

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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SOBER SPOPER'S FATAL ERROR Imparting Interesting News to His Wife--The Widow Stacy's Heifer.

Mr. Soper's wife had been sick for some time, but although extremely reduced in body and mind, there is enough of the true woman remaining in her yet, which led her last Monday, in a faint whisper, to ask her husband, who had entered the room with a funeral cast of features, what was the news.

"Well," answered Mr. Soper, sitting meekly down on the extreme edge of a chair, and balancing his hat on his fingers by the brim, "there ain't nothin' to speak of 'n' p'ficer. Spose you heerd of Miss Cole's death; she was taken the same time as you was."

"I should think, James," said Mrs. Soper, with a feeble emphasis, "that if you couldn't a had somethin' more cheerful to say to your poor sick wife you'd hold your tongue."

"Certainly said Mr. Soper, meekly, "only news is so scarce. Lemme see," he continued, looking thoughtfully into the crown of his hat, as if he had reserved a fund of gossip therein, "you heerd 'bout Matby Carter's breakin' her leg?"

As snappish nod of the head from the invalid signified to Mr. Soper that he was on dangerous ground, but after a moment's reflection his face brightened visibly as he said: "You orter b' en to town meet'n Monday. The town voted to have a new hearse, an' I never was so glad of anything in my life."

"James Edward Soper, whispered his wife, with a painful intensity, "be you a nat'ral born fool, or be you lookin' forrard to gettin' rid of me?"

As the latter view had never presented itself to Mr. Soper in the light of his wife's inquiry, he looked very much subdued, and scratched his head with an air of subdued abstraction, as Mrs. Soper said again, with a tearful voice: "Oh, you e'n go. If you can't spare a few mementos to set with me, an' jest give me some little interestin' news--I don't want you to stay agin your inclination." She continued with a sigh of a martyr.

Mr. Soper hastily expressed his willingness to remain and desire to please, so after a brief interval of thought he continued reflectively: "Well, lemme think. I was over to the widder Stacy's las' wite to see if I couldn't make a trade for a Jersey heifer, an' I tell you, Myra," said Mr. Soper, enthusiastically, "if she 'arn't a haunsom critter, I never see one."

An omnious light appeared in Mrs. Soper's sunken eyes, and if her husband had been observing closely he would have seen a restless motion of her hands, indicative of a desire to make a personal attack upon some one or something, but he saw nothing and continued: "She's just about the right size, an' her skin as white as snow. She's got the pootiest legs," continued the unreflecting Mr. Soper, with a descriptive motion of the hand; "an' when you come to talk about shape--why, Maria," said Mr. Soper, rising from his chair in his warmth, "she'll measure two foot across the breast."

The scream which came from the afflicted invalid at this juncture was of such piercing shrillness, that Mr. Soper placed his fingers in his ears, mother-in-law in the next room, appeared on the scene in the twinkling of an eye.

"Oh, you awful brute," she exclaimed, as she bathed her daughters' brows with hair oil in mistake for camphor, while the wretched man feebly endeavored to explain that he was only telling Mrs. Soper about a Jersey heifer that he was going to buy.

"There, ma," said Mrs. Soper with a gasp, "I am better now." "You had better leave the room" said the matron, with a word of significant wrath in her eye, and the unfortunate Soper departed, muttering, as he slammed the outside door behind him, that he'd be master in his own house some day; but he hasn't been yet, for Mrs. Soper has recovered and her mother has taken up a permanent residence with them.

To this day they don't speak to the widow Stacy, and Mr. Soper's reiterated explanation has always been received in dignified and incredulous silence.

Billy Emerson, the negro minstrel makes \$25,000 a year. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, makes \$900. The latter has frequently deplored the fact that he couldn't get his head to his tambourine right in the middle.

FARMING INTERESTS. Sheep Husbandry in Georgia.

Of those who have tested crosses in Georgia, 98 per cent, report the cross of the Merino and native the most profitable.

The average annual profit on capital invested in sheep raising is 63 per cent. The average annual cost per head of keeping sheep is only fifty-four cents. The average cost of raising a pound of wool is only six cents, whilst the average market price of unwashed wool is thirty-three and a half cents.

An average of seventy-four lambs are raised for every hundred ewes, notwithstanding the ravages of dogs. Ninety per cent, of the correspondent report dogs the principle and generally the only obstacle to sheep husbandry, and many that the business is abandoned from the want of protection.

There were in Georgia, in 1870, 93,135 sheep less than in 1850; and in 1875, 100,142 sheep less than in 1870. Or, in fifteen years instead of an increase as there should have been, of 100 per cent., a decrease to show of 33 per cent.

Why a branch of industry paying an annual profit of 63 per cent on capital invested is languishing, and in many cases entirely abandoned, is shown from the fact of there being in the State 99,415 dogs, and that between April 1st, 1874 and April 1st, 1875, they destroyed 28,625 sheep, worth \$73,852, or nine per cent, of the value of all the sheep in the State.

Correspondents report that 100 sheep regularly folded will fertilize, so as to double the crops, eight acres a year. If the area was planted in cotton, which the sheep now in the State will fertilize, (25,344 acres) the increase on that area would be 12,772 bales, worth at \$50 net per bale, \$638,600.

If, says the commissioner, there were two million sheep in Georgia, as there would be if properly protected the production at the same rate from the effects of their manures would be worth \$4,000,000 a year.

If the legislature, at its next session as is hoped and believed, will adopt such measures as will remove the present obstacles to the enterprise, thousands of the farmers of Georgia will immediately embark in sheep-raising, and millions of acres of land now idle, and an expense to their owners, will be rendered profitable for sheep walks and gradually improved in fertility; and a way will be opened for a tide of immigration into the State of thousands of the best, most quiet, peaceable, industrious and profitable laborers, who nearly double their number annually, demand no wages, do not steal or commit other crimes, labor assiduously through the year, feed and clothe themselves and their masters, make no strikes, utter no complaints, and never "die in debt to man." Such laborer is the sheep, the best and cheapest in the world.

Is it not remarkable--and the question is as pertinent in Maryland and Virginia as it is in Georgia--that such laborers cannot lie down to rest at night in a civilized community without risking their lives at the hands (mouths rather) of idle and lawless neighbors the dogs who spend the day in idleness or sleep, and the night in murder and theft?

We shall refer, soon again, to this little hand-book of Dr. James and give some further extracts. Its material is carefully prepared, and the language used effective and convincing.

KISSING FOR CASH.

At a Methodist ministerial conference in New York, on Monday, the Rev. Dr. Terry said the churches of that city are overburdened with debt, and that they cannot get money except by clap trap extortions, such as fairs and festivals. One church, he added, has introduced "kissing festivals," and another offers a new chromo to every convert.

The Rev. Dr. Wm. P. Corbit said that the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city had not been in so deplorable a condition for the past twenty-five years. He attributed the success of Moody and Sankoy to their power in uniting good men and good women in common.

A stockman near Austin, Texas, is raising camels, and has just sold five young ones for \$450 each. He expects to begin the breeding of ostriches, elephants and Shetland ponies shortly.

Gov. Gaston's platform was: "Reconciliation between all sections of the country; hard money; purity in the administration of affairs, and reformation and reform in all departments in the Government." No wonder he was defeated.

AN ANTONISHED BRAKEMAN

He hadn't seen him, but somebody had told him that there was a lady with a dog aboard the train, 'Aha! he must be removed. Palace car no place for dogs; ladies ort to know better'n to bring nasty sore-eyed poodles into a sleepin' coach.

He gave another twist at the brake, slammed the door behind him, cocked his hat over his left eye, and waddled down the aisle, halting in front of the mistress of the dog.

"Madame, that dog'll have to come out o' here. Haggage car's the place for dogs."

"But, sir, he does not disturb any one in here; he lies very quiet under the seat. You will let my stay, won't you?"

"Can't do it, mam; he'll have to come out; them's my orders, no dogs aboard the sleepers; here, you little brute here."

A low growl from under the seat was the only response. The brakeman opened his eyes; the voice was pitiful in rather a low key, a little too deep a bass for a small dog--"at he must be removed--perquisites fifty cents on every dog brought to the baggage car, half and half for brakeman and baggage smasher. 'Come out of that, you cur.'

He reached under the seat, grasped his dogship by his off ear, and he came out. In fact you never saw a dog come out so lively, and he must have grown some in coming, for instead of being an insignificant little poodle, a great black Newfoundland, as big as a cow, was brought to light. Things looked interesting. The dog caught brakeman by the part that in the bow leg generally gets over the fence last. There was a struggle; a brakeman was seen to perform sturdy antics over the top of his car seats; then there was a wiping of floors by brakeman assisted by dog. Ladies screamed, men flourished umbrellas and traveling saks. Only one unfeeling urchin, the peanut boy hallooed. "Sick 'im, Tige!" and quickly disappeared. Some one in the confusion pulled the bell rope. The engine whistled down brakes, and the conductor and all hands rushed to the rescue. A switchman pried open the dog's teeth, a poor man's plaster was placed where it would do the most good, and the brakeman, and the dog, were taken to the baggage car.

A SHREWD ELECTION LODGE.

Jackson, Miss., correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial. I witnessed many strange scenes at the polls and round about the crowd. This sort of thing was repeated often by men who were supplied with money for the purpose. A man would select his darkey and operate on him in this wise:

"Uncle, have you voted?" "No sah." "Going to vote?" "Yes, sir." "How?" "The 'publican, sah." "Can't I persuade you to vote the democratic ticket?" "No, sah; not a bit."

"I'll bet two dollars you are afraid to step up there and vote the democratic ticket?" "Me 'fraid! No, sah; dis nigger ain't 'fraid; he ain't one of the skeery zint; he ain't!" "Well, I'll bet you two dollars you are afraid to do it."

"Put up your money; I'll take dat bet, sah, I'm no skeery nigger." The money is handed to a third party. The negro is given the democratic ticket, and is accompanied to the polls by a white man who sees that it is voted. The negro returns, and is paid the 'wager' he has won.

"A nice way that to buy votes and at the same time evade the penalty of the law."

"The perpetual tug and excitement of business, as it is done in this country, frequently, overtakes and breaks down the mind; not so much by the intellectual labor as by the excitement attending it. Now, the study of the languages, sciences, etc., and the putting forth of the mental energies in the form of written thoughts for the world, afford just that kind of mental effort which is most favorable to long and vigorous life. Accordingly literary and scientific men are, as a class, long lived. If our females would give up their dissipated, renounce their novels, and their indolence, put away both their inglorious rust and their vain glorious excitements together, and rise higher on the scale of intellectual, thinking, spiritual being; they might secure to themselves and their children a more healthy, prolonged existence, than most of them enjoy.

WHAT HAPPENED TO A BEAN FELLOW ON A TENNESSEE RAILROAD TRAIN.

[Knoxville (Tenn.) Press, Nov. 6.] "I'll give ten dollars to have that train stopped," exclaimed Major B. A. Carpenter yesterday to Mr. J. B. Hoxsie, master of transportation of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. The eastward-bound train had pulled out of the depot, and was rattling through the yard, the bell ringing merrily. Major Carpenter stood within the depot, and Mr. Hoxsie was watching the fast-receding train. The request was sufficient for Mr. Hoxsie to act upon, although ignorant of the reason, and a freight engine near by shrieked shrilly at the engineer of the passenger train, and the alarm was taken up by other engines in the yard while the train was motioned down by every employee of the company in the vicinity, and in thirty seconds it had come to a stop, to the wonderment of the passengers and the curiosity of the engineer.

It happened in this wise: Just before the train started a man standing on the step of one of the cars had called to him a little girl with a basket of apples on her arm and purchased a dime's worth of the fruit. He placed the apples in his pocket and just when the train moved off. Taking a ten-cent note from his vest-pocket, he held it in his hand as the train moved on, the little girl following imploringly along, and finally he returned the money to his pocket and went inside the car. The little girl burst into tears. Just then Major Carpenter passed through the depot on his way to dinner. An asked the reasons of her tears, and she told him. "I'll give ten dollars to have that train stopped," shouted the Major, who, though a small man physically, has a heart as big as all out of doors.

The train was stopped and backed into the depot, and with the Major's protection the little girl identified the fellow, who was made to give her the dime, and then to listen to an opinion about himself expressed in very vigorous English by the thoroughly-roused Major. Officers Macdon and Cain were called, and the fellow was taken off the train, marched to the calaboose, and kept there until evening. Then he was made to solemnly promise that he wouldn't eat another apple for twelve months, and released, taking the evening freight train for his home, near Strawberry Plains.

HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE IN A FAMILY.

- 1. Remember that your will is likely to be crossed every day; so prepare for it. 2. Remember everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as yourself, and, therefore, you are not to expect too much. 3. Remember to learn the different temper and disposition of each individual. 4. Remember to look on each member of the family as one for whom you should have a care. 5. Remember when any good happens to any one to rejoice at it. 6. Remember when inclined to give an angry answer, to overcome evil with good. 7. Remember it from sickness, pain or infirmity you feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over yourself. 8. Remember to observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited them. 9. Remember to watch the opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way. 10. Remember to take a cheerful view of everything; even if the weather, is and encourage hope. 11. Remember to speak kindly to the servants--to praise them for little things when you can. 12. Remember in all little pleasures may occur, to put yourself last. 13. Remember to try for the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

THE POOR BOY.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions, and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance say nothing, my lad, but talk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once you. Indeed, most of those who are ranked as benefactors of their race were born among the poor, and many of them have been compelled to struggle with poverty all their life. Do not blush for your poverty; but rather for the false pride which tempts you to be ashamed of it.

HOW A YOUNG MAN'S MONEY GROWS.

A young man in this town whom we have known from early childhood, told us a few days ago that he had taken pains to keep quite a correct account of his unnecessary expenses from the 4th of July, 1875. The first item that appeared on the list was cigars. During the year he said he had not smoked less than eight cigars each day, which amounted to 2,920, and that the cost of the same was eight cents on an average, which amounted to \$233.60 and that the length of the same, if laid out in a straight line, would reach about 7,200 feet, and that the smoke in exhausting the weed would fill several storehouses; further, that the liquor drank would amount to 91 gallons in one year--enough to drown a street commissioner, or a member of the common council. The amount of tobacco used would fill a common beef barrel, and sicken the entire township. The amount of unnecessary expenditures would have fed twenty-five families for a year.--Ex.

A Horrible Story.

We have heard of a very distressing accident occurring in Jackson county, West Virginia. It was a "house-raising." As is customary on such occasions, chickens had been killed by chopping off their heads. Two little sons of the owner of the house to be raised saw the chickens thus guillotined and during the day concluded to repeat the operation. It was just at a time when the men were lifting a heavy log into its place. The father, who was holding the end of the log, casting his eye toward the little fellows, one of whom had the axe raised to sever the neck of his brother, let go of the log to save the boy, and it fell, killing six men, two instantly, the others living only a few hours. The axe fell before the father could reach the scene, severing the neck of his son. Thus were seven persons hurried into eternity in a twinkling.--Middleport (O.) News.

J. WILKES BOOTH--Just before firing the fatal shot that proved the death of Mr. Lincoln, and afterwards resulted in his own tragic end, Booth addressed the following familiar lines from Spencer's Fairy Queen to his lady love: "Tell me not chaste one I am unkind if from thy sweet embrace To war and arms I fly. True, a new mistress now I seek, The first foe in the field, And with a stronger faith embrace A sword, a horse, a shield. I could not love thee near so much Loved I not honor more" It is said this lady is still single and in mourning, and on pleasant after noons can be seen closely veiled promenading Pennsylvania avenue.--Ex., change.

An old lady residing in Ohio lost the companion with whom she had jugged for many years. She neglected to mark the spot of her burial by even a stone. Not long after coming into possession of a small legacy, a sister of the deceased said to her: "I suppose you will now put up stones for Daniel? Her answer was a settler. "If the Lord wants anything of Daniel at the resurrection, I guess he can find him without a guide-board."

A Vicksburg merchant, having been annoyed for many evenings by negroes loafing around his store, poured a quantity of nitric acid on their accustomed "roost" the other evening and stood back to await results. The looter who first arrived sat calmly down, but soon moved unpassably, and rose up and went away in a hurry. The second didn't sit so long, and the third one passed down the street say: "I kin stan most anything, but when it comes to carpet tacks I have to riz' on 'em."

TOMATO WINE.--The following directions for making this wine we clip from the Concord Sun whose editor has just been presented with a bottle by S. E. Allen Esq., of Greensboro. Take ripe, fresh Tomatoes, wash very fine, strain through a fine sieve, sweeten with good sugar to suit taste, set it away in an earthen vessel, nearly full cover tight with the exception of a small hole for the refuse to work off through during fermentation. When it is done fermenting it will be pure and clear; then bottle and cork tight. A little salt improves its flavor. Age improves it. The man who returned the stole watch, and got the \$150. in Wilmington was nabbed, the money taken from him and he bound over to Court. His name E. Thomas was given.