

THE ALMANACE CLEANER.

VOL. XV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1889.

NO. 35.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAS. E. BOYD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. [Sep 16]

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Greensboro, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

DR. G. W. WHITSETT,
Surgeon Dentist.

GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro.

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GRAHAM, N. C.
May 17, '88.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Clothing Made to Order.

I have secured the agency for the well known firm of

BROWNING, KING & CO.,
of New York, and am prepared to furnish you clothing at New York prices.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS
as cheap as ready-made goods. Fit guaranteed to suit.

Call and see my samples and hear my prices. Don't forget that I carry a good stock of

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REPAIRING A SPECIALTY!
Any part of a watch, clock, or piece of jewelry can be repaired at my bench care-fully and as cheaply as you can have it done anywhere. All work sent through the mail by express shall cost prompt attention.

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Mr. J. W. Cotton, at Burlington, can show you designs and give you prices, May 31

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THE ONLY SAFE, PAINLESS, AND RELIABLE METHOD OF INDUCING LABOR. THE ONLY METHOD THAT GUARANTEES THE CHILD'S SAFETY AND THE MOTHER'S COMFORT. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF WOMEN. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF CLERGYMEN. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF COUNTRIES. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF CLIMATES. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF SEASONS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF WEATHERS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF TIMES. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF PLACES. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF THINGS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF IDEAS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF FEELINGS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF THOUGHTS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF ACTIONS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF REACTIONS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF CONSEQUENCES. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF RESULTS. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF FUTURE. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF PAST. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF PRESENT. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF ALL. THE ONLY METHOD THAT IS SUITABLE FOR ALL CLASSES OF EVERYTHING.

THE SINGERS.

Thick, low lying clouds swept swiftly past, While muttering thunders shook and oiled their lightning's fiery page. All nature hid her face abashed. The winds the covering forests lashed in mighty rage.

Aghast and trembling nature stood, While through such a mighty storm she passed. She trembled till the storm had passed, But lifted up her voice at last.

She sang, lifting forth a song so clear That startled passers passed to hear. The liquid air:

Forsook in the gilded cage A hoarse and hoarse old age And hunger's pain, She trembling till the storm had passed, But lifted up her voice at last.

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fore, and every one always on their knees to me. And now, the very one who absorbs my thought—cold, cold!

"Don't be silly, Gen. You're so fired up at finding any one you can become romantic over, that you are as blind as a hickory nut, besides being dreadfully awkward when he's around."

"Morocco," Hall Balkan is perfectly splendid—so handsome and so manly! I don't wonder you like him tremendously. And the idea of him not justifying under your spell! As for me, I just know you are in his mind."

"You love me, and try to think me a vanquisher of all hearts, no matter how brave and free," murmured Genevieve. "But my former conquests have not been all convincing, because Mr. Balkan is really the only true, fine person of enviable position and means whom I ever met in our country. There seem to be a thousand foolish bachelors to your downright hero!"

"I think Hall is a fine fellow," Nellie again admitted, softly thrusting her little hand upon Genevieve's arm for a few steps, and then stopping her arbitrarily, and letting the others catch up with them. "How far meddle you seem!" she then exclaimed. "I am sure the Arctic sea is over that hill of pines by the meadow. Ribbons of white cloud and this exhilarating atmosphere make me feel as if I were somebody else. Oh, we are explorers! Is that a Polar bear or a snow drift?" she concluded, pointing to a white banked ridge on the side of the hill.

Cecil Morton tried to shuffle the little party in such a way that he would come next to Genevieve; but she evaded him by sheer force of desperation. And, as luck would have it, Hall Balkan came up to her with his fine, hearty good cheer, and asked her to walk with him as far as a wide spread in the air at a considerable distance down the high road, and Nellie Featherly heard him say it. A damask flush all over Genevieve's face made Balkan glance around to see if the sunset had begun yet; but the west was as gray as a flagstone. Genevieve was willing and they started off at a huge pace, which she could not follow. She was too well as every one of the girls thought that Balkan wanted to propose to his companion, and determined to let him have a chance.

At last the two figures in advance stopped under the delicate tracery of the great, bare elm tree, and seemed to be talking earnestly. Then a cry came from Nellie Featherly, for Genevieve had sunk to the ground, evidently in a faint, and Balkan knelt at her side.

"The walk was too rapid for her!" exclaimed Nellie, off-hand. "Oh, Mr. Morton, why must you always be asking us to go for constitutions; the way we are all worn out!" And Nellie, whom no one had ever seen really provoked before, gave him a cross glance; and then went on a run, accompanied by the reproved Morton, toward her friend, while the others followed, more or less ardently.

As faithful Nellie ran, she discerned a strange black cloud rolling toward them all down the stony road. Soon the motion of two prancing horses became apparent; and as Nellie reached Genevieve's prostrate form, in the middle of the road, over which Balkan was bending in absorbed dismay, the plucky girl realized that a runaway team was in full swing at a few yards' distance and quite unobserved by any one but herself and Cecil Morton, who shouted to Nellie to have a care and jump aside.

But this Nellie never thought of doing. On she ran, beyond Genevieve, whose danger was so imminent; and what could she do to avert the danger in her moment of confusion? She had been reduced to a state of manipulation (under Morton's instructions) on an icy consistency; capable, as her teacher had explained, of killing any body if rightly aimed. It is by no means easy to swerve the direction of a maddened horse. But one of these was running away because the other wanted to, and he retained some common sense. At any rate, Nellie drew forth her ball in a twinkling and hurled it, by good luck, at the snarling horse (for they were now close at hand) with such splendid vigor and true aim that it hit him furiously on the nose. He plunged aside, slipped on the hard crust of the old snow he was treading on, and keeled over, carrying his rampant mate with him into the ditch. They were a powerful team belonging to Nellie's uncle and were dragging an empty wood sledge. Their driver was hallooing in the distance as he man wearily along.

Nellie pondered a moment over the success of her shot, and gazed at the quivering limbs of the horse and then turned back to Genevieve, panting. The girls were on the bank at the other side of the road.

Meantime, Balkan had but just looked up, realized the peril and caught Genevieve in his arms, while the young man's struggling shoulders. It is always in some such way that a person weak in emergencies assists the real actors.

So swiftly do runaway horses proceed that it only seemed an instant since Genevieve had fainted.

Now all the girls swooped down from their perch indignantly and roundly rebuked their pale friend, whose swoon was so much in earnest that she had not stirred an eyelash. Nellie seized Balkan's hand and told him she must speak with him instantly.

"Did you offer yourself?" she severely demanded, when she had led him, surreptitiously, out of hearing of the others.

"No," he gasped, gazing blankly, as a man does who is confronted with more Greek than he is prepared for.

"Didn't you propose?" exclaimed Nellie, in the same indignant tone, which showed Balkan that he was a runaway, and that he was to be punished accordingly.

"Do explain!" he quavered, guiltily.

But Nellie was off to Genevieve with impatient haste, kneeling down at her side, calling for soft snow from under a drift and rubbing the beauty's temples and lips with it, while she explained to Morton how to get Genevieve's hand warm; much to his satisfaction, for he did not object to his covering them with kisses.

The teamster came up and Nellie found time to scold him for his stupidity.

"I know you by sight, Jim," she said. "But that ain't save you. Go you shall be my uncle's service!"

"But, miss!"

"No 'buts!' You might have killed a dozen people, you goot!"

"As true as I live, miss, I've always heard as how horses will run in winter, when the moon is near the full, as it's been proved the day! So crisp like, every where, and I should expect of them!"

"Swear you'll never leave your horses without tying them tight," commanded Nellie, haughtily.

"Faith! I'll swear when I'm out of your prairie, miss!" Jim humbly answered.

The horses were unhitched from the sledge and the young people undertook to drag Genevieve home, which the stout poles at the sides of the conveyance assisted them to accomplish, as the girls could take hold of them and propel, while the young man dragged the cumbersome concern. The fair invalid was piloted on muffs and covered with her own dress, and was pleased to revive nicely. It was first sunset and then deep dusk when the catafalque slowly reached home.

It may be supposed that dinner was a little late that evening.

Nellie came into the parlor before the others, looking lovely, in still as a statue, and she found Balkan and Balkan was waiting for her, ready to propose.

"What did you mean?" he whispered.

Nellie's eyes, which looked unusually big and bright because she had been crying all to herself, filled again with tears, and she fled away into the ante-room and he followed.

"I meant," she replied, sotto voce, "that when you love her, and when she loves you, and when you come out into the 'backwoods' and have plenty of opportunities, and when we are all looking on at a respectful distance, it is perfectly stupid of you not to offer your hand to Genevieve, with you and her, and I should have fainted and died both if I had been in her place! She showed great self control not to have done it. You had no business to stipulate the tree, anyhow, for of course she would expect everything to be settled before she got there. Oh! of course you think me without respect of persons and open secrets; but I'm nobody in particular, and I will love Genevieve and put my finger into her affairs if I like to! And I'll just add this: that I'm going to arrange to have you both driven by the coachman to-night in the big sled, while we are appointed off to little cutters. The driver's seat is way up!"

"But, my dear Miss Featherly—Nellie!"

"Now, don't be disrespectful. Of course I can only ask for an outward show of respect after telling you to offer yourself to my dearest friend, when we all down the stony road, and hoping to win; but that show of courtesy I stipulate for!"

"How can I ask Miss Chamberlain in marriage if I love you?" Balkan squeezed in, desperately.

Nellie sat down on the arm of a chair and looked up at him, blushing and appealing.

"You can't be in love with me!" she panted.

"I wish you would not be so scornful," he answered. "You ought to have known it. Months ago I was crazy about Genevieve, like the rest; but only for a week, for then I met you. A man don't sit staring all day at a girl unless he loves her!" While I stare at you, your utter indifference to me is something appalling; but I had hoped to win you in the end. Then you take me by the throat, yank me in front of somebody else, with orders, martial in their haste, and now cast me into a perfect sea of prematureness; for, of course, you'll appear in my regard as a revelation. But I'm as obstinate as you are, and love you I will, by Jove!" Balkan sat down on another chair arm, thrust his thumbs in his pockets and glared at the fire.

A faint rustle of heavy silk at his elbow made him feel evasive.

"If she consents to it, you might propose to me, then, in the Russian sleigh!"

He turned, and the little creature's superb eyes met his. He caught his hands, and studied her face with blissful care.

"I thought I was of no great account," she murmured, all of a tremble, and she suddenly kissed him in a way that made her feel that for the future she had some one to guard her against all harm, and give her all the happiness she could wish for.—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in The Independent.

CHAOS WITHOUT THE MIRROR.

How Both Men and Women are Lost Without a Looking Glass.

"Do you like this style of mural decorations, Edwin?" inquired Angelina in PUNCH, alluding to the looking glasses with which she had her lover's hubbly arranged.

"Yes, my dear, for it enables me to see at every turn the face and form that is most admired." The sentence was ambiguous and was misunderstood, of course, by Angelina; but Edwin hit the nail precisely on the head. Few things are more agreeable than being constantly able to contemplate one's own features. In sickness, one's reflection in the glass provides sympathy and consolation, as well as reporting progress; in health it provides company. What more can a man desire?

Take away the looking glass and see what a blank life becomes! No longer can one examine one's tongue; no longer can one watch the play of one's features and discover in them the ever fresh beauties so mysteriously hidden from others; a man cannot shave; a woman cannot do her hair; the world becomes chaotic without a mirror.

At any rate, it takes two people to do, without it, what one can do with it; and, after all, no man feels proper confidence in his friend's opinion as to whether his tie is straight, and no woman believes the judgment of another who tells her, "You're not looking quite so well, my dear, to-night as usual." Looking glasses have now become such a recognized mark of civilization that a man who finds himself in a hansom cab which is unprovided in this respect feels himself perfectly justified in giving the driver the very lowest legal fare. Undoubtedly he is justified.

There seems to be scarcely any greater pleasure for a young man than to drive down, especially in a good hansom and gas, to a friend's house in a hansom cab which is unprovided in this respect feels himself perfectly justified in giving the driver the very lowest legal fare. Undoubtedly he is justified.

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