

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. I.

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NO. 9.

## THE GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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25 "	26.50	28.50	31.00	47.50	65.00
26 "	27.50	29.50	32.00	49.00	67.00
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One inch to constitute a square.

### POETRY.

#### THE POOR MAN AT THE GATE OF PARADISE—A MORNING DREAM.

BY W. WAYBROOK, ESQ.

A poor old man died on one bitter cold day,  
And directly to Paradise wended his way;  
Saint Peter he met—'tis a dream I relate—  
With his great shining keys, keeping ward at the gate.

Now, while standing here, with the Apostle conversing,  
The events of his journey to heaven rehearsing,  
He sees a rich townsman—the gate is ajar—  
Slip quietly by them—and in through the bar.

His listens; he hears peals of music arise  
To welcome this man to his home in the skies;  
But on entering himself, though bright visions fill  
His fancy with rapture, all is silent and still.

"How is this?"—turning back to Saint Peter, his guide;  
In accents of wonder the poor man then cried:  
"When my neighbor went in, sweetest music I heard;  
Why is not the same honor on me now conferred?"

"D'ye keep up the distinction here, please let me know,  
'Twixt the rich and the poor that we had down below?"

"Not at all," said Saint Peter; "oh, no, not at all;  
Just as brothers we live in this banqueting hall;

"But poor folks like you, I am happy to say,  
By hundreds pass through the gate every day;  
About once in a year comes a rich man along,  
Then all Paradise rings with a general song!"

### MISCELLANY.

#### How Postage Stamps are Made.

The process of manufacturing the little postage stamps is quite interesting: In printing, steel plates are used, on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept at work covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and a girl, who are equally busy at printing in mail with large rolling hand presses. Three of these little stamper presses are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water, which is better than any other material, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on little racks which are fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard, and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who in as many operations perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled, and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail bags for despatching to fulfill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred are burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the progress of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.

A Detroit gentleman, walking behind two school children the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there," answered the man. "But I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless; mamma has determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your affection. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine, or give me any more gum."

A pretty piece of business—Drawing salaries.

### MRS. SMITH'S FINESSE.

BY HARRIET IRVING.

Madame Goureaud walked in her garden in the lovely June weather. She was very fond of the flowers, and spent a great deal of time among them. It was not her fault that a young gentleman in one of the row of houses opposite sat at his window, nor even that he cast admiring glances somewhere in her direction. She bloomed as her roses did, without an effort. This little tribute to the lady's charms would have injured no one, even when the unknown gentleman was so bold as to kiss her hand and lay it upon his heart if monsieur, the husband, had not been possessed of an evil spirit of jealousy, which kept him always on the qui vive lest some one should admire his lovely Therese too greatly.

In this particular instance, Monsieur Goureaud had become remarkably uneasy—so much so, that he had felt called upon to leave his place of business at all sorts of inopportune hours and enter the house abruptly, sometimes to join Madame Goureaud in the garden, sometimes to watch her for hours from behind the closed blinds. As for the lady, she was all discretion and propriety. She never once lifted her large eye lids.

She was a woman of more than ordinary acuteness and was well aware when both these gentlemen's glances were riveted upon her, but she only shrugged her plump shoulders and said nothing, arguing within herself that there was no reason why she should neglect her floral treasures because an impertinent neighbor wished to observe her features, neither was there the least reason in the world why she should interfere with poor Alphonse's pastime if he wished to peep behind the blinds.

The sun was setting. Madame Goureaud had entered her house to see that the servants had set all things in order for supper. The snowy damasks, the resplendent silver, the strawberries in their nest of green leaves, the dainty confections, all were spread in beautiful array. Monsieur Goureaud has descended to the supper table, bearing his hat and walking stick ostentatiously in his hand, though he had passed a very convenient receptacle for them, which fact madame's flexible eyebrows remarked in dumb show.

Meanwhile the admiring neighbor looked disconsolately from his window. He was an exceedingly young man of the pale staid order, long as to nose and limb, lemon color as to hair, eyebrows and moustache, lean and melancholy. He ran his fingers through his hair and sighed, looked first at his neighbor's house and then to heaven, snatched paper, pen, ink and blotter from the interior of his desk, which always stood handy during his evening meditations, and indited verses, probably, for at regular intervals his nose pointed skyward and he placed his fingers on his brow as if meditating a rhyme, then nose and pen dipped, and two more lines went smoothly.

He had covered a large and elegant sheet of paper with his chirography. He lifted it with an admiring glance, laid it down again, turned to his desk, it may be for a ruler, when a treacherous gust of wind, as though enamored of the glowing words, caught up the production of his muse, and waited it out of his reach. O, horror! It was circling in space. It descended wheeling, slowly, slowly. Perhaps, after all, it was not so far wrong. His eyes followed it with anxiety. Slowly, slowly! It lingered a moment on the top of a whitewashed fence. The die was cast. The paper entered Madame Goureaud's garden, wheeled once, twice, fluttered like a brooding dove, nestled softly under the spreading leaves of a great African lily. The poet buried his head in his hands.

Midnight reigned. The moon shone on two long rows of houses, standing back to back. A door opened, and a young gentleman, with no shirt collar on his neck and a desperate look of daring on his face, came forth. With stealthy steps he advanced to the back fence, a portion of which adjoined Madame Goureaud's garden. The clothes line which dangled slackly from iron hooks proved a great assistance. He climbed. He stood for a second looking down. Cats fled before him uttering fendish yells. A whiffet in a neighboring garden set up its shrill bark. A window in Monsieur Goureaud's house was opened, the shutter flung wide, and Monsieur Goureaud appeared, pistol in hand, and fired.

The figure which had reared conspicuously in the moonlight, dropped. Other windows were flung open. More cats fled. Soon silence was restored, and the solitary adventurer crawled back to the door he had come from, looking fearfully over his shoulder.

At breakfast Madame Goureaud, smiling and arrayed in a cream-colored cashmere which well became her blooming complexion, poured out Monsieur Goureaud's chocolate and thanked him sweetly for frightening those dreadful cats. At breakfast, also Madame Goureaud received a note signed by Juvenal Smith, of the next street, and begging the honor of an interview at nine that morning.

After breakfast Monsieur Goureaud departed, with an affectionate embrace. Madame's eyebrows remarked, "Ah! Monsieur Alphonse, you have removed your hat and walking stick, but your boots still stand in the closet. Gentlemen do not go to their business in velvet slippers. 'N'est ce pas?'" Madame scolded herself and thought profoundly. If Monsieur Smith desired a nearer view of her features, why deprive him of that pleasure? Alphonse was not rash, only resolute.

There should be no bloodshed. She went to her mirror, rectified a few slight mistakes which nature had made in getting up a remarkably fine woman, placed a full-blown rose in her hair, entered her parlor, posted herself before a long mirror in a violet-velvet chair and summoned her maid.

In the next house to Madame Goureaud's that lady had often observed a young person with a pink and white complexion and yellow brown hair, who, like Madame herself, spent much time in the garden, a nice little thing! and rather pretty. To this young lady she despatched a message, which was answered in person.

"My dear," said she, when they were seated together, "one can't help one's beauty, as you know." The young lady blushed.

"And," continued Madame Goureaud, "a very foolish young man has taken a fancy to mine, Monsieur, my husband, is desperately jealous, and my motive in sending for you was to prevent violence."

The young lady squealed.

"Now, I beg you won't be alarmed, my dear. He'll be her shortly. My husband is concealed in the house, and I wish you to feign, my dear, that the young man is interested in yourself, only for once, my dear child! Ah! He is here!"

The door-bell sounded. Juvenal Smith was announced and entered, bowing and blushing. Through the open door of the drawing-room a shadow appeared, so high of shoulders, so prominent of back, that it resembled that of a moulted eagle rather than a man.

Madame Goureaud arose, placed a hand affectionately about the young lady's waist and advanced.

"My young friend," said she, "knowing how deeply you have long been attached to each other—the young lady shrugged unbecomingly and looked awkward, as American young ladies do sometimes look in embarrassing situations; Madame Goureaud glanced at her and smiled—

"and what barriers society places between young hearts, I have succeeded to the wish of Mr. Smith and offered my home as a trying place. Doubtless my Alphonse would have been too happy, but the delicacy of the circumstances forbade my confiding in him. Miss Arrowhead, Mr. Smith. You have had the introduction. The world is now satisfied."

"Madame," said Mr. Smith, placing his hand on his vest and bowing profoundly, "you have anticipated my wishes. You have placed me under a debt of eternal gratitude. May I believe that Miss Arrowhead is—now averse?"

Miss Arrowhead tossed her curls and looked mortified, and as if she strongly objected to the whole proceeding.

The moulted eagle on the wall developed arms and legs and Monsieur Goureaud entered.

"Sir," hissed he, eef as you say, madame my wife, had lay you under a debt of eternal gratitude, will you explain, eef you please, why it ees zat I had find zis little paper in my garden? Also why you haf enter my premises at midnight?"

and Arrowhead. "But what will a young man do who has been disappointed?" said Madame Goureaud, and she often regales her female friends with the story of her last conquest, and how that unfortunate Mr. Smith who married his plain little wife out of pure desperation, assisted her to deceive Alphonse and evade the awful consequences of his jealousy.

### After the Funeral.

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look, so peculiar to the occasion, observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" observed her sister.

"Oh, I don't know," observed the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," said all the ladies. "It was as large and respectable a funeral as I have seen this winter," said the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," said the lady from the next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Sleazum only ten minutes ago that the attendance couldn't have been better—the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister.

"They go so rarely to funerals that I was quite surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes, the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but little; they are so exclusive."

"I thought I saw the Curtises, also," suggested the bereaved woman, drooping.

"Oh, yes," chimed in several. They came in their own carriage, too," said the sister, animatedly. "And then there were the Randalls, and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaar had her cousin from the city with her. And Mrs. Randall wore a heavy black silk, which I am sure was quite new. Did you see Colonel Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them, but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed," said they all again; and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable, and inquired most kindly about you, and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now arose to go, each bidding her good-bye, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it. I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

### Easter Floral Decorations.

It is customary to decorate the fonts and chancels of some churches on Easter Sunday, as other occasions with flowers; and an ignorant fashion requires that these flowers should be white. From time immemorial, in all countries of the earth, there has been a symbolism of colors, which, especially in religious ceremonies and decorations has been strictly observed and practiced. According to this symbolism, two principles, light and darkness, produce all colors. Light is represented by white, and darkness by black; but as light is not supposed to exist without fire, red is also used to represent it, and, on this basis, symbolism admits two primitive colors—red and white. Red is the symbol of divine love; white the symbol of divine wisdom and uncreated light. Red, in its various shades, has ever been used as a prevailing color in the vestments of priests, and it so continues in the Roman Church. Whether from tradition or practice the cushions of our pulpits and pews and the covering of the communion tables are of this color.

In the great mysteries of Eleusis a child, always initiated in red, performed a character emblematic of death. Hence he was called the child of the sanctuary; and, doubtless in reference to this, the acolytes in the churches appear in red vestments. The artists of the Middle Ages always gave to Christ, after his resurrection, robes of red and white. Yellow was considered as a revelation of the love and wisdom of God, and azure the symbol of divine eternity and of human immortality. From these facts it will appear that if we undertake, on such occasions to embellish, we should do it with studious care, lest we find ourselves in the committal of an archaism. In placing flowers on the communion table or in the font, on such festivals, we should not be limited to white alone, but make use of such colors as symbolize the ideas we wish to express. As those who use flowers for such purposes believe in the divinity of Christ, the prevailing colors should be red, white, yellow and azure:—Red, as indicating His divine love; white as indicating His divine wisdom and emanation from the Father; yellow, as a revelation of His love in dying for us; and azure, as emblematic of His immortality and divine eternity.

Perhaps also in this selection of the three primeval colors, red, blue and yellow, as symbolizing the attitudes of the Deity, there may have been a distant reference to the Trinity, or to the rainbow, as a token of the Creator's pledge not again to destroy mankind by a deluge, the rainbow being also referred to as a visible pledge of his loving kindness to men. The customs in symbolizing which prevail in the Christian Church, all had their origin in ages long anterior to its institution. They were derived from traditions which came down from the priests and learned men of Egypt and other Eastern countries, by whom they were used to convey ideas, and to produce emotions in worshippers which their lack of education prevented them from understanding if presented in any other way. Hence a symbol of the rainbow may have been presented by the use of the three primary colors in the service of the temples. In any event the use of these colors, in such services, dates back to the remotest ages.

### Disposition of the hands.

A terrible epoch occurs in the lives of most created beings, during which their hands are a burden to them—and always in the way. This epoch overtakes, and the hands tell their own story of good or ill breeding. One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is this uncomfortable consciousness of the hands; an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman are occupied at home without being occupied; they are habituated to the *dolce pour niente*, or if they spontaneously move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burnt his hand-off before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude; and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times, a bloody hand in the center of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

### A New Tonic.

A new tonic, called boldo, has been discovered. Boldo is a tree found in Chili, of a height of five or six feet, isolated on mountainous regions, with yellow blossoms and verdant foliage. Its bark, leaves and blossoms possess a marked aromatic odor, resembling a mixture of turpentine and camphor. The leaves contain largely an essential oil. It contains an alkaloid which is already called "boldine." Its properties are chiefly as a stimulant to digestion, and having a marked action on the liver. Its action was discovered rather accidentally, this: Some sheep, which are liver-diseased, were confined in an enclosure which happened to have been recently repaired with boldo twigs. The animals ate the leaves and shoots, and were observed to recover speedily. Direct observations proved its action, thus: One gramme of the tincture excites appetite, increases the circulation, and produces symptoms of circulatory excitement, and acts on the urine, which gives out the peculiar odor of boldo.

### VARIETIES.

Domestic "sauce" is kept in family jars.

Sleep-walking is supposed to be in some way connected with the trance-migration of souls.

A natural interruption: Sunday-school teacher—"What do you understand by suffering for righteousness sake?" Boy (promptly)—"Practising hymns into the morning, teacher, and Sunday-school in the afternoon, and Bible class in the evening."

The population of Paris, numbering about 1,800,000 is said to consume about 46,000,000 gallons of wine, nearly 2,000,000 gallons of alcohol and alcoholic liquors, 500,000 gallons of beer—some twenty-eight gallons of wine, beer and spirits a year for each of the inhabitants, including women and children.

Professor Dor, in Berne, has recently again called attention to the constantly increasing rate of short-sightedness among school children, ranging in the higher class now from fifty to sixty per cent.—Causes of this are said to be: Arrangements and wall color of school rooms; the too small type used in text books; the use of white paper for school books in place of some more grateful tint to the eyes; finally, the bad gas-light which children are compelled to study by.

Dr. Wilkes, in his recent work on physiology, remarks that "it is estimated that the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantle every eight months." It will be perceived, therefore, that in the course of about ten years each of us eats three or four mantle pieces and a few sets of front door steps. And in a long life I suppose it is fair to estimate that a healthy American could devour the capitol at Washington, and perhaps two or three medium-size marble quarries besides. It is awful to think of the consequences if a man should be shut off from his supply of lime for a while and then should get loose in a cemetery. An ordinary tombstone would hardly be enough for a lunch for him.

The Silgo River, Ireland is one of the very few which opens on the first day of the new year, and immediately after the clock struck 12 the nets were at work notwithstanding the inclement weather. Few men recollect more bitter weather than that on the night of the old and the morning of the new year; and the wonder was that a single fish would remain in the cold river, but run to the comparatively much warmer water of the ocean, the usual resort of salmon under such circumstances. Notwithstanding, however, the inclement state of the weather and sheets of ice floating down the river, 11 salmon and several large trout, all in the finest condition were captured. Had the weather proved favorable, it is thought that a much larger capture would have been made.

The *Sherman Advertiser* says that after Sherman made his march to the sea, all in the wide track of waste and desolation that he made of the tramp of his footman and the iron feet of his cavalry there sprung up a new and unknown grass from the soil, which the farmers called the "Sherman clover." It would grow up in the most unexpected places, and it is said would root on Bermuda grass; and, as a strange similarity, we now hear that after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, in many districts of France a new vegetation sprang up, evidently the result of the invasion. It was believed that this vegetation would become acclimatized, but very few of the species introduced in this way appear likely to continue to flourish. In the Department of Loir and Loir-et-Cher, of one hundred and sixty-three German species, at least one-half have already appeared, and the surviving species diminish in vigor each year. Scarcely five or six species appear to manifest any tendency to become acclimated. Can any of our naturalists account for it?

It is found by observation that the effect of "training," or the persistent use of gymnastic exercises, is to enlarge the heart and lungs both in size and capacity. Archibald Mc Claren, Superintendent of the Oxford gymnasium, and author of "Physical Education," says: "One of the army officers sent to me to be instructed in gymnastics gained five inches in girth around the chest in less than three months." That this growth is not explained by the mere enlargement of the pectoral muscles is proved by the increased volume of air which the lungs are enabled to expire, as is demonstrated by the spirometer, and *post mortem* abundantly show an increased capacity as well as size in the heart and large blood vessels. The lungs increase both in length and breadth, lying the ribs outward and the diaphragm downward. It is for this reason that athletes and gymnasts are enabled to make prolonged and violent exertions without getting out of wind. The capacity of the heart and central arteries being enlarged, they can accommodate more blood. Their contractive power being increased by this new demand upon them, they are enabled to send on the current through the lungs with increased velocity, and thus by their greater capacity are able to oxygenize the blood as fast as it is supplied to them, and so no congestion takes place and no inconvenience is felt. The normal capacity of the lungs of an adult male is about two hundred cubic inches. It is computed that an enlargement of three inches around the chest gives an increase of fifty cubic inches of lung capacity.