg the rector of the place to read the service of the church over me. The rector you understand not the curate."

He kissed her brow, and said, "You have never told me darling, where your home is."

"I know. But when it is all over you will learn that from my papers, and the name of the rector as well."

"Shall I take you there now? Perhaps you would like to see this clergyman?"

She did not reply, only shivered. The air of the Mediterranean at sunset sometimes strikes cold. "I think I would go in now Hebert," she said presently; "I feel a little tired."

That night she grew worse. In a week the wanderer was at rest.

—CLUB LONDON, July —

DEAR SIR—Shortly before the death of my wife, which took place last month in the Island of Corsica, she expressed a wish to me that her remains should be removed to England and interred in the churchyard of the parish of Old Haven, the rector of which I believe you to be.

Furthermore she particularly desired that the funeral service should be performed by no other clergyman than yourself.

I am advised now that the casket containing her body is in the custom house of Old Haven awaiting clearance.

As I presume you will not be indisposed to conduct the burial arrangements, of one who was formerly your parishioner, I am writing to the custom house authorities to forward the coffin to your mortuary depot.

I shall leave town myself by the night train to-morrow, and propose waiting upon you the following afternoon.

Yours faithfully, HERBERT TREVAUNTON. To Rev. Josiah Smithers, Old Haven, R-d.

"Is Mr. Smithers at home?" asked Trevaunton of the butler at the rectory, soon after his arrival at Old Haven.

"Mr. Smithers is at home, sir, but unable to see anybody," was the answer. "My Business is urgent," said Trevaunton.

"If you will please to come into the drawing-room, sir, I will speak to Mr. Jones."

He sat himself down and waited. Presently a clergyman entered, evidently the curate.

"I am here," said Trevaunton to him, "on a matter connected with a burial, in short, of my late wife."

"Yes, I know," said the other; "you are Mr. Trevaunton, and have written to Mr. Smithers on the subject?"

"Just so."

"Well, I regret to have to tell you of the sad death of my dear and esteemed

friend. Mr. Smithers is no more. He expired suddenly last night."

"I am inexpressibly shocked," said Trevaunton, "to hear this."

"It is, indeed, a great blow to all of us."

"Is there anything in the circumstances of this case extraordinary?"

"Oh, no. It seems that, in consequence of your instructions, he visited the custom house yesterday. He was apparently quite well when he started. In two hours he was brought home, alive, it is true, but in an unconscious state. I understand that, in order to satisfy the authorities, it was necessary to examine the coffin and this was done in his presence. While the operation was going on he appears to have fainted, and accordingly was placed in his carriage and sent home at once. He never spoke afterwards. There will be an inquest, of course. 'But, no doubt, it is just a case of heart complaint."

"Yes, I should think so. Has Mr. Smithers, may I ask, left a widow?"

"Well, no. And yet it is not absolutely certain he has not. The fact is, my poor friend was bereaved of his wife some time ago; not, however, by death but disappearance. It is a most inexplicable story."

"You will not think me inquisitive if I beg you to tell it to me," said Trevaunton.

"O, certainly not. Mrs. Smithers was a lady of beauty, apparently attached to her husband, and devoted to the duties of her position. On the advice of her doctor she went to the seaside for a change—let me see—yes, just two years ago—and never returned. If she is dead, there is no proof of her death; if alive, she has given no signs of life. It is indeed a great mystery."

"Is there any pictures of her here?"

"There is one on the writing table behind you?"

Trevaunton rose and approached the table. Upon it was a photograph of Miriam.

### Reserve Power a Necessity

It is not wise to work constantly up to the highest rate of which we are capable. If the engineer of the railroad were to keep the speed of his train up to the highest rate he could attain with his engine, it would soon be used up. If a horse is driven at the top of his speed for any length of time, he is ruined. It is well to try the power, occasionally, of a horse or engine, by putting on all the motion they will bear, but not continuously. All machinists construct their machines so that there will be a reserve force. If the power required is four horse, then they make a six horse power. In this case it works easily and lasts long. A man who has strength enough to do twelve honest hours of labor in twenty-four, and no more, should do but nine or ten hours' work.

The reserve power keeps the body in repair. It rounds out the frame to full proportion. It keeps the mind cheerful, hopeful, and happy. The person with no reserve force is always incapable of taking on any more responsibility than he already has. A little exertion puts him out of breath. He cannot increase his work for an hour without danger of explosion. Such are generally pale, dyspeptic, bloodless, nervous, irritable despondent, gloomy. We all pity them. The great source of power in the individual is the blood. It runs the machinery of life, and upon it depends our health and strength.

A mill on a stream where water is scanty can be worked but a portion of the time. So a man with little good blood can do but little work. If the reserve power of an individual runs low, it is an indication that a change is necessary, and that it is best to stop expending and go to accumulating, just as the miller does when water gets low in the pond. Such a course would save many a person from physical bankruptcy.—Herald of Health.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and adds elegance to luxuriance, its effect is enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

Mrs. Homespun, who has a hard time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called "the rising generation."

### Plantation Philosophy.

Dars more true 'ligion in de hoe handle den dar is in de aberage pra'r.

De man what would abuse a enemy when he is in trouble, would not help a frien' in distress.

De sensible man sometimes reads de foolish book, but de foolish man neber reads de sensible book.

In de spring nature smiles; in de summer she frowns; in de fall she smiles; an in de winter she slaps yer.

It ain't de brave man dat will al'ers fight when yer calls him a liar, for de brave man can stan' more dan de coward.

De man what tells lies fur de 'musment ob de crowd ken be put up wid, but de man what lies to make hissef 'portant is a mighty disgustin' borie.

### Poor John Carlisle

How the Present Spaker Showed that he was his Own Master. Louisville Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Much might be written of Carlisle. Only forty-eight years old; he is a self-made man in a double sense, for he has remade himself within the last twelve years. At that time it seemed as if his life had been lived out and that the coils of drink would never be loosened from about him until he rested with Menifee and Marshall, and the host of other bright Kentuckians who have graves in the island where the Circe lives. Frankfort is about as demoralizing to a young fellow as the Sonora Mountains to the Arizona Indian, and he had already served two terms in the Legislature and was then, at thirty-six, Lieutenant Governor. There were few who did not think that this would be the end of it. There was no Cassandra to hear the whisperings of the gods about him. It was 'Poor John Carlisle.'

Suddenly he shattered his cups and placed a seal upon desire and became, as ever since he has remained, a devout churchman and an exemplar of the strictest temperance. There was surprise in town when more and more it came to be seen that the change was not the freak of a headache, but gravely made and meant to last a life time. But so it was. He shrank from all fanaticism and was as blithe as ever, but the club rooms missed his epigrams and his books grew thumbed with use. The comrade had become a student.

### The Growth of Boys and Girls.

From birth to the age of five years the rate of growth is the same in both sexes, little girls being a little shorter in stature and lighter in weight than boys. From five to ten years boys grow a little more rapidly than girls, the difference being apparently due to a check in the growth of girls at these ages. From ten to fifteen years girls grow more rapidly than boys, and at the ages of eleven and a half to fifteen and a half are actually heavier than boys. From fifteen to twenty years boys again take the lead; and grow at first rapidly and gradually slower, and complete their growth at about twenty-three years. After fifteen girls grow very slow, and attain their full stature about the twentieth year.

A vigorous old fellow in Maine, who had lately buried his fourth wife, was accosted by an acquaintance, who unaware of his bereavement, asked: "How is your wife, Capt. Plowjogger?" To which the captain replied with a grave face: "Waal, to tell the trewth, I'm kinder out of wives just now."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most potent blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. Be wise in time. All painful infections are promptly removed by this unequalled alternative.

"I am afraid you will come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to that already," was the reply "I want your daughter." The old lady opened her eyes.

A doctor gave the following prescription to a sick lady, suffering from depression: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a silk dress." The lady, it is needless to say, entirely recovered.

An editor met a young man who had recently been married and asked him how he was pleased with his change in life. He took a long breath and turned his eyes up as if trying to think of some expressive word, and then said: "Oh, sir, I wouldn't take a million dollars for myself."

### An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Galveston, Texas, May 8, 1883. "I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy. "While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. "I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WATLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

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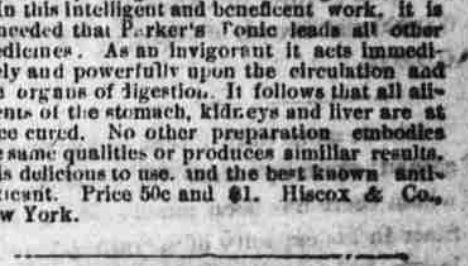
CLOCKS TO SUIT EVERYBODY. SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES OF EVERY VARIETY.

Watch repairing a specialty. Can and examine my goods. C. F. NEESE. oc 25 3m

### Where the Fire is Out.

Magic no More a Mystery—Seen From Across the World.

"Haroun of Aleppo," said Sir Phillip Derval had mastered every secret in nature which the noblest magic seeks toathom. 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 exert its energy and fastened on a part. His process—all included the reinvigoration of the principle of life. It is the Eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of to-day. What life itself is, nobody knew then—nobody knows now. But we have learned something of the reasons why the mysterious disease rises and falls. 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 depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to 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 strengthen it. In this intelligent and beneficent work, it is conceded that Parker's Tonic leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to use, and the best known antitoxicant. Price 50c and \$1. Hiccox & Co., New York.



### HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

The necessity for prompt and efficient household remedies is daily growing more imperative, and of these Hostetter's Bitters is the chief in merit and the most popular. Irrregularity of the stomach and bowels, malarial fever, liver complaints, debility, rheumatism, and other ailments, are thoroughly conquered by this incomparable family restorative and medicinal safeguard, and it is justly regarded as the purest and most comprehensive remedy of its class. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Life and Fire Insurance Agents, DURHAM, N. C.

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### HEADACHE

and all BRUISES COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. (Solely Prepared by Dr. J. C. Wright, P.O. Box 43, N.C.)