THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

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And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, - - - N C
May 17, '88.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.
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Good sets of teeth at $10 per set. Office on Main St. over I. N. Walker & Co.'s Store.

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If you are going to build a house, you will do well to call on me for prices. I have a force of skilled workmen who have been with me from 2 to 8 years, who know how to do good work and a heap of it. I will build by contract or by the day; furnish material or not, as you can do it.

Come and see me. Will be glad to give you figures. Thanks for past patronage.

Yours &c., W. W. HUTSON, Graham, N. C.
Aug. 23.

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July 12—tf.

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THE ALAMANCE GLEANER, GRAHAM, N. C.

A Pastel Portrait.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the print store and stared in at it as he had done every day for the past week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some crudities marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mistily draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughter-lit; the slightly parted scarlet lips had a shy droop; there was a little, round dimple in her chin; the hair that melted into the soft gown and dusty background was a wind blown tangle of reddish gold.

Harwood had often determined to enter and make an attempt to discover the identity of the original of the picture, but his courage had always failed him. To-day he forced himself to the accomplishment of his desire.

He entered the store, shutting out the whirling snowflakes behind him.

"Is that picture—the pastel portrait in the window—for sale?" he enquired.

"No, sir," he was told.

"Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. The portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please!"

But when the rising young lawyer had the slip in his pocket-book, and was out again in the white Winter world, he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he ordinarily prided himself.

He was a trifle troubled, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world, and the most gorgeous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education and three years of European travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined to be dictatorial.

"So you refuse to meet Miss Fainsworth, Frank?" she had asked.

"As a suitor—yes", he replied positively.

He was rather tired of having his aunt assure him that he never would meet another girl so beautiful, amiable, accomplished altogether desirable as Miss Fainsworth.

"Frank," she asked, hastily as a startling possibility occurred to her, "is there any one else?"

He hesitated. She repeated the question. He recalled the face in the print show window. He answered truthfully.

"Yes," he said.

"What is her name, Frank?"

"I do not know."

She looked at him sharply.

"Where does she live?"

"I do not know that, either."

"Frank," she said, in a low voice, "surely you have not been drinking?"

He laughed out boyishly.

"No, Aunt Mary; I don't drink. But I am afraid I am nonsensically in love."

He laughed again now as he recollected the wondering dismay on his aunt's face. A passer by turned to look at him. He had reached a row of high, flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang the bell. A surly woman with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Third floor back," she returned, shortly.

She disappeared, leaving him to find his way up as best he could.

The stairs were steep, dirty and uncarpeted. A written card was nailed on the door of the room of "a third floor back."

"VINCENT BRAND,
Pastel Portraits."

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and a chair stood in the apartment. A handful of fire in a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?"

The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue veined hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, declining the solitary chair which was proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer. He was ill and very poor.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a copy?"

No, sir. The truth of the matter is simply this: The lady who consented to sit to me for that picture, did so out of her own sweet charity. She is so beautiful, and makes such a fine study, I fancied her face would bring me orders, where on less lovely, even admirable as a likeness, would fail. I need not enumerate to you the reasons why it would be dishonorable for me to abuse her kindness."

"I understand your reasons, Mr. Brand, and respect them. May I give you an order for a life sized pastel from this photograph?"

He had fortunately remembered having in his pocket the picture of a nephew that morning received. The commission would help the poor artist out.

A light tap came to the door.

"May I come in, Vincent?" called a sweet voice.

The door opened. Frank Harwood turned to look into the face that had haunted him waking and sleeping but a thousand times fairer than the colored crayons had reproduced it.

She half drew back at sight of the stranger, but Brand called to her.

"Come in, Claire!" And then, with youthful candor: "This gentleman was just asking about your portrait."

She bowed slightly. She was in rich furs and deep, glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I hope the picture is bringing you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered brightly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran to see how you were getting on."

He smothered a fit of coughing.

"The basket of delicacies came this morning. Thank you so much. You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home then," The artist said, looking troubled. "This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The fierce cough shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind she said peremptorily.

Harwood went forward hat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor to permit me to be your escort?" He asked. "I am a lawyer residing in the city. I am sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood.

She had been listening with a somewhat haughty air. She smiled now with sudden friendliness.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me," she simply said.

On their way she told him about Brand, whom she had known from childhood in England.

"He is dying." "It is hard to help him; he is so proud."

The house before which she paused was a magnificent one.

Harwood mustered up courage to ask if he might call.

"No," she said gently, and then as if repenting: "I shall be at Brand's studio on Friday.

She ran up the steps.

Needless to say Harwood was in the painter's room early Friday afternoon. The number of orders he gave quite overwhelmed the artist.

She came at last, her face like a rose over her dark furs.

They met, not quite by chance, many times, and still Frank did not learn her name. He called her Miss Claire.

One evening when he was leaving the studio with her he told her the story of how he had first happened to come there.

"I fell in love with a pastel portrait," he said. "I am to-day in love with the original. But I know so little of you that it seems like being in love with a spirit. Are you going to punish my presumption, or reward my daring.

She indicated her carriage that stood at the curb.

"Get in!" she said smiling. "I chance to be driving your way."

The vehicle stopped at his aunt's door. He remembered there was to be a small dinner party there that evening.

She alighted and went up the steps with him.

"Do you know my aunt?" he began.

Just then his aunt came toward them.

"Claire, my dear!" She cried. "Frank, where did you meet Miss Fainsworth?"

"Fainsworth," he replied blankly. "You,"—he reproached Claire—"knew me all the time!"

"Do you think I would have let you see me home that night if I did not?" she asked archly.

"What in the world are you children talking about?" Frank's aunt questioned.

They only laughed.

But there was that in the lovely eyes raised to his which told him he might plead again—and not in vain.—Saturday Night.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an excellent tonic and liver medicine for the heated term.

CLEVELAND WRITES WILSON.

He Urges the Complete Fulfillment of Promises and Party Pledges.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The following is President Cleveland's letter to Representative Wilson upon the tariff situation, which Mr. Wilson read as a part of his remarks in the House this afternoon:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2, 1894.

[PERSONAL]

HON. WM. L. WILSON:

My Dear Sir: The certainty that a conference will be ordered between the two houses of Congress for the purpose of adjusting differences on the subject of tariff legislation, makes it almost certain that you will again be called on to do hard service in the cause of tariff reform. My public life has been so closely related to the subject, I have so longed for its accomplishment, and I have so often promised its realization to my fellow countrymen, as a result of their trust and confidence in the Democratic party, that I hope no excuse is necessary for my earnest appeal to you that in this crisis you strenuously insist upon party honesty and good faith and a sturdy adherence to Democratic principles. I believe these absolutely necessary conditions to the continuation of Democratic existence. I cannot get rid of the feeling that this conference will present the best if not the only hope of true Democracy. Indications point to its action as the reliance of those who desire the genuine fruition of Democratic effort, the fulfillment of Democratic pledges and the redemption of Democratic pledges to the people. To reconcile differences in the details comprised within the fixed and well-defined lines of principle will not be the sole task of the conference, but as it seems to me, its members will also have in charge the question whether Democratic principles themselves are to be saved or abandoned.

There is no excuse for mistaking or misapprehending the feeling and the temper of the rank and file of the Democracy. They are downcast under the assertion that their party fails in ability to manage the government, and they are apprehensive that efforts to bring about tariff reform may fail; but they are much more apprehensive and downcast in their fear that Democratic principles may be surrendered. In these circumstances they cannot do otherwise than look with confidence to you and those who with you have patriotically and sincerely championed the cause of tariff reform within Democratic lines and guided by Democratic principles. This confidence is vastly augmented by the action under your leadership of the House of Representatives upon the bill now pending. Every true Democrat and every sincere tariff reformer knows that this bill in its present form as it will be submitted to conference falls far short of the consummation for which we have long labored; for which we have suffered defeat without discouragement; which, in its anticipation, gave us a rallying cry in our day of triumph, and which in its promise of accomplishment is so interwoven with Democratic pledges and Democratic success that our abandonment of the cause or the principles upon which it rests means party perfidity and party dishonor.

Our topic will be submitted to the conference which embodies Democratic principles so directly that it cannot be compromised. We have in our platform and in every way possible declared in favor of the free importation of raw materials. We have again and again promised that this should be accorded to our people and our manufacturers as soon as the Democratic party was invested with the power to determine the tariff policy of the country. The party now has that power. We are as certain to day as we have ever been of the great benefit that would accrue to the country from the inauguration of this policy, and nothing has occurred to release us of our obligation to secure this advantage to our people. It must be said that no tariff measure can accord with Democratic principles and promises, or bear a genuine Democratic badge, that does not provide for free raw materials. In the circumstances it may well excite our wonder that Democrats are willing to depart from this, the most Democratic of all tariff principles, and that the inconsistent absurdity of such a proposed departure should be emphasized by the suggestion that the wool of the farmer be put on the free list and the protection of tariff taxation be placed around the iron ore and coal of corporations and capitalists. How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principle? It is quite apparent that this question of free raw materials does not admit of adjustment on any middle ground, since their subjection to any rate of tariff taxation, great or small, is alike violation of Democratic principles and Democratic good faith.

I hope that you will not consider it intrusive if I say something in relation to another subject which can hardly fail to be troublesome to the conference. I refer to the adjustment of tariff taxation on sugar. Under our party platform and in accordance with our declared party purposes, sugar is a legitimate and legal article of revenue taxation. Unfortunately, however, incidents have accompanied certain stages of the legislation which will be submitted to the conference, that have aroused, in connection with this subject, a natural Democratic animosity to the methods and manipulations of trusts and combinations. I confess to sharing in this feeling; and yet it seems to me we ought if possible to sufficiently free ourselves from prejudice to enable us coolly to weigh the consideration which is formulating tariff legislation ought to guide our treatment of sugar as taxable article. While no tenderness should be entertained for trusts and while I am decidly opposed to granting them, under the guise of tariff taxation, any opportunity to further their peculiar methods, I suggest that we ought not to be driven away from the Democratic principle and policy which lead to the taxation of sugar, by the fear, quite likely exaggerated, that in carrying out this principle and policy we may indirectly and inordinately encourage a combination of sugar refining interests. I know that in present conditions this is a delicate subject and I appreciate the depth and strength of the feeling which its treatment has aroused. I do not believe that we should do evil that good may come but it seems that we should not forget that our aim is the completion of the tariff bill, and that in taxing sugar for proper purposes and within reasonable bounds, whatever may be said of our action, we are in no danger of running counter to Democratic principles. With all there is at stake there must be in the treatment of this article some ground upon which we are willing to stand, where conciliation may be allowed to solve the problem, without demanding the entire surrender of fixed and conscientious convictions.

I ought not to prolong this letter. If what I have written is unwelcome, I beg you to believe in my good intentions. In the conclusion of the conference touching the numerous items which will be considered, the people are not afraid that their interests will be neglected. They know that the general results as far as these are concerned will be to place home necessaries and comforts easier within their reach and to insure better and surer compensation to those who toil. We all know that a tariff covering all the varied interests and conditions of a country as vast as ours must of a necessity be largely the result of an honorable compromise. I expect very few of us can say when our measure is perfected that all its features are entirely as we would prefer. You know how much I depreciated the corporation into the proposed bill of the income tax feature. In matters of this kind, however, which do not violate a fixed and recognized Democratic doctrine, we are willing to defer to the judgment of a majority of our Democratic brethren, I think there is a general agreement that this is party duty. This is more palpably apparent when we realize that the business of our country timidly stands and watches for the result of our efforts to perfect tariff legislation, that a quick and certain return to prosperity waits upon a wise adjustment and that a confiding people still trust in our hands their prosperity and well being. The Democracy of the land pleads most earnestly for the speedy completion of the tariff legislation which their representatives have undertaken; but they demand not less earnestly that no stress of necessity shall tempt those they trust to the abandonment of Democratic principles.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at T. A. Albright's drug store.

The Waynesville *Courier* says that Mr. Richmond Pearson "is going to accomplish one good thing for Democracy. He will cause the Democratic element in the People's party to come back home where they belong. The thing has started already and can't be stopped."

The value of a good name was well exemplified the other day, when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Sarsaparilla. "Who?" inquired the clerk. "Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risks with Hannah, do ye?"

Seeds and Sheaves.

They that sow, though tears may fall,
Of sorrow or of pain,
Shall reap with joyous laughter,
When Summer comes again.
—Psalms CXXVI, 5-6.

"All things come to him who waits"—if he works hard enough while waiting.

Drink and destruction both begin with the same letter, and the our is the forerunner of the other.

Don't imagine you can cheat all neighbor in a horse-trade, without giving a lesson to your boy that he will never forget.

It isn't good policy for you to punish a child for doing anything it learned of you. Better hire some able bodied man to deal with you.

Some men treat dumb brutes as if they had souls; others treat them as if they had no souls themselves. It is only a difference in men.

We cannot all be singers to cheer the world, but each one can do his best, and by constant striving finally accomplish the best, and that is perfection.

Your neighbors know you pretty well. What they will say after you are dead will not count; be careful about what they can say while you are living.

There are worse things than to be called a crank. Gallileo, Columbus, McCormick and Morse were all called cranks in their day. Now they are immortals.

The man who honors his labor, dignifies it, no matter how toilsome it may be; the man who does not honor it, does not have labor to perform for a very long time.

The man who says farming don't pay, always has time to prove it in a loud tone of voice. The man who knows it does pay, is usually too busy to say much about it.

"Economy is the road to wealth," but there is a good old book which says: There is that scattereth, yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

Brains are just as necessary as brawn on the farm. Ten hours of well planned work is worth more than sixty hours without plans. Sit in the shade and plan so that you can make every step count.

The "calamity bowler" is of no possible use to the country. He meets trouble a great deal more than half way; he stands on the outer walls and and cries "we are lost, and I want to die;" he sits down in despair in the most public manner, and makes a circus of himself. And yet the nation survives, and God rules, and all things are in His hands.

The Arab poverb says: "Three things come not back; the sped arrow, the spoken word, the lost opportunity." Remember this when you are going to say an evil thing of a neighbor, and remember it when opportunity comes strolling your way; the same opportunity will never come again, and possibly another one may find you not equal to it.

A Rare Confederate Relic.

The New York Tribune says: Walter Aldrich, the bibliographer, of Providence, R. I., has in his possession a neat bandanna handkerchief, one yard square, of Davis, Semmes, Beauregard, Lee, Mason, Slidell, Morgan, Jackson and Johnson, printed in black, encircled with wreaths of characteristic Southern leaves, with ferns and the cotton plant on white ground. It is said to be the only extent of the twelve ordered for the Confederate government in England by Judah P. Benjamin, and was rescued, when on his way to this country, from the Alabama when she sunk. It subsequently became the property of Geo. Kirby Smith, but Mr. Aldrich now owns it, and has it framed and glazed, and values it at $1,000.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at T. A. Albright's drug store.

The Chinese are catching on to modern ideas. The latest thing in the way of industrial progress is the establishment of an immense rolling mill at Hankow. The plant, which was begun two years ago, covers seventy acres and will cast cannon, make guns, arms, etc., and roll rails for railroads. The latter fact will probably stimulate railroad building in that country.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shinyhald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, H. H's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

Skin Eruptions

and similar annoyances are caused by an impure blood, which will result in a more dreaded disease. Unless removed, slight impurities will develop into Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum and other serious results of

Bad Blood

I have for some time been a sufferer from a severe blood trouble, for which I took many remedies that did me no good. I have now taken four bottles of S S S with the most wonderful results. Am enjoying the best health I ever knew, have gained twenty pounds and my friends say they never saw me as well. I am feeling quite like a new man. JOHN S. EDELIN, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

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FOR SALE!

Valuable Cotton Mill!

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage deed executed by Graham Cotton Mill to the undersigned mortgagees, dated May 27th, 1893, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Alamance County in book No. 13, pages 573, 574 and 574. We will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Graham to the highest bidder on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894,

at 12 o'clock M. all the real and personal property described in said deed, to-wit: Two acres of land adjoining the land of Sidney Cotton Mill and others, on which are situated a two-story mill building 40x70, dry house 20x30, 4½ room tenement houses and office.

The machinery consists of 52 single box Lowell looms, 3 quiller frames, dresser with steam calender, cloth folder, beamer, sizing vat and fixtures, engine and boiler, shafting, pullies, belting and office furniture and all other property conveyed in said deed. The machinery all new and in good order. Located near R & D. R. R.

Terms—Half cash, balance in six months with approved security, interest from day of sale at 8 per cent. per annum. Title reserved until purchase money paid.

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W. J. STOCKARD,
JOHN W. BASON,
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C. P. ALBRIGHT,
F. A. HAMILTON,
Mortgagees.

Graham, N. C.
June 7, 1894.

MAGNETIC NERVINE

Is warranted to cure Nervous Prostration, Fits, Dizziness, Headache, Neuralgia and Insomnia. Great as regard to its effect on mind and in other diseases, brings on Debility, Sleeplessness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, Insanity and at last a miserable death. MAGNETIC NERVINE restores all losses in either sex, restores vitality and strength to both the muscular and nervous systems, tones up the brain, builds up the flesh, brings natural sleep, and restores health and happiness to the sufferer. 1 month's treatment in plain package by mail to any address, $1.00 per box; 6 for $5.00. With every $5.00 order we give a Written Guarantee to cure or refund the money. Genuine Dr. Guarantee issued only by our agents.

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Leaksville Woolen Mills,

LEAKSVILLE, N. C.

Are still at the old place under the same old management, and still making the same line of,

EXCELLENT GOODS

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We Work Wool on Shares or for Cash into Blankets, Fancy Bedspreads, Cassimeres, Jeans, Flannels, and Yarns, &c., &c.

Write for information and samples.

Take your wool to A. B. Tate, Agent, Graham, N. C. or S. K. Scott, Mebane, N. C. and they will forward it to Mill free of charge.

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Leaksville, N. C.
May 10 6m

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The Greatest Discovery of the Age.

It will permanently cure falling of the hair, dandruff, scaly eruptions, pustules, or any scalp disease.

It prevents hair turning gray and restores hair to its original color, and brings a

New Growth of Hair on any Bald Head on Earth.

It is the only treatment that will produce these results.

Testimonials and treatise furnished on application.

Mr. John M. Cobb, at Cobb & Thompson's store, is my agent at Graham, N. C.

Respectfully,
D. T. LASHLEY,
Haw River, N. C.
Dec. 14—tf.