

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896.

NO. 2.



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 to do its best. The best helper is the Old Friend, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, the RED Z. Mr. C. Hinrod, of Lancaster, Ohio, says: "SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR broke a case of Malaria 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."

Be sure that you get it. Always look for the RED Z on the package. And don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, and there is only one, and every one who takes it is sure to be benefited. THE BENEFIT IS ALL IN THE REMEDY. Take it both for Biliousness and Sick Headache, also for all ailments caused by a sluggish liver.

J. H. Zellan & Co., Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JACOB A. LONG,

Attorney-at-Law,

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal courts. Office over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main Street. Phone No. 2.

J. D. KERNODLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. P. BYNUM, JR.

BYNUM & BYNUM,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law

Graham, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 1894.

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.,

DENTIST,

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Office over the store of W. W. & Co.

Liver Sale and Feed

not so many as you think

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HER FATHER'S SECRET.

Emily Vane sat at the drawing-room window which overlooked the sea and the Cleveland hill, but she saw neither sea nor hills. She and her father, with the servants, had been now some five weeks at Saltburn, in a large house which Mr. Vane had rented for the summer. Henry Vane, Esq., owned a good-sized mansion in Belgravia, where he had lived for the past 8 years during the London season; and an estate near Nottingham, and picturesque scenery, where he generally resided when not in London. Each summer, however, he rented his house at Saltburn; for not only Emily but himself, too, was charmed with the quiet, beautiful Yorkshire watering place. From all of which it will be at once surmised that Henry Vane, Esq., was a man of wealth.

His money had been acquired abroad, and though of his family nothing or little was known by society, he was well received by some excellent houses; for even a titled person does not care to offend one whose income is £10,000 a year. Emily Vane saw neither sea nor hills. Her thoughts were wholly occupied by two letters in front of her. Both had come that morning, and both were proposals for her hand. The first of them was from the earl of Seacroft, who for some time had been paying Miss Vane noticeable attentions, and who, both as regarded personal qualities and position, was indeed no bad match for any English maiden. He was yet young and fairly wealthy, and for some months—in fact, since Emily "came out"—had been a victim to her beauty and charms. She admitted to herself that Lord Seacroft's proposal was not one to be lightly set aside.

The other letter was from Mr. Hubert Wells. Emily had met him about six months ago at a country house, since which time he had been a devoted admirer. She frankly confessed to herself that she liked him, that she liked his society, and that she knew that he loved her. But Hubert Wells was not rich, and held no particular position. He had only about £400 a year, which his father, long since dead, had left him to live upon.

Emily Vane still sat, looking first at this proposal, and then at that. She had, for the past week or two, expected both, and so unsettled and doubtful was she that she had given neither suitor any chance of proposing personally. But now it had come—both on one morning! The ordeal had to be faced; the decision to be made! Her pride, her love for her father, her wish to raise the name of Vane, said: "Seacroft;" yet there was a small voice underneath which whispered: "Hubert."

In her perplexity she picked up the letters, and went to see her father in his study. Emily Vane's mother had died at her birth; her father was her closest confidant. As Emily entered, he rose up and kissed her lovingly, then smoothing her hair, said, quietly: "Which of the two is it to be, love?"

The beautiful girl gazed at him with eyes half dimmed with tears. As she answered blushing: "Which ever my papa likes. He always chooses for the best."

"Well, my dear, suppose I should say Lord Seacroft? I have always wished such a husband for you—titled, yet noble in nature's best way."

"Yes, papa."

"Yet I like this Mr. Wells. Emily's heart beat a shade quicker."

"He cannot give you what the earl of Seacroft can, and what I have so often pictured you; and yet—and yet—he is his father's son!"

"What is it, papa?" she said.

"Sit down, my love," replied Mr. Vane. "It has only come, as I felt certain some day it would. I must tell you now. Don't be afraid, Emily. It is the secret of my life

which I've hidden for 35 years; now you must share it. I feel I should not be doing right if I let you choose to-day without telling you of it. When you have heard my story, you must choose for yourself, and be assured your choice, whichever it is will please me. As for what you will hear, it will remain your secret and mine; I shall keep it as before, and I must beg of you to do the same all your life, even from your husband."

Emily sat in doubt and fear, sure that her kind father would not tell her anything that would distress her if he could help it; and yet anxious as to what such an awful secret could be. The master of Olton sat in a chair with his face away from the light, watching intently that dear, sweet face of his daughter, upon which the full sunlight shone.

"Thirty-five years ago a convict ship was sailing from England to Botany Bay, under the command of a brave captain and crew. There were no fewer than 40 convicts on board—desperate fellows of every description: thieves, highwaymen, manslayers, all kinds of villains. Among them was one whose case had excited much interest at home, since many people believed him innocent—morally, at any rate—of the crime he was said to have committed. Among a gang of poachers one night he, their superior in rank, had the misfortune to shoot one of the keepers who had watched for them and attacked them. The shot had killed the keeper, but there was doubt as to whose gun it had come from, and when the convict in question was arrested and charged the keepers swore that he had fired the shot. For himself, he knew not whether it was so; several of his fellow poachers said he was innocent, and that the real culprit had escaped. His sentence, however, was that of penal servitude at Botany Bay for life—probably the doubt alone saved him from being hanged.

"Naturally his spirit was galled; he became morose, wild, severe in aspect as in temper, and his reputation on the convict ship, was that of the worst criminal on board. He rebelled at his jailers, at his food, at his confinement, and felt ready for any dark deed. The chance soon came. The vessel was off the Cape of Good Hope, some miles away, when he first got knowledge of a projected mutiny, in which the captain, crew and jailers were all to be murdered; and the successful mutineering convicts were then to steer for some unknown point in Africa and land there.

It was a desperate scheme, and with the mutiny he was thoroughly in unison, but not with the murder. He was not yet as black as that, and tried hard to dissuade his fierce companions from it, but in vain. As they persisted in their plans, he felt that all he could do was to keep quiet till the time for action came; but the captain and his wife had been really kind to him, and he determined they should not die. Yet he would not betray his companions, like a coward.

"On September 8 the attack was made. He stood near the captain's cabin to protect its unsuspecting inmates. When the mutineers, having seized the watch on deck and killed them, came rushing down, he ordered them back from that cabin; they refused to go, and a fight ensued. The captain became wounded, the alarm was given, and after a desperate resistance, the rebels overpowered and put in irons. The captain begged the guards to set the convict who had saved his life at liberty, but they declined, pretending that, in reality, he was as bad as the rest. So he was closely guarded.

"It was on touching at Perth that the captain's opportunity came. Having secured the cooperation of his mates, he entertained the whole of the guards to dinner one evening, and made them hopelessly drunk. In the meantime, one of his party contrived to secure possession of their keys, and in a few moments the convict's irons had been loosened and he was free. The captain himself came and shook hands with him ere he sent him off

in the boat which was waiting for him.

"I know," said he, "that what I have done for you is risky, and may cost me something if my part is discovered; but you saved my life, so I will take this risk to save you from the crushing penal servitude. All I have to say to you is, get away from the coast, after you have landed as soon as possible, change your name and appearance as much as you can; go into some honest business, and though it is not likely, if ever I do hear of you again, let it be in such a way that will do you credit, and repay me for giving you your freedom to-night."

"The tears stood in the convict's eyes as he thanked his benefactor, and grasped his hand.

"Sir, I shall take your advice. My little bit of good was almost gone by the brutal treatment I have suffered—for I don't think I killed that game-keeper, but even if I did, it was purely accidental. You have proved to me that all the kindness and gratitude are not yet gone out of the world, and I hope some day to be able to show you how I appreciate it."

"Within a few minutes more the boat had landed him on the mainland. He watched it return to the ship, and then departed.

"It was six years after this that, with money made, in sheep farming, Joseph Turnell, the former convict, turned up at Ballant just as the first rush of the gold fever occurred. It was Turnell who bought the great tract of land which was afterward discovered to be almost wholly gold under the surface, and who sold it, after getting some thousands out of it, for a very large sum. But nobody in England or Australia, when Joseph Turnell's name was mentioned, ever thought for a moment that he was the escaped convict about whom such a stir had been made at home, both on his escape, and later, when a dying tramp confessed that it was his gunshot that memorable night which killed the keeper.

Animal She Had Never Seen.

Bill Sanders' Wife Thought It Possible He Had Killed a Populist.

"During the last campaign one day," said Howard, the Populist member from Alabama, "I went to see a hunter of the name of Bill Sanders, to secure his vote. Bill was not at home, but his wife was, a bony woman, with dusky black hair, hollow, colorless cheeks, and sunken eyes, a large mouth, large feet and yellow hands. In one hand she held a box of snuff, in the other a tooth-brush, and she was spitting ambergris.

"Good morning, madam," said I. "Is your husband at home, my good woman?"

"How are you stranger?" said she.

"No, he ain't. He went down in Coon Holler this mornin' before day and I ain't looking for him back until towards midnight."

"Well, madam," I continued, "I am a candidate for Congress, and want you to use your influence for getting your husband to vote for me. I know that a woman of your intellect, your beautiful eyes that shine like the dew drops on the mountain top when the light of the morning sun first strikes it; your fresh rosy cheeks, which the gods would kiss as nectar, and your entire charming personality—I say a woman so endowed by nature must have great influence over her husband, for he was indeed fortunate to secure you for his wife."

"Law, now, stranger," exclaimed the woman, "when you come talkin' that away, and bein' as how I likes your looks anyways, I guess if Bill Sanders don't vote for you he need never expect to root no round these diggins no more, I tell you."

"I was much pleased with the progress I was making, and I ventured to put the question of the most importance to me: 'Are there many Populists in this vicinity?'"

"Dear me, stranger," she answered, "you are a little mite to hard for me this time. You see I don't pay much attention to them things, but Bill is a mighty pert hunter, and has killed and skunt almost all kinds of varmints in these mountains. But whether he ever ketch one o' them air, what you call it stranger?—Populist varmints—is more nor I know. If you'll just walk 'round the backside of the house, where he's got all his pelts hangin' up a-dryin', you may find one o' them things, for now that I come to think about it, Bill, he yesterday mornin' killed one of the dog-gasted critters I ever see. It had long legs, bandy shanks, long hair, and was cross-eyed, and I jest bet a pound o' home made tobacco it was a Populist, though I never hearn tell o' one afore."—Exchange.

"After This Manner Pray Ye."

How sweetly are these words, spoken more than eighteen hundred years ago, wafted down on the breath of the ages! How many hearts, burdened with sorrow and sin, have been comforted and forgiven while they said, "Our Father who art in heaven?" From the Hebrew child who first learned to slip this prayer at his mother's knee to the old man of to-day, who still loves to utter the prayer of his youth, what a vast throng of believers have sent up their petitions "after this manner" to the Father. And they are still going up. Not a morning sun shines upon the earth but sees thousands bent to pray "after this manner," and every evening sees countless worshippers. Millions since the time of Jesus have prayed "after this manner," and millions more on the millennial day shall sing with rapture, "Hallelujah to thy name."

Philosophy.

If I was looking for a sucker I'd hunt for the fellow who's allus braggin' that he's nobody's fool.

It has allus seemed to me to be mighty thin consolation for a poor man to declare riches don't make happiness.

Somehow or other we don't appear to extract as much comfort out of this life as we really order. Perhaps it's my naybur hain't the man he should be.

The fellow who mortgages his farm to buy a pianer for his house has got to try awful hard to find any music in the strings.

I believe in lovin' my naybur as myself until he begins to kill off my hens, then I'm going to buy lace curtains and upholstered chairs to make him feel as bad as he possibly can.

I like to have a man plumb up and down with me even to callin' me a liar. An onsertin man is like a pimple on your arm; you've got to keep waiting to see what it will develop.

Even if we never say a word to him about it, it is only human nature to feel sort o' tickled to know that our naybur's fence is two feet over our line and that we can raise a row any time we want to.

I never yet went to a man an' asked him to gimme his advice without I had my mind made up to believe him a fool if he didn't think as I did about it. If he was a lawyer, however, and charged me \$10, why, that altered the case.

I've heard a heap o' men talk about luck in my time, and so far as I have been able to keep track of individuals, those who was hoin' corn at a dollar a day instead of talkin' on the grocery steps have got ahead the fastest.

Now and then you meet a man who has sored on the world and can't see no good in nuthin' nor nobody. In such cases jest size him up and you'll find a chap so all-fired mean that a yaller dog wouldn't follow him.

Fits Cured

From the Journal of Medicine
Wm. W. H. Phelps, who
has cured many cases of
Epilepsy, has without
admission of any kind
of medicine, cured a
young man of a
long standing
case of Epilepsy
who was on
the verge of
madness, and
who had
been in
the hospital
for several
years.

LAFAYETTE HOLT,

MACHINIST
BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY,
GEAR-CUTTING,
Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

Southern Railway.

PIEDMONT AIRLINE
FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS
In Effect Nov. 17, 1895.

East Bound	No. 19	Mixed	Day
Le Greensboro	10:15 a.m.	10:45 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
Burlington	10:45 a.m.	11:15 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Greensboro	11:15 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	12:00 p.m.
Hillsboro	11:45 a.m.	12:15 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
University	12:15 p.m.	12:45 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
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