

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

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## THE GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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## POETRY.

Gallant Gray-beard, can't you see  
You unconscionable ba, you—  
While you play the devotee,  
That the girl is laughing at you?

You were handsome in your day,  
You are well preserved and thrifty,  
And your manners, one may say,  
Are superb, but—you are fifty!

Don't be foolish, now you're old,  
Flirting in this feeble fashion—  
Trying on a heath grown cold  
To re-light a boyish passion.

You have had your day of youth,  
With its tender freaks and fancies;  
You have known a woman's truth,  
And have lived Love's sweet romances.

Ay, I know her lips are black;  
True, her curls are black and glossy;  
Yes she bears a dainty head,  
And her eyes are sweet and saucy.

But she knows you act a part,  
While you try to tease and please her—  
Knows, Old Make-Believe, your heart  
Is as dead as Julius Caesar—

Knows it, though a simple girl,  
And is laughing while you linger—  
Knows, it well, and like a curl,  
Winds you round her jeweled finger!

But if you must act a part;  
If you cannot drop your feigning,  
Feign you have not in your heart  
Such a thing as love remaining.

Come and stand with me, my friend—  
She'll permit you—never doubt her!  
Do as I do, and pretend  
Not to care: a fig about her!

—Scribner's Monthly.

## An Act in Relation to Changing Gauge of Railroads.

The following is an act of the Legislature under which Gov. Brogden has instructed the Solicitor to commence prosecutions against parties altering the gauge of North Carolina Railroad from Greensboro to Charlotte.

Whereas, by acts of the General Assembly of North Carolina both the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad and Western North Carolina Railroad were compelled to adopt the gauge of the North Carolina Railroad would seriously injure the two railroads before mentioned, as well as all other railroads of the same gauge connecting with them; and whereas, 4 feet 8 1/2 inches has been adopted generally as the North Carolina gauge; therefore,

Section 1. The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact, That no railroad now in this state with the gauge of 8 feet 4 1/2 inches shall change the same, and all railroads hereafter constructed in this State shall have the same gauge, 4 feet 8 1/2 inches.

Sec. 2. The penalty for constructing or changing the gauge of any railroad contrary to the provisions of the preceding section shall be \$50 per day per mile for every day such railroad is in use, and in addition thereto the President and Directors, Secretary and Treasurer, or any officer, servant or employee shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than \$500 or more than \$1000, and imprisoned not less than three months; and it shall be the duty of the Governor of this State to cause to be instituted immediate proceedings for the recovery of such penalty and infliction of such punishment in case of any violation of this act: Provided, This act shall not apply to any narrow gauge railroad hereafter chartered, or to the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, the Rabun Gap Short Line Railroad, the Tennessee River Railroad, or the Georgia and North Carolina Railroad.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect from and after its ratification.  
In General Assembly read three times and ratified this 15th day of March, 1875.

## HOW THE SULTAN GOES TO CHURCH.

Fredrick T. Martin writes to the Troy Times from Constantinople, giving an account of the spectacle presented during the Sultan's passage from his palace to the Mosque. He says:

From our standing point we could command the marble steps of the Sultan's palace, and we had not been standing many minutes before the sound of a great trumpet was to be heard, and we knew it was announcing the opening of the doors of the Sultan's palace, and that he was about to descend to his barge. The procession had no sooner commenced to move from the palace than the firing of guns commenced from a fort situated above the palace, which was immediately taken up and answered by the men-of-war in the bay, and amid the shouts of the populace, strains of music and the boom of many guns the most imposing spectacle that I ever expect to see commenced its progress. As it passed on the different banks struck up, and I felt I had never been present at such a wonderful sight before. I will describe as well as I can the order of the procession. The barges were all of burnished gold and glittered in the sun, the bows and sterns sloping gracefully up. There were five in all. The first was towed by twelve men and occupied by only a single aide-de-camp, who stood motionless with his arms crossed upon his breast and his head bowed toward the boat of the Sultan. The second was rowed by sixteen men, and contained two of the Sultan's staff standing in the same manner as the first motionless as a statue. The following and third barge contained his Majesty the Sultan, and I shall ever retain a vivid remembrance of the splendor of this sight. This barge was towed by twenty-four men, and their motions were a perfect waltz to me. At every stroke they rose and stepped forward, and receded to their seats with wonderful precision and regularity. The Sultan sat in the stern under a magnificent canopy of crimson velvet, the deep tinges of gold reflecting the rays of the sun. Two of his staff stood motionless before him with their arms folded across their breasts and their heads bowed low, and they did not alter their positions in the slightest all the time they were in sight. The only contrast to all this splendor was the Sultan himself. A republican President could not have made less pretension to state and show than did this "shadow of God upon earth." One order only glittered upon his breast and he wore the usual Turkish fez. The Sultan's barge was followed by two others similar to those that had preceded it, but instead of bowing forward his face the officers were obliged to bow toward his back. We stood watching the procession until it was quite out of sight, and we could but feel that we had seen something that we should never see again in our lives. The surroundings, the brilliant sky above our heads, the crowds of shipping of every nation, and the people in their picturesque costumes, the music and the roar of the guns, all conspired to deepen the impression upon our minds.

## A LOCK OF HAIR.

Almost every one has at least one lock of hair cut from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages, no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance. Every one knows that strange emotion, half joy, half woe, with which the tiny relic of so much that was once dear can thrill the soul. Oh now and then do we dare to take it from its hiding place, hold it in the palm, press it to the cheek, and use it as a talisman to recall all that we must perforce forget in the work-a-day world for the sake of strength to do its battle.

We do not know whose hair that which you treasure may be; whether the flossy curl from a baby's head, the dark lock from the brow that once made your breast its pillow, a parent's gray tress, or a young lover's sunny curl. Nor does it matter, for all love in its essence, in that part of it that outlives death, is alike and equally pure, but we know that there is nothing like it to you anywhere. There are no words for the thought it brings. They mock language. As you touch it, and gaze at it, you have nothing to say. You feel the thorns of your dead rose, that is all, and the wounds they make bleed.

A joint resolution is passing through the Virginia legislature accepting with thanks the bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson offered to the State by Beresford Hope, member of the British Parliament, and a bill appropriating \$10,000 for receiving and placing the statue in position accompanies the resolutions.

## A LICK-SKILLET DOCTOR.

"Well, what about him? Yes, we gave him a drink, but let me go back and tell how it came about."

About twenty years ago John Weatherly, John Bailey, John Power and I, all went to Shreveport, Louisiana, to sell our cotton. It was about 100 miles, and we had to take camp kettles, tents and whiskey along to keep from being subservient to the inclemency of the weather. We four used six gallons on that trip.

"We moved along two days very but well, found the draft on our keg was very heavy, by reason of friends who passed or met us, all of whom tested the quality of our whiskey."

"John Weatherly poured three pints of whiskey into a very heavy, black-quart bottle. Into this he put about one-fourth plug of mean tobacco. He then got about two ounces of bark from a "tooth-ache" tree, the bark of which will burn at least one hundred times as bad as cayenne pepper. Why, sir, Indian turpentine is not a circumstance to the bark of a "tooth-ache" tree. He mixed the medicine expressly for any of our friends who might not be consider d of the first families—dead-beats and the like. The old bottle rolled about in a feed box, lashed to the end of a cotton frame, till it was as thoroughly mixed as a bottle of Simmons' Liver Regulator.

"We found no one who we thought ought to be complimented with its contents till we got to Lick-Skillet, on the Texas and Louisiana State line.

"We there saw a doctor playing poker, or euchre, just at dusk. We drove our tired oxen through, camped beyond the village half a mile, near Boggy Church; "A roaring log heap and a good supply of broiled ham, strong coffee and cold biscuits soon made all hands joyous. About nine o'clock that night our lick-skillet doctor came along on his way home from town. Our rousing fire and the prospect of a dram were more than he could stand; so he came by, and asked the privilege of warming, which was readily granted. He was not drunk, nor was he sober, but about "half-seas-over."

"After some preliminary remarks, he sketched around to the subject of whiskey. Old Uncle John Weatherly—the doctor who had put the four-horse-power prescription—gave me the wink, and asked me why I had not offered the stranger a drink. I got the bottle out and he hesitated a moment, lest he might, when he had tasted its content, knock some one down with it. In order to make appearances regular, I took a horn of it—so called—first. I closed my mouth as tight as a corset string of an actress, and turned it up; and my God! that fluid burned the outside of my lips, it was so strong. I handed it to the doctor, who deliberately sipped the old bottle at arm's length, and said:

"Gentlemen, here's, to the man that own'd the hand that raised the corn that fed the goose that bro't forth the quill that made the pen that wrote the Declaration of 'merican 'Dependence."

"With the close of this very patriotic "health" he brought that ponderous black bottle in contact with his haphtrap, and drank two or three swallows before his blunted sense of taste detected the strength of the "red-eye."

He instantly began to expectorate worse than a Thomas cat with a feather in his mouth. In fact, he became as energetic as a sewing machine agent. Said he:

"Gentlemen, (spits) have you a pipe? (spits) My God! (spits) where did (spits) you get that whiskey?" (spits.)

"The saliva thrown from his mouth, by spasmodic efforts, was as tough and white as the lint from a Pratt cotton gin. No pipe was used by any of us. As soon as that fact was made known, he mounted his horse, and as he did so, said:

"My God! Indian turpentine; I'm ruined at last," (spit.)

We heard his horse's feet clattering over the frozen ground, and the further he went the faster he traveled, until the sound died away in the distance.

"We presumed that he never would pay a nocturnal visit to a crew of Texas wagoners any more."—Calvert (Texas) Central.

A special dispatch to the New York Post says: "Prominent lawyers feel sanguine that the Supreme Court will decide in favor of the constitutionality of the enforcement act." Of course, they will either so decide or make no decision at all. A contrary decision, a decision in accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution would be treason against the radical party. It would be worse; it would be "flat burglary."

## Washington Special to the Chicago Times. MULLEN AND HIS MEN.

A Heavy Hunt of Counterfeiters in Virginia, on the Tennessee Line. Final Success of an Eight Years Hunt.

Within the last few days one of the most important hauls of counterfeiters in the history of the secret service has been made. For years, in the mountains of the Blue Ridge, in the locality where the three States of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee come together, there have been one of the most lawless gangs that have ever invested any locality in the country. The peculiar topography of the country is too well adapted to the growth and immunity of lawless gangs. The country is thinly settled, is covered with tangled forests and a mountain recesses, which have afforded, in times past, the best of hiding places for breakers of the law.

The secret service has long been at work trying to run down the counterfeiters, who have for so long done a most thriving business, undisturbed.

The counterfeiters have been engaged only in the manufacture of counterfeit gold and silver coins. These counterfeiters have been so long undisturbed that they have all of them acquired wealth. Nearly every man arrested is a landed proprietor, and well-to-do in the world. A special agent of the secret service has been down this country for the last three months, acting with the counterfeiters, buying money from them and living among them as one of them. During this time that he has been there he has gathered the information upon which all the arrests have been made. He has forwarded, from time to time, information to the secret service bureau here, which indicated that he was making most flattering progress in inaugurating himself into the confidence of the counterfeiters.

Last week he completed his work. He had all of the operators spotted, to the number of some twenty odd men. The secret-service department here then sent seven picked men down to Abingdon, Va., the place from which the raid was started. Here some sixty deputy marshals were sworn in, mounted, and were divided into seven squads, with a secret-service man at the head of each squad. They left Abingdon last Friday night, the 26th of March, and set out for a seventy mile tour through the heavily-wooded, mountainous region where the counterfeiters were located. They arrested in all some twenty men within a radius of about 100 miles. They experienced some resistance in making arrests, but the descent was so sudden and the plans so well laid that the counterfeiters were taken completely off their guard, and therefore fell comparatively easy victims.

The grand prize of the hunt was captured Sunday night. The chief of the gang, Jack Mullen, a noted desperado, has long defied all power to trace him down to arrest him. He was found in a solitary cabin in Wise county, Va. He was surrounded late Sunday evening and he was taken in bed. Mullen is a powerful, athletic devil, and before a hand could be laid upon him he had crawled out of bed, seized a chair, and attempted to club his way through the crowd of deputies to a case where his arms were concealed. He inflicted nearly fatal injuries upon one of his captors before he was finally taken. Mullen was then ironed and taken in with the rest of the prisoners. He is a very wealthy man, owns 7,000 acres of land in that vicinity, and has been for a long time a terror to all law-abiding citizens in that locality. He was a bushwhacker during the war, in the rebel service and was one of the most blood-thirsty and reckless of the mountain guerrilla forces. He has been very sullen and ugly since his arrest, and requires close watching to prevent his attempting his escape. His capture is one of the most direct blows at coin-counterfeiting that has been made for years. He has had one of the strongest gangs of counterfeiters, whose membership embraced men supposed to be respectable, and all men of property.

In the list of counterfeiters of his gang arrested is one Methodist preacher by the name of Corn. He was a thrifty parson, who eked out his ministerial salary by keeping a country store, where he also dealt in counterfeit coin. His congregation decline to stand by him in his present troubles, and although he is upon the ragged edge of despair since his arrest, he does not contemplate the publication of any statements explaining the cruel combination of circumstances that have conspired to place this special agent of the Lord for the salvation of souls in the attitude of a manufacturer of the queer A hotelkeeper by the name of Burt An

person is also among the prominent ones on the list. There are three or four men who have not yet been arrested, but they are so surrounded that their capture is only a question of time.

Fears are entertained for the safety of special agent Conant, who has been among the counterfeiters for the past three months, working up the case. He was sent out alone, to bring in the most prominent counterfeit next to Jack Mullen. Conant was to persuade this counterfeit to come into some rendezvous, where the deputies could pounce upon him. No word has since been heard from Conant, and fears are entertained that he has been foully dealt with. He is not so far from means of communication that he couldn't find some way of sending in a message. He left Abingdon on Friday last, and has not been heard from since.

The people in that section of the country are greatly rejoiced over these arrests. The United States District Attorney for the western district of West Virginia, W. S. Carly, says that this raid upon the counterfeiters of that locality is worth \$50,000 to that section of country, at least. A species of terrorism has been for a long time exercised over the law-abiding citizens, and these arrests afford them immeasurable relief.

## HOW WIRT FOUND A WIFE.

A well-written sketch of the loves of the great lawyers contains this touching incident in the life of William Wirt, at one time Attorney General of the United States. In his younger days he was a victim to the passion, of intoxicating drinks, which has been the bane of so many distinguished in the legal profession. Affiliated to a beautiful and accomplished young woman, he had made and broken repeated pledges of amendment, and she, after patiently and kindly enduring his disgraceful habit, had at length dismissed him, deeming him incorrigible. Their next meeting after his dismissal was in a public street in the city of Richmond. William Wirt lay drunk and asleep on the sidewalk, on a hot summer day, the rays of the sun pouring down on his uncovered head, and the flies crawling over his swollen face. As the young lady approached in her walk, her attention was attracted by the spectacle, strange to her eyes, but alas! so common to others who knew the victim, as to attract little remark. She did not at first recognize the sleeper, and was about to hasten on, when she was led on by one of those impulses which form the turning point in human lives to scrutinize his features. What was her emotion when she recognized her discarded lover! She drew forth her handkerchief and carefully spread it over his face and hurried away. When Wirt came to himself he found the handkerchief, and in one corner the beloved name. With a heart almost breaking with grief and remorse, he made a new vow of reformation. He kept the vow, and he married the owner of the handkerchief.

## NEW HAY RAKE.

Josh Billings thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited: John Rogers' revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-sharpening, self greasing and self-righting horse rake is now and forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a whipping post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadcast in a ten acre field of wheat-stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral karakter should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one.

## A BIGAMIST'S PREFERENCE.

John Bingham was tried in the New York Court of Quarter sessions on Monday, 6th inst., on a charge of bigamy. Both his wives were in the court-room. He pleaded guilty and refused to change the plea. The recorder asked him which he would prefer, to be discharged to live with his two wives, or sentenced to State prison for three years. The prisoner promptly expressed a preference to be locked up, and the Judge sentenced him to State prison for three years at hard labor.

An eventful day in the life of a lady: During a trip on the street cars she saw the loveliest polonaise pattern she ever saw in her life, the homeliest woman she ever had in her life, from the drunkard she ever saw in her life, never was so insulted in her life as she was by a young man who spoke to her on the car, and finally got home tired than she ever felt in her life.

## SUNBEAMS.

The worth of woman—Double you, O man.

Why did Freedom shriek?—Kosciusko fell.

An Indiana town wants to have Shanks about.

About the worst go imaginable is the lumbago.

We should like to know how that man in Minneapolis broke his leg putting on his overcoat.

A young man has sued his barber for cutting off his moustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

What she said at the front door, as he attempted an osculation, was briefly this: "No Jack, tastes differ!"

A child being asked what the three great foods of the Jews were, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper!"

The hair of a young lady in Vermont turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

After all," says an old doctor, "there are only two kinds of disease, the one of which you die, and the other of which you don't."

A man in Illinois broke into the house of a widow. She pitched him out of doors. A striking evidence of the power of the widow's might.

A Michigan man has raised five lemons on a tree which he keeps in a hot-house. It took four tons of coal, and he sold the lemons for twenty cents.

A reason for calling—Victor, (naively): "Well, I certainly never dreamt I should find you at home on such a lovely afternoon as this!"

A postal card picked up in the street at Norwich, Conn., the other day, bore this solemn appeal: "Dear Mary for love of God send me a pair of pants."

"Why did you pass yesterday without looking at me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Because, madam, if I had looked I could not have passed."

Daniel Fendler concluded a letter, asking Mary to be his; thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will ever and faithfully be your D. Fendler." Daniel thought that was neat, and so did Mary.

A Wisconsin lady opened a matrimonial intelligence office recently, but she married the first man who applied, and the concern came to a speedy end.

A New Bedford company is "making butter at a cost of four cents a pound." We judge the "butter" to be very healthy and strong, as it has driven all the beggars of cold victuals into other professions.

One wants to know why Mr. Woodman did not spare that tree he used to read so much about. The agricultural editor of this paper answers that it was because he hadn't a tree to spare.

"Poor things," murmured Solomon Bush of the State Journal. "Who?" inquired the Deacon. "Why, them bally girls. They're so fearful dissipated. They can't hold out very long. They say they get on nights every blessed night of the week!"

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend her house in case of his absence. After the bullet was dug out of his leg, and the cow buried, he said he guessed she'd better shoot with an ana.

McLean county Progress: One day last week a young girl, whose parents reside in this county, swallowed forty persimmon caps. She really deserved spanking, but her mother refrained for fear of an explosion. Cautious mother, that.

"My God, man, he will not live to serve the half of it!" was the exclamation of a Boston Irishman the other day, when he heard that Friel, who killed a fellow in the station house, had been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

A gentleman drove a sorrowful-looking horse into town last Saturday, and stopping in front of Bank block, he requested a small boy to hold him a moment. "Hold 'im!" exclaimed the boy; "just lean him up against the post—that'll hold 'im!"

A Western editor, noticing the present of a silver cup to a brother editor, says: "He needs no cup; he can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a goblet jar, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

"Washington," exclaimed a member of a Nashville debating club, in extemporaneous tones. "Washington was a great man; he was a good man; he was a noble man; his mind had a powerful grasp of the future; if ever a man was *son compe mentis*, Washington was that man."

A farmer told his man to run into the pasture and catch an ox. "I mean the old one; I will manage the other myself," he said. The man ran on to do as he was bidden, but suddenly passed on the way with the exclamation, "He is reasonable fellow, anyhow. How am I to know which is the upman?"

A pleasant prospect. Traveler (in Iceland): "Hi—pull see up, man. Don't you see the mare is running away?" "Fiddly!" "Hould tight, yer honor. For yer life don't touch the reins—sure they're as rotten as pears. I'll turn her head into the river at the bridge below here. Sure that'll stop her, the blagyard."

A youngster, while warning his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father, who said, "Go 'way from the stove; the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up at his stern parent demurely, replied, "I ain't headin' the weather; I'm warmin' my hands."

The entire alphabet is found in these four lines. Some of the children may like to learn them:  
God gives the grazing ox his meat,  
His quickly hears the sheep's low cry,  
But man who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should joy to lift his precious high.

Bismarck is expected to rusticate at Sandown, Isle of Wight soon for the benefit of his health.