

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 30.

THE GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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Clubs! Clubs!!
For 6 copies to one P. O. 1 year.....\$10.00
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" " " " 3 months.....2.50
" " " " 1 year.....5.00
" " " " 6 months.....2.50
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17 "	.06	.10	.12	.18	.27
18 "	.04	.07	.08	.12	.18
19 "	.03	.05	.06	.09	.13
20 "	.02	.03	.04	.06	.09

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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DEALER IN
Dry-Goods Groceries,

HARDWARE.
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Staff
Clothing; Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes.
Rubbers, Tobacco, Cigars, Seeds, Teas,
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,
Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice
Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.
Feb 16-ly

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT
ESTABLISHED 1831!

Published weekly in Greensboro, N. C. by
Duffy & Albright, at \$2.10 per year in advance
—postage included.
It is Democratic-Conservative in politics and
labors zealously for the material prosperity
of the South generally and North Carolina
particularly.
North Carolinians abroad should not
be without it.

FURNITURE.

W. R. FORBIS & BROTHER,
(under the Zenbow Hall)
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Keep constantly on hand a complete assortment
of FURNITURE. Repairing of every
description, including

Upholstering
neatly done. Their stock consists of
CHAIR SETS.
anging in price from \$25.00 to \$50.00.
Office, Dining-Room, Parlor and Bed-
room Chairs, Bureaus, Wardrobes,
Business Desks, Safes, Crates, Cradles
and Trunk-Beds for the
Little Falls, Mattresses and
Spring Beds of every
variety and style.

Hat-racks and any and everything in the
furniture line. Their stock is the largest and
most complete ever offered in this portion of
the State. They defy competition in quality
or price.
apr20-2m

HOUSTON & CAUSEY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCCERS,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Have now in store, and are daily receiving, a
large stock of GROCERIES, which they will
sell to village and Country Merchants on better
terms than they can buy elsewhere—which will
enable them to sell at a better per cent, than
purchasing North.
We give our attention exclusively to Groceries.
Orders solicited, which shall have prompt
attention.
apr27-3m

SCOTT & DONNELL,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Buy and sell
**COTTON, CORN, FLOUR, BACON
LARD, AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.**
Feb. 16-2m

POETRY.

**THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO
MEMORY DEAR.**

[The oft-quoted line, *Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear,* originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines*, in 1701 or 1702. We give the whole poem.]

Sweet heart good-bye! that flut'ring sail
Is spread to wait me far from thee,
As soon before the farth'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea
Perchance all des'late and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgetten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweet heart good-bye! one last embrace!
Oh, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in his heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shall dwell forever;
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

A KENTUCKY BRIDAL TOUR.

There came on one day to a little inland town in Kentucky a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silkens bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for fear the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood on the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered the car the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her affectionately, bade her "good bye," and going out seated himself on a box and commenced whistling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when a by stander thinking the whole proceedings rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carelessly, and chewing a straw to keep up his courage, he said:

"Been gettin' married lately?"

"Yes," said he "me and Sallie got spliced this mornin'."

"Was that her you put on the train?"

"Yes," with a sigh.

"A likely lookin' gal," said our questioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to go away?"

"No," but here he grew confidential. "You see me and Sallie had heard that everybody when they got married took a bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't money enough for both of us to go, but she shouldn't be knocked out of hern. So I jis brought her down here, bought her ticket and sent her on a visit to some of her folks, and thought I might get some work havestin' till she got back."

That afternoon found him busily at work, and when in a day or two after Sallie came back, he welcomed her cordially and affectionately, and hand in hand they started down the dusty road to their new home and duties.

MODERN HAMMERS AND GUNS.

At Koupp's famous factory in Germany an enormous steam hammer, which cost half a million dollars, has long been an object of admiration; but it is to be surpassed by a hammer costing a million, and proportionally are enormous. In England they have made, at prodigious expense, a gun weighing about eighty-tons—considerably over a hundred and eighty thousand pounds—and not satisfied at that, they are making another of the same size. It appears from the London paper that a hydraulic slide of mighty dimensions must be constructed to bear the weighty mass of metal for directing it right or left, or up or down, according as it may be necessary to train the gun; and then there is, beside, the task of raising projectile which weighs more than a thousand pounds, to the muzzle, and pushing of it home with an unwieldy rammer—some thirty feet in length. According to its constructors, this gun will send shot through eighteen inches of solid iron, giving the attack the superiority once more in the unending and tremendous rivalry between heavier artillery and thicker plates. The gun is to go on board the *Indefatigable*, now building at Portsmouth, and will constitute the ship's chief armament. It is to be mounted in an iron citadel in the middle of the iron-clad, and will be so fitted that it can be raised and lowered at will. It is odd to reflect that twenty years ago ironclads were unknown, and that the largest sergun in the British navy was the 68-pounder, which was sufficient for smashing in the wooden sides of the men-of-war of that day.

In one part of France there is a society for the protection of birds useful to the farmer. It has reports of all nests found and takes them under its protection. Last year 214 nests were thus protected, and the result was the fledging of 904 birds.

JEFF. DAVIS.

The ex-President of the Confederacy had been formally invited to deliver the annual address before the Agricultural Society of Winnebago county, Ill., and had accepted. A portion of the "Grand Army of the Republic" got up a protest, and it would appear sent Mr. Davis a copy. At all events Mr. Davis withdrew his acceptance in the following handsome manner:

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 19.
Henry P. Kimball, Secretary of the Winnebago County Agricultural Society, Rockford, Ills.

DEAR SIR:—I yesterday sent you a telegram announcing my revocation of my conditional acceptance of the invitation to address your association at their annual meeting in September next. The long period which has elapsed since the receipt of your first letter and the considerate courtesy which has marked your correspondence make it my duty to the board and to myself that sufficient explanation should be given of this change of purpose. Three objects mainly induced me to accept the invitation, first the hope that personal intercourse might remove some of the prejudices which had been generated by partisan factions and nurtured by individual and sectional hate. Anxious as in former years to promote interests of our great valley of the Mississippi, and believing by mutual confidence and intelligence much could be done for their advancement, I only delayed my acceptance of your invitation until it became reasonably probable that it could be met. The productive capacity of the northwest needs for its development cheaper and safer transportation of the southwest and also those foreign countries in England especially. Earnest attention has been directed for several years past to more direct and economical trade with Mississippi valley in this connection there was desire to confer with patrons of husbandry in your rich and prosperous section to discuss with them questions involved in securing better means of transporting your produce to the most favorable markets, and providing agencies which should insure larger returns to freemen and by such conference, to learn the views of one member of a family of the Mississippi Valley, a family the chief interest of all members of which is agriculture, but cultivators of such various crops to make trade among themselves extensive and lucrative; while it stamps upon each and all the same interests and the same policy as to their foreign trade. To render such conference effectual there must needs be a disposition to attend to subjects under consideration, surely not a purpose to smother it by the interposition of matters having no just relation to it.

Second—an effort was made to recognize the courtesy of your board, and I was encouraged to believe that your reception of me would be beneficial rather than injurious to your Association. This was the more supposable because several other agricultural societies of Illinois had in like manner invited me to address their annual meetings. Yesterday I received a printed paper, it being a protest of a number of your fellow country men against the action of your board in their invitation to me to make the annual address at the county meeting. Thereupon I sent you a telegram withdrawing my acceptance of invitation, under the conviction that it would not be agreeable to participate in the meeting, and I hope that neither your association nor the directors will suffer harm by the delay in procuring an orator, or by the correspondence which has caused it.

The object was to gratify a wish long entertained to see in its cultivated dress the country known to me a trackless wilderness, but that being merely a personal gratification, it may be indulged at my convenience or postponed indefinitely, I can well believe that the cause which has changed my purpose was as unforeseen by you as by me, and you may be assured that I feel no dissatisfaction toward the directors or yourself, and have suffered no personal embarrassment from the event, as the invitation was unexpected and only acceptable as an expression of the general good will, so my only regret is the loss of opportunity to promote the public interest which the welfare of your community is identified. Again expressing the hope that neither the directors or yourself may suffer injury or annoyance, and thanking you for the kindness and consideration you have manifested,
I am respectfully yours,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The best leaves of our forests for composting purposes are those of hickory and black walnut.

WHERE A CLASSICAL EDUCATION WAS THROWN AWAY.

Complaint of a Disaffected Farmer who had sent His Sons to College—A Law which the Farmer Thinks Ought to be Passed.

[From the Providence Journal]

MISTEY EFFOR—I haint no education, and I thank God for it—Gov. Lippitt said in his Kollege speech that education paid better than mortgage bonds at six per cent.

Gov. Lippitt, I ask you, have you got smob things as three highly educated sons on your hands what can't support themselves, and all living on the old man? You know you haint, and as I have, I guess I knows as much about this education matter as you do. I cuss the day when litrary ambishun brock out in my family—I fit three sons to kollege, and if I had not had one left to stay on the farm and work with me, we should all on us be takin a deep interest in the annual appropriations for the poor of the town.

My Silas studied law, and all the writs he has yet seen, has been on hisself. He has to sware out of jall three times a week, regular tripes he makes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, like the Rhode Island from Stonington.

He has got a pretty little Hollis as ever you see, with the legal works of Smollet Byrons, and all them jurists ranged on shelves—the portraits of Rufus Chote and that girl that dances so good at the Theatir, bung up on the walls. We furnished him with all those necessities of the legal profession, and although he smokes and drinks beer, and does all a young lawyer ought to do to win confidence and public esteem, it is all no go.

He belongs to ten secret societies, and I tell him I wish to God he'd jine one so secret that his creditors could not find him.

He buys all his tobacco in my name for fear of its getting attached, and as for his beer, he drinks up five dollars' worth at a time, and then swars right out on it. He is getting low-spirited now, and says that all the blackstone he wants to know about is the blackstone river, with a big stone tied to his heels, which made his mother cry, but I told him he was of age and I had no control over him.

Poor Silas, when he graduated at kollege, his orashun was on. "A classical education indispensible to success in life."

His mother and I cried in the Baptist church when we heard him deliver it, we didn't know what for then, but have since found out. I tell Silas that the only chance I see ahead for him is to drink strong, then reform, and may be the temperance folks will shove him along to keep him moral and steady.

My 'other boy, Ezra, studied to be a doctor. The first case he had was Hawkins, that was gored so bad by Olney's big bull. Hawkins had six good stiff horns aboard of his own before the bull maxed with him, which made it a bad case. Ezra wanted to be sure, so he gave him all the medicine he had on hand at once. Just as Hawkins was dying he writ an affidavit that the treatment he received from the bull was generous and humane compared with that of his doctor.—Hawkins' widow sued for malpractice, and her lawyer told the jury that M. D. stood for murderous doses, and that Ezra was drunk, and that he was a doctor of many drams but few scruples. At this joke the judge and jury laughed like split, and they give a big verdict against Ezra, and he had to run off to California.

He draws small drafts on me often so we know that he is a live, which is more comfort to his mother than to myself. When Ezra graduated his orashun was on "Kollege a Perfection against the Kalamities of life."—His mother and I cried bad then, and we have since found out why.

But the saddest case of all was poor little Calvin. At the time when unthinking youths are spent in laying stone walls or hoeing corn, Calvin was seriously thinking of the more important work of saving souls. He entered Kollege and was finally settled over a large parish at Hellburn Woods.

For a few years things went on smooth. He not only saved other souls, but he meekly accepted his portion of the trials and discipline of life by getting married and raising up a little family of souls of his own manufacture.

Then his parish got tired of him and told him to quit, and turned him off as they do ministers, by passing a lot of resolutions about the pain it gives to sunder such tender and hallied ties.

He and his whole family come home

to us, and after we got about used up with them, I got Calvin's life insured for all I could, and he sailed ten months ago as commissioner to a lot ferocious cannibals. I have prepared my mind to see soon from the King of the tribe a letter something like this:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your son Calvin arrived in good condition. While we regret to state that he disappointed us already, in regard to the amount of gravy, it gives me pleasure to add that he was tender and small-boned.—Should another member of your estimable family feel inclined to Christianize us, send him along. We can stand it as long as you can.

Poor Calvin's orashun was on "The final results of the missionary enterprise."

My other son was not educated, and has stayed on the farm, and is the support and comfort of our declining years. He is so ignorant that he thinks the New York Weekly is the ablest paper in the World, and the prevailing impression on his mind is that William the Conqueror took an active part in burning the Gaspees.

For all that, he can support himself, and has money in the bank, which is more than his educated brothers can say. My opinion is that a law ought to be passed making the corporation of a Kollege liable for the debts of all their graduates. This would make them all plucky careful not to educate any but them what was fit for it, and others might be spared what me and my poor wife has suffered.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
"ABOUT ICE-CREAM."

He slipped into an ice-cream saloon very softly, and when the girl asked him what he wanted he replied:

"Corn beef, fried potatoes, pickles and mice pie."

"This is not a restaurant; this is an ice-cream parlor," she said.

"Then why did you ask me what I wanted for? Why didn't you bring on your ice-cream?"

She went after it, and as she returned he continued:

"You see, my dear girl, you must infer—you must reason. It isn't likely that I would come into an ice-cream parlor to buy a grindstone, is it? You did not think I came in here to ask if you had any baled hay, did you?"

She looked at him in great surprise and he went on:

"If I owned a hard ware store, and you came in, I would infer that you came for something in my line. I wouldn't step out and ask you if you wanted to buy a mule, would I?"

She went away highly indignant. An old lady was devouring a dish of cream at the next table, and the stranger, after watching her for a moment, called out:

"My dear woman, have you found any hairs or buttons in your dish?"

"Mercy! no!" she exclaimed, as she wheeled around and dropped her spoon.

"Well, I'm glad of it," he continued. "If you find any just let me know."

She looked at him for half a minute, picked up the spoon, laid it down again, and then rose up and left the room. She must have said something to the proprietor, for he came running in and exclaimed:

"Did you tell that woman there were hairs and buttons in my ice-cream?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't?"

"No, sir, I did not: I merely requested her, in case she found any such ingredients, to inform me!"

"Well, sir, that was a mean trick."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, smiling slyly, "did you expect me to ask the woman if she had found a crowbar or a sledge-hammer in her cream? It is impossible, sir, for such articles to be hidden away in such small dishes."

The proprietor went away growling, and as the stranger quietly slipped away at his cream two young ladies came in, sat down near him and ordered cream and cakes. He waited until they had eaten a little, and then he remarked:

"Beg pardon, ladies, but do you observe anything peculiar in the taste of this cream?"

They tasted, smacked their lips, and were not certain.

"Does it taste to you as if a plug of tobacco had fallen into the freezer?" he asked.

"Ah! kah!" they exclaimed dropping their spoons and trying to spit out what they had eaten. Both rushed out, and it wasn't long before the proprietor rushed in.

do you mean by plug tobacco in the freezer?"

"My kind friend, I asked the ladies if this cream tasted of plug tobacco; I didn't taste any such taste, and I don't believe you used a bit of tobacco in it."

"Well you don't want to talk that way around here!" continued the proprietor.

"My ice-cream is pure, and the man who says it isn't tells a bold lie!"

He went away again, and a woman with a long neck and a sad face sat down and said to the girl that she would take a small dish of lemon-ice.

It was brought, and she had taken about two mouthfuls when the stranger inquired:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you know how this cream was made—have you an idea that they grated turnip and chalk with the cream?"

She didn't reply. She slowly rose up, wheeled around and made for the door. The stranger followed after, and by great good luck his coat-tails cleared the door an instant too soon to be struck by a five-pound box of figs, hurled with great force by the indignant proprietor.

As he reached the curb-stone he halted, looked at the door of the parlor and soliloquized:

"There are times when people should infer, and there are times when they shouldn't. I suppose if I had asked that woman if she thought they hashed up a saw-mill in the cream she'd have felt a circular saw going down her throat."

HERMAN MONUMENT.

From the New York Herald we clip a description of a monument erected to the memory of this German hero. He flourished during the first century, while our Saviour was upon earth, and made himself famous by his overthrow of the Roman power in Germany:

"It was begun on the 9th of July, 1838—thirty-seven years ago—and completed on the 23rd of June, 1875. The cost of the entire monument will be about \$0,000 thalers. The dimensions of the monument are as follows: The height of the gothic structure on which the figure of Herman stands is ninety-three feet; the figure itself is ninety feet high, making the total height 183 feet. It is therefore sixty feet higher than the Marcus Aurelius column in Rome and exceeds that of Trajan by fifty-five feet. The substructure is a round massive tapering gothic, pile, supported by ten stout pillars, and crowned by a cupola flattened at the top for the reception of the figure. The height of this, as before stated, is ninety-three feet: the dome is surrounded by a gallery four feet wide, upon which 300 people can stand, and up to which sixty-nine steps lead and twenty-eight steps go still higher to the summit of the dome. In the niches of this substructure appear various interesting and characteristic inscriptions and memorials. In one is a relief of the Emperor William I. the model of which was made for Von Randel by the Emperor himself. Crossing this gothic structure is the figure, measuring with the iron plate on which it rests ninety feet. Arminius stands with his right arm upraised, holding aloft an immense sword, his left rests upon the shield, which is inscribed with the simple word, "Trenfest!" firm and true. It consists of five copper plates, and weighs over a ton. The height of the body is fifty feet; from the foot to the peak of the helmet, fifty-five and from the iron basis on which the figure stands to the point of the sword ninety feet. The single portions of the monument are of copper, and number 200 pieces. They were riveted together, and in part beaten in the workshop by Von Randel himself. The entire monument has a weight of ten or eleven tons or beaten copper.

WHY ARE FARMERS POOR?

This is a question often asked and we seldom hear what may be properly termed the true answer. It is a singular fact that farmers as a class, are not lazy. They cannot be said to be idlers, for they work pretty constantly at something, and work as hard as men ought to work, make, one year after another, pretty fair crops and get pretty fair prices for their products; but they don't get rich, and some say they are getting poorer and poorer every year. Why is this so? The Carolina says it is because "it costs too much, too much to keep our crops. We grow poor not so much because our incomes are so small, as because our expenses are so large. There is no strict method in our operations, and no close economy of means; the expenses of making a crop has not been reduced to a minimum. We fence in too large a field, and travel over too many acres to produce ten bales of cotton or a hundred bushels of corn.—We pay out too much for labor and fertilizers for the result produced. The remedy must be sought in sounder methods, labor saving implements and better trained labor and less of it."

"See here, what in blazes are you talking about?" he demanded. "What