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POETRY.

THE BORE.

BY JOHN G. SAXIE.

Again I hear the creaking step! He's rapping at the door!
Too well I know the boding sound That ushers in a bore, I do not tremble when I meet The stoutest of my foes, But heaven defend me from the friend Who comes but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair, And asks about the news, He peeps into my manuscript, And gives his candid views; He tells me where he likes the lines, And where he's forced to grieve; He takes the strangest libertie But never takes his leave.

He reads my daily papers through Before I've seen a word, He scans the lyrick that (I wrote)-And think it quite absurd. He calmly smokes my last cigar, He calmly asks for more; He opens everything he sees-Except the entry door.

He talks about his fragile health, And tells me of the pain, He suffers from a score of ills, Of which he ne'er complains: And how he struggled once with death To keep the fiend at bay; On themes like those away he goes-But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words Some shallow critic wrote, And every precious paragraph Familliarly can quoie; He thinks the writer did me wrong, He'd like to run him through! He says a thousand pleasant things-

Disguise it as I may, I know that like an autumn rain.

He'll last throughout the day, In vain I speak of urgent tasks, In vain I scowl and pout; A frown is no extinguisher-It does not put him out! "

But never says "Adieu!

I mean to take the knocker off; Put crape upon the door; Or hint to John that I am gone To stay a month or more; I do not tremble when I meet The stoutest of my foes; But heaven defend me from the friend Who comes and never goes!

ALZ'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

There was a suppressed hum of conversation in the dress-making department of the largedry-goods house of Maxwell & Son, which the steady whirr of a hundred sewing-machines could not wholly drown. Where the presence her weary head, but speaking no word feminine can be found, be sure the tongue feminine will be heard. The superintendent of the room, understanding this, did not attempt to enforce silence, so pretty Bessie Lawton and and the girls ran down the long Lizzie Turner, for whose machine Bessie basted, talked confidentially in their corner of the great room, and no one interfered, so long as fingers were busy as well as tongues.

And this was what Lizzie said, Bessie's blue eyes being rivetted upon the quilling she was basting into folds:

"I saw her yesterday when I was going out to lunch. She was just stepping into her carriage, and Mister Charles himself handing her in. She so, Bessie felt it was but an added inlooks old, nearly forty, I should say, but sult to his dishonorable conduct, and they say she is immensely rich, and her dress was splendid, so I suppose her money goes against her age." "Did you hear they were to be mar-

ried soon?"

"Bless me! Didn't I tell you that? store where the wedding-cards are bein church on the twenty-seventh. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxwell, and the

a walk for lunch hour"

"No, I am tired!" Bessie pleaded, and her friend left her, never heeding the sudden pallor of the sweet young tace, the dumb agony in the great blue

When she was alone Bessie stole way to the little room where the cloaks shawls and hats of the girls were kept, and there, crouching in a corner, hidden entirely by a huge water proof, she tried to think it all out.

What had it meant? What; id Charles tried by every masculine device to win address, Maxwell & Son." her love? She had not been unmaidenly; heart and conscience fully acquitted her. She had given her love, pure, true and faithful, to the son of ner employer; but he had sought it, delicately and persistenly, before he knew that it was given him.

The young girl, now sewing for a living, had been daintly bred and thoroungly educated, her father having been a man drawing a salary sufficient to give his only child every advantage. But when he died and his wife in a few months followed him, Bessie had chosen a life of honorable labor to one of idle dependence upon wealthy relatives. Yet in the social gatherings of these relatives, and the friends of summer days, Bessie was still a welcome guest, and it was at her uncle Leonard's brown-stone house she had been introduced to Charles Maxwell. Aftet this she met him frequently, and in her simple dress, with her sweat, pure face, had won marked attention from him. With the frankness that was one of her greatest charms, the young girl had let her admirer know that though she was Leonard Lawton's niece, she worked for a living in the dress-making depart-

Then he had made her heart bound with sudden, grateful joy, by telling her he had seen her leave the store night after night, but would not join her for fear of giving her annoyance by exposing her to the remarks of her companions. After this, however, she often found him waiting for her at some point farther from the store, and always so respectful and courteous that she was giad of his protection in her long walk. But he was going to marry an heiress on the twenty-seventh, only a week away, so he had but trifled with her, after all.

ment of Maxwell & Son.

Poor little Bessie, crouching among the shawls and cloaks, felt as if all sunshine was gone from her life forever, as it her cup of humiliation and agony was full to overflowing.

But the noon hour was over, the girls coming in or sauntering from restingplaces in the work-room, and the hum of work commenced again, as it must, whatever aching hearts or weary hands crave rest. Bessie worked with the rest, her feelings so numbed by the sudden blow that she scarcely heard Lizzie's lamentations over a sudden flood of "order" work, that would keep many of them in the room till after midnight.

"We'll have all day to-morrow if we can finish these dresses to-night" said one of the small scuad of girls told off for the extra work. "Miss Smith says so. But these must be ready to deliver in the morning."

Talk! talk! talk! Whirr! whirr! whirr!

Bessie folded and basted, working with rapid mechanical precision, hearing the noise of voices and machines, feeling the heavy, dull beating of her own heart, and the throbs of pain in of repining, excusing her palid face by the plea of headache.

It was after eleven o'clock when the last stitch was set in the hurried work, dark flights of stairs to plod home through a drizzling rain falling upon the remains of a late snow-storm As Bessie passed down the staircase, she saw in the counting-house her recreant lover busy over some account books. But for the heavy news she had that morning she would have felt sure that this sudden spasm of industry was to furnish an excuse for escorting her home at the unusual late hour, but, if

her step.
She had gone a dozen or more blocks from the store, when, passing a church, ice and twisted her ankle. The sudden you will be my guest until Thursday, My brother is clerk in the stationer's pain made her faint for a moment, and she sat down upon the stone work sup- happiest of men, by assisting at a douing printed. They are to be married porting the railing to recover herself. ble wedding."

hurried on, hoping he had not heard

Petter. Twelve! Come; we will go for the girl's heart sank with a chill of terror as she heard a man's voice in the alley say:

> "Didn't you hear a step, Tom?" "A woman. She's turned off somewhere. He hain't come yet," was the

"He's late to-night,' said the first voice in a gruff undertone.

You are sure he's taking the dia monds home?"

"Sure as death. I was at—'s when the order. 'Send them at my store at nine o'clock,' says he 'and I will take Maxwell mean in the long year he had them home with me.' And he gave the

> "But are you sure he will pass here?" "Of course he will. He lives in the next block. He'll come.

"Suppose he shows fight."

"You hold him, and I'll soon stop h's fight."

Eevery word fell upon Bessie's ears, clear and distinct in the silence of the

They would rob him, murder him, these dreadful men, if nobody warned him. They would spring out upon him as he passed, and strike him down before he knew there was danger. He must come alone, unprepared. False lover, false friend as she felt he was she could not go on her way and leave him to death.

When she stood up, the pain of her ankle was almost unendurable, but she clung to the railings and so limped one block. The others seemed interminable; often she crawled through the wet slush of the streets, often on one foot hopped painfully along, till the store was reached at last, and the light in the counting-house still burned. The sidedoor for the working girls was still unfastened, and Bessie entered there. reaching the counting-house, soaking wet, white and trembling, to confront both Charles Maxwell and his father. Unheeding their exclamations of dismay and surprise, she told her story with white lips, but a steady voice.

"Waiting for me!" cried Charles Maxwell; "the seoundrels! "You bought diamond at -

day?" asked his father. "A parure for Miss Potter, sir. I wish to present them, with your per-

mission, on Thursday." "Ah! look at that poor girl!" For, overcome by pain, fatigue and

mental torture, poor Bessie had staggered toward the door and fainted upon the floor. A hasty call summoned the janitor, and in a tew minutes the janitor's wife had appeared, rubbing her eyes, but full of womanly resources for the comfort of the girl.

A hack was procured, and clothed in dry garments furnished by the good- for more than ten years, and we believe hearted Irishwoman, and escorted by the Nation is safe, at least from the the janitor, Bessie was driven home.

to dress, wondering at herself a little sitting in the parlor of her boardinghouse, her lame ankle upon a cushion, she was surprised by two gentlemen callers, no other than Maxwell and son in person, and a lady who introduced herself as Miss Potter.

"We have all come to thank you." the lady said, "and I have come to carry you home with me. These gentle men owe you their lives; I owe you my diamonds."

"But what did you do?" asked Bessie. We captured the robbers by a master ly stratagem," said the old gentleman. Charley sauntered past the alley-way, with a revolver already in his hand. while I, with three policeman, went round and entered the alley softly, bedon't faint! He's all right."

"My foot!" Bessie murmured. "I vard wall!"

"You didn't come all the way back with a sprained ankle?" "Yes sir!"

"You are a heroine!" called Miss Potter. "But, my dear," and the heiress drew nearer to Bessie, and took her hand in a close clasp, "we have been little love story, of which you are also she slipped upon a treacherous piece of the heroine, and I have come to see if and then make poor Charley there the

Bessie's eyes, slowly dilating as the card of the bride's mother, Mrs. John high brick wall of the church-yard, and s this climax was reached.

vas to marry you on Thursday."

A musical laugh answered her, call ng the gentlemen at the same time from the window where they had sauntered during the progress of this little scene. Miss Potter looked up at them.

"Convince this young lady, Charles,"

she said, "that your affection for me is only that of a dutiful son, and that I shall have a motherly affection for her likewise, when I become the wife of your father, Charles Maxwell, senior." And then Charley took the chair his stepmother elect vacated, while the old lady and gentleman went outside to arrange a cushion in the carriage for the

sprained ankle. What Charley said may be imagined; but certain it is, that Bessie drove home with Miss Potter, and was that lady's guest until the following Thursday, when her wedding-cards, too, were distributed, and the bridal party consisted of two bridegrooms, and two fair, blushing brides.

The daily papers, in noticing the wedding, stated that the superb parure, diamonds worn by Mrs. Charles Maxwell, junior, was a wedding, present from Mrs. Charles Maxwell, senior.

THE GUOST OF THE CONFED-ERACY.

[Phl' adelphia Times.]

The spectacle of three or four score ex-Confedenate soldiers in the Fortyfourth Congress sits uneasily on the finite patriotism of the truly loyal editor. In his mind's eye, which is as limited in its range as in his mind, he sees these eighty ex-rebels clad in all the habiliments of war and litting aloft great swords recking with the gore of their countrymen. The clink of their spurs resounds on the marble floor of the Senate Chamber, and they are putting up their tents in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The dissipated fragments of Jefferson Davis' armies, like the skeletons of the scattered tribes of Israel in the inspired vision of the Prophet, are reforming rank by and regiment by regiment, and their cry is the battle shout of the rebellion, 'On to Washington." Lee, like another Cid Campeador, rides at the head of the host, and that "old vell" fills the air. We are not sensational, nor are we drawing upon our imagination; we are only echoing the opinions daly expressed in scores of newspapers in the land, and the sort of stuff upon which the Administration is trying to rebuild

its shattered fortunes.

Now it is about time this sort of thing was stopped. The war has been over South. Its enemies are in its own The next morning walking proved to household, and the great danger now be impossible, and Bessie was obliged is their presence therein and their into call upon her landlady for assistance sidiousness. At all events the people have been fed on powder and whiskey for caring to get up. But before noon, long enough. The thieves are within and not without, and the watch-dog which is oftenest appealed to can be given a little needed rest. The fact is the soldiers on both sides are less concerned about the matter than the civilians.-It is only your loval editor nowadays who employs military phrases and marshals his words as he would a regiment of raw recruits. Every day we have evidences that the men who wore the blue and they who were clad in the shabby gray, and who crossed swords with each other, have forgotten the causes of the struggle in which they engaged, in a generous fraternization. It was just a little more than a year ago that the noblest eulogy, pronounced over the remains of Charles Sumner on hind the villians. Taken by surprise, the floors of Congress, was spoken by their retreat cut off, they were easily Colonel Lamar, a representative Southmade prisoners. You understand we ern man, and an original Secessionist, could not arrest them, unless they act- who had resigned his seat in the same ually attacked Charley. As it is, how- Hall, fourteen years before, to buckle ever, was a pretty little tussle before on a sword in behalf of what he believwe came up. Bless me, dear child, ed were the rights of his people, and certainly agaisnt the cause of the Union. In that same speech he expresssprained my ankle last night. It was ed the hope that the names of the battle to rest it that I sat down on the church- fields of the civil conflict would forever remain on the flags and army records of the Republic, and declared that the memory of the valor displayed on both sides in those battles-by rebel and loyalists alike-was a common heritage of the North and South, and so long as it would survive would be a common bond of union-not the perpetuation of hearing this morning a pretty little a feeling of enmity. And who doubts that the chivalrous Lamar spoke for nine-tenths of the men who, buoyed up by a cause they believed high and holy. for more than four years opposed the

fought for the Union, while the first salute fired in honor of the event came from the muzzles of the cannon of the United States, loaned for the occasion. On April 27th, last year, the Southern fields, which bring forth flowers earlier than ours, having blossomed and budded, and being as green and beautiful as ours were bleak and bare, the cere-Confederate dead was celebrated, but not a tomb was neglected in many towns, no matter whether its occupants had been triend or foe. And last year, on our "Decoration Day," no distinction was made by the Grand Army of the Republic of New York in the payment of the vernal and Flora's tribute to the memory of the men of the North and South who fell fighting for what was and is their common land. And so we tell the Bombastes Furiosos of Congress—the great braves, who like Logan, carry a thousand sculps in their closet, to cease their efforts to renew the strife and to force its ugly memories upon us. As Senator Ransom said few days ago, speaking to the President of the chamber, but with the whole nation for his audience, "Is this hostility between the sections never to cease? Is the temple of Janus never to be closed? Will not a war that cost so much precious blood, so much dear bought reasure, suffice for this insatiate passion? Have we not had suffering encugh?" Is it not time for peace and reconciliation? We believe so, as do the vast majority of the people of the country. It is not a dagger these affrightened Congressmen and timid journalists see before them—the handle towards their hands-but a dagger of the mind-a false creation proceeding

ENGLAND'S ROYAL FAMILY.

from their heat-oppressed brains.

The cable announces the birth of another grandchild for Queen Victoria, a a boy, the first baby of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who were married at St. Petersburg on the 23rd of January last. This new scion of royalty increases the number of Queen Victoria's grandchildren to twenty-six, and of this large family twenty-three are still living. The Qucen's eldest child, the Princess Royal Victoria, wife of the Crown Prince of Germany, has had four sons and four daughters of Queen's second child the Prince Wales, married to the Princess Alexandria of Denmark, has had three sons and three daughters, one son being dead. The Queen's third child, the Princess Alice, wife of Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, has had two sons and five daughters, one son being dead. Next comes | in, too and in the mornin,' while the Duchess Maria of Russia; with one son born a few days since. Finally, the daughters, all of whom are living. The Princess Louise, the Queen's sixth child, wife of the Marquis of Lorne, is not yet the head of a family. The other three children of the Queen, the Duke of Connaught Prince Leopold, and the Princes Beatrice, are unmarried. Al- on. You see the ole man; he'll "stontogether Queen Victoria has thirty-two ish you with information. Good morchildren and grandchildren living, nin'."-Philadelphia Bulletin. which constitutes a very respectably

size family, even for a Queen. Superstition in Georgia. In the county of Newton, eight miles from Covington, three families reside together. The first household consists of an old maid and her widowed mother; the second of husband, wife, and two children: and the third of an old lady and son. So strongly has the delusive idea imwitch, and in league with the devil. that they refuse to allow her to visit or borrow anything from their houses. They say she has made witch balls from hair gathered from the tail of a tricky cow, wich, if rubbed against any article will charm any one who touches it. These people place horse-shoes over their beds and under their door-steps to kill the influence of the old woman's charms. They verily believe that she intends to witch the whole neighborhood, and bring some plague upon its inhabitants. Silver bullets have been moulded with which to shoot her in case she intrudes upon the families at Clews will be \$25,000. night by creeping through the keyholes or coming down the chimney. Silver year ago that the first floral tribute laid upon a monument raised over the Confederate dead at Montgomery, Alabama the churn and well bucket to prevent the witch from taking an underhand advantage of her neighbors—Covington to the amount of \$160.000. dark, narrow alley-way ran along the other lady spoke, to their fullest extent upon a monument raised over the Con- advantage of her neighbors—Covington

"Charley!" she said. "I thought he was placed there by men who had A FREE LUNCH BY THE CASSO-

Rumors being in circulation to the effect that a new consignment of animals for the Zoological Garden had reached the city, a reporter calls at the office of the society to obtain some information respecting the matter. The secretary is out and the office in charge of a boy who is sitting with his feet on the stove mony of decorating the graves of the filing a skate. The following conversaion ensues:

Reporter-"Anything new at the garden to-day, sonny?"

Boy-"Dunno of nothin'. The skeetin' was good yesterday, and I seen a whole lot of fellers goin' in there.

Rep-"Any lot ot animals arrived lately?"

Boy-"Ib'lieve not. Leastwise I ain't heard of any. But I heard the ole man say he hoped they wouldn't bring any

more cassowaries." Rep. -"Why not?"

Boy-"They've got one out there now. belts, and the warriors of the editorial Leastways the ole man calls it a cassowary, but I call 'em ostriches. And the ole man says that animal busted loose night afore last, and raised Hail Columbia: went a scootin' around that garden behaving scand'lous. Nobody knowed it was loose until morniu,' and then it had played hob with things. The ole man says it et all the door-knobs off the monkey-house and the restaurant. and then swallered six croquet balls that were piled up by the pump. One of the keepers found an old hoop-skirt during the day and hung it agin the wall. The ole man says the cassowary must have at that too, and then it broke into a cage and put away two horned owls and a cockatoo, I blieve they call it. One of them birds like parrots any-

Rep.-"Ate them do you mean?" Boy-"That's what the ois man said. And then it went boomin' around tasting almost everything, and it got away with two trace chains on one o'the waggins, and half a keg of nails that was settin' on the porch. I never knowed them birds had such appetites. But the ole man says they hav; and they'll tackle almost anything, and swallow it as if it was confectionery. He says he saw one once eat the litter of five pups, and then begin on a crowbar's though it hadn't had nothin' for a month. And this one, out yer at the garden, it et the ole man's skeets and two butter crocks that was in the restaurant winder, and which number one son has died. The then it stuffed in two of the prairie dogs that happened to be wanderin' about."

Rep .- "Did it seem well after-

wards?" Boy-"O, middlin'! But one of the keepers left his revolver layin' on a bench, and the cassowary scooped that the Queen's fourth child, the Duke of was drivin' it into the pen, it run agin Edinburgh, married to the Grand the fence, and two or three explosions, kinder smothered like, was heard growlin' and rumblin' on its insides, Queen's fifth child, the Princess Helen, and the next minute the smoke came wife of Prince Christian of Schleswig bustin' out of its mouth and it rolled Holstein, has had two sons and two over and stepped out. The ole man says the jolt must have started the revolver."

Rep .- "Anything else new?" Boy-"No, nothing; but you come round yer whenever you want an item. There's most always somethin' going

LAWYERS' PERS IN GEORGIA

The Atlan'a (Ga.) Herald has the following: "Yesterday, in conversation, ome one remarked that Gen. Toombs never crosses a court-house door for less than \$5,000, when Judge Lochrane replied that there was nothing strange about that. "I wouldn't take any case for a smaller fee than \$10,000." This planted itself in the minds of the two caused the crowd to discuss legal fees, latter families that the widow is a and it was found that several large fees had been paid Atlanta lawyers since the war. Mr. Hill, in the celebrated Metcalf case, received a \$100,000 fee. Judge Lochrane a fee of \$40,000 in the Brunswick and Albany case. Mr. Hill received a fee of \$25,000 for his management of Kimball's case. Judge Lochrane received \$15,000 as a tee from Mrs. Kimball in the Kimball House case. In addition to these cases, there is a case now pending between Henry Clews & Co. and the Cherokee Railroad, involving \$275,000, in which the fees will be large. It is said that Judge Lochrane's fee as attorney for

It is said that three men in cleaning out a cess pool on Staten Island, Ne York one day last week found between twenty and thirty thousand dollars in the said that three men in cleaning the said that three men in cleaning that the said that three men in cleaning the said that three men in cleaning the said that three men in cleaning that the said that three men in cleaning the said that the said