

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

NO. 49.



PURELY VEGETABLE.

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

BAD BREATH!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common, as a bad breath; and in nearly every case it comes from the stomach, and can be easily corrected if you will take Simmons' Liver Regulator. It not only cures a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your appetite, complexion and general health.

CONSTIPATION

should not be regarded as a trifling ailment. In fact, nature demands the utmost regularity at the bowels, and any deviation from this demand causes the bowels to become sluggish. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat of sleep, and no health can be expected where a constive habit of body prevails.

SICK HEADACHE!

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfectly digested contents, causes a severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache, for the relief of which take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE Z STAMP IN RED ON THE WRAPPER.

J. H. ZKILIN & CO., Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Attorney-at-Law,  
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**J. D. KERNODLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**JOHN GRAY BYNUM, W. P. BYNUM, JR.,**  
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Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
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Practice regularly in the courts of Alamance county. Aug. 2, 94 19.

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All kinds of tin work and repairing. Shop on W. Elm St., second door from Bain & Thompson's. Dec. 2, 17.

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**There's Money**

In Your Pocket When You Buy a Pair of

**Noell Bros' \$2.68 PANTS**

They are all you'd expect for \$2.68. When coupled with Low Price—Fits, Material, Fit and Style are right, what more could you expect?

FOR SALE BY  
**L. B. HOLT & CO.**

**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 town of Graham, N. C. by order of the Board of Town Commissioners. J. D. KERNODLE, Clerk. Dec. 1, 1896.

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

## WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,  
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymns,  
Not in the muffled mighty symphonies,  
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,  
Is earth's best music. These may move avails  
High thoughts in happy hearts and caroling  
carols legible.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,  
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,  
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings,  
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake  
To leave the danger and to bear the harm—  
A low and gentle voice, dear woman's cheerful  
charm.

An excellent thing it is, and ever lent  
To truth and love and meekness. They who  
own  
This gift, by all the graces Giver sent,  
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;  
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have  
sorrowed;  
By patient never tired, from their own trial  
borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness  
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,  
Smiles to its smiles, saddens to its sads,  
Pales at its pailons, sorrows at its cries;  
In food and sleep and smiles and little joys—  
All these come ever bright with one low, gentle  
voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—  
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and  
sorrow—  
The strong heart falling and the big soul  
grieving  
With strange thoughts and with unworlded  
fears;  
Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy,  
Come like an angel's voice to teach us how  
to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,  
When the fond lover hears the loved one's  
tone,  
That fears but longs to syllable the truth—  
How two hearts are one, and she his  
own!  
It makes sweet human music—oh, the spells  
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed  
maiden tells!  
—Edwin Arnold.

## MASTER MANOLA.

Prince Neagoe Bassarab was seeking a God fearing man who was ever seeking a way to display his piety. He had built the churches of St. George and the Metropolitan in Tergovishta and the wondrously beautiful cloisters of Cosin and Tismana, the latter upon a rocky peak from which a cataract fell, and yet he deemed that he had not done enough. He longed to erect at Curtea de Argesch a church like no other in the world. He sent far and near for architects noted for their skill and originality to undertake the work.

Among them was a man named Manola. Some say that he came from Macedonia, others that he was a Spaniard. He promised the prince to delight his eyes with a structure that in its harmonious union of Byzantine, Arabian and Persian architecture should be of unsurpassed loveliness. He chose the laborers that seemed to him most skillful and began his work with infinite joy and zeal, for he felt that his power was ripe and that he was as master of his art. But it was as if some evil spirit opposed him. No matter how deep the foundations were laid streams of water would gush forth, loosen the soil and displace the stones. Daily they found the sand but recently removed had drifted back, and daily the walls had to be torn down and built anew. And when Manola, after working and thinking all day, laid the place at evening with moist forehead and puckered brows, he knew in what condition he should find it on the morrow.

The laborers began to murmur and were loath to work, saying that the spot was accursed and that a church would never be erected there. Manola had as much trouble with the grumbling men as with the refractory ground. Many a long night would he toss to and fro upon his bed in painful thought, then spring up and shed bitter tears. His sweet young wife, Anna, would also arise and gaze at him anxiously with her large doe-like eyes.

"Tell me your thoughts, beloved. It makes no end when you suffer and say nothing to me." Manola drew her to his side, stroked her little hands and bent his glance upon the ground, while she sought to read his sorrow from his countenance.

"I have been too arrogant. I, an alien and an unknown man, have boasted that I shall produce an architectural wonder, and the first stones I put together will not hold. The workmen have lost faith in me, and they are right. Even the earth opposes the stranger. The prince is wasting his money, and 'tis said that he has angrily intimated as much. From every side enemies and envious people spring up who reproach the prince for having trusted me. I have won only shame where I hoped for fame. I know that it is childish, Anna, but sometimes I am infected with the belief of the people that the spot is bewitched."

Heavy sighs escaped his bosom, and he stared before him like one whose brain is in torment.

"Oh, what can I do? What can I suggest?" cried the young wife.

"You!" said Manola bitterly. "What can you, frail child, do where we men with wisdom and strong arms are helpless?"

He sprang up and strode restlessly up and down the small room like a caged lion the whole night. And so for many nights. Anna burned many a taper before the Virgin to win her aid, but in vain. The work did not advance. Manola became

gloomier every day until the laborers began to fear him. At last one of them mustered the courage to say:

"Master, there is an old superstition in our country that has often been proved true. If a building will not stand, a living person must be placed at the foundation; then will it last for eternity."

The workmen surrounded Manola, eagerly awaiting his reply to this daring speech. He stared at them, and the veins upon his temples swelled.

"And whom would you place there?" he finally asked.

The men glanced at one another.

"It must be one who knows nothing of it," they answered.

"But who?"

"Master, at noon our wives, sisters and daughters come to bring us food. Let it be one of them."

"And who will offer his?" asked Manola looking at them with the flaming eyes that they had learned to fear.

They were silent.

"Well, who?" he queried again.

"The first who comes," came at last timidly from the circle.

"Well," cried Manola, "then swear! He raised his hand. "Then swear the first who comes, no matter whose wife, sister or daughter she may be, shall without delay or murmur be immured!"

"We swear!" whispered the men.

The sun seemed to mount so rapidly to the zenith that day, and many an eye glanced first toward heaven then into the distance. Not a word was spoken. The men's hearts trembled.

Manola had long stood with downcast eyes, brooding darkly. Now he looked up and felt his blood congealing. There, through the sunshine, came a slender form in snow white raiment; from her dark hair there floated a filmy veil; upon her shoulder she bore a pitcher; within her hand, a basket. 'Twas Anna, his young wife.

"O God!" he prayed, "hast thou wholly forsaken me? Thou hast indeed punished my arrogance. Release me from my oath. I cannot do this thing. Bid me not sacrifice my young wife, all that I can call my own in this strange land, my happiness, my life! Ered a temple that she may come no farther!"

As he stood upon the scaffold and prayed he felt that all eyes were turned toward him, and he knew that he would be made to keep his oath.

Then the heavens darkened. From greenish black clouds came sheets of sullen thunder and vivid shafts of lightning. There was a roaring and quaking as though the world was in its death struggle. A wind arose that bowed the mightiest trees and stripped them of their foliage. The men fled and made the sign of the cross, but the young wife came calmly on, heading not the tempest. She saw Manola's figure upon the scaffold outlined against the black, lightning streaked sky, and she listened her steps toward him.

"O God!" pleaded he, "now she has reached the brook. Cause it to overflow that she may not cross it!"

And see, a rain descends as if the firmament had opened and every cloud had poured its contents upon the earth. Anna came nearer. And the brook swelled and foamed wildly. Not even a horse could swim across it. For a moment the whole landscape was hidden by the veil of rain. Manola clutched a beam and strove to pierce the vapor with his eager glance. Then all was still. The sun shone forth, and look! Anna has taken off her shoes, tucked up her gown and is wading through the roaring flood. Manola stood motionless. His lips were white beneath his dark mustache, as the men who gazed dumbly up at him could see.

The young wife was now but a few steps away, and she nodded and smiled to him who stood aloft and in whose dark eyes lay the thought, "I had rather the stream had swallowed you than you should suffer this agony." He descended the scaffold, took from her the basket and pitcher and chided her laughingly for coming out in such wild weather, she whose approaching motherhood made quiet and comfort so essential. She noted a faint quiver in his voice and asked if the work was spoiled again.

"Come down and see for yourself what was ruined overnight. We are no farther now than we were yesterday evening."

She went down and viewed with troubled face the pools of water, the heaved up earth, the displaced stones. Meanwhile Manola gave a signal, and the masons began their work.

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

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CHINESE WHO HAVE STYLE.

Costumes They Wear Now and Couldn't Have Worn Ten Years Ago.

New York has reached that degree of cosmopolitanism at which the most extraordinary of foreign garbs attract little attention in its streets. Even the picturesque and once abused Chinaman can go forth in all his glory without much comment.

One of the most picturesque of this race went up Broadway a few days ago in a manner which, ten years back, would have created a small riot of interest and curiosity. He lounged back in the corner of a brougham with a fat cigar poised at a graceful angle in his face. His garments were of the most flowing style and amazing pattern. The material was elegant flowered silk and the color dazzling blue. On his head was some sort of gear that could hardly be called either a hat, cap or bonnet. This also was blue, and between balancing it properly on top of his curled up cue and keeping the fat cigar tilted at the proper angle the attention of the gorgeous Celestial was pretty well occupied.

On the opposite seat sat two Americanized Chinamen, short haired, correctly clothed and duly ornamented with large watch chains and scarfpins. They appeared to be listening reverently to the remarks which from time to time their companion trilled out in ground and lofty cadences. At that particular hour Broadway was busy getting back to business from its lunch and that carriage load of Celestials didn't even lie up people on the curbs to see it go by. The only persons who took more interest in the brilliantly dressed Chinaman than was expressed in a brief glance were the women. A number of them halted and compared admiring notes as to the silk of his apparel. The consensus of opinion was that they all would like some of the same piece, but that its like couldn't be found in this country.

Very different was the dress of a Chinaman who paraded on the Bowery on last Sunday. He, too, had appeared ten or even five years ago as he was on Sunday, would have needed police protection. He was a big fellow, over 6 feet tall, a most unusual thing for a Chinaman of low caste, as most of the New York Chinese are, and his stature was made more imposing by a silk hat of a forgotten style. Furthermore, he wore a long ostentatious coat, a fancy waistcoat, striped trousers, and patent leather shoes, and his mien was that of a demigod as he sauntered along the well filled thoroughfare. Imagination pauses powerless before the thought of what would have happened to that hat and its wearer in the times when the Bowery was the subject of song and story. In its reformed state of the present day it treated that Chinaman almost with deference. One might have supposed he owned the place. His fellow countrymen as they passed bowed low, receiving patronizing nods in return. One of them, in handsome silk attire, stopped and fingered the big fellow's coat and hat, apparently complimenting him upon the beautiful shine on the diagonal of the one and the fine furry appearance of the other, for he looked much pleased. Even the policemen on the corners nodded affably as he passed, and one of them said to an inquirer: "Him? W'y, he's one of the biggest politicians in Chinatown."

Young cocks, water hens, water rails, grebes and swans are almost as clever as the young wild ducks when in their downy youth. Later, when nearly fledged, and even when able to fly, they are much less adroit. They lose their cleverness, together with the beauty of babyhood, and pass through a stupid half fledged period as "dappers." Even their nerves go amiss. In parts of Iceland the line of flight of the young swans is marked by the natives, who assemble, and when the flocks pass over yell, shout and scream at the birds. The young swans become perfectly imbecile, and many of them simply close their wings, leave off flying and drop to the ground, when they are caught.

While there may be some plausible pretext for setting traps for mischievous persons and animals, there can be but little urged in favor of this practice when any number of individuals have access to the place in which the traps are placed. An inventor has brought out a device, by means of which, when a safe door is opened, a hammer falls and a glass vessel containing poisonous chemicals is broken. The fumes of the drug either stupefy or kill the burglar. This is all very well, if no one but the burglar ever went there, but should some interested person attempt to open the safe he might forget that the trap was placed and be suffocated by the vapor of the chemicals. Such devices involve too much risk to the innocent ever to become popular.—New York Ledger.

OF DIFFERENT MINDS.

Thought Their Dinner Was All Right, but the Company—Well.

"Six o'clock already!"

Monsieur and madame, in the dining room, are giving a final satisfied glance at the preparations for the coming dinner.

Madame (flustered)—Is everything right? You see nothing out of the way? Are you sure? Then I can finish dressing. I hope, dear, that our guests will be pleased.

"We can't do any better, my dear. Well, I hope it will be a success. You'll see, when the tongues are loosened, it will be gay enough."

Half past 7.

The guests have arrived; toilets of rose of mauve, in exquisite taste, form a charming whole. White shoulders offer a ravishing contrast to the black coats. After the usual presentations they pass into the dining room.

Every one finds the dinner perfect; the wines are approved by the connoisseurs; the most open gayety reigns; monsieur and madame exchange from time to time little smiles of satisfaction.

The company rise from the table. The ladies pass into the drawing room, when the gentlemen—oh, the wretches—hasten to the smoking room.

A slight coolness results, but passes quickly when they make their appearance again. There is chat, a little music, a monologue. The evening ends at midnight.

On the stairs.

First Guest—Did you see, my dear, what awkwardness, what affection. Poor things, they trotted out all their silver.

Second Guest—Their silver! You make me laugh! It was plate. I can always tell. I have so much old family silver myself.

Third Guest—You are both wrong. That silver was hired from the caterer. I saw those same candleabra last week at some supper.

All (together)—Impossible!

Fourth Guest—If their wine had only been good, I should not have noticed the rest. But such wines! I can't imagine where they got them. St. Emilion, indeed! (Clos Vougeot! I nearly laughed in their faces. Now, in my cellar I have those wines. But what a difference!

Only at the door of the carriage the remarks end.

Midnight.

The guests have left.

Monsieur and madame are alone.

Madame—I am so tired, but so pleased it was perfect. Everything went off well; our friends were delighted. Don't you think so? The dinners at the Limery or at the Corant were neither of them comparable to ours.

Monsieur—I should say not. Some of the women were jealous too. I saw their glances. How could it be otherwise? The dishes were delicious, the wines exquisite.

Madame—And, dear, I hope you don't mind, now that it's such a success, but I've spent a good deal more than my household allowance! Are you angry?

Monsieur—Angry, no indeed. We made a great hit tonight. I will make up the deficit. I am delighted. And the compliments the men paid me on you, my dear! But you must be tired. We must go to rest.

Madame—Yes, on your knees.—Paris Triweekly.

Nat Goodwin's Opinion.

Nat Goodwin, a long while ago, was invited to a small entertainment, on which occasion he was to soo himself imitated by a lesser light.

As a rule, imitations of Mr. Goodwin are said to be superior to the label to the solder on the underside of the can, and that the only original package is put up by the Goodwin firm. However, the comedian is always looking for something novel. So he went.

At an early hour the imitation occurred, after which Nat took his hat and a friend's umbrella and staggered out into the night.

Nearly a year had gone by, and the incident of the imitation was almost a memory, when one afternoon Goodwin was introduced to a tall, distinguished and debonaire gentleman, in whose eyes alone the color light of personal satisfaction.

"Ah!" exclaimed Goodwin, grasping the proffered hand. "Let me see. Hampton—Hampton. Yes, I seem to recall the name. I have it. You are the gentleman who gave an imitation of the last summer."

"I am the same," answered Hampton.

Nat shook his hand again, and, leaning forward, said in an undertone, "Well, one of us must be rotten." —New York Journal.