

THE ALAMANANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 47.



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The cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world. An effective remedy for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen, regulate the Liver and prevent Chills and Fever, Malarious Fevers, Bowel Complaints, Headaches, Jaundice and Nausea.

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NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next General Assembly of North Carolina for amendments to the Charter of the Board of Trustees, N. C., by order of the Board of Town Councils, J. D. KERNODLE, Clerk, Dec. 7, 1896-1897.

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

Two Christmas Eves.

An Armenian Maiden's Escape and Its Happy Sequel.

BY I. EDGAR JONES.

Christmas amid the mountains of Armenia. The scene of our story is a little oriental village, in 189—, nestled amid the rugged cliffs at the head of a smiling valley. The site of the hamlet was a ravine running up the mountain side into a rocky pass, as though the great valley opening beyond had been whittled to a narrow point that it might penetrate hills. Great precipices yawned on either side, and towering cliffs which seemed to have grown gray with age, even as the snow on the higher peaks of the mountains seemed the hoary locks of those ancients, which there had for centuries watched over the old world. Near by Mount Ararat, where rested the ark after the flood. It was here Noah tilled his vineyards and the human race begun anew after the floods subsided, for Armenia is one of the oldest lands and its people trace their lineage direct to the Biblical emigrant ship which colonized it when the world was young. From many a quaint, flat-roofed dwelling arose Christmas carols to which soft-voiced echoes sang responsive choruses among the cliffs, and at least one church bell tolled bravely, singly and alone, to supply an imitation of Christmas chimes. It was a peaceful picture, upon which the stars twinkled approvingly as they bespangled the slopes with frost-diamonds and coated countless sparkles from the pallid snow. The Armenians are a devout people, and make much of the Christmas festival. The little hamlet was in many respects not unlike Bethlehem, and near it were many shepherds who guarded their flocks at night, as did those of Judea when the angel's song of peace on earth, good will to men.

At the home of Abanazar, the head man of the village, there were quiet festivities, decorations of holly and other evergreens, songs of praise and stories which for generations had handed down cherished traditions and legends of Armenia. There were the aged grandfather and grandmother, Abanazar and his good, three little girls ranging from six to twelve years old, and Zillah, the 16-year-old daughter, with her affianced lover Akthar, the stalwart young herdsman. She was a beautiful maiden, with regular features, large eyes aglow with love, the small but symmetrical form characteristic of so many women of her race. In her picturesque costume she was unworldly handsome, and her tones were as musical as the tinkle of silver bells or the low notes of Akthar's flute, to which she sometimes sang a soft accompaniment. The pleasant scene in this home was duplicated in many others that starlit Christmas eve.

Suddenly the scene changed. The church bell rang in sharp, short strokes a spirited alarm, confusion succeeded calm, and there were excited exclamations and hurrying in haste as a rider dashed madly down the one central street, shouting: "Save yourselves, Christians, the Kurds are coming!" But there was no time. Close upon his tracks came hundreds of swarthy horsemen, turbaned and fierce, with loud Mohammedan maledictions shouted in deep-voiced hate, and eyes which gleamed like live coals from beneath bearding brows. In a moment pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. The guns spoke sharply, scimitars flashed in silver and turned crimson, and soon the flames from burning buildings cast their lurid glare over an earthly hell wherein fiends held high carnival in shedding innocent blood.

Abanazar and his family, with others, gained the church which stood on the edge of a precipice, and there made a brave stand, but it was useless. Breaches were made in the walls, the piers carried by storm, and hundreds slain before the altar dedicated to peace and decorated with Christmas symbols in readiness for the morrow. The

floor literally ran in blood, and Zillah in speechless anguish beheld the men of her family and her lover cut down, and women subjected to tortures which chilled her to the soul. With other women and girls she fought heroically, but finally found herself breathless and disarmed in the embrace of Rustem, the huge leader of the Kurds, who had often in days of peace paid her attentions as often repelled.

Suddenly she drew the steel bodkin from her hair, plunged it with unerring aim and the strength born of desperation into the giant's heart, and as he sank to the floor she bounded to the side of the church, seized a lighted taper, opened a trap-door in the floor, hurried the light into a supply of powder stored there, and springing through a side door leaped from the precipice as scores of other women had done within the horrible half hour preceding. There was a flash, a thunderous roar, and the solid church seemed to be heaved high in air, while in the lurid light of the explosion dead bodies of men and women could be seen among the flying fragments, and with them scores of live Kurds struggling as they arose, scorched and blackened, toward the sky. The fragments, human and otherwise, came down again and darkness succeeded. The surviving Kurds butchered all who survived, of the villagers, except the women they bore off as captives, but at the foot of the cliff they found but the mangled remains of scores of brave women who had preferred death to slow torture and devilish indignities.

An hour later all was strangely still, burning ruins smoldering with the dull glow of expiring embers marked the graves of hundreds, and the spot on which but a short time before smiled happiness and home. But beautiful Zillah was not dead. She had fallen on the soft bodies of the slain, and much to her surprise found herself but little hurt, and had crawled off into the narrow wooded paths which threaded the mountain fastnesses near, all familiar to her. She sought refuge in a mountain shepherd's cave, where at morn visited the village in search for survivors, but found none. The fierce Kurds had made sure work of their bloody task.

A few weeks later Zillah, through many hardships, found her way to the seaside, and thence to America, coming to a great western metropolis with other Armenian refugees, where she found shelter with the colony, which did what it could for these unfortunates, human remnants saved from the furnaces of affliction which consumed so many noble lives in darkened Armenia. Mourning for those she loved, almost despairing, she struggled bravely with her lot, and the sweet-faced girl found friends and favor among the free people who pitied her woes and appreciated her faithful work. Patiently she toiled, but her pillow was wet with the tears of sorrow and her heart bled under the stabs of piercing grief. Brave and noble girl! How many like her, pieces of driftwood from the wreck wrought by Turkish cruelty and fanaticism, have been stranded upon our kinder shores. Zillah turned in prayer towards the God of her fathers, and sought at His feet the consolation earth denied. Even prayer cannot heal a broken heart; it can but console and slightly assuage such grief as hers.

Christmas eve in the little Armenian colony occupying a corner of a foreign section of the great western city. The hall was decorated for the occasion with the usual evergreens, and oriental hangings served to recall in this modern land the familiar belongings of lost homes among the Armenian mountains. There was a subdued cheerfulness among the people present, a tribute to Christmas, but they could not rejoice loudly with aching voids in so many stricken hearts and the Moslems still oppressing the Christians among the far-off Armenian hills. They sang however, Christmas carols strangely sweet which recalled pictures of unforgetten homes, and hymns in which sad minor chords seemed to vibrate with

unshed tears. What wonder that real tears welled up from tortured hearts, and that they sparkled in pretty Zillah's mournful eyes? Good will to men these exiles could know and feel, but peace on earth was not for them, even at Christmas, while Turkish scimitars still flashed forth the lightnings of fanatic hates, and innocent blood reddened the soil of far Armenia. There was to be a new arrival of Armenians tonight, and they were to recite at this gathering of their compatriots the story of their adventures and their wrongs. Similar tales had been often repeated by similar refugees, the stories had a tragic interest ever new, while they recounted renewed horrors and the constantly recurring tragedies which added to the list of the lost, and the grand army of sorrowing survivors. As the coming of the visitors was announced the music ceased and all arose to receive them, the hum of the great city without faintly heard in the hush of expectancy within, and the Christmas chimes from an American church near by ringing cheerily, though soft and subdued, through the frosty air.

The door opened and there marched in the little band who came from the valley of the shadow of death, and first among them Abanazar and Akthar, the father and lovers so long listed among the dead. You should have seen Zillah's beautiful face, transfigured, the love-light in her large brown eyes, and heard the musically glad little cry with which she sprang into their arms, snuggling close at last with her plump arms about Akthar's neck and his stalwart arm about encircling her shapely waist. What is ordinary Christmas happiness to such joy as hers, measureless as infinity, deep as the sea? Does not love fill even the vast spaces of Heaven? And the men were as deeply moved as the maid, for they had been as certain of her death as she of theirs. Precious indeed are these gifts, which fate, stern and unrelenting at all times, seems to snatch from the dead to reward the love of the living. Never since angels sang at Bethlehem had Christmas seemed gladder to any human soul, than was this memorable Christmas eve to the beautiful Armenian maiden. After the storm the calm, Akthar and Zillah were wed soon after, and Abanazar became an inmate of their happy home. Under the starry flag, which, thank God, tolerates no religious persecution, they live in security, doing their duty as Christian citizens, loving their adopted land with passionate orientation, and contributing as they can toward the needs of those still suffering in the beloved home country. They are loyal to the core, but hope the land of their adoption may do something to stay the hate which crimsoned the land of their birth. God grant that their hope may be not in vain.

A simple story, the annals of lives touched with sorrows deeper than those of most of us in these happier lands have known. Remembering our mercies at Christmas time, let us not forget the griefs which have burdened and oppressed such as these, but apply to them in fullest measure all that is meant by "good will to men". To quote from the good old book which was their even before it became ours: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of the water of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes."

MOSEY
The money question is second to none save that of keeping your family free from aches and pains. This can be done by using the famous Goose Grease Liniment, which cures all aches and pains, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc., also a sure cure for coughs, colds, croup in children, stiff joints, old sores, cuts, bruises and burns, whether on man or beast. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale by druggists and general merchants. Made only by the Goose Grease Liniment Co., Greensboro, N. C.

The Christ Day.
BY WM. ROSSER GIBBE.

Home bringing and home-loving and home happiness are the bright features of the Christ day throughout the metes and bounds of Christendom. Callous is the heart, and dead to all impressions of light and gladness, which is not quickened to gentleness and unselfishness upon the natal day of Him who taught the broadest humanity and the most disinterested love. Had Dickens written only of Christmas, he should occupy a commanding place in the affections of humanity because of the cheery scenes he pictured and the cheery halos he cast about this day of all days in the year. The very pathos, which at times seemed a part of himself, when he wrote, quickened and brightened under the light of that day until it was nearly divested of all its sadness.

The tragedy of Calvary was years after the birth scene at Bethlehem. The God-child had need to grow up to man's estate and wrap about Him the mantle of infinite deity before He became a man of sorrows acquainted with grief. The Christ-day tells of the virgin mother and her glad smile of joy as she looked upon the face of her newly-born child. It recalls the cherubic song of the angels that startled the shepherds of Salem and the eloquent star that guided the wise men to the manger in which He lay. It brings out of the past the happy circumstances of those who were led into the Divine presence, bringing with them gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. So, too, clearer than when first uttered, because now better understood, is heard after the lapse of 2,000 years the Heavenly promise of peace, good will to men. Comes also the teaching of mercy, forgiveness and charity as substitute for the older law of eye for eye and tooth for tooth. When He came the dark night of cruelty and wrong and oppression rolled away, ushering in the gray dawn of an endless day of love for enemies and prayers for those that use their neighbors spitefully.

The example of the sages who came as gift-bearers is universally followed, and meet is it that it should be so because the heart that gives in love has a sure promise of a blessing from the Lord. The inspiring motive of donations is the love that thinks no evil against the recipient of the favor, and love is the dominant ruler of the heart that is good. The Christ taught nothing if He did not teach the infinite beauty of home life that is builded upon love. The heart that loves and in cheerful pleasure freely, thus communicating pleasure to others in the reflection that they are not forgotten, and happiness to the donor in that he perceives he has communicated happiness. Love is contagious, and blessed and thrice blessed is that household which welcomes Christians with ringing of bells and singing of glad songs, with laughter and merry voices, and that makes memorable the day by tokens of affection, whose value rests in the motive which prompted the giving of them.

Did He sorrow? Not for His sins, or follies did He grieve. Did He sweat great drops of blood in His agony? Then was it that men might be freed from sin and be capable of appreciating and commemorating and imitating the infinite good of His nature. The fact that was narrated is now lit with the ineffable joy that comes of man's redemption, and from His great throne He regards all earth's children in love and smiles responsive to the gladness of those, homes which make merry and bright the Christ-day, Christmas.

Cure for Headache.
As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at T. A. Allright & Co.'s.

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

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Election Expenses.
Pittsboro Record.

The registrars and poll holders at the late election are naturally provoked that they were not properly paid for their services, but the only persons to be provoked at are the members of the last legislature who imposed such duties on them without allowing them proper compensation. In this county, at the meeting of the county commissioners last week, bills were presented by registrars and poll holders which the commissioners declined to pay, because they were advised by their attorney that they had no authority to pay them. This advice and this construction of the law was acted on in other counties. In Mecklenburg county the attorneys of the commissioners are the eminent law firm of Burwell Walker & Cansler, the senior member being ex-Judge Armentrout Burwell, late judge of our Supreme Court, and these distinguished lawyers gave the commissioners of Mecklenburg exactly the same legal advice as was given the commissioners of Chatham. Their opinion or advice was in writing and was published in the Charlotte Observer, from which we copy the following extracts:

"We respectfully report that we have examined the law relating to the payment by you, of the bills presented to you by sundry persons for services connected with the recent election, and beg leave to report as follows:

"The only provision of the election law, which relates to the payment of any bills is contained in section 50 of that act and declares that 'the registrars shall receive one cent, for each name copied from the original registration book and 3c for each new name registered. The clerks and register of deeds shall also be allowed the usual record and registration fees for recording and making duplicates for the election returns, to be paid by the county.'"

We find no provision whatever for the payment by you for the services rendered by the judges and registrars other than that above quoted, which provides for the payment of the registrars for the names recorded by them. We therefore advise you that all the bills presented against the county by the various parties for services as judges of the election, must be by you rejected.

"While it may seem to the citizens and officers who have done arduous labors in connection with the recent election that they should receive suitable compensation therefor, we feel constrained to say to you that you cannot out of the public treasury, pay any money to any of these parties unless the statute directs that the compensation should be made. It may be a hardship upon them, but the fault lies if there be any, not with you, but with the statute imposing upon them such labors without compensation.

If all the registrars and poll holders in Chatham had been paid the amounts, as charged by many of them, the total amount would have been between one and two thousand dollars, which would have been quite a drain on the county's treasury.

Appetite Failed.
Several years ago my appetite failed, and I felt so weak I could hardly get around. I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me a good appetite and I am feeling stronger. I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with weakness and loss of appetite." Mrs. Jesse McMichael, Summerfield, N. C.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them.

The new register of deeds, coroner and constable of Wilmington are negroes. So is one of the county commissioners, and many magistrates are of that color, not to speak of the city clerk and a multitude of policemen.

The Old Folk's Christmas.
BY T. C. HARRBRAUCH.

In the soft and holy twilight of this life we sit to-day. Beneath the bells of Christmas time, a trifle old and gray; Yes, side by side, your hand in mine, good wife sit and see Beyond the portals of the past full many a Christmas tree.

The freight throws its ruddy glow upon your cherished face, And love, the ardent hinner, lends to it a saintly grace; While from the village, nestling like a bird in yonder glen, The bells ring out the melody of "Peace! good will to men!"

I oft recall that Christmas in the golden long ago, When sweetly rung the mirthful bells across the fleecy snow, And side by side we stood within the chapei fur away, And blushing I kissed my bride that peaceful Christmas day.

We looked ahead to happy times; I never shall forget The homeward ride behind the bells, I think I see you yet, As in the sleigh beside me wife, you nestle good and warm, And all the neighbors welcomed you that morning to the farm.

It seems to me that heaven smiled upon that union, dear, The little cottage on the farm sweet children came to cheer; And one by one they slipped away in other scenes to roam, But every Christmas back they came to visit us at home.

They'll come to-day as of old, to sit around the hearth To make the old folks happy with their love and stainless mirth, And little tots will stomp the house with laugh and childish glee, And cuddle down in grandma's lap and sit on grandpa's knee.

The joy that fills our wedded hearts transfigures us to-day As we with resignation tread the gentle Master's way; Aye, hand in hand we journey to the brightest of all climes, While ring for all in every land the blessed Christmas chimes.

He has guided us, the Master, thro' darkness and the storm, 'Tis true that lifeth up the heart, 'tis love that keeps it warm; Beyond the Christmas threshold, not so very far away, Lies the sunburst of his promise of the Everlasting Day.

Each Christmas we renew the love which never groweth old, The bells ring out the story first by each voice told When Mary bent above her babe amid the fragrant hay, And all the choirs of Heaven sang for earth's first Christmas day.

I long to see the children with their laughter, song and glee, They cannot come a whit too soon nor stay too long for me; For Christmas cannot bring to me from all its gifts of bliss, A sweeter, better present than a little prattler's kiss.

A little while and you and I will from the old house go, To slumber where the roses bloom, where falls the fleecy snow; For angel fingers touch the gates of lifetime's hallowed even, And we may spend together, wife, next Christmas day in Heaven.

But you and I are ready, wife, we have naught to fear, And so we'll make this Christmas a time of right good cheer; Paternal love and gratitude shall throw a radiant charm Around each loved one who, to-day, visits the dear old farm.

—Ohio Farmer.

CA TORIA.
The new register of deeds, coroner and constable of Wilmington are negroes. So is one of the county commissioners, and many magistrates are of that color, not to speak of the city clerk and a multitude of policemen.