

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

NO. 23.

TURNING GRAY AND THREATENED WITH BALDNESS

The Danger is Averted by Using
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR



"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this prepara-

tion, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Neb.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Removes Pimples.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JACOB A. LONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal courts. Offices over White, Moore & Co.'s store, Main Street, Phone No. 3.

J. D. KERNOLIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, N. C.

JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. C. BYNUM, JR.
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Albemarle county. Aug. 2, 1914

Dr. John R. Stockard, Jr.

DENTIST,
BURLINGTON, N. C.

Good sets of teeth \$10 per set. Office on Main St. over I. N. Walker & Co.'s store.

Livery, Sale and Feed STABLES.



W. C. MOORE, PROP'R.
GRAHAM, N. C.
Hacks meet all trains. Good single or double teams. Charges moderate. 2-28-96

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY.

Since its enlargement, the North Carolinian is the largest weekly newspaper published in the State. It prints all the news, and preaches the doctrine of pure democracy. It contains eight pages of interesting matter every week. Send one dollar and get it for a whole year. A sample copy will be mailed free on application to
JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Editor,
Raleigh, N. C.

The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars, Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

WANTED—AN IDEA of whom think you can help? Do you have ideas that you can sell? Write JOHN WEIDEN, 1000 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., for terms. \$1000 prize offered.

You should have a county paper. Subscribe to THE GLEANER.

WINGS.

Wings that flutter in sunny air,
Wings that dive and dip and dare,
Wings of the humming bird flashing by,
Wings of the hawk in the purple sky,
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloft,
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof,
Wings of the storm bird swift and free,
With wild winds sweeping across the sea,
Often and often a voice in my slugs—
Oh, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

STRATEGY.

"Did you have a good time in town?"
"No-o. Beastly hole; bores one to death."

"But there is such a lot going on now. Did you not go to any theaters?"
"Yes, to every one; music halls, too; saw everything there was to be seen. I suppose I did enjoy myself, but I have forgotten it."

The girl looked at the man steadily for a moment, but he walked moodily on, unconscious of her gaze.

"Who were those people you wrote about? Those people you were with so much?"
"Oh, they were Irish."

Dead silence. The man and the girl sauntered along the beach, each intent on his or her own thoughts.

"What charming people the Irish are as a rule," said the girl, at length.

"Yes, awfully jolly," enthusiastically.

"Were these?"
"Oh, yes. They weren't bad."

"How many were there, and of what sort and condition? Do rouse yourself a little and try to be a trifle more entertaining."

"What shall I tell you? About the Irish people I met? Well, there was a father, also a mother—awfully fine old lady she was—and a daughter."

"Was the daughter pretty? Irish girls are lovely, as a rule, I think. Their eyes are so beautiful. Had this girl beautiful eyes?"

"Yes, I suppose so."
"Was she a nice girl, clever, and so on? Tell me all about her."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell." The girl sauntered on more slowly. She was a little paler than she had been, but a slightly mocking smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"How pretty those brown snails look out there," she said presently, pointing to a little fleet of fishing boats far out on the glittering sea.

"Mark, I should like to go out sailing."
"Would you?" he rejoined indifferently.

"Yes. Let us go and have a nice long day. I will get some provisions while you get the boat. Shall we go?"

"I should like it if you would."

Out at sea there was a soft breeze blowing, a little breeze that made the hot sun bearable and put new life and spirits into the two in the boat. There was something so exhilarating, so free, so invigorating, in the very feeling of flying along over the smooth, sparkling waters.

"Shall we have lunch now?"
The girl was leaning back in a perfect nest of cushions, looking unspeakably comfortable and very pretty. Her pink sunshade gave a delicate flush to her cheeks, which were otherwise pale.

The breeze flapped the wide brim of her hat and blew her soft hair in curls about her forehead.

The man looked round from the sail ropes he had been intent on, and in involuntary gleam of admiration shone from his eyes.

"You look so comfortable it is a pity you should move," he said, in less melodramatic manner than he had hitherto spoken. "I will unpack the things and hand you all you want."

"My dear boy, I could not possibly eat in this position, and loath as I am to disturb myself, my spirit longed for sustenance. I am going to sit in the bottom of the boat."

she said. "Will you arrange some cushions at my back for me?"

Easily and deftly he arranged her nest. There was something strangely fascinating in taking care of this dainty, graceful maiden.

The girl seemed to divine his feelings, for she colored a little and roused herself so as to dispense with his attentions.

"This is awfully fine," said the man, leaning back, with his hands clasped behind his head, and looking first at the girl, then at the sky and then back at the girl again. "This is splendid. I could go on sailing away forever. One seems to leave all worries behind, and forget all disagreeables."

"I do not know that I should care for it for the rest of my existence,"

she said at length. "You are a very agreeable companion, Mark; at least, you can be," with a little rising of her eyebrows, "but I think it would be very stupid to pass one's whole life with one friend."

"With one what?"
"Friend," answered the girl, calmly unfastening her sunshade and settling more comfortably into her cushions.

The man stared at her for a few seconds, then he followed her gaze at the brown sails, and for a moment they appeared to find something of surpassing interest in them.

"I think it would be very jolly to bring out Mina Armstrong one day, and her brother, don't you?" asked the girl.

"Yes, perhaps they would like it," indifferently.

"Oh, Jack Armstrong told me yesterday that he is devoted to sailing. He wanted me to go with him—them today, but I said you were coming and you would think it odd if you found no one at home."

"You were very kind," he answered a little sulkily. "I am sorry to have kept you at home."

"Oh, it does not matter. I can go another day; I wanted to see you, you know."

For minutes silence reigned in the boat. The man was wondering if it could really be possible that the girl regarded him simply as one of her many friends and was quite indifferent as to whether he cared more for another girl or not.

In an instant it all flashed across him. She was infatuated by this newcomer, this other friend, who wanted to take her out sailing, and she wanted to pack him, Mark, off with the sister.

Perhaps her thoughts were with that other fellow! While he was trying to discover why he so disliked that other fellow, Ruth gave a little sigh, and the sadness vanished from her face.

"How perfectly idyllic this is," she said. "What a comfort it is to be able to sit silent when one feels inclined, and not feel one is playing the bore. It is a sign of true friendship, Mark. I could not do so with any one but you, but you understand."

"Friend" always seems to me such an inadequate, cold word," he said. "Friends and acquaintances are the same to me."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" she cried. "Acquaintances mean so little, they are nothing. I have so many, but of friends so few. You are one of my chiefest, and—"

"I always thought we were more than friends," he said.

"You silly boy, how could we be?" she replied, with a little laugh, but the laugh did not ring true.

Later that day it occurred to him that he had not thought of the Irish girl for several hours. He did not think of her until the moon rose, and he went out on the headland and set alone with his pipe, and he longed to make her aware of the fact.

During the last week or two he had found that she did not jump at his suggestions with her old alacrity—in fact, it had taken all his time and all his fact to secure her company at all, and so occupied had been that he had had no time to think at all of the Irish girl. Today, however, Ruth willingly consented to accompany him.

So they strolled along the narrow lane inland, until they came to the moor, where the low hedges were draped with festoons of honeysuckle and "old man's beard."

"Mark, this is an earthly paradise," she exclaimed, as she leaned back against a soft cushion of sweet scented thyme. "If I was superstitious, I should say it was too good to last."

"I think it is," said Mark, rather mournfully. "We seldom have a walk or anything else together now, Ruth."

"No?" She was not prepared for this sudden attack, and grew confused.

The man noticed it, and determined to make the most of it. "Ruth, dear, you have changed lately. We are not such good friends as we used to be. Why is it? Tell me."

"Don't be silly," she said, studiously averting her eyes. "Get into a more comfortable position," she said, smiling down at him, "and talk to me. I must be amused."

So the man, with a sigh, lay down on his heather couch and began to talk.

"And those Irish people?" said the girl unconcernedly, idly sipping pieces of heather in his curls, while she looked kindly down on his face.

"Why do you not ask them down here? You were so much with them and liked them so, I am sure you would be glad to have them."

No answer.

"I am sure I should have liked to have met them. I think I should have liked the girl awfully."

"I am sure you would not. She is not your style at all."

"What style is she?"
"Oh, I don't know. She is an awfully first, and not good forms at all."

"Oh!" A silence ensued for about five minutes; then the man rolled

over, and planting his elbows in the heather looked up determinedly in his companion's face. An inkling of the truth had reached his brain.

"Ruth, I must know. It is only fair that you should tell me why you have changed so to me? You are making me very miserable, dear."

"I am? Oh, Mark, how can I make you unhappy?"

"Because I love you, Ruth, and I cannot bear this something that has risen between us. It drives me mad. Ruth, my dear little girl, don't you know how I love you, and that I want you to be something very, very much nearer than a friend?"

"But, Mark, how about that other girl, that Irish girl? Aren't you—don't you—care for her?"

"Pooh!" said the man, with unfeigned scorn. "Care for her? I never did. One may flirt with a girl like that, but as to loving her, or— or marrying her, well, I pity the poor fool who does. She flirts abominably."

Then the girl smiled again, a triumphant little smile, quite unalike to the man. She knew that her course of treatment had been successful; the cure was complete.

"Why do you smile?" asked the man perplexed.

"Because—oh—because I am so happy."

"Happy! Do you mean that?" catching one of her hands and kissing it passionately.

Still she looked away, intent on tearing up the unfortunate heather by her side. The man watched her in silent dismay. He could not understand her in this variable mood.

"You do not care," he said at last, when the silence had become unbearable. "You do not care, and you cannot make yourself."

He turned over, and propped himself on one elbow, with his face well away from hers.

"Don't try, dear," he went on, but the words came haltingly. "Don't try. Either you do or you do not, and I would not have—"

"Mark," she said softly.

"What is it, Ruth?"

He obeyed her, and turned a very miserable pair of eyes toward her.

"Never mind, little woman," he said bravely. "I know you can't care."

"You are making a mistake. I do care very, very much," she said earnestly, and leaning toward him she took his face between her two hands and kissed him gently on the forehead.—Mabel Quiller-Couch in Gentlewoman.

A Tiara and Its Fortunes.

In 1789 Pius VI had his tiara altered, and it was reset by Carlo Saratori, the pope's jeweler, with the addition of three diamonds of large size, 30 smaller ones, 24 large blue rubies from Mogul, 23 large oriental sapphires, 13 rubies and a large number of pearls, with its inscription in diamonds, "EX MIGNIFICENTIA PII VI. P. O. M." Pius VI, as is well known, forced by the French to dispose of this tiara, as well as of most of his treasures, to pay in part the 6,000,000 francs required by the treaty of Tolentino in 1797. Napoleon I, in the month of June, 1805, sent as a gift to Pius VII an new and magnificent tiara, on the summit of which again appeared the celebrated emerald of Gregory XIII. It was presented to the pope by Cardinal Fesch, the emperor's minister plenipotentiary, and the pope, in his letter of thanks, dated June 23, 1805, informed the emperor of his intention to use it for the first time on the papal mass on the feast of Saints Peter and Paul. When the pope was taken prisoner in 1809 by the emperor, this tiara was seized by General Miollis, together with other treasure, and taken back to Paris, but on the restoration of the monarchy and the return of the pope to Rome, it was restored to him by Louis XVIII.—Notes and Queries.

Sharp Enough to Take the Lint.

A good story of Lord Rothschild is going the rounds, and it deserves to be recorded:

A young man once came to him with letters of introduction, which stated that he was thrown entirely on his own resources on account of the death of his father, a much respected man, who died from grief on account of his bankruptcy. It was further stated that the young man was very clever and smart, and Lord Rothschild was asked if he could do something for him.

The millionaire took him by the arm and marched him through the city and past the Stock Exchange, introducing him to several well known brokers on the way, and then bade him farewell.

"But," said the young man, who expected great things, "are you not going to do something for me?"

"My dear fellow," replied the other, "if you are as clever as I am told you are you will know what to do yourself."

The young man was smart enough to take the hint, and by the prestige of his apparent friendship with Lord Rothschild he soon obtained unlimited credit. He soon made headway, and is now one of the most successful brokers on the exchange.

THE MOONSHINER OF FACT.

He is Vastly Different From the Wild Creature Pictured.

He is neither a bandit nor a highwayman, a disturber of the peace, nor, in respect to formalities other than the revenue statutes, a law breaker. Least of all, perhaps, is he a desperado. Within a month of the present writing a traveler on one of the Tennessee railways entered the smoking car of the train. In the rear seat sat an officer in charge of a "covey" of moonshiners flushed by him on the mountain the night before. There were 13 in the party. They had yielded without resistance to one man, and, most singular circumstance of all in the south, the deputy had not found it necessary to put them in irons.

At their trial the members of this party will doubtless plead guilty to a man, though a little hard swearing would probably clear half of them. They will beg for mercy or for light sentences, and those of them who promise amendment will most likely never be again brought in on the same charge, for the mountaineer is prone to keep his promises.

A venerable judge, in whom judicial severity is tempered by a generous admixture of loving kindness and mercy, and whose humane decisions have made his name a word to conjure with among the dwellers in the waste places, tells a story which emphasizes the promise keeping trait in the mountain character. A hardened sinner of the stills, whose first and second offenses were already recorded against him, was once again brought to book by the vigilance of the revenue men. As an old offender, who had neither promised nor repented, it was likely to go hard with him, and he begged not for liberty, but for a commutation of his sentence which would send him to jail instead of the penitentiary, promising that so long as the judge remained upon the bench he would neither make nor meddle with illicit whiskey.

He won his case and was sent to jail for a term of 11 months. This was in summer, and six months later, when the first snow began to powder the bleak summits of Chilhowee, the judge received a letter from the convict. It was a simple hearted petition for a "furlough" of ten days, pathetic and eloquent in its primitive English and quaint misspelling. Would the good judge let him off for just ten days? Winter was coming on, and the wife and children were alone in the cabin on the mountain, with no one to make provision for their wants. He would not overstay the time, and he would "certain shore" come back.

His petition was granted, and, true to his word, the mountaineer returned on the tenth day and gave himself up to the sheriff. He served the remainder of his sentence, and, after his release, kept his pledge so long as the judge remained on the bench.—Lippincott's.

One of the Evils of Wealth.

The family of one of the richest men in New York was visited not long ago by a contagious disease. A health inspector was obliged to go through the magnificent mansion on the Fifth avenue, and a pretty state of affairs, as he privately told his wife, he found there. "It almost makes one contented with one's modest home," he added, "and with the knowledge that you and I are not too busy, nor too fashionable, nor too elegant to look after our own household matters. There naturally everything is left in the hands of servants. They are supposed to be most competent, but they are only servants, after all, and not so deeply interested as the owner would be. Such a collar as stands under that splendid pile I never saw outside of a tenement house in the slummiest slums. It was piled high with indescribable refuse and filth, rotting there and breeding inexpressible disaster and menace. It is a wonder that there is a sound life in that house. I tell you I made the mistake of that home pale with horror before I had finished my explanation of causes and my threats as to what effects she might anticipate unless a new regime was inaugurated."—Philadelphia Press.

He Moved the Cattle.

Here is an incident in the life of Dr. Herber Evans, who, about 15 years ago, broke down in health, and was sent to Buxton with instructions from his medical adviser not to preach for 15 months. It seems that he had got so downcast as not being able to preach for such a prolonged period that he doubted his own powers of ever again being of any use. In this frame of mind he went far away into the fields one fine Sunday morning and gave out an old Welsh hymn at the very top of his voice. Suddenly the sheep and cattle, which were quietly browsing by, looked up and ran to him from all parts of the field. Herber returned thanks to Providence that he still had the power at least of moving cattle and sheep, and from this point he regained confidence in himself, and his recovery was rapid.—London Globe.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

It was proved at a baptizing in Kentucky that it is well to go well prepared if you are to be baptized, says the Albany (Ky.) Courier. A citizen who was immersed can testify to this effect. This gentleman had long intended to be baptized, but it took him a long time to make up his mind. At last, however, he came to a decision, and the minister led him into the pool. So far all was well. The trouble commenced as soon as the minister tried to put the citizen's head under the water. The citizen apparently did not object to standing in the water up to his ears, but further, or rather deeper, he did not wish to go. Finally, as a last resort, the minister placed his hand on his head and began to bear down. As he did so the citizen's mass of hair slipped from his head and the minister found himself standing with a wig in his hand, while the bald head loomed up conspicuously. After this there was no trouble getting that head under the water. The citizen had always carefully concealed the fact that he was bald, and when he was found out he went under the water so willingly and staid so long that the spectators became frightened. He was taken out very much ashamed of himself.

Subscribe for THE GLEANER \$1.50 a year in advance.

LAFAYETTE HOLT,

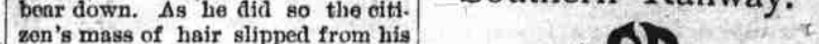
MACHINIST AND ENGINEER,

BURLINGTON, N. C.

MACHINE, BLACKSMITH SHOP, FOUNDRY, GEAR-CUTTING,

Pipings, fittings, valves, etc.

Southern Railway.



FIRDMONT AIR LINE.

FIRST AND SECOND DIVISIONS

In Effect Apr. 19, 1906.

Greensboro, Raleigh and Goldsboro.

East Bound	No. 26. Daily.	No. 27. Mixed. Daily.
Lv Greensboro	12:06 p.m.	1:30 a.m.
Elon College	12:23 p.m.	2:25 a.m.
Jarrington	12:38 p.m.	3:10 a.m.
Graham	12:53 p.m.	3:31 a.m.
Hillsboro	1:10 p.m.	4:30 a.m.
University	1:26 p.m.	4:51 a.m.
Durham	1:45 p.m.	5:45 a.m.
Ar Raleigh	2:05 p.m.	6:45 a.m.
	3:12	
		Mixed Ex. Run.
Lv Raleigh	3:12	9:00 a.m.
Clayton	3:40	10:30
Selma	4:10	11:00
Ar Goldsboro	4:53	1:00 p.m.

West Bound

Ar Greensboro	N. 25. Daily.	N. 26. Mixed. Daily.
Ar Greensboro	7:25 p.m.	7:35 a.m.
Elon College	6:48	6:25
Jarrington	6:20	6:05
Graham	5:50	5:40
Hillsboro	5:20	5:10
University	4:50	4:45
Durham	4:05	3:50
Lv Raleigh	3:45	3:30
		Mixed Ex. Run.
Ar Raleigh	3:45	8:00 p.m.
Clayton	4:01	7:40
Selma	4:24	8:15
Lv Goldsboro	5:00	6:00

No. 25 and 26 make close connection at University 50 and from Chapel Hill.

THROUGH SCHEDULE.

South	No. 26. Daily.	No. 27. Daily.
Lv Washington	11:15 a.m.	12:45 p.m.
Charlottesville	12:05	1:30
Richmond	1:00	2:30
Lynchburg	1:55	3:25
Roanoke	2:50	4:20
Greensboro	3:45	5:15
Winston-Salem	4:40	6:10
Raleigh	5:35	7:05
Lv Asheville	6:30	8:00
Hot Springs	7:25	8:55
Charlotte	8:20	9:50
Columbia	9:15	10:45
Atlanta	10:10	11:40
Savannah	11:05	12:35
Jacksonville	12:00	1:30
St. Augustine	1:00	2:30
Orlando	2:00	3:30
Memphis	3:00	4:30
N. Orleans	4:00	5:30

Ar Washington