## UNTOLD MISERY RHEUMATISM Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold interry from muscular rheumatism. I tribd every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, viatted flot Springs, Ark., three times, spending \$1000 there, lestites doctors' bills, but could obtain only temporary relief. My needs was wasted away so that I weighed only interry-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles



being twisted up in knots. I was mable t had no appetite, and was sourced, by the victors that I could not here. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could proceive relief only by means of hypotherine injections of morphine. Phadmy limbs bandaged in slay, in sulphur, in poultieter, but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful torques, I began to take Ayer's Sarsagawila. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, smil in the course of a year, I was cared. My weight has increased to 450 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a nailroad blacksmith."

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HIS MISSION.

They came through the meadows of childhood together hand in hand.
And often they talked of the rature that walted in Manhood's Land.
And one saw ever the glory that crowns the peaks of fame.
In that strange and mystical country that no man giveth a name.
"Up to the heights whose beauty lures me by night and day it will some time find, my comrade, with kindred souls, the way."
And because his eyes Eurned ever to the heights he could not see.
The beauty that was about him. Blind to it all was he.

But the other saw all the flowers that grew by the paths they trod. He read on the hills and the meadows the

wordless pooms of God.

He say the sin and the sorrow that were round
him everywhere him everywhere.

He speke kind words to a comrade and light-ened his load of care.

Here is work for my hands, my brother. I find it on every side.

It may not be grand, like a hero's, but I shall be satisfied.

If into the lives of others I bring some hops

And feel that the world is better because of

The ways their feet had followed parted in Manhood's Land,
And he whose eyes saw only the peaks far off and grand
Strove itsadily on toward them and paused not once by the way
To help and confort a comrade, as some time the weaksest anny.
He climbed up the hills and over their summit paused from sight,

mit passed from sight.

And today he dwells in the glory that crowns the mystic height.

But no man's heart thrills warmly when an

that soul has need of pity which feeds on the husks of famel

But he who saw all about him work for hi Has done it faithfully, nobly, as by a king's commands.

He has helped the weak and the weary, be has comforted those wire mourn.

And no man knoweth the number of burdens

he has borne!

We sang, when his heart was heavy, songs full of hope and cheer.

And his songs brought fomfort and courage, and all were glad to hear. And men and women and children speak lov-

ingly his name/
Ah, hippy is he who findeth that love is bettor than fame!

—Elen E. Kerford in Youth's Companion.

### SIGHTLESS EYES.

John Loudon sat alone in a corner of his library and listened. "But, Pin, dearest, what strange questions you hak mo!"

The voice was that of a young girl tender and childlike in itspleading tone. It crept into the heart of the lonely man and made him trem-

"My little country lassie, I cannot

This was from another mouth and a voice more womanly in its com-

"It is my duty as his sister and as sacred to me as God's commands." "Speak more softly, dear. Your found a wife!"

brother can hear every word you

per. "I shall never allow a girl to become enamored of him. Never! If /was married to Clarice, Pin kissed such a thing should come to pass, I will keep it away from him. What nonsense, such silly infatuation! Love, yes, real love until death! Powerful, eternal! I know be is waiting for such love. He yearns for it and perhaps will never possess it. It drives me mad to think of it."

The older woman pressed her hands to her eyes to crush out the

Clarico, the country girl, stood before her with wildly beating lieart. What could she say? Her vocabu-lary was not large and her idea of life very simple. Infatuation, love! They meant the same to her. Love -powerful, eternal love! She glanced at the blind man sitting by the window. The dark, sharp profile was turned away, and the sight-less eyes looked out into the night. Now his face turned toward her. Ho felt that her gaze was riveted upon him. The voices in the opposite corner were husbed. Pia was busy with some dainty embroidery. Clarice walked, over to the man by the window, a soft blush mantling her cheeks. He felt her coming and

"Howare you getting along with your work, Mr. Loudon?'

"That's not my name." "John," whispered the girl softly. "That's better. You must call me John always if you want me to

call you Clarica." "But I am only a country girl." "Yet wo are friends."

"And such good friends! Shall I help you, John? Don't you want me to write for you?" Thank you, no, Clarice. I can

do nothing today." "Why, John? Am I too slow?"
"Oh, no. It's all my fault. I-I cannot dictate to you."

Pin Louden watched with passionate care over the welfare of her only brother. She had inherited that all absorbing septiment from her dead niother. Since the accident that robbed him of his sight when a child John Loudon had been the center of the family. He bore his nisfortune with fortitude, as something which could not be helped. His philosophical studies, pursued under the guidance of an excellent' tutor, helped to fill out the empty bours of his life, and his clever essays found ready publishers. Pia had forced her own heart to silence as well as the handsome neighbor, whom she loved and who loved her.

"I am the mainstay of John's life. First be, then"-

to the home of her friends. She even though he could not accompany was an orphan distantly related to the Loudons. Her father was an army officer, who lived a quiet, uneventful life in the country after his retirement from active service. He died suddenly and left his only child

known. Pia was delighted with the charminggirl, whom she had taken at once to her heart. Clarice was bright, tender, resolute and proud-a mixture of which Pin thoroughly ap-

helpless. Her mother she had never

proved. When too time came, they gathered again in John's cozy library. The blind men sat by the window, and the two girls busied themselves in the other part of the room.

Clarice took up the silver tray with John's ten and carried it over to him. Her step was almost inaudible as it sank into the velvet carpet. But he turned his face toward her before she had half traversed the

"How well you hear, John!" "Yes, and I feel things even more." She placed the cup on the little table, and as she did so her dress

brushed his band. "You have on your white dress, Clarice!"

"Yes, because you said that you disliked black." "I dislike all dark colors."

"How did you know about the white dress? "I felt it." "You feel everything!"

She stood before him and waited. "Would you feel it if some one loved you?" "If some one loved me?"

There was a pause. Then the blind man said with emphasis: "Certainly, and I have never been

"And if it were true that some one loved you, should you know?" "Love me?"

His heart beat madly. "A girl!"

"Clarice!" cried the blind man, full of glad presentiment. "Do you feel it, John?"

He caught her hands and held them fast. Not a sound disturbed their blissful silence. Then she tool: his hand and laid it over her trembling breast.

"Yes, I feel it! You love me, you, Clarico! He sprang to his feet and shouted

like a playful schoolboy. "Pia, sister, come to me! I have

On the day on which John Loudon the cheeks of the young bride, her hair, her mouth and her hands, full of tender gratitude.

Make him happy, and I will lay down my life for you! Your duties, Clarice, will be greater than those of other women. But in raturn you will have a happier and more grateful husband. How lovely you are in your bridal gown! If he could only "Be quiet, Pia. He must not hear

such things!" But the sister continued with a sad

smila: "Alas, you will never be seen by bim!"

"He loves me. 'Is not this happiness enough?" "Will you never long to be seen?"

Why does she whisper the words excitedly, almost threateningly? Clarice looked questioningly at her. "Long to be seen? What do you mean?

"Forgive me. No, you are different from other women. You are not vain, and can forego the pleasure of being seen. I had such dreadful thoughts last night."

Clarice shook her head. She could not understand her sister.

Three years had gone by since they were married, and Clarico's favorite place was still at her hus. band's feet. There she sat against his knees, and he stroked the fair face and soft curls with caressing

In this position she could look up into his face and see his eyes, which were brown and gontle and not at all as if they were sightless. Tenrs gathered in hers with tender com-

"What a beautiful face you have!", Cattered the wife. It made him "And I like your eyes, half veiled

by the lids as they are, so different from other blind people, who have that wide open, moaningless stare. "You are right; that would be

very disagreeable. When I was a boy, I saw a blind man stare at me once with such wide open eyes, and I made up my mind that if I ever should lose my sight I would avoid that store. There is only one thing that would make me look at you in a way that would frighten you, ifif you should ever do me a wrong!" She knew he was fond of teasing

Situation Contacting They lived not for from the city during the winter months. John London desired that his young wife

Two menths ago Clarice had come should see something of the world,

her everywhere. "Are you not going to Wadsworth today? I would like to have that pioture finished."

"No, John, I want to stay at home with you. I don't care to go to the studio alone." "I cut a sorry figure in an artist's

studio.! the piano while I sit for the pic-

ture? "Take the maid with you. I will write in the meantime.'

It was John who wanted Clarice's picture painted by one of the most renowned portrait painters of the day, whom they had met at a social gathering.

"I want our children to see how beautiful you were in your youth. "How do you know that I am beautiful?"

"I know it, Clarice. I can see you plainly before me." "Then tell me how I look."

"Beautiful, lovely, sweet, dear beart !" "But the face, the color!" pressed

Clarice. "Red as the rose, is it not?" "Ah, no. Pale—the color of pearl. And the dress?"

"White." "White, of course." "And lace across the breast." He touched her arms. "Bare to the shoulders, as if you were going

to a ball?" "Wadsworth desires it so on so count of the flesh tints."

"Ah, yes, yes!" "I wish you could see me! It is too bad! The words, nervously uttered, had escaped her lips ero she was aware

of it. A shadow passed over John's face. the tone in which she spoke them: surprised him. But she did not seem to notice it.

room some time afterward and called his master, he made no answer. into ink. It is formed by the un- been a wilderness of woe sure enough John Louden was not asleep, but he ion of two rivulets, one of which is if eve had not sprung from Adam's Was Chrice aware of the meaning

When the servant entered the

of Wadsworth's looks and words? Three times she had been in the through a peat marsh imbibes kept woman in the background for studio with him alone. Ab, yes, she large quantities of gallie acid. Let- so many ages the world might be in understood, as far as a woman can understand.

And yet she was here again today without blushing for her com- arid which forms this small but way of introducing a reference to ing. Palo as the pearl with which she had compared the color of her The sister's eyes had been more face, rapturously beautiful and full farseeing, and she had left the room of that consciousness that some one's eyes feasted upon her beauty! She by admixture with sulphuric acid, of the State Normal and Industrial listened to words which her husband must not hear! Wadsworth came been appropriately named the Rio quoting from an authority: "In nearer and pearer. She felt his bot breath sweep over her face, and now his hand touched her arm, her throat, her bare shoulders. Not the Southern Africa, rises in the moun- life, the female sex is primary, and hand of her busband, but another's! Clarice almost lost consciousness, and for a moment closed her eyes. A startled cry escaped her lips. What was it that she had seen suddenly rise up before her? Not a face, only woods, and around it are found figured out, we learn, by careful rea pair of eyes, wide open, staring, like those of a blind man trying to see! The eyes of her husband, as she

had never seen them before. Clarico sprang to her feet, and, stumbling across the room, grasped below which the water is said to be the female; variation is the characher clock and bastened down the poisonous, almost instantly killing teristic of the male. Hence the imstairs. "Home, home," she cried, to the husband, whose eyesight, whose life she was, and whom she loved with every quivering sense.

library, she found him sitting as we course is a wonderful one. On say much for man, poor fellow. face at her approach. The lids drooped over the burning eyeballs. He did em point, it turns southward, losing wobbling man! The unknown not call her as was his wont. He itself in the hills, and reappears at quantity in the algebra of human waited.

"Dear John, I will come in a moment, as soon as I remove this

dress. with her head caressingly pressed divides insumany channels, some Adam is everlastingly short a rib, against his knee. She kissed his bands and told him again and again of which never return to the parent thank heaven! There are women how dearly she loved him with all

her heart. And he! What else could he do than believe in this adorable woman, and banish all doubts and perplexi

"Will the portrait be finished scon?"

"I think so. At least I need not go to the studio any more."
"Clarice," said the husband, after a pause, "why were you angry be

so before! Must I become accustom-

ed to it?" "No, no; beloved! It shall never happen again. I was nervous, like all foolish women. Forgive mo!" She arose and laid her hand ten-

derly over his eyes.

"Your poor, dear eyes!" whispered Clarice, and the tears trickled down ber cheeks. John Loudon smiled, as one in a dream. It was a dream, a hideous nightmare, and his wife was still his.

The symphony in white hangs in

John's library. Clarice desired that

is should be so.

The pale face, the soft lace and the white background of plush-a mene tekel for the penitent woman.-From the German in St. Louis ReSOME PECULIAR RIVERS.

One of the most curious rivers that have come to the knowledge of men is the Webbe Shebeyli, o Eastern Africa, a deep and rapid "Could you not amuse yourself at stream, abounding in strange fish and ferocious crocodiles. Although it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands, the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A short distance north of the equator the river is lost in a desert region a few miles from the Indian Ocean.

Some of the more recent explorers of Alasta and British America claim that the Mississippi can no longer be regarded as the largest river on the North American Continent. This distinction is claimed for the great Yukon River. According to Ivan Petroff, who spent over two years in Alaska collecting materials for the last census, the Yukon empties into Norton Sound about one-third more water than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. The Yukon basin comprises the larger part of Northern Alaska, and 600 miles from its mouth the river is a mile in width. Many centuries before it was discovered by white men it very likely served as the water highway into the interior for tribes whom we believed to have crossed from Asia to the American Continent. The He could not answer; her words and Yukon River is over 2,000 miles in

length. Travelers report that in Algeria there exists a small stream which ribs in his body," That man was the chemistry of nature has turned a fool. This world would have ar Goddeboro very strongly impregnated with spare rib. The grandest fact of ma Ar Greensboro Elon College iron, while the other, meandering ture is woman. If man had not ters have been written with the natural compound of iron and gallic the millennium by now. This by wonderful stream.

The Rio de Vinagre, in Colum- portant address of Hon. Charles W. bia, is a stream the waters of which Dabney at the commencement of University to and from Chapel Hill. became so sour that the river has School at Greensboro. Said he, de Vinagre, or Vinegar River.

The Orange or Garren River, in in the history of economy of organic La tains which separate Natal from the as life is the highest part of nature Orange Free State. The length of and human life the highest type or this stream is 1,000 miles. Its life, it follows that the grandest fact banks abound in various valuable of nature is woman." It has been rich copper ores. In this stream search and study, that man is the are many varieties of fish, which are variable element in creation, while found until the river passes through woman is the steady one. Heredia rocky region containing copper, ty is distinctively the attribute of fish that venture near it.

Another remarkable river is the since she is the preserver and im-Indus, the great stream in Hindos- prover of the human race. When she entered John Loudon's tan. It rises in Thibet, and its reaching the Sousi, its most north- Weak, fruil, uncertain, vascillating, Takot, in Kohistan. The Indus is life! "Unstable as water," Reu-1,700 miles in length. After receiving ben like, he is generally out of the waters of many tributaries its plumb, and rarely ever in the mid-Then she sat down by his feet, channel grows narrow, and here it dle of the road ! But no matter. stream. It abounds in fish and in the world! There are more than

erocodiles. That classical river, the Ganges, is Thousands and thousands of sweet erratic in its course, like the Hoang girl graduates are this very minute Ho. It is prominent both in the on the thorns thrown in with the religion and geography of India. It roses of life. They are the roses varies not only from season to season, and we are the thorns. Ah, the but from year to year, and frequent- glory of the roses and the pity of ly exchanges old passages for new the thorns. Here's to the women, ones. It has been said that the God bles them ! Good angels of fore you went away? You were never Ganges delivers into the sea every human kind. year 543,00 1,000 tons of mud, sand and other solid matter.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

The Charlotte Observer of the 50 a year in advance. 26th ult. says :

ington, Esq., of Monroe, is being urged by his friends as a suitable andidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of North Carolina. Mr. Covington's friends argue that he is the man to 'hold Russelldown' and they seem confident that with Davie Covington as the Democratic nominee for Governor there BURLINGTON, - - - N. C. need be no fears for the result. They say that Mr. Covington is better equipped to handle Russell on the stump than almost any one else. He is an able and courageous man and those are qualities absolutely

launched." . w . That is right. Mr. Covington would make a campaign which would be an honor to his party and can be elected over Russell or any other man the Republicans can bring ont.

essential in the campaign soon to be

The Grandest Fact of Nature: Look at Her!

cault a while back remarked: "I wish Adam had died with all his sight of, if not in the full blaze of, the exceedingly interesting and impoint of both origin and importance portance of educating the woman

Dr. Dabney, however, does not ever in schools and colleges, too.

Old Brother Wilkins was up before the church for getting drunk. It was a rare thing for Brother Wilkins to have such a charge against him, and be was the picture of hundhation so he rose to be

Two Heavily Loaded.

up." "Brethren," he began, "I am shorely sorry for what I have done. I admit that I had more than I could carry, and I deeply rearet that I didn't make two loads of it imstead of one."

Children Cry fer Pitcher's Castoria.

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"The Observer came across an interesting bit of news yesterday of a political character. D. A. Cov-

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