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### Bradbury Planos.

ADDRESS F. W. SMITH,

THE DIRGE UP GUPID.

Old Time, upon a certain day, when in the green park strolling.

Met Cupid waking listlessly along the gravel track.

Adown his apple blossom cheeks the heedless

te. is were rolling.

And his saintly little azure wings hung drooping on his back.

"Now, what doth all thee, merry sou, that thus thine heart is laden? Has my feathered shaft of thine failed to transfix a maiden?"

"Alas," cried Cupid sadly, while his pearly tears flowed faster,
"The days of simple lovemaking and maiden

hood are gone.

For every other female is a 'green' or 'yellow aster.' 'A superfluous woman' (truly) or 'a modern amazon,'
While the girls no more content themselves

with lovers' adoration,

For they're all so very busy 'working out their own salvation.'

"Through the deep sloughs of the Zolaesque and up the scale chromatic, Of all moral—and immoral—problems Menadlike they go. o's no time to hear love's whisper 'mid their arguments emphatic— And a woman's voice no longer is like mu-

sic, sweet and lowwhile young maids who once for soft endear ments had a predilection Now plead madly for the suffrage or discourse

'Ah, the dear old days when all the earth was wise and worshiped Cupid!

Ah, the dear old days when love could make men brave and sweethearts fair!

Now the new 'eternal feminine' declares my

methods stapid methods stupid
As she flies about the earth with Ibsen's
'vine leaves in her hair.'
Then, with one more sigh, the vanquished
god went on his way, lamenting,
"Would the sun had died in heaven ere she

'gan experimenting!''
—St. James Gazette.

### FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

It was on the day of the summer solstice, and the glow of midday lay on the cornfields. At times a fresh wind swept over from the mountain forest near. Then the stelks bent low, and the poppies on the edge of the field scattered their delicate petals. Crickets and grasshoppers chirped in the grain, and from the blackthorn on the readside the goldhammer once in awhile let her gentle call be heard.

Through the cornfield, which extended from the valley to the mountain, walked in the narrow path a young woman of slender yet strong figure. She wore the customary plaited skirt, and for protection from the sun's rays a red kerchief. On her left arm hung a basket, and in her right hand she carried a stone

As the goldhammer in the thorn bedge became aware of her presence he fluttered to the highest twig and felled wood in the forest above

When the fair one had reached the border of the forest, she stood listening, and soon the strokes of a woodman's ax told her where to turn her steps. It was not long before she saw her husband, who felled a pine tree with mighty strokes, and with joyful voice she called to him.

"Remain standing where thou art," responded he. "The tree will fall directly." And the pine tree gave a deep sigh, bowed itself and sank crashing to the earth.

Now Greta came nearer, and the sunburnt woodcutter took his young wife in his arms and kissed her fondly. Then she sat down on the trunk of the tree and took the food from tain its magic power. the basket she had brought. Here Hans laid down the bread from his hand, took his ax and said, "I have lirection of the fallen pine and cut three crosses in the wood.

"Why dost thou that, Hans?" asked the wife.

"That was done on account of the wood sprites," explained the husband "The poor creatures have a wicked enemy, who is the wild hunter. Day and night he waylays them and hunts them with his dogs. But if the pursued little women succeed in escaping to such a tree trunk then the wild huntsman cannot harm them because of the three crosses.'

The young wife's eyes grew large. 'Hast thou ever met a wood sprite?' isked she, curious. "No. They only rarely let them-

selves be seen. But today is the sol-

stice, when they become visible." And suddenly he called with a loud voice into the forest, "Wood sprite, He had only done this in order to tense his wife, but on the holy mid-

summer day one should not jest thout such things. At once a little woman a yard high, delicate of form and very beautiful of face stood before the pair.

in her golden hair a spray of mistle-Hans and Grota were very much frightened. They raised up hastily from their seats, and Greta made a bow, the best she could do.

She wore a long white garment and

"You have called me at a good time," said the wood sprite and pointed with forefinger to the crb of the sun, that stood almost over her head, "and a good deed"-here the tittle woman pointed to the marked tree stump-"is the other reason. Gold and silver have I not to give sway, but I know of something bet-Come with me. It will do you in harm, and take your jug. You till be able to make use of it."

Greta took up the stone jug, and both followed the little woman. She plucked at her husband's sleeve, pointed to the waddling little woman and would have whispered something into his ear, but Hans laid his forefinger on her mouth. Nothing hurts sprites more than to have a person ridicule their gait. They have feet like a duck, and therefore

they wear long, flowing garments to hide them. After a short time the three arrivstood in a circle around the meadow. Out of the grass arcse lilies and bluebells, and great butterflies rested thereon, waving their wings to and fro. And Hans, who thought he knew the whole forest, could not remember to have ever crossed this

On the edge of the meadow stood a small house. The walls were covered with the bark of trees, and the roof was shingled with the scales of pine cones, and each scale was fastened down by a rose thorn. Here

the wood sprite was at home. She led her guests behind the house and pointed to a spring whose water gushed silently from the black earth. Succulent colt's foot and irises grew on its brink, and over itssurface danced green and gold drag-

"That is the fountain of youth," water turns an old man into a boy and an old woman into a girl. But if one drinks the water then does it ward off old age until death. Fill your jug and carry it home. But bo economical with this precious water. keep you young. And yet, again, as soon as thou, Hans, dost cast thy eye on a strange woman, or thou, water loses its virtue. That mark you. Now fill your jug and fare you

So spoke the wood sprite, refusing the thanks of the lucky couple, and old?" went into the house. Greta filled the jug with the water of youth, and then they hastened home as quickly as they could to their cottage.

Arrived at home, Hans poured the water into a bottle and scaled it with fir rosin. "For the present," he remarked, "we do not find the water of youth necessary, and we can garnet chain on which hung a golden and Greta. penny and two silver spoons. But Greta took great care that the water

lost not its virtue. And how they did take themselves in hand! When the young forester wont by the garden before the house and exchanged a greeting with Greta, as indeed had been his custom, then Greta looked not up from her vegetable bed. And when Hans sat in the evening in "The White Stag," and the pretty Lisi brought him wine, then he made a face like a cat during a storm, and finally he did not go any more to the inn, but remained at home with his wife. Thus the water must cortainly re-

So there passed for the young couple a year of love and happiness, when to the two came a third. In forgotten something," stepped in the the cradle a chubby boy kicked and cried, so that the father's heart leanthe time to open the bottle. What water?' thinkest thou, Greta? A drop of the water of youth would do thee good."

The wife agreed to the proposition, and Hans went into the room where the magic potion was preserved. With hands trembling with joy he loosed the cork, and-oh, woo, woe!-the bottle slipped from his bands, and the water of youth poured over the floor. He came near falling to the floor he was so frightened over the misfortune. What was he to do now? His wife must on no account learn what had happened. She might die from fright.

Perhaps he could tell her later what he had done. Perhaps also he might find the fountain of youth again, which he had certainly sought in vain, and he might replace tho loss. He bastily filled a new bottle, which was just like the first, with well water, and well water it was also that he gave his wife.

"Ab, how it refreshes and strengthens one!" said Greta. "Take a drop also, dear Hons."

And Hans obeyed and praised the virtue of the magic potion, and from that time each took a drop every Sunday when the church beil was ringing. And Greta bloomed like a rose, and Hans' veins swelled with health and strength. But he postponed the confussion of his deed from day to day, for he hoped in his heart to yet find the water of youth; but, roam through the forest as he would, he could not discover the mention where the wood sprite lived.

Thus passed some years. A small maiden joined the little boy, and Frau Grota's once round chin had scome double. She berself certainly saw it not, for the mirror was not yot in existence in these days. Hans

So she spoke and led the way, saw it indeed, but avoided speaking up your dress, Greta. Jump!" And Hans shouldered his woodman's ax, of it and redoubled his love for his then they selected an old pine tree, portly wife.

Then there happened a misforhad a walk like a duck, and Greta tune, at least Grets held it to be such. As she swept the house one day the small Peter, her eldest, came upon the cupboard in which stood the bottle with the supposed water of youth and clumsily overthrew tho bottle, so that it broke, and the con-

tents were spilled. "Oh, thou gracious heaven!" lamented the mother. "It is lucky, though, that Hans is not at home. With trembling bands she gathered ed at a clearing. Very old trees up the fragments from the floor and replaced the bottle by another, which sho filled with ordinary water. "Certainly the deception will soon be found out, for now is it all over with the everlasting youth. Alas, alas!" But for the present she did not wish to tell her husband anything about it.

Again considerable time passed, and the couple lived together as en the day when the priest had joined their hands in marriage.

Each one carefully avoided letting the other know that youth was past, and each Sunday conscientiously took the magio drop. Then it happened that one morning a gray hair remained between Hans' fingers as he combed his bair. And he thought. "Now is the time for me to tell the truth to my wife." With a heavy heart he began: "Greta, it seems to me that our water of youth has lost said the wood sprite. "A bath in its its strength. Look there! I have

found a gray hair. I am getting old.' Greta was frightened, but composed herself, and forcing a loud laugh cried: "A gray hair! When I was a little girl 10 years old, I had even then a gray lock amid my hair. The A drop on each Sunday is enough to like has frequently happened. Thou hast lately dressed a badger. Perhaps something, has happed to your hair from the fat, for badger's fat, Greto, on a strange man, then the you know, colors the hair gray. No. dear Hans, the water has not lost its old virtue, or"-here she cast an anxious glance on him-"or perhaps thou also findest that I am growing

Now Hans laughed very loudly. 'Thou old! Thou bloomest indeed like a peeny!" And then he threw his arms about her and gave her a kiss. But when he was alone he said, with quiet thankfulness: "God be thanked! She knows not that we are getting old. Now it matters not.'

And similarly thought the wife. called softly, "Maiden, maiden, how economize. The time will come in-do you flourish?" But the bird was deed when we will need it." And the young folks of the village danced mistaken. The blond Greta was no then they placed the bottle in the to the fiddle of a wandering musimaiden, but a young wife, and now cupboard where they kept their cian, and no couple wheeled more was on her way to her husband, who treasures - couple of old coins, a merrily under the linden than Hans

The peasant women made sarcastic remarks, to be sure, but the two heard nothing of the ridicule in their happiness. After that it happened in the fall

as Hans with his family was eating a Martinmas goose that Frau Greta broke a tooth. There was great lamenting, for she was so proud of her white teeth.

And when the couple were alone together the wife said in an unsteady voice. "This misfortune would not have occurred if the water"-

But at this Hans blurfed out: "You think the water is good for everything. Has it not often happened before that a child has broken out a tooth by cracking a nut? What hast thou against the excellent water? Art thou not fresh and sound as a rose? Or perhaps thou hast turned thine eyes upon another that ed for joy. "Now," thought he, "is thou mistrustest the virtue of the

Then the wife laughed, wiped the tears from bercheeks and kisged her husband so that the breath almost left him. But in the afternoon, when they sat on the stone bench before the house door and sang two part songs about true love, the passersby said, "The silly old people." How ever, the happy ones heard them not.

So passed many years. The bouse had become too small for the children. They had gone forth, had married and had children of their own. The two old people were again along and were as dear to each other as on their wedding day, and every Sunday when the church bell rang each drank a drop from the flask.

Then once again the day of the summer solstice drew near. On the evening before Hans and Greta sat before their door and looked toward the heights where the St. John's fire blazed, and from the distance sounded the mirth of the young fellows and maids, who stirred the fire and sprang through its flames in couples.

Then the wife said: "Dear Hans, I would like to go once more to the forest. If thou desirest it also, then will we start early in the morning. Bat thou must waken me early, for when the elder blossoms the young women like to sleep until the sun is high in the heavens." Hans agreed. On the next morn-

ing he wairened his wife, and they went together into the forest. They walked like lovers, and each gave a careful heed to the steps of the other. When Hans cautionsly jumped

over the root of a free, the wife said,

"Ah, Hans, thou leapest indeed like a young kid," and when Greta tim-

idly stepped over a little datch her shand hurtist achteried: "Tuck

feasting in its shade-en what Greta had brought with her.

"It was here," said Hans, "where the wood sprite appeared to us that day, and there yonder must lie the forest meadow with the fountain of youth. But I have never again found the meadow and the spring.'

"And, God- be thanked, that has mattered not," hastily interrupted Greta, "for our flask is still far from being empty."

"Certainly, certainly," nodded Hans. "But yet it would please me if we could see the good wood sprite again and thank her for our good fortune. Come, let us go and seek her. Perhaps I will be as lucky today as formerly."

Then they set out and went deeper into the forest, and after a quarter of an hour saw there before their eyes the sunny forest meadow. Lilies and bluebells bloomed in the grass, gay colored butterflies flew to and fro, and on the edge of the forest stood also the little house, just as in years before. They went toward the house with beating hearts, and, best of all, there was indeed the fountain of youth at hand, and dragon flies in green and gold hovered over it.

Hans and Greta stepped to the brim of the spring. They embraced each other and stooped over the water, and from out the clear surface of the spring there confronted them two gray heads with friendly, wrinkled faces.

Then hot tears fell from the eyes of the old couple, and they stood stammering and sobbing in mutual guilt. It required a long time before it became clear to them that each had deluded and for long years had lovingly deceived the other.

"Thou hast Also known that we have both grown old?" cried out Hans joyously.

"Of course, of course," laughed the wife amid tears. "And I also," rejoiced old Hans.

Then he took his wife and kissed her as on the day she had said "Yes" to him.

Then the forest sprite suddenly stood before them, as if she had sprung up out of the earth.

"Welcome," said she. "You have not appeared before me for a long time. But-but," continued the little woman and threatened with her finger, "you have kept a bad home with the water of youth. Wrinkles and gray bair! Ah, ah! Now," coutinued she again, "that is easy to remedy, and you are come at a good hour. Quick! Epring into the fountain of youth. It is not deep. Dip your gray heads under. Then shall you see a miraclo. The bath will restore to you youthful vigor and But, quick, before the sun

Hans and Greta looked at each other. "Wilt thou?" asked the husband in an uncertain voice.

"Never, "answered Greta quickly. "Oh, if thou only knowest how happy I am that at last I may be old! Besides it would be impossible on account of our children and grandchildren. No, gracious forest sprite, a thousand thanks for your good deed, but we remain as we are. Is

it not so, Hans?" 'Yes," nedded Hons, "we remain old. If thou couldst but know, Greta, how well your gray hair bocomes you."

"As you will," said the wood sprite, a little vexed. "There is no ceremony here." So speaking she went into the house and locked the life, he had the opportunity of studydoor behind her.

other anew. Then they stepped la Motte-Picquet, Admiral Count homoward arm in arm through the d'Orvilliers, and especially the chief forest, and the midsummer sun shed of staff, the Chevalier du Pavillion. a golden light upon their gray heads. Were accomplished tacticians. True -From the German of Rudolf Baum. it is, their tacties had rarely been bach For Short Stories.

For Hypnotic Criminals.

who lately had the hypnotic plea is a great and farreaching science, raised before him by a burglar. The but he put it in practice, which the prisoner claimed that he did not French had singularly overlooked. know that he was "burgling;" that Then was presented the spectacle, he did it automatically and uncon- not devoid of humor, of Paul Jones sciously under the direction of a sitting at the feet of the French combypnotist. The judge said that he manders, penetrated with admirawould give him the full benefit of tion at "the French tactic," as he the law and also of his hypnotiomis- calls it, while 66 French ships of the fortune. He thereupon sentenced line hung on to their anchors, closehim to ten years in state prison, but by blockeded by the ignorant English, told him he could send for the hyp- who were "very deficient in naval notist and have himself made un- tactics," as Paul Jones wrote. Howconscious for the entire term of his ever, things were made even by the imprisonment.

'The same power," said the judge, the French had the tactics -- "Paul which enabled you to commit bur- Jones," by Molly Elifot Seawell, in glary and not know it ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment, with hard labor, and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."-Albany Times

In the Prayer Meeting. Mrs. Smith (telling her experience)

-I would never have been converted if my little boy Johnny had not fallen into the well. When I heard him go kerchug, I told the Lord if he was saved I would join the church. The neighbors did save him, and here I

Presiding Deacon-Good! We will now sing that favorite old hymn, plaint did your father die? "And they lifted him from the mire Applicant—The jury found him and the clay "-New York Tribune, guilty.-London Tit-Bits.

TALKING ABOUT HOT THINGS. Are to Be Found In Maryland,

Where They Know the Cards. "Talking about hot things," said the old gambler, "you want to take a trip down to Leonardtown, Md., and see the sports in that neck of the swamp play seven up with a tender-

foot. Lots of that kind of cattle go browsing down there in the summer, and after they get a fish dinner somebody is sure to run 'em up against a game where the deuce always counts for the man who plays it. Well, sirs, the native most al-

ways gives the other fellow the deal, and the other fellow most generally finds enough in his hand to give ona. The native plays his cards like lightning, one after another, and then draws in the stakes. His opponent wants to know what he's doing.

"'Why,' says the native, 'I'm game. One I had, and one you gimme, and the one I orter had is three, and high, low, jack and the game is out. Ain't that right, Jack?"

"And Jack, who is looking on, says, 'Why, sure,' and that settles

When Major Shoemaker of the famous old liquor firm of Shoemaker & Hertzog was alive, he was noted from one end of the country to the other as the most fearless gambler in the country. He would bet any amount of money on any proposition where the chances were anything like even, and he was as willing to match quarters for a big bunch of dollars as he was to play the limit on "singles" in faro.

The late John T. Raymond was an inveterate matcher of coins, and at every theater he visited he was sure to have a bout with some friend who knew his penchant. One day Shoo was in New York, and he met Raymond in the barroom of the Metropolitan hotel with a party of New Yorkers. Shoo and the comedian matched for the drinks and then for dollars. Each placed twenty dollars on the bar and removed them one by one, matching each other in turn. The luck broke about even. While the fun was progressing a message came calling Raymond away for a little while, and a young broker, who was also executor of a wealthy estate, volunteered to take the comedian's place. Of course Shoo was nothing loath, and he was gratified by a sudden change of fortune in his favor. He matched every dollar of the other, who, in turn, was unable to make his coins agree with Shoo's. The broker grew provoked and suggested an increase of the stakes.

"Let's match for \$10 a go," he suggested. "A hundred if you

So \$100 they made it. Luck ran stendy to Shoo, and the news got out on the street, and a crowd began to gather. This brought the broker

to his sensos. "I reckon I had better quit," he remarked. "It wouldn't do to have it said I was gambling in a public place. I'll get my revenge some other time.

Thereupon he called for a blank check and filled it out in Shoo's favor for \$1,400. Three hours later that check and another \$1,000 was in the drawer of the fare table at 812 Broadway, and Shoo, as cool as a cucumber, was on his way to the ferry to take the train for Washington. - Washington Post.

French Naval Tactics.

And now, for the first time in his ing the theory and technic of his But the old couple kissed each profession on a large scale. Admiral able to withstand more than a few broadsides from the unscientific English, but Paul Jones not only grasped A good story is told of a judge the theory fully that naval warfare English having the victories, while

"Well, I did think you had more education than that," said Mr. Joobus airily to the grocer. "'N-o-t-i-c' doesn't spell 'notice.' It comes nearer spelling 'no tick' than anything

"Yes," said the greeer, "that is what it means." Mr. Joobas concluded that he could get along that evening without any apricots.-Cincinnati Trib-

Insurance Official-Of what com-

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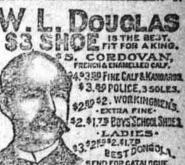
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