

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XXX.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904.

NO. 9

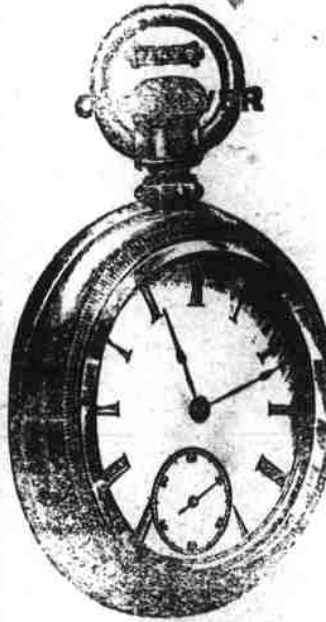
Try for Health

322 South Peoria St.,
CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902.
Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that I could not sleep. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value.

Surgeon General

Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

WINE OF CARDUI



Z. T. HADLEY,
JEWELER
GRAHAM, N. C.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

ESTABLISHED 1893

Burlington Insurance Agency

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Local agency of Penn Mutual Insurance Company. Best Life Insurance contracts now on the market.

Prompt personal attention to all orders. Correspondence solicited.
JAMES P. ALBRIGHT, Agent.

J. S. COOK,
Attorney-at-Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Office Patterson Building Second Floor.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR.
DENTIST
Graham, N. C.

OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

DEEDS GRAYSON, W. F. BYNUM, JR.,
BYNUM & BYNUM,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Practice regularly in the courts of Albemarle county. AME. 2, 94 17

LONG & LONG,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.

—Ten nice town lots in Graham, suitable for dwellings, for sale. Very desirable and terms reasonable.

J. A. LONG & CO.,
Real Estate Agents

A Test of Love

"I assure you, mother, that I do not want to marry yet," said Antoinette to Mme. Odiot. "I am only happy with myself, but should I enjoy the same happiness, the same peace and the same contentment, when I change your fireside for another? I doubt it. No, no, I have plenty of time yet; I am only eighteen years of age. While I am much honored by the attentions of M. le Baron de Merillac, I repeat that I must refuse him."

"My dear child," replied Mme. Odiot, "you should reflect that one of these days you will lose me. I have been suffering for a long time, and very little would suffice to carry me off. You will then find yourself without support, since your dear father is gone, and a husband is the natural support of a young girl when she has lost her parents. Baron de Merillac is a very estimable young man. You will probably never get such another offer. He is enormously rich."

"Then you know him?" asked Antoinette, with surprise.

"Without doubt."

"Yet I have never seen him here," persisted the girl.

"No, he has never been here, but I have met him several times at the house of Mme. de Saverny, where you would never accompany me, under the pretext that she displeased you, and it was Mme. de Saverny who spoke to me of the baron as a man who would be suitable for you from every point of view."

"I shall like Mme. de Saverny still less now," exclaimed the girl. "What business is it of hers? If she is so anxious to get M. de Merillac married, let her take him herself. She is a widow."

"You are foolish, ma bonne cherie. M. de Merillac is twenty-five years old, and Mme. de Saverny is fifty. She might be his mother. But you should not get angry. One would almost think that you had some other reason than the one you give so vehemently for refusing M. de Merillac."

"Some other reason," stammered Antoinette, lowering her eyes, while a pretty little flush came into her cheeks.

Mme. Odiot watched her smilingly, and several minutes passed in silence.

Antoinette took up her sewing again, and, being aware no doubt that her mother's eyes were fixed upon her, presently rose and went over to the piano. Mme. Odiot stopped her as she went.

"We will settle the matter once for all," she said, "never to return to it. The reason you refuse M. de Merillac is because you don't want to marry. Is it not?"

"Mais oui, maman," said Antoinette in a voice that nevertheless lacked the ring of sincerity.

"So that no matter who else may come to me to ask your hand I may tell him no and send him about his business?"

"Oh, I didn't say that—perhaps later—when I am older—if the—if I liked him," stammered the young girl, much embarrassed.

"So be it. We will talk of something else. For instance, my dear nephew Gaston has now been with us for three weeks and has nearly finished his picture. He has been very busy making some sketches in the woods for another one he has in view. I think he is with your uncle at this moment. Let us go across and see him—I mean my brother. He has not been very well of late."

"Oh, no, mother; my uncle is quite well again," said Antoinette quickly.

"Ah, you have some news about him?"

Antoinette bit her lips. Her answer had slipped out too quickly.

"The gardener told me," she added naively.

Mme. Odiot pretended not to notice her daughter's embarrassment.

"Will you come with me? I am going at once. As he is your guardian I ought to let him know at once of your decision with regard to M. de Merillac, for he knew all about him."

"Oh, my uncle knew?"

"Yes."

"And he approved?"

"Yes."

"Then Gaston knew that it was proposed I should marry this baron?"

"Perhaps."

"But he has said nothing to me about it?"

"I thought you had not seen him?"

At this moment a servant girl entered the room and announced that the Baron de Merillac and his son were waiting outside.

"M. le Baron de Merillac and his son," she said.

Then she withdrew. Antoinette hurriedly made up her mind to conceal herself, when there appeared upon the threshold of the room her uncle and Gaston. She stood gaping at them without moving and examined them.

"What does this mean?" she stammered, turning toward her mother.

"Ask your uncle and Gaston himself," replied Mme. Odiot.

"It means," said M. Lambert very seriously, "that I come as your guardian to ask for you in marriage to the Baron de Merillac."

"But—the announcement just made by Justine!" interrupted Antoinette, who could not understand why the baron and his father did not make their appearance and why her uncle made this request when they were evidently both waiting in the next room.

Her interrogating glances passed from her mother to M. Lambert and Gaston, the latter of whom appeared a little disturbed and nervous in spite of his smiling face. Antoinette had dried her tears, but her eyes were still red and swollen from crying.

Gaston noticed this.

"You have been crying, Antoinette?" he asked her while M. Lambert and Mme. Odiot stood apart and conversed in low tones.

"Yes," she replied to her cousin's question.

"I cannot tell you."

"Oh," was all he said.

"Well, Antoinette," interrupted M. Lambert, "you have given me no answer."

"Mother has already spoken to me about this gentleman, uncle, and—"

"And?" questioned Gaston's father.

"And," continued Antoinette, playing nervously with a skein of wool she held in her hands.

"Well?" insisted M. Lambert. "Is it difficult to say?"

Gaston made a step in the direction of the young girl as though to encourage her.

"Tell them, mother, what I answered you," murmured the poor girl. Gaston's attitude was torture to her.

"Well," began Mme. Odiot, exchanging a glance with her brother, "my daughter does not wish to get married!"

Gaston made another step toward Antoinette and seized her hand.

"Not even with me?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"With you?" cried the young girl, blushing and growing pale by turns.

"Yes, with me, for I love you! Do you not know it?"

"I was sure of it," replied M. Lambert, with a wink.

"For goodness' sake, explain yourselves!" exclaimed Antoinette, looking at all of them in turn.

"It is easy to explain," said Gaston. "I thought I had guessed your love for me, and I told my father, confessing my love for you at the same time. He and your mother talked it over and laid this trap to see if your love was strong enough to resist a rich and titled lover."

"Oh, Gaston! And you have fallen into the trap?"

"Yes, petite cousin, for I, too, wanted to feel quite sure that I was being loved for myself alone. Now I know and can no longer doubt, can I? You will be my wife, won't you?"

"But she has not said so," interrupted Mme. Odiot mischievously, without giving her daughter time to reply and having hard work herself to keep a serious face.

"Yes, I have, mother!" cried Antoinette, with delightful simplicity.

"Ah, Antoinette, Antoinette! Thank you, my darling little cousin!" exclaimed Gaston, mad with joy.

The young girl had flung herself upon her mother's neck and embraced her with all her heart.

he had supposed to be home asleep. The woman was leaning on the arm of a tall stranger, who appeared to be devoted to her.

To make certain of his suspicions Banks passed the domino and placed himself so that the couple must pass close to him. On they came, arm in arm, chatting, but when the woman caught sight of Banks she started like a guilty thing and, dropping the man's arm, fled.

Banks hurried after her, and when he finally cornered her she covered down on a seat and, unable to utter a word, extended her hand as if begging for mercy.

"Forgive me," she pleaded, "and I promise you—"

Before she had completed the sentence Banks tore the mask off her face. Then he gasped. The woman was his wife's maid. She had purloined the costume of her mistress and worn it to the ball.

Banks did not tell his wife, because she might inquire why he was at the ball.—New York Press.

Her Identification Mark.

A charmingly dressed young lady with a certain knowing air about her was seen to enter a Chestnut street bank the other day. The writer was just behind and, having business at the same financial institution, followed this attractive daughter of Eve. She hurried to the first window, only to be told to take her place in line. As she had entered the building first, the writer allowed her to take his position. The lady showed a certain amount of impatience owing to the delay in getting to the head of the line, but once she had the paying teller's attention she offered him a check.

"But," said the officer, "you must get some one to identify you."

The lady looked at him a moment, but a solution soon presented itself to her, and she replied:

"Oh, certainly; you can identify me by this mole under my lip."

And when she left that window after five minutes of useless argument her face had lost that charming smile which it originally wore.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Pastor and the People.

Take the whole range of activity and amusement which has within a generation swept into the various denominations under the name of "the institutional church." In response to whose initiative did that present itself? Pastors were, as a rule, averse to it or dreaded it—often opposed to it openly. But it entered the church resistlessly. Imagine a clergyman now trying to put a veto upon the manifold social and secular work that shelters itself today in the churches. He would find that there is a power not himself that makes for it. That is only an instance of the tides that rise and fall about him without his volition.—Rollo Ogden in Century.

A Slight Mistake.

It is occasionally difficult to realize that a man is deaf till something suddenly makes us apprehend it. I think of the clerk of a country church who was once much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman who when the sermon was about to begin took a trumpet (in two parts) out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The clerk watched him till the process was completed and then, going stealthily up, whispered: "Yeow man! play that here. Do, I'll turn ye' out."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Better Plan.

"I suppose they are expecting to see your son at the college from which you graduated?"

"I suppose so."

"There is always the feeling that a man owes his alma mater something."

Be First and Be Prompt.

A North Adams man stopped behind a colt he was breaking to harness and was kicked in the face to the extent of having the cheek bones fractured. In this progressive age no man should crouch at the rear end of events to see what is going on ahead. He should be careful about getting in front of them too.

"Here, Dennis," said the veterinary to his Irish assistant, "take this tube, which is filled with a throat powder. Insert one end in the horse's mouth and blow at the other." Dennis thereafter writes on the ground in contentions. "Why, Dennis, what's the matter?"

Dennis' reply, "The horse blowed foosht!"—Detroit Tribune.

Recurring.

"I was spending a few days in Strathaven, Scotland, once," said a Londoner. "At the inn where I was stopping lived an old couple who were preparing to visit the United States. Naturally enough, they questioned me at some length about the trip, and the old gentleman was anxious to know if it was very dangerous to cross the ocean. I assured him that it was not at all hazardous, although it was often very rough. His sister listened intently and then remarked, with a sigh of contentment, 'Awee, swee, I'll be a gay dry summer, and I'll be the sea all no be vera deep.'—London

High Heels.

Sarah Bernhardt, who was interviewed on the subject of high heels, says: "High heels are exquisite for the woman who knows how to wear them. Every one does not know how. A happy medium must be struck. I can see no reason in the world why there should be any danger from wearing high heels. The danger is in their being too high, that they are prettier than new ones."

A Scotch Sentence.

Lord Braxfield admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished musician, for the judge said: "Tis a clever chap, but 'y'll be the wair of a' hissing, my man."



WOMAN'S WORLD

BOOKCASE CURTAIN.

A Pretty and Durable One May Be Made of Burlap.

A very pretty and durable curtain for a bookcase may be made of burlap. One noticed recently was light brown, with trimmings of red. A brass rod was fastened to the top of the bookcase, and the drapey was thrown over it so as to form a deep lambrequin at the top. The burlap was lined throughout with turkey red. Red felt was used for a border across the top and bottom. This was feather stitched to the burlap with red worsted in circles of six quite long stitches, the middle stitch being the longest, and the ends counted toward each end, with a space of about an inch between each cluster.

The border of felt across the lambrequin end of the curtain was about eight inches deep. Across the bottom of the curtain the border was a little deeper and was set up from the bottom, leaving about five inches of the burlap below it.

It was an extremely effective curtain and was made very quickly and with little expense by a busy housekeeper.

The use of burlap is being revived for a number of purposes. It is often used as a substitute for wall paper, sometimes in the form of a deep frieze with the paper below or a figured burlap is used upon the walls, with plain burlap for the base and dado, or frieze only. It comes in green, blue, red and brown. In fact, nearly every color may be procured.—Ladies' World.

DO THINGS EASILY.

Strive to Eliminate the Heavy Strain From Housework.

"Do sit down," said a wise mother of a family to the new and ambitious young housekeeper. "I do not in the least approve of what might be called the habit of collapsing into a chair every time one turns around, but I do believe in saving one's strength when it is just as easy to do it. You are standing at the table to pare your potatoes when you might just as well sit down to it. By and by there will be cleaning and scrubbing and scrubbing to do, when you must stand."

"If there is fruit to prepare, vegetables to get ready or any of the many things where one may remain quiet while doing them, it is much better to sit. This gives renewed energy to the harder part of the work, and while there is so much about housework that is necessarily taxing it seems to me a very wise thing to do this. I do not know why economy in strength is not being that our duty is first toward those nearest to us and that helplessness never means excusing; sin or palliating wrong, but doing one's best to save."—Rev. Amory H. Bradford, Congregationalist, Montclair, N. J.

The Christian Principle.

The Christian principle is very clear. It is the duty of the wise to serve the ignorant, of the rich to become the servants of the poor, of the strong to deny themselves their rights and their pleasures for the sake of helping those who are in danger of falling, always remembering that our duty is first toward those nearest to us and that helplessness never means excusing; sin or palliating wrong, but doing one's best to save."—Rev. Amory H. Bradford, Congregationalist, Montclair, N. J.

The Church as an Army.

The church should be a harmoniously organized army. It is not only possible thereby to win a solid front against the satanic foe, but also by preponderance of numbers, concentrated in one more, to make, as the Bible says, a little one "become a thousand and a small one a strong nation." Concentration in military parlance means not only conquest, but generally the complete mystification and disorganization of an opposing foe.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

The Sin of Ingratitude.

There is a side to human nature which one would fain cover with a cloak of silence; that marble hearted thing we call ingratitude, the meager returns from others for so much done, the grudging acknowledgment of so much sacrifice, sometimes the positive injury inflicted because in granting the boon, which you could not grant. Blow, blow, thin windy thing; dost art not so unkind as man's ingratitude. —Rev. Robert McKenzie, Presbyterian, New York.

The Mission of Christ.

Christ unveiled to us the ideal man, for he was the child of the race, and the race blossomed in him. There has never been another like him in all the history of the world. He came to make men brethren, for if a man does not feel, really feel, toward his fellows as brother he cannot say "Our Father." He came to give us a new eye with which to view humanity, a new humanity with which to enter into the trials of our brethren; he came to give us the Christmas spirit. He was divine. Deny this, and darkness and chaos will set down upon us forever.—Rev. Dr. Richard H. Hays, President Lake Forest College, Chicago.

The Message of Life.

Religion is a message of life, and of larger life. Those who hold back from it are only detaching themselves from the noblest actions, the finest experiences and the rarest joys. Religion broadens the nature of man, broadens the diameter and enlarges the horizon of his life. It quickens the spiritual, it gives true freedom, it fosters love and good will, it intensifies joy, and over the mound of death it rears the rainbow of an immortal hope. We only then sound the vast range of life and taste the rarest essence of being when we develop and give scope to our religious nature. This is that message which religion brings and which Jesus voices in these pregnant words: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."—Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, Lutheran, New York.

Songs Without Words.

"Say, what sort of girl is Miss Quickstep?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I was just wondering. When I called on her the other evening she was at the piano, and I told her I'd like to hear some of those 'Songs Without Words.' By George, she went and brought in the loveliest canary bird I ever heard, started it to singing, and it sang the whole evening."

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Jesus Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

Christian convert, never feel that the hours are wasted which you spend on your knees talking with Christ in secret prayer.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

In Line With God.

The man who does not line up with God's people in the great fight for righteousness on the side of the devil and arrays himself against God.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Methodist, Atlanta, Ga.

The Glory of Salvation.

Salvation is great because of future glory. When the Lord saves a man he does not leave him shivering and half starved in sight of the plenty of a great city, but gives him citizenship in the great capital of the universe.—Rev. W. M. Martin, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Sin and Disease.

The best way to keep disease out of the inner life is to keep it strong, healthy and vigorous with moral and spiritual life. The way to keep sin out of the life is not by fencing of any kind, for sin gets over all fences, but by having the life filled to overflowing with spiritual life and power.—Rev. W. M. Martin, Methodist, Brooklyn.

The Perpetuity of the Church.

What is going to keep this church together? It will not be the new minister nor the Sunday school nor the woman's mission circle. In some way we must incarnate into our deeds and into our lives that principle that animated Jesus when he came to this world as a sacrifice for us.—Rev. Dr. W. M. McGlaulin, Universalist, Atlanta, Ga.

Movement Forward Christ.

The movement of the world is Christward. The nations of the earth are spreading their garments on the highway for the coming of the King. The about of hosanna to the Saviour King is sounding over all lands and gathering volume every hour. The eye of faith can see in the not far distant day all humanity bowing in love and reverence before Jesus as it pours forth its coronation song.—Rev. J. P. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

Need of Holy Men.

There is nothing we are so much in need of in our civilized country as holy men. When we think of the "epidemic of crime" that alarms us, the social depravity that disgraces us, the commercial dishonesty that startles us, we wonder if with our opulence and educational advantages we are growing men, true men, as we ought.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago.

The Christian Principle.

The Christian principle is very clear. It is the duty of the wise to serve the ignorant, of the rich to become the servants of the poor, of the strong to deny themselves their rights and their pleasures for the sake of helping those who are in danger of falling, always remembering that our duty is first toward those nearest to us and that helplessness never means excusing; sin or palliating wrong, but doing one's best to save."—Rev. Amory H. Bradford, Congregationalist, Montclair, N. J.

The Church as an Army.

The church should be a harmoniously organized army. It is not only possible thereby to win a solid front against the satanic foe, but also by preponderance of numbers, concentrated in one more, to make, as the Bible says, a little one "become a thousand and a small one a strong nation." Concentration in military parlance means not only conquest, but generally the complete mystification and disorganization of an opposing foe.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

The Sin of Ingratitude.

There is a side to human nature which one would fain cover with a cloak of silence; that marble hearted thing we call ingratitude, the meager returns from others for so much done, the grudging acknowledgment of so much sacrifice, sometimes the positive injury inflicted because in granting the boon, which you could not grant. Blow, blow, thin windy thing; dost art not so unkind as man's ingratitude. —Rev. Robert McKenzie, Presbyterian, New York.

The Mission of Christ.

Christ unveiled to us the ideal man, for he was the child of the race, and the race blossomed in him. There has never been another like him in all the history of the world. He came to make men brethren, for if a man does not feel, really feel, toward his fellows as brother he cannot say "Our Father." He came to give us a new eye with which to view humanity, a new humanity with which to enter into the trials of our brethren; he came to give us the Christmas spirit. He was divine. Deny this, and darkness and chaos will set down upon us forever.—Rev. Dr. Richard H. Hays, President Lake Forest College, Chicago.

The Message of Life.

Religion is a message of life, and of larger life. Those who hold back from it are only detaching themselves from the noblest actions, the finest experiences and the rarest joys. Religion broadens the nature of man, broadens the diameter and enlarges the horizon of his life. It quickens the spiritual, it gives true freedom, it fosters love and good will, it intensifies joy, and over the mound of death it rears the rainbow of an immortal hope. We only then sound the vast range of life and taste the rarest essence of being when we develop and give scope to our religious nature. This is that message which religion brings and which Jesus voices in these pregnant words: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."—Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, Lutheran, New York.

Songs Without Words.

"Say, what sort of girl is Miss Quickstep?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"I was just wondering. When I called on her the other evening she was at the piano, and I told her I'd like to hear some of those 'Songs Without Words.' By George, she went and brought in the loveliest canary bird I ever heard, started it to singing, and it sang the whole evening."



FOR YOUNG FOLKS

WINDMILL OF STRAW.

A Pretty Toy That Requires a Good Deal of Care in Making.

This is a pretty though fragile toy, and the making of it will be both interesting and easy unless you have clumsy fingers. If you have it will be a good exercise for the purpose of making them less clumsy.

The whole machine is made entirely of straw. There isn't even a drop of glue or wax to hold it together. You must have good, sound dry straw, unthrashed, or at least unbroken. If you live in the city the straws which come in bundles for use at soda water fountains will furnish your material, but



THE STRAW WINDMILL.

some of them must be larger than others so that they can be slipped over them.

The wheel is made of two three-inch pieces of coarse straw. Sit each piece for rather more than half its length into either three or four strips and bend these strips out until they are nearly perpendicular to the rest of the straw, thus making a three or four spoked wheel attached to a short tube.