THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY

and everyone needs it at all times of the year. Malaria is always about, and the only preventive and relief is to keep the Liver active. You must help the Liver a bit, and the best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z. Mr. C. Himrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malarial Fever of three years' standing for me, and less than one bottle did the business. I shall use it when in need, and recommend it."

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A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Me'd like old Santa Claus to send
A doll dat does to sleep,
Me'd like to have the baby's friend
Dive me a woolly sheep.

Me'd like a house to keep my doll
And lots of uzzer things;
Me'd like to have a pretty poll
Dat laughs and talks and sings.

But when you write to him for me,
Be sure and tell him, muzzer,
Dat he can keep dem all if he
Will send a baby brazzer.

EARLE H. EATON.

MERRY XMAS

AMBER GLASS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

In Louisville I met old Colonel Hablin, and he urged me to go home with him. "My people are all off on a visit, and you know what it is for a sociable old fellow to be left alone," said he. "And, by the way, you may not know it, but I have one of the most attractive places in Kentucky, rambling old house, built by my grandfather, and all that sort of thing. Wait now before declining, for I must mention a stronger inducement, one that a gentleman can hardly withstand—mint under amber colored glass. Don't quite catch that, do you? I'll explain, and you must pardon me if I appear to ramble a little. In Kentucky during the latter part of the spring, all of the summer and the first half of the fall, a clodhopper can live almost as well as one of the bloods. And why? Because he can go along the spring branch and gather mint, can hang about a stillhouse until somebody gives him a quart of liquor to get rid of him, and then all he has to do is to grab a handful of sugar, go away somewhere and live. But during the off time, when the sharp teeth of the frost has raked the earth, he can't get the mint, and therefore can't live completely. Now, I have suffered from this incompleteness of living and have at last provided against it. I have a mint hothouse, and more than that, the sun rays are mellowed through amber glass, and"— The old gentleman snatched out a red bandanna handkerchief and wiped his mouth. "Have you no handkerchief?" he asked, noticing that I had not wiped my mouth. "What sort of a man are you getting to be? But what do you say? Going with me?"

"I am."

Upon my shoulder he affectionately laid his hand, unsteady with emotion, and looking straight into my eyes he said: "This world is going to the devil as fast as it can, and when I meet a man who is willing to turn aside and take an interest in me, why, I gad, it moves me, sir. Now I'll tell you what we'll do," he added taking my arm and turning me about. "We'll go out there and have an old fashioned southern Christmas. On my place are a number of negroes that were born there, and to them the revival of an old holiday memory will be—well, I hardly know what to call it, but you shall see for yourself."

We went straightway to the railway station, the old man talking incessantly of his disappointment at the weakness of Christmas in the north. I let him talk. It was like the babbling of an old and dearly remembered stream whose channel is worn deep and which holds many a tender recollection, many a reminiscent gurgle. I had known him during many years. Once he was in the state legislature, and I as a newspaper correspondent had reported his speeches. I liked him, took the kink out of his sentences, made him say things to please his people, and he warmed toward me.

On the train I sat and watched him, living in the past with him. An old man's charm is to live in the past. To be wholly of the present makes him too worldly, a lover of money, and a greedy old man is a blight upon the face of the earth. I sat and looked at this old man, and I thought of the days when his life was lordly; when dusky hands clapped in welcome at his return from school; when the music of his hounds aroused at dawn his sleepy neighbors; when proudly he led to the altar the belle of the neighborhood. It was easy to review his life. In a society forever gone his place had been secure.

It was dusk when we got off at a station. A negro who had just lighted a lantern adjusted it as he came toward

"GO ON, YOU SCOUNDREL!"

us. The colonel asked him if he had brought the buggy or the carriage. "De carriage, sah," the negro answered. "We 'lowed dat you wan gwine come all de way home by yo'self, er, he, he!"

The colonel laughed. "The old scoundrel knows me," he said. "And you knew that I'd come back sober, eh?"

"Oh, yas, sah, o' co'se I knowed dat—knowed dat you wan gwine drink dat cosartin stuff up yander when yon'se got de best at home alongside o' mint dat de sun's shined on through yalier glass, er, he, he!"

"The scoundrel's working me for a drink," said the colonel.

We had now quitted the platform and were walking toward the carriage, which we could see dimly outlined in the deepening dusk. The negro was in advance of us. He turned at the colonel's remark, and I saw his white teeth gleaming. "Ain' no use'n er man tryin ter hide his mind from Mars Lem," he said, jolting himself with a laugh. "Not er bit er use, caze he gwine read er man's mind like one deze yere books wid er luther kiver on it."

"Go on, you scoundrel!" the colonel replied.

"Yas, sah; dat's whut I'ze doin."

"Anything been going on since I left?"

"No, sah; not much. Sam Purdy an Jim Bates got inter er squabble, an Sam stabbed him, an de doctor say he ain' gwine lib."

"That so?"

"Yas, sah, an Miles Parker wuz flung be er colt day befo' yistidy, an da say dat one o' his laigs got ter come off."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yas, sah, an ole Miss Nancy Lee trod on er round stick an fell an broke her hip, an da 'low she ain't gwine git well, caze she so old."

"What!"

"Yas, sah, an Cap'n Bowles sont word ter Mr. Hicks dat he wuz er barface liar, an erbout sundown I seed Mr. Hicks ridin toward de cap'n's house, an dar's no tellin whut has happened by dis time."

"Well, you've all had a fine time since I left. Hop up there now and drive us home."

The next day was the day before Christmas, and how dreamily delightful did I find this old place. I fancied that in every corner a romance was hiding. The loud creak of the old windlass at the well was a cry from the past. There had been killing frosts, but now the air was softened with Indian summer's hazy breath. At early morning the colonel took me to see his mint bed. The carriage driver hovered near us, grim, sly, half laughing. "Look like somebody dun spit tobacker juice on dat glass," he said, and the old colonel turned upon him. "If you don't go on away and attend to your own affairs, I'll take a stick to you. But wait a minute. You tell the niggers that I'm going to give them an old fashioned Christmas. Tell them—men, women and children—to be in front of the big house early in the morning. Do you hear?"

"Does I yere?" cried the old negro, bowing almost to the ground.—"Does I yere? Did Moses yere it thunder when he went up inter de mountains, sah? Did Aaron yere de bells dat wuz tied ter his gyarments? I reckon I does yere, an I thanks de Lawd."

Early the next morning, before the winter birds began to twitter, I heard the negroes assembling in front of the house. The invitations had not been confined to the tenants on the colonel's place, but had included those who lived on some of the adjoining farms.

The colonel was early astir. He brought a julep to my room, and handing it to me remarked: "Under amber glass. Don't let that point get away from you. Listen at 'em down there. Happiest people on the face of the earth—the only real philosophers. Do you know what I've got for them? Molasses candy for the children and eggnog for the men and women. You know that a negro has always thought that to have enough eggnog is to catch a glimpse of heaven. We got up before day and made a wash kettle full of it. Drink that, Amber glass. I'm afraid that you are about to let that point get away from you."

I assured him that I was not. I told him that it was really better than the mint that grew along the branch, and this pleased him. "Ah," said he, "I see that you have not lived too long in the north. Well, let us go down and open up."

What a day that was! With a yoke of steers the negroes drew an enormous hickory log into the yard, bored auger holes into it, loaded the holes with gunpowder and jarred the neighborhood. They ran foot races; they danced and sang strange songs. At noon they were feasted and at evening they took their departure, some of them wabbling as they walked.

And now I have come to a mystical part of this recital. I have never believed in the mysterious, have mildly hooted at it—practical owl, striving to deal alone with plain realities—but I am impelled, even at the risk of being charged with untruth, to tell of something that occurred during the night that followed our noisy merrymaking. Until late the colonel and I sat in the parlor, a room which once had been richly adorned, but which was now dingy with faded finery. I admit that we had talked a great deal about the amber glass. I confess that the old man, as he sat in a rocking chair opposite me, became shadowy and uncertain. I acknowledge that I lay down upon an old horsehair sofa. I had nothing to say, but the colonel continued to talk. He told me that the north, with all its wonderful resources, could not set up—that was his term—could not set up such a Christmas as the one we had just seen. Of course mint could be raised there under amber glass, eggnog could be made there, and hickory logs could be blown asunder with gunpowder, but no such a spirit of the past could be invoked. I didn't argue with him. I couldn't.

It must have been about midnight when the old fellow, getting up and feeling about for something which he did not find, turned to me and said: "I'm going into the other room and lie down. An idea for the betterment of my country, sir, has just occurred to me, and I must needs go and work it out. You may go to your room or lie there, just as you please."

He fumbled his way out, and I continued to lie there. My head was clear, yet everything I looked at appeared to have an amber cast, the pictures, the furniture, and especially an old harpsichord in the corner. It was an ancient instrument, with spindle legs and with its feet turned under, as if it would soften its weight upon the floor. I must have dozed off to sleep, for I remember that for a few minutes I knew nothing, and then, opening my eyes, I was conscious of a light in the room, not the lamplight, for that had gone out; not merely the moonbeams that fell in at the window, but a luminous, hazy fog. It seemed to float about. Yes; it was floating, for it crossed the room and hovered near the harpsichord. I knew that it had no existence except in my own fancy, and yet I watched it intently. Suddenly I saw motion, quick, impulsive—a low hanging sleeve, white, lacelike—swept above the keys of the old instrument. And then there came a soft and thrilling tinkle. Still I knew that it was a fancy, but I was afraid to move lest I might frighten the vision away. The tinkling ceased, and then there came the most marvelously beautiful air I ever heard, the love song in a fairy's opera. In nearly all tunes there is a memory of other airs, but this brought up nothing that I had ever known. It was new in its delicious sweetness. Over and over again it was played, and I lay there with my eyes wide open, entranced. There was a sudden darkening of the room, and the music was hushed. I arose, and, walking up and down, whistled the tune. I went to the old man's door, still whistling it, and tapped to arouse him, but his snoring was the only answer I received, so I went back to the sofa and lay down, the tune still running, like a sun reflecting rivulet, through my head. I dropped to sleep and awoke with a jump. The sun was shining. The tune! I strove to whistle it. Not a bar of it came to me. Then it must all have been a dream, and I was willing to let it go as a sweet nightmare, but at breakfast the negro that waited on the table asked me if I did not try to wake the colonel during the night; said that he thought he heard me tapping on his door. Then it was not a dream.

I said nothing to the old man about the vision, but all day I strove to catch that tune. It wouldn't come. And yet I felt it, heard it humming deep within myself. And thus it was day after day. I have had a simple tune to rule me, but at last I could fight it off, whistle it to dullness, and then throw it away, but this mystical air mastered me—would not let me whistle it—nestled in my

THERE CAME A SOFT AND THRILLING TINKLE.

heart and hummed softly. But the humming gradually grew less, and one day it ceased. And then I wished for it back again. I had lost something.

Another Christmas was approaching, and I wrote to the colonel, telling him that he might look for me. "I don't want any old time hurrah," I said in my letter, "but I do want to sleep on that old horsehair sofa one more Christmas night."

The old gentleman's answer was full of blotted exclamations. His people were off again, he said, and he swore that he was on the point of writing to me when he received my letter.

I arrived Christmas morning. The weather was cold, and we did not walk about the place, but sat down in the old parlor. Nothing had been disturbed. There was the harpsichord and the sofa. I waited for the colonel to parade the virtues of amber glass, but on this subject he was silent. I took out my pipe and lighted it. Suddenly the old man became nervous.

"You don't object to smoking at this late day, do you?"

"Oh, no, for I smoke myself, but if it's just the same to you, won't you try one of my clay pipes? That amber on your stem sorter riles my stomach. You remember that mint bed. Well, it was all right, but I don't want any more amber glass. My dear boy, there's nothing that makes a man sicker than too much of a good thing. And that was a good thing, but"—here the old man gagged—"but I don't want any more. I'll get you a clay pipe."

We sat up until nearly midnight, and then the colonel went to his room. I lay down on the sofa. It was a long time before I went to sleep, but I dozed off at last, and with a sensation of delight I awoke. The tune was tinkling on the harpsichord. I raised up and gazed at the instrument. I could see no vision, but the marvelous air was as beautiful and as distinct as it had been the year before. I listened until it ceased, and then, whistling the tune, I ran to the colonel's room and aroused him.

"What!" he cried, opening the door. "Where did you hear that? It was my mother's tune—she composed it, never had it written down and never played it except on Christmas night."

I told him of the vision, and he listened, with the tears rolling down his cheeks. "It's wonderful," he said. "I have often wished that I could hum that tune, but I have no ear for music. There's a music teacher not far from here, and early in the morning we'll go over and have him take it down."

We talked a long time, and I whistled the tune over and over. And I lay down with it strong and clear in my mind, but when I awoke it was gone, nor have I since then been able to recall it. But I have made my arrangements to catch it next Christmas. I am going to install a musician in the old house, so that I may give him the notes before daylight drives them away.

OTTO BRAD.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY.

General Thomas J. Brady Passed Four of Them at the Front.

CHRISTMAS in the army during the war! Four Christmases found me at the front, but all of them except the first were much like any other day. Notwithstanding I and many of the men of my company—for my rank was then only that of captain—had been in the service since the firing on of Fort Sumter, having served out a three months' term in McClellan's West Virginia campaign and then re-enlisted for three years, or "during the war," Dec. 25, 1861, was the first Christmas to find us in camp, with the enemy not far away.

My regiment was a part of Jeff C. Davis' division and had gone into winter quarters at Otterville, Mo. In December it was learned that large bodies of recruits for Price's army were on their way from northern and western Missouri trying to reach him by Christmas, and that Price had sent a force from his army to act as their escort. About the second week in December a concerted movement was begun which had for its object the capture or dispersal of these Confederate bodies. It was successful. I know the command to which I was attached made a forced march of 35 miles one cold December day through freezing and frozen slush and mud. So tired were we that when we finally went into camp that night we made our beds on the bare and frozen ground, without shelter, for we had far outstripped our wagon trains and fell asleep instantly and slept all night as soundly as though we were lying on couches of down. When we awoke at daybreak, we found ourselves covered with snow that had fallen on us in the night without our being aware of it. The snow was really a good thing, for it helped to keep us warm by excluding the air.

We got back to Otterville with our prisoners and captured material of war two or three days before Christmas. The war department at Washington and General Halleck, commander of the department of Missouri, regarded the section we were campaigning in as friendly, and the population really contained a good many Union men. When the men went out in small squads to forage, they carried money with them, and scrupulously paid for all they took. True, in the absence of good money they dealt out "wildcat" bills on broken banks and bank notes that had never been signed, but they were cheerfully, even thankfully, received, and I have no doubt continued to circulate down there till they became worn out.

Soon the men began to show a desire to enjoy themselves more as they had been used to do at home than they had been able to do at any time since they had become soldiers. While discipline was maintained, the relations between officers and men were cordial and friendly, and with the holiday season every liberty compatible with the safety of the command and the performance of necessary duties was permitted. Small foraging parties scoured the country roundabout and gathered up a supply of chickens, turkeys and pigs wherewith to eke out the army hard tack and salt horse. The mails that reached us at

GENERAL THOMAS J. BRADY.

tolerably regular intervals contained many packages from mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts. And every wagon train that reached us from the nearest railroad terminus brought boxes from home for both officers and men. They were filled with a great array and assortment of articles supposed to be necessary for the welfare and comfort of the men. In the main these articles ran to things to eat, especially cakes, jellies and preserves, all homemade and therefore doubly relished. There were articles of wearing apparel in every box. In those days paper collars, some linen lined, and others nothing but paper, were in high favor throughout the west. Nearly every box contained a supply of them, so that the recipient could present what the boys called a "Sunday go to meeting" appearance.

As our communication with St. Louis was not regular, these boxes did not all arrive at the same time. They began, in fact, to come about a week before Christmas and continued to come at intervals for a month afterward. Pretty much everything the boxes contained was, so to speak, grist for the boys. But when one young fellow found a feather pillow in his box he failed to join in the laugh his comrades raised and never seemed to relish being dubbed "Private Pillow."

Christmas came bright and clear, a splendid winter day. After the usual morning routine of a military camp the regiments were formed, with side arms only, and marched out to their respective parade grounds to attend divine service and listen to sermons appropriate to the day in a time of war. After this the men were dismissed to enjoy themselves in their own way—all, that is, except those engaged in guard and other military duties. They played ball, ran foot races, held jumping matches, pitched horse or mule shoes in lieu of quoits, got up mule races and generally disported themselves like a lot of schoolboys out for a holiday. The more quietly disposed read such books and papers as the camp afforded or wrote letters home. Some just loafed. Others drew their tent flaps tight and played cards, the great American game of draw poker being the favorite, with grains of corn for chips. The officers passed the time in much the same way, only, as a rule, more dignifiedly, as became their rank.

The cooks got up the best dinners they could, the tables being graced with all the dainties and good things that had come from the loved and loving ones at home. Men and officers enjoyed this the first Christmas in the army for all, and the last on earth for many, for these troops, then so merry, were destined within a few weeks to pass through the three days' deadly storm and strife of Pea Ridge, known to the Confederates as Elkhorn Tavern, the first pitched battle of the war after Bull Run and the first considerable victory of Union troops in the field. But for that one day strife and death were far from their thoughts.

Such was my first Christmas in the army and the only one which made much impression on me as Christmas.

Thos J Brady

MERRY XMAS

Not an Xmas.

It had been a very hard week in the street and Tom Sellshort was feeling poorer than a millionaire with personal taxes due. Consequently he felt like running for the door when his wife greeted him with a cheery, "I'm making out a list of Christmas presents, dear, and you're just in time."

"Time—that's what I'll need if I pay for them," thought Tom, but he kissed his wife and sat down to assist her. "How much have you spent already on paper?"

"Well, it's $200," she admitted slowly, "but you see that buys presents for four—four people. I don't think that's very bad. Do your dear?"

"N-o-o-o-o," Tom replied a little doubtfully, "but how—how many are we going to remember at $50 per remember?"

"There are only eight more expensive presents, dear, but here is another—another little list of about—about 30 presents, dear"—Mrs. Sellshort began timidly.

"What! Another list?" Tom exclaimed. "Never mind the items. How much are we short?"

The pretty woman beside him buried her face in her kerchief and sobbed, "I—I think you—you are very unkind, after I've worked so hard pre-preparing the 1-1-lists"—

"There, there, dear," Tom said soothingly, patting her shoulder. "Never mind. It's all right. My credit's still good at Starcy's. What's the total of your little list?"

"Six—six hundred and th-thirty dolldollars," was the faint reply from the depths of the handkerchief.

"Let me see," thought Sellshort. "Six hundred and thirty and two hundred is eight hundred and thirty dollars, and that added to the eight hundred dollar piano I have promised the little girl here makes sixteen hundred and thirty dollars for merry Christmas presents, eh? Never mind, little girl," he added aloud. "Get them all at Starcy's and have them charged. They sell everything there from a hairpin to a house and lot. So don't cry any more."

It was cold weather, but Sellshort paused a moment to mop his perspiring brow. "I'll get the piano of Beethoven Bros.," he thought, "and hang them up for it, temporarily, I hope. And so they call Christmas Xmas, do they? Well, if things don't brighten up pretty soon it won't be an Xmas for Starcy and Beethoven Bros. this year. It will be just an $MDCXXXmas, sure pop!"

The True Christmas Spirit.

The best Christmas gift that any one can give to the world is the manifestation of a spirit of mutual confidence, consideration and helpfulness. Wherever and whenever that spirit supplants the unlovely trait of warring individual greed, the good seed is sown again to multiply in other minds.

MERRY XMAS

Remember the Poor.

Every man who prepares for Christmas with the knowledge that his own children are fed and clothed and can enjoy the festivity of the season should mark his gratitude for good fortune with a contribution to prevent others from passing that holiday in cold and hunger.

Welcome, Christmas!

O Christmas! Welcome to thy hallowed reign
And all the social virtues in thy train!
Compassion listening to the tale of grief,
Wipes the child of sorrow with relief,
And every nose with admiring glow,
Sparkling with and cordial serenity.

—Mrs. Hemans.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

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In effect May. 12, 1895.

Greensboro, Raleigh and Goldsboro.

East Bound	No. 36. Daily.	No. 13 Mixed, Daily.
Lv Greensboro	10 15 a m	1 55 p m
Elon College	10 48 a m	2 30
Burlington	10 58 "	3 05
Graham	11 7 "	3 13
Hillsboro	11 37 "	4 22
University	11 44 "	4 45
Durham	12 00 p m	5 00
Ar Raleigh	1 10	7 30
		Mixed Ex. Sun.
Lv Raleigh	7 10	9 05 a m
Clayton	7 44	10 05
Selma	8 10	11 25
Ar Goldsboro	8 00	12 50 p m

West Bound	No. 35. Daily.	No. 11. Mixed Daily.
Ar Greensboro	7 30 p m	4 28 a m
Elon College	6 41	3 40
Burlington	6 23 "	3 23
Graham	6 27	3 30
Hillsboro	5 47	2 45
University	5 35	2 31
Durham	5 18	2 10
Lv. Raleigh	4 10	5 05
		Mixed Ex. Sun.
Ar Raleigh	4 10	10 15 p m
Clayton	3 30	9 18
Selma	2 54	8 15
Lv Goldsboro	2 00	6 30

Nos. 35 and 36 make close connection at University to and from Chapel Hill.

THROUGH SCHEDULE.

South	No. 35. Daily.	No. 37. Daily.
Lv Washington	11 15 a m	10 42 p m
Charlottesville	2 27 p m	1 46 a m
Richmond	12 55	12 05
Lynchburg	4 00	3 37
Danville	6 10	5 49
Ar Greensboro	7 45	7 57 a m
Winston-Salem	9 20 p m	11 05 a m
Raleigh	5 30 a m	1 10 p m
Salisbury	9 17 p m	8 16 p m
Asheville		8 50 p m
Hot Springs		5 22
Knoxville		7 40
Chattanooga		11 50
Charlotte	10 55 p m	9 25 a m
Columbia	2 30 a m	4 00 p m
Augusta	5 00	4 35
Savannah	8 45	8 54
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	10 30 p m	7 00
St. Augustine		
Atlanta	5 25 a m	3 55 p m
Birmingham	12 01 p m	10 20
Memphis	10 40	7 40 a m
N. Orleans	10 25	7 25

North	No. 36. Daily.	No. 38. Daily.
Ar Washington	9 00 p m	6 42 a m
Charlottesville	4 04	3 26
Richmond	4 40	4 00
Lynchburg	7 45	7 18
Danville	11 00 a m	12 00 noon
Lv Greensboro	10 15 p m	10 45 a m
Winston-Salem	7 15 a m	6 25 p m
Raleigh	5 05	4 10
Salisbury	8 17	9 30
Asheville		2 15
Hot Springs		12 55
Knoxville		8 00 a m
Chattanooga		4 20
Charlotte	7 15 a m	8 30 p m
Columbia	8 00	4 50
Augusta	10 30 p m	1 40
Savannah	10 14	11 30 a m
(Central Time)		
Jacksonville	6 40	7 00
St. Augustine		
Atlanta	9 00	12 00 N'n
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