THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO 39.

THE GLEANER. PARKER & JOHNSON Graham, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid: Clubs! Clubs!!

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nsient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, cents for each subsequent insertion, ertisements not specified as to time, published ordered out, and charged accordingly, advertisements considered due from first inser-One inch to constitute a square.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. P. GULLEY.

RETAILER AND JOBBER OF

Dry-Goods, Clothing,

BURT'S HAND-MADE

Boots & Gaiters

HATS AND CAPS, VALUERS. TRUNKS, WHITE GOODS, & O., &c. South Cor. Eayetteville St., and Exchange Pla

RALEIGH. N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELL, Graham, N. C.,

> Dry-Goods, . groceries, Hardware,

INRON, STERLISALT, MOLASSE OILS, DYE-STUFFS, DRUGS, MEDICINES, LARD, BACON, &C., &C.

Terms Cash or Barter.

P. R HARDEN & BROTHER,

Graham, N. C ..

are receiving their FALL STOCK of Dry-Goods Groceries,

HARDWARE, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuff Clothing; Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes.

Rubbers, Tobacco, Cigars, Secas, Teas, KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY, Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.

New Drug Store.

DR. J. S. MURPHY

Respectfully notifies the public that he has opened a complete and well filled DRUG-STROE at

Company Shops,

where anything kept in a well ordered Drug Store may be found. Store may be found.

The physicians of the county and the public generally, are invited to patronize this new enterprise. An experienced druggist—a regular graduate in pharmacy, is in charge, so that physicians and the public may rest assured that all presciptions and orders will be correctly and earefully filled.

Prices as reasonable as can be afforded. feb 16-2m

Pumps! Pumps!!

THOMAS S. ROBERTSON,

Company Shops, N. C.,

is manufacturing and selling the best an

CHEAPEST PUMPS

ever offered to the people of this State. These pumps are as durable as wooden pumps can be made. They are easy as any one wanting water could wish. They are sold as cheap as any one who proposes to buy could ask. Punps delivered anywhere on short notice. Each pump warranted. The manufacturer refers to every pump of his in use. Not one has ever failed.

C. ROBERTSON,

DEALER IN

Grave Stones

MONUMENTS.

GREENSBORO N. C.

POETRY.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold:

But one was out on the hills away Far off from the gates of gold; Away on the mountains wild and bare,

Away from the tender 81.e.d.crd's care. "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine: Are they not enough for thee?"

But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wandered away from me; And, although the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord

Ere he found his sheep that was lost, Out in the desert he heard its cry-Sick and helpless and ready to die.

passed through

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the

That mark out the mountain's track?" They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'

'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and

'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.' And all through the mountains thunder-riven And up from the locky steep,

There rose a cry to the gate of heaven; "Rejoice! I have found my sheep !, And the angels echoed around the throne : 'Rejoice! For the Lord brings back his own! -As sung by Mr Sankey.

THE PIANO TUNER, SATORY.

You are a pair of precious young fools, and that's the best I can find to say about you! said Aunt George.

Her name was Miss Georgianna Anderson; but the sweet abbreviation "Georgie" was never used to her: as through sitting up at night to sew and soon might one think of venturing on familiarities with a bishop! Everybody called her "Aunt George;" and as she walked with a measured, heavy tread, like a grenadier, the name didn't seem at all inappropriate.

She was Lizzie's Aunt George- not mine. And she had brought Lizzie up in her queer downright fash on, never given her a kiss or a caress or an endearing word, yet withal being kind to her after

her own way.

I wish I could describe Lizzie Anderson to you as she really was. A little, dimpled, blue-eyed crea ure, with long, shady lashes, and a shy way of looking at you, like a child; a girl whose voice was low and flute sweet, and who moved about quietly and noiselessly, like a sweet spring wind rustling the flowers. And only eighteen, too; that was what aggravated Aunt George the most of

I wasn't married until I was five and thirty! said Aunt George; but you young people can't be contented without rushing headlong into the vortex. It would be different if you were rich; but dear me! and she rubbed her nose perplexedly. Joe is nothing on earth but a poor pianoforte tuner, and you havn't one solitary penny of your own Liz-

zie. We shall be very economical, Aunt Georgia, Lizzie answered, cheerfully. And you'll have to be, answered the old lady, grimly.

with the reader. I shall not disguise kind to me. from him the fact that I had, in our confidential talks, asked Lizzic if she thought Aunt George would do anything for us

in a pecuniary way.
Oh, dear, no! Lizzie had answered shaking her brown curls in a most decided fashion. She always told me never to expect anything from her; and besides, Joe, she has really nothing to give!

There was no getting over these two facts, taken eitner together or separate-

There's one comfort, Lizzie, said I stoutly: we are young and strong and brave-hearted, and we'll not ask aid of

Of course we won't, Joe, said Lizzie, her blue eyes sparkling like dew-wet violets at sunrise.

I did wish, once or twice, that my business had been something more lucrative than piano tuning; but it was had. what I had been brought up to, and I had a pretty good run of custom on the and her will was read-a verp brie: docgo a great way when you are careful of simple household furniture and belong-

We had just seventy-five dollars to fur ish our little second floor with; but I can assure you our rooms looked delightfully cozy, with the red and green carpet and neat stained furniture. Lizzie said it looked exactly like a doll's house, and perhaps she wasn't very far

Such a pair of fools! reiterated Aunt

Why shouldn't it, Aunt George? ask-

ed Lizzie coloring and smiling in that pretty, flower-like way of hers. Humph; said Aunt George. If you

come to that, why don't the sun shine ast forever. So it might if there were no clouds

Lizzie answered, softly. Ah, child! sighed Aunt George! you're young now, so enjoy it as much as you

more's the pity. So we were married quitely, as be-

came our humble estate and moderate expectations, and went to spend a few days in the country, where I had a sister living on a breezy, old-fashioned farm. Do you think Lizzie and I will right. And I shall rub up my practice ever-forget those days, even if we live to be as old as Methuselah?

It was a November evening when we came to the doll's house, where the red merino draperies glowed warmly in the ruddy shine of the fire and the tin kettle was singing out its homely lay of welcome.

Lizzie, said I, softly, are you glad to come home?

And she answered, more with her eyes than her lips, Oh, so very, very glad! for we are going to be happy here. I know it as well as if, I saw all the years stretched out before me on a map.

Our first year was very blissful, especially after the baby came to make our lives musical, with his little cooing voice; but after that the hard times came. Not that we repined. Lizzie and I were brave to endure whatever we could bear; yet it went to my heart to see her growing pale and thin, earn a little extra money, because my business was dull. And, almost before we knew it, the bills began to accumulate, and the rent got behind.

This won't do, Joe, said Lizzie, grave ly. We must do without meat.

That is nothing, said I, laughing although I felt little enough inclined to be mirthful; but we cannot very well do without a roof over our heads.

Don't fret, Joe, said my little heartsome wife. We shall not want, something will be sare to happen. But what can happen, Lizzie? The

days of miricles are over. There are no Elijahs and ravens in these times. Yes, there are, Joe, said Lizzie, cheer. tully, although we don't always know it at the time. There is an order for you

to tune a piano up in South street; isn' that a raven? And she held the strip of paper triumphantly up before me.

When I came back from South street Lizzie met me at the door with humid eyes and a troubled face.

What is the matter? I cried out, anxionsly. Lizzie-not the baby? Nothing has happened to him? No. I izzie answered; he is quite well

and fast asleep, like a little white lamb. But-Aunt George is dead.

Aunt George! I repeated, vacant-

Yes; she died this morning, and could not be sent for in time to receive It is my intention to be perfectly frank her last breath. O, she was very, very

Are we men naturally so selfish, or was I, hunted and driven by want, an exception to the ordinary rule? For I confess that as Lizzie stood there looking tearfully up into my face the first thought that followed the entrance of this unexpected news into my brain was; Would Aunt George leave usanything? I supposed Lizzie was her sole living relation, and surely, in all these years, though her income was small she must have saved something. But I am thankful to remember that I never told Lizzie what was in my mind.

Sne was very old; dear, I said, striving to comfort my grieved wite; over of battle was turned, and the greatest threescore and ten. It is the allotted victory of the war won." age of humanity, and you know she had grown to be very feeble.

And I know she is better off, said Lizzie but. Joe, she is all the mother I ever

We went to Aunt George's funeral that I shall make a spleudid house-keep. the affestionate remembrance of the deceased, her piano.

A tuneless, jangling instrument, halfa century old, with carved spindle legs, ornaments of inlaid brass and keys as yellow as Aunt George's own complexhand gently on my arm.

It was Aunt George's dear she said George, in a prophetic mood, but softly, "and we must cherish it for her the escaped gas from the can.

there's one comfort-it won't last long. sake. Besides, in a whisper, think how it-will amuse the baby.

And that was the end of all my expectations of an inheritance from Lizzie's Aunt George.

The old piano was duly carted home the next day. If it had been a fashionable instrument, of modern make they could never have goten it up the narrow staircase; but it looked quite friendly and home-like opposite the fire-place, its can. We can't be young twice over lank proportions covered by a faded green cloth.

I shrank back with a little grimace as Lizzie touched the keys to make the ba-

by laugh. Of course it is out of tune, Joe. she said, merily; but you'll soon set that

again in no time. It happened to be a very dull time just then; so I had nothing else to do but to take Lizzie's advise and in just half an hour had the old instrument nearly dissected, much to Mr. Baby's edification, as he sat gravely on the floor in the midst of the interior delepments of the ancient piano.

And now comes the most marvelous

part of my story. All piano tuners know that when you take away the front piece above the keyboar I there is a hollow place of considerable extent, in any instrument of ordinary size. And as I stopped to blow the dust away from this place I sa a bundle or roll of bank notes fastened round with a vellow slip of paper on which was written. For my niece Liz-

Lizzie! I cried, breathlessly, Lizzie!

and she was at my side in an instant. And if you will be lieve me, there were \$5,000. the cacumulated savings of Aunt George's frugral life; and this was what she had meant by giving her piano to

That \$5,000 was the starting point of the snug little fortune we have since scraped together; and if Aunt George could know how much her bequest has done for us, I think it would do her kindly heart good.

A HISTORICAL PHRASE DISPU-TED.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 16.] At a banquet of the Veterans of the Mexican war, held on Tuesday evening L. B. Mizner, of Solano, in the course of an eloquent address, took cccasion to correct a fabrication which had passed into history, attributing to General Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, the admonition. "A litte more grape, Captain Bragg." Such language was unworthy of the man and the historic moment, when the result of the most desperate and memorial battle of the war was wavering in the balance, and nothing, said Mr. Mizner, would hav been more foreign to the character of General Taylor in his manner in trying emergencies than such an exclamation. "Holding the position of an interpreter on the staff of General Taylor," said the speaker, "I was seated on my horse immediately near him, when Captain Bragg dashed hurriedly up, saluted the General and reported: "General, I shall have to fall back with my battery or poose it." Several of his guns had already been dismounted, a large part of his men were prostrate on the heath On receiving the report General Taylor turned on his horse and surveyed the situation for a few seconds-he required no field-glass, for the scene of conflict was not far removed-and the reply was, "Captain Bragg, it is better to loose a battery than a battle." This was the interview on which was based the famous slang phrase that was never uttered by the General to whom it is imputed. Captain Bragg returned to his battery with renewed determination, and by the efforts of that gallant officer and his brave command the tide

SCARED BY A BURSTING TOMA-

As a Columbia Pa., lady was sleeping the sleep of the innocent, a few nights ago, she was awakended by what she supposed to be the noise of a whole: and, as Lizzie said: A little will ument—in which she bequeathed her burglar sawing his way through the had levied for satisfaction upon her window. Her husband was asleep, You'll see, Joe, she added, blithely, beth, wife of Joseph Allen as a token of quietly stole out of bed, got a pistol and approached the window under which she had placed some newly canned tomatoes. Her terror can be imagined when an explosion took place and she felt the warm blood trickling down her face-she was dying. ion. I laughed contemptuously when I The husband was aroused by the report heard the words. But Lizzie laid her a light was brought and it was dicovered scattering its contents all over her, and, the noise she supposed to be sawing was

[From the St. Louis Times] A TERRIBLE STORY The Folly and Fate of Three Beautiful

Our readers may possibly recollect

the circumstances of a fatal duel, widely published at the time, which occurred on the 3rd of April, 1874, on the old dueling ground on the sandy stretch of shore fronting Bay St. Louis. . The participants were Artelle Bienvenue, a broker, and Andrea Phillips, a lawyer of New Orleans.

Aside from the fatal termination of the meeting, the contest between Philligs and Bienvenue would not have been unusually remarkable but for the fact that it was the final scene in the tragic wedded lives of three women-sisterswhose husbands fell by the hand of violence, incited by the evil course of their

Born of reputable creole parents hese sisters were inheritors of vast wealth and a stainless name, and distinguished for personal beauty in aland where the lovliness of women was proverbial. Tenderly reared and brilliantly educated with possessions that rivalled in extent and excelled in value a German principality, it is not surprising that they became the flattered belles of society, and were the boast and pride of the merchant and planter beaux in all the wild coast country.

Nor is it astonishing that they exerised the fatal influence they did upon men. Their beauty was glorious. And now for the story of their lives.

The oldest sister was married to Dr. Sharp, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., a polished, graceful gentleman, whose love and derotion might have contented any wo man less prone to the allurements of society and the admiration of meu. It was in the first year of the war, and the most brilliant society in the South was gathered at Mobile and New Orleans. With an appetite whetted to fever heat by a few month's abstinence from social pleasures, she plunged recklessly into a whirlpool of gaiety. The married flirt wears no armor of innocence. Her love of admiration is pitted against man's duplicity and cunning. She staked and lost. From folly there is but one step to imprudence, and that step was taken, despite a husband's jealousy and sense of honor. The end was inevitable; a challenge and duel, and her husband fell pierced to the heart by the bullet of her seducer. There was no pity for a woman like

this; society repelled her, her friends discarded her, and she fled to New Orleans to lead the life of an adventuress. The second sister shortly afterward married the son of a distinguished jourfolly. Society received her with open arms. Wealth, influential connections and alliances with a distinguished family obscured for a time the recollections of a sister's imprudence. But gossip soon grew busy with her name. From one folly to another she passed with fatal haste and seeming indifference, until in a fatal hour her husband learned that the woman he loved, the wife that he idolized, was a thing to be scorned. It broke his heart. With the downfall ot his idol, his reason wavered, and he perished by his own hand. For all his brilliant talents, and the promise of a splendid future he died the victim of a woman's perfidy.

The younger sister became the wife of Bienvenue, a young broker of New Orleans Rich, beautiful and accomplished, she was at once a leader in society, Courted flattered and carressed, she plunged headlong into the vortex. Men lavished praises upon her-woman hated and smiled upon her. What cared she? beautiful, reckless, heartless and indifferent to all alike, she cared only for that social admiration which was the sunshine of her life. Her large fortune gave her an income in her individual right. This gave wings to her extravagance and enabled her to contract bills in her own name. One of them-a milliner's bill-was overdue, suit was brought and execution issued which Phillips, the lawyer, carriage and horses. In an interview subsequently had with the lady regardding the settlement of the bill, words which she construed into an insult were charged upon the attorney. Her husband resented it-a challenge ensued-and then the fatal duel on that sad April morning, when a husband's life ebbed a way its purple tide upon the lonely beach, the last unhappy victim of the fatal sister's folly and extravagance.

It is estimated that this years cotton crop will reach 3,850,000 bales.

CHARLE CARROL. ROLLTON-A REMNISENCE.

In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carrell alone remained among the living, the government of the city of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illuttrious survivor and obtain from him for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request, and affixed with his own hand to the copy of that instrument the grateful, solemn and pious suplementa

declaration which follows. "Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, He has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fifficth year of America independence. and certify by my present signature my approbation of the declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2nd day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, I do hereby recomend to the paesent and future generations the principals of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity, and extended to the whole family of man.

"CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton.

"August 2, 1826." Speaking of the heat of the Ohio campaign the Chicago Times says: " Not since the war has such heat and bitterness been aroused from political differences. In Ohio friends have been permanently abjured relatives alienated and as for political lines they have been very nearly obliterated. In the Alien family the Governor refuses communication with his nephew Thurman, though that gentleman did all he could to aid the old man's cause, ruining his own prospects in the effort. On the stump Allen Thurman, the Senator's son and the Governor's great nephew spoke against his relative. On the street the Allen family passed by and ignored the Thurmans, and the other great houses stand similarly split up by the

If we die to day the sun will shine as nalist in Mobile. The fate of her elder ly to-morrow. Business will not be susbrightly and the birds will sing as sweetpended a moment, and the great mass will bestow but a thought upon our memories. He's dead? will be the solemn inquiry of a few days, as they pass to their work .- No one will miss us except our immediate connection, and in a short time they, too, will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now in life, pass away. Our children follow closly behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a human being can sav, "I remember him." -We live in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly we arc passing!

> "Father," asked a Vicksburg boy at the dinner table the other day, "are vou a big man?" "Well I dunno, musingly answered the parent. "Why?" Cause I heard some men talking over at the hotel, and they said that you were one of the biggest men in town." "Well I spose I do stand pretty high," replied the parent, looking pleased and consequential. There was a half a minutes silence, and then the boy added: "They said it was a wonder how you carried your feet around!" The boy can't understand yet why he should nave received a box on the ear which made his head roar for two long hours.

> During the eight years the famous trotting mare, American Girl, who died recently at Elmira, has been on the turt, she netted her owner the large sum of \$102,000.

> Augusta Ga., claims the largest cotton factory in the South, 40 buildings are in process of erection, and houses to the value of \$350,000 have been completed

The mammoth hotel to be built at St. Louis by Boston capitalists will be 12 stories, 300 feet square 170 teet high; and will contain 2,000 rooms accommodating 3,500 lodgers.