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2 "	4.50	9.00	13.50	27.00	54.00
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4 "	9.00	18.00	27.00	54.00	108.00
5 "	11.25	22.50	33.75	67.50	135.00
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POETRY.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Alas! I ne'er can hope to feel
As other maidens once have felt,
When gallant knights, in garb of steel,
In worship at their feet have knelt.
Such feelings would not do for me;
Nor for the nineteenth century.

I dare not bind the scarf of white
Around my stalwart lover's arm;
I dare not cheer him in the light,
Or pray that he escape from harm.
Such things were far "too fast" for me,
And for the nineteenth century.

I dare not greet him with a kiss,
Should he with glory crowned return,
Or say that I his presence miss,
Or long his whereabouts to learn.
Such questions were unfit for me,
And for the nineteenth century.

And if my love, my life; and soul,
Were poor, as nights have often been,
I dare not spurn him to the goal,
And proudly own myself his queen.
Such love as this is not for me,
Nor for the nineteenth century.

Or if disheartened in the strife,
Myself the only solace near,
I dare not say—make me thy wife,
And I thy darkened lot will cheer.
Such madness were not fit for me,
Nor for the nineteenth century.

No, calculating, cold and proud,
My heart must be to feeling dead,
I live not for "is not allowed,"
And by *quarant* I'm always led.
She says, "Romance is not for me,
Nor for the nineteenth century."

THE BELLE OF THE "BRANCH."

"I shall not remain in the city another week. I am resolved to have my own way in this matter. It is a shame to be shut up like this when all my friends are enjoying the seashore. Yes, I shall leave the city on Saturday! My mind is made up, and when I resolve upon a plan, I never yield."

This spirited speech came from the lips of a pouting beauty, and was intended for the ears of her husband, who had been for the last half hour absorbed in his newspaper and cigar. He had not heard the first of the speech, but was forcibly reminded of the latter clause by the energy with which it was uttered.

"To the seashore, Nettie? I have a plan in my mind, that I was to propose this evening, which I think you will like better."

"What is it, George?"

"To board in the country during the three warmest months."

"In the country! For mercy's sake, George, do not talk about the country; a place as gloomy as a churchyard, and swarming with mosquitoes. I should die of loneliness, to be banished from society three months."

"But I shall be out every evening, Nettie, and we shall have Sunday to enjoy together, while if you go to the seashore, I shall not be able to be with you at all; besides the enormous expense of watering-places, with the fashionable style kept up there, would be a serious obstacle in the way."

"It need not be, I am sure, George. I know you can afford this little expense; and then, too, I had rather spend a fortnight at a general watering-place than three months in the country. 'Live while we do live,' is my maxim."

"I hoped, Nettie, that you would be pleased with my plan, for I have taken great pains to secure an agreeable home for us, in a pleasant family in the midst of a fine country village, where there are plenty of trees and woods, and handsome summer residences. You cannot possibly be lonely there."

"Nobody goes into the country, George, only those who cannot afford

to go to the watering-places. All my acquaintances have gone to Newport, or the Branch and I am going too."

The next Saturday night found Nettie domiciled at one of the most fashionable hotels at the "Branch." George did not regret the effort he had made to gratify his wife when he saw how happy she was made by it.

Nettie was pretty, and exceedingly charming in her appearance; a woman just fitted to be petted and spoiled, as there are people to do it. Her faults had been engrafted into, not born in, her character. God had given her the great gift of beauty, and her parents, her associates and instructors, felt privileged to assail her young nature by praise and flattery; to check every generous impulse by constantly pampering to her childish whims and desires. When she grew up she was more beautiful and winning, and as she developed in grace and beauty, just so much the more was she spoiled by those about her.

Nettie found many of her friends awaiting her at the "Branch," who, having gone before her, were ready to introduce her into the pleasures of the season. Her beauty and charming ways were exceedingly attractive to strangers, and she soon found herself surrounded by admirers. She had not forgotten, during the two years of her wedded life, her little arts of coquetry, and knew very well how to control her admirers.

Before she had been a week at the hotel, Nettie was unanimously voted the "belle of the season."

This was a very flattering position to sustain, and in the midst of this tide of admiration she forgot what little good sense nature had spared to her, and plunged headlong into fashion and pleasure. A crowd of attendants were pressing their services upon her. Her talent for music was brought into use, and no songs were more applauded than those of the charming Nettie.

In the midst of this homage, Nettie was awakened from her dream by a letter from George. It breathed only kindness and love. He was happy because she was enjoying herself so much. He wrote in so cheerful a tone that it reassured Nettie, and gave her courage to make new demands upon his exertions. More money was seriously needed to make the necessary change of clothing. The belle of the season must not appear two nights in the same adornments. To excite the pride of her husband, she sent a paper containing an account of the last *fit*, in which her name shone most conspicuous of all the bright stars in that galaxy of beauty.

George received this letter in his counting-room, worn out with overwork, and its contents were anything but gratifying to him. He had dismissed one of his clerks to lessen expense, and was performing the extra labor himself. He had not found time to leave the city for a day, but worked early and late, and with renewed diligence, to make up for the unusual demands upon his purse. The money was sent with a gentle remonstrance, and deep anxiety lest she should be injuring her health by this excess of dissipation. He hinted at the time of her return, and proposed to go for her whenever she should appoint the day of her departure.

Nettie had no desire to leave a place where she was winning such golden honors. It was not a slight thing to be the "Belle of the Branch," and consequently the object of jealous envy to more wealthy ladies than herself.

A fortnight passed on, and the gay belle found no time to send a message to her husband, not even to assure him of her health and safety. Poor George? he was now reaping a small part of the retribution that was following upon the heels of his own misguided love. She lived, as she had been taught to live, only on excitement and dissipation.

Among the many admirers of the Long Branch belle was a Spanish Count who had lost all but his title and ancestral blood through some unlooked-for change in his native country, and therefore came to America. He was accomplished and prepossessing in appearance, and excelled in music. With these external advantages, he made himself very attractive to Nettie. In fact, he was the favored attendant.

The fortnight at the seashore extended to a summer. It was not possible for Nettie to tear herself away from the enchanting round of pleasure.

She became selfishly unmindful of the trouble she was bringing on her faithful husband, and thought only of herself and her new friend. She was borne on by the great whirlpool of fashion, far out into deep, dangerous places. But she was as ignorant as a child of her danger.

Count Leonardo was flattered and gratified by his power over the beautiful woman. He became greatly enamored and, with the impetuosity of his national character, gave evidence of his love by the most untiring devotion. Nettie was blinded by her own life of excitement, and did not understand nor believe the import of the Count's attentions.

While these events were transpiring at Long Branch, George Cavanaugh had ample time for reflection. At first he was quiet and submissive, more for the love he bore toward his wife, and from a natural desire to gratify all her wishes, than from any weakness of character. As the weeks passed by he grew restless and miserable, and at length his resolution was formed. He saw the danger to which his wife was exposed, as no other person could, and he resolved to save her from the sorrow that might fall upon her unsuspecting head.

After mature reflection, George Cavanaugh took upon himself a disguise that afforded him perfect security, and made his way to Long Branch. Here he determined to mingle with the crowd and watch his treasure from a distance, and yet be near to ward off danger, if any should approach. His jealous love colored with the brightest tinge every little act; the homage rendered to his fair and beautiful wife seemed to him the foulest insult. He knew better than Nettie the real character that lay beneath the pleasing exterior of her many admirers.

On arriving at Long Branch, George made but little effort to gain acquaintances. His purpose would be better accomplished by retired seclusion. He feared Nettie might recognize him, should he be brought into her immediate presence. He stood afar off, listening to the remarks of the bystanders, and endeavoring to learn from the people the current of conversation, the esteem in which she was held. He had never seen her in such a blaze of glory and splendor, and was bewildered by the beauty of her appearance.

George Cavanaugh was a man, and he believed in his heart that Nettie was true to him, although he knew full well her weakness of character which required, and even exacted, constant homage from others. But now he saw, as he never did before, his own part in the fault. If danger fell upon her he was responsible. What had he offered her but this same doting, blind devotion? Never had he opened his mind, with its wealth of knowledge and practical experience to her, and taught her to prize it above flattery. For the first time in his life he saw his mistakes, and obeying the impulses of his generous nature resolved to atone for it.

His quick, jealous eye soon fell upon Count Leonardo, and unnoticed, he watched his movements every moment when it was possible to gain access to him. He heard, as if by some supernatural power, the tender words of parting, and the delicate flatteries addressed to Nettie on the balcony, after the dance had ceased. He followed his wife like a guardian angel, and never for a moment lost sight of the purpose that inspired him. He fancied he had often noticed a strange look in Nettie's face when she had been engaged in conversation with Count Leonardo. It expressed a vague fear—a slight foreboding of distrust and a breaking up of confidence. It indicated the power to which she was fast becoming subjected, and her inability to rise above and conquer it.

One evening a party were strolling toward the beach. It was a moonlight evening, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the sea, with the soft light falling on the waters, and the white sails of little skiffs upon the waves. At a distance one solitary wanderer paced up and down the beach, and occasionally seated himself on the rocks. The gay party went down to the very edge of the water. For some time the conversation was general, but the beauty of the night tempted them in different directions, and the company separated into smaller groups, and loitered away for quiet strolls.

Nettie and Count Leonardo were left standing on the sandy shore. For a few moments there was a silence between them, Nettie being impressed with the beauty of the moonlight sparkling upon the smooth sea, and her companion equally absorbed in his own contemplations.

Suddenly taking her arm, the Count led Nettie to a secluded seat under a shelving rock. George followed close in their footsteps, and soon found himself so near as to distinguish their lowest tones, and was yet accented from view. He blushed when he thought of his position. It seemed

mean and dishonorable to be dogging the steps of his own wife. But the thought of the danger surrounding her was the motive that prompted the act.

The influence of the evening was particularly inspiring, and the impetuous nature of the Count burst into extravagant expressions of love and tenderness. Now for the first time, did the scales fall from Nettie's eyes, so that she saw clearly her position. She resented the words addressed to her by her companion, and with all the dignity of her outraged woman's nature, threw back the insult offered to her wedded love.

But it was vain to strive to check the fountain pent up in the breast of the young Count. She found, too late, that her will was powerless. He entreated her to fly with him to his own country, and pictured in most glowing colors the splendors of that country. Nettie would have torn herself from him, had she possessed the power to do so; but her companion had clasped her arm, and, as if tearing to lose his prize, held her almost frantically in his strong grasp.

"All strategems are fair in love, my pretty Nettie," said the Count. "I have prepared this little surprise for you."

At this moment a strong arm was laid upon the Count, and a powerful grasp wrested the lady from his hold, and bore her swiftly toward the carriage. The Count was unprepared for resistance, and the surprise of the attack so unsettled him as to leave no chance for regaining the lady.

"Take this lady to the hotel!" said the stranger, with a voice that carried authority with it. She has fainted, and must be taken immediately to her room."

The coachman hesitated, not understanding the turn affairs had taken.

"Go!" said the rescuer. "and your most extravagant demands shall be satisfied."

At the promise of better remuneration, the coachman enlisted in the stranger's cause, and without further delay hurried the horses over the road. The Count saw with deepest chagrin the failure of his strategem, and, to avoid any personal exposure, left the Branch in the early morning boat.

When Nettie again became conscious, she raised her head which had been pillowed on her husband's shoulder, and joyfully gave vent to her feelings.

"O George! my dear true husband! from what danger have you rescued me? Take me home with you, and teach me in the future how I can best prove myself worthy of your love."

"Do not reproach yourself, Nettie; your danger is past. I am guilty in a participation of the wrong brought upon you. We will begin a new life together, and God give us strength to persevere in it, and be made better by the experience through which we have passed."

Nettie was soon able to accompany her husband home to the city. The bitter trial through which she had passed had taught her that there is something more noble for a woman to receive than admiration and flattery.

THE MAN WHO FELT SAD.

He entered a hardware store in Woodward avenue about ten o'clock Saturday morning, and taking a seat by the stove he beckoned to the proprietor and said:

"Sit down here; I want to speak with you."

He was a man who looked sad from the crown of his hat to the toes of his boots. There were deep care lines on his face, his eyes were red and anxious looking, and his tattered overcoat was drawn in at the waist by a wide leather belt.

"Can we do anything for you today?" asked the merchant, as he sat down.

The sad man slowly wiped his nose, slowly turned around, and slowly replied:

"Sir, it makes me feel sad when I reflect that we have all got to die."

"Yes—um," replied the merchant.

"Christopher Columbus is dead!" continued the sad man, "and who feels sad about it—who sheds a tear over his loss? He is gone and we shall never see him more! You and I must sooner or later follow him, and the world will go on just the same."

"Then you don't want anything today?" queried the merchant after a painful pause.

"And King James is dead!" exclaimed the sad man, wiping his nose again. "Is anybody weeping over his loss? Don't folks let and let and let, and don't the world go on just the same? Sir, it may not be a week before you and I will be called upon to rest from the labors of this life. Doesn't it make you feel sad when you think of it?"

"Of course, we've all got to die," replied the merchant, as he tossed a stray nail over among the eight pennies.

"Andrew Jackson is dead," continued the sad man, a tear falling on his hand. Yes, Andrew has been gathered and a good man has gone from among us. Were you acquainted with him?"

"I believe not," was the answer.

"Well, he was a fine man, and many a night I have laid awake and cried to think that he would be seen among us no more forever. Yet, do you hear any weeping and sobbing? Does anybody seem to care a cent, whether Andrew Jackson is dead or living? You or I may be the next to go, and the world will move on just the same as if we had never lived."

The world can't of course stop for the death of one man, no matter how great," said the merchant.

"That's what makes me so sad—that's why I weep these tears!" answered the man, wringing his long, peaked nose with vigorous griet. "William Penn is dead. Once in a great while I hear some one express sorrow, but as a general thing the world has forgotten William with the rest. Don't it make you feel sad when you reflect that you will never see him again? Don't you feel like crying when you think he has gone from among us?"

"I never have time to think of these things," answered the merchant, frowning at the coal stove-shaker.

"And Shakspeare is gone, too!" exclaimed the man, his chin quivering with agitation; "we may sigh, and sigh, and sigh, and wish, and wish, and wish, but poor Shaky will never be seen moving with us again! They have laid him away to sleep his long sleep and a bright lamp has been extinguished forever."

"Well, did you want anything in the line of hardware?" asked the merchant, as he rose up.

"Can you speak of hardware to me at such a time as this?" exclaimed the sad man. "Knowing my sad feelings, seeing these tears and flitting to my broken voice, can you have the heart to try and force hardware upon me?"

The merchant went over to his desk, and the sad man wrung his nose again and went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The following correspondence has taken place between the Governor of Texas, and the Secretary of War. Troops will be sent to the protection of the people of Texas probably. They might have been sent before but, the interest of the republican party demanded that they should be used to disperse the legislature of Louisiana and coerce from her people, a compromise of their rights. The lives of American citizens are not to be regarded as of equal consequence with the success of individual republicans in securing office, especially if they are connected with the Grant family.

AUSTIN, March 30th, 1875.
To His Excellency U. S. Grant,
President of the United States.

Sir:—The deprivations of organized bands of robbers from the Republic of Mexico have, of late, increased in frequency and atrocity to an extent which threatens the depopulation of the lower Rio Grande country. The alarm in the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande consequent upon those raids, in which our people are ruthlessly murdered and their property forcibly taken by these foreign desperadoes, is widespread, and unless relieved by some assurances of protection, must result in a general break up of the settlements. On the 25th of this month a large party of these robbers penetrated the interior as far as within eighteen miles of Corpus Christi, robbing stores and ranches, and capturing and destroying the United States mails. I appeal to Your Excellency for protection for the people of that country against these invasions of outlaws from Mexico, since they have been of almost weekly occurrence for several months past, and are increasing in force and boldness.

The citizens of that country have been compelled, for the most part, to move to the towns for protection, and no security exists outside of these corporations for life or property, and these in the towns even hold themselves in constant readiness for defence. I trust that Your Excellency will deem it proper to give security to the people on the Rio Grande border, in view of the assurance I now give you that an extreme necessity exists for it.

Very respectfully,
RICHARD COKE,
Governor of Texas.

The Secretary of War sent the following answer:

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1875.
To the Governor of Texas.

The President being absent your telegram has been sent to me. Orders will be given to the military authorities to take immediate steps towards the protection of the people of Texas on the Mexican frontier.

WM. W. BELKNAP,
Secretary of War.

AN ACT TO ASCERTAIN THE INTERESTS OF THE DIFFERENT COUNTIES, CITIES AND TOWNS OF THIS STATE, AND TO PRESCRIBE A STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That all claims against the several counties, cities and towns of this State, whether by bond or otherwise, shall be presented to the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners or to the chief officer of said cities and towns, as the case may be, within two years after the maturity of such claims or claims of the holders of such claims or claims, shall be forever barred from recovery.

Section 2. That it shall be the duty of the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of the several counties or the chief officers of the several cities and towns, to cause the names, amounts, dates and times of maturity of all claims so presented to be recorded in a book to be kept for that purpose, and to be called "The Registry of Claims."

Section 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to publish this act for its commanding works in the Daily News, Era and Southern newspapers, published in the city of Raleigh, the Journal of Commerce, published in the city of Newbern, the Daily Journal, published in the city of Wilmington, the Charlotte Observer, published in the city of Charlotte, the Greensboro Patriot, published in the city of Greensboro, the American Citizen, published in the city of Durham, the North Carolina Gazette, published in Fayetteville.

Section 4. This act shall not apply to any county whose debts are already audited and ascertained.

Section 5. That no claim shall be taken from and set off by any person.

In General Assembly read three times and passed the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1875.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
HENRY CLAY, Sec. of State.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original act on file in this office.
H. H. BROWN, JR.,
Clerk of State.

GEORGE W. LONG, M. D.,
FREDERICK AND SONS,
Graham, N. C.

Teachers, and professional services in the public office and residence at the "Gleaner" building, ready to attend all calls, unless professionally engaged.
Feb 9-ly