

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1875.

NO. 44.

THE GLEANER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
PARKER & JOHNSON,
Graham, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid

One Year \$2.00
Six Months \$1.00

Clubs! Clubs!!
For 6 copies to one P. O. 1 year \$10.00
" " " " " " 6 months " 5.00
" 10 " " " " " " 1 year " 15.00
" 20 " " " " " " 6 months " 8.00
" " " " " " " " 1 year " 15.00
No departure from the cash system.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Transient advertisements payable in advance, every advertisement quarterly in advance.

	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
1 square	\$2.25	\$6.00	\$10.00	\$18.00
2 " "	4.50	12.00	20.00	36.00
3 " "	6.75	18.00	30.00	54.00
4 " "	9.00	24.00	40.00	72.00
5 " "	11.25	30.00	50.00	90.00
6 " "	13.50	36.00	60.00	108.00
7 " "	15.75	42.00	70.00	126.00
8 " "	18.00	48.00	80.00	144.00
9 " "	20.25	54.00	90.00	162.00
10 " "	22.50	60.00	100.00	180.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements not specified as to time, published until ordered out, and charged accordingly. All advertisements considered due from first insertion. One inch to constitute a square.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. P. GULLEY,
RETAILER AND JOBBER OF
Dry-Goods, Clothing
NOTIONS
BURT'S HAND-MADE
Boots & Gaiters
HATS AND CAPS, VALISES,
TRUNKS, WHOLE GOODS,
&c., &c.
South Cor. Fayetteville St. and Exchange Place
RALEIGH, N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELL,
Graham, N. C.,
DEALERS IN
Dry-Goods,
groceries,
Hardware,
IRON, STEEL, NAIL, MOLASSE
OILS, DYE-STUFFS, DRUGS,
MEDICINES, LARD,
BACON, &c., &c.
Terms Cash or Barter. feb 10-2m

New Drug Store.

DR. J. S. MURPHY
Respectfully notifies the public that he has opened a complete and well filled DRUG STORE at the corner of Fayetteville St. and Exchange Place, in the Company Shops.
where anything kept in a well ordered Drug 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 prescriptions and orders will be correctly and carefully filled.
Prices as reasonable as can be afforded.
feb 16-2m

S. C. ROBERTSON,
DEALER IN

Grave Stones

AND
MONUMENTS,
GREENSBORO N. C.

Pumps! Pumps!!

THOMAS S. ROBERTSON,
Company Shops, N. C.,
Manufacturing and selling the best and 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. Pumps delivered anywhere on short notice. Each pump warranted. The manufacturer refers to every pump of his in use. Not one has ever failed.
feb 23-1y

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, Seams, Teas,
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,
Earthenware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice
Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.
feb 14-1y

POETRY.

TO MY MOTHER.

What can be more touching than the following lines. They were written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, sent there by the regular liquor:
I've wander'd far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam:
And time, since then, has roll'd its years,
And mark'd them on my brow;
Yet, I have often thought of thee,
I'm thinking of thee now.
I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, at my tender side,
You watch'd the dawning of my youth,
And kiss'd me in your pride;
Then brightly was my heart lit up
With hopes of future joy,
While your bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy darling boy.
I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to heaven—
Your hope, your trust was there;
Fond memory brings thy parting words,
While tears roll'd down your cheek;
Thy lips, 'tis true, no longer speak,
Thy tender words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No friend is near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when the trouble came;
They did not love like thee.
I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unloved;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed.
I know you would not chide, mother,
You would not give me blame;
But soothe me with your tender words,
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay,
The temple with his baneful cup,
Has dash'd them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting,
To rack with anguish wild—
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.
Oh! I have wander'd far, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea.
Oh! mother, still I love thee well,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel again thy balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother,
Perverts my burning breast;
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest.
And while I wipe the tear away,
Thy whispers in my ear
Aspire, that speak of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DANIEL WAGGONER, JR.

The following sketch is published at the request of an old affectionate mother. The subject was an amiable young man, a valiant soldier, an affectionate and kind son, brother and friend. The author of friendships tribute to youthful worth, as set forth in the following sketch, has too been summoned from earth, and like him, whose memory he sought for a little while to preserve he is now mourned, and fond recollections of him are now cherished. This sketch was prepared and published during the war, which must account for any want of reference to events since transpired. Many mothers can substitute a name, and read, as it were, of their loved and lost; so may many sisters, brothers and friends. "Who hath not lost a friend?" Who did not lose a soldier kindred or friend? Who will begrudge the space, this tribute occupies? Who will fail to sympathize with the aged mother in her desire to see republished the good report of her loved noble, dead boy? [EDS. GLEANER.]
Daniel was born in old Orange, now Alamance county on the 30th May, 1839. He was a son of Mr. Daniel Waggoner, Sen., who is a pure and good man, and a valuable citizen of that county. His father and mother was always fondly attached to young Daniel perhaps more fondly than to any of the rest of their children. He was such a paragon of a boy, that to know him was to love him. Without the rudeness of a spoiled child, without the guile of a crafty boy, without that unevenness of temper which mars a handsome face and embitters the sweetness of society, without that duplicity of mind which destroys friendship, and confidence, he grew up to a lovely and winning manhood, on his father's farm near the Company Shops. His education was simply in the English branches, and not as thoroughly in them as he desired. At the age of nineteen he gave his heart to Jesus and became a member of the Lutheran Church, at Friedens. His nature was the most lovable, and this faith in his Redeemer

richly and beautifully crowned his natural character.

Mr. Waggoner had a heart that loved to reciprocate kindness and affection. He was devotedly attached to all his near kindred, but particularly to his mother and sisters. While in the army, he thus addressed his parent who gave him birth and rocked the cradle of his infancy: "Mother I have often thought of the time when we were separated. Of the happy moments we spent together in our lovely garden, ere your soldier-son bid you adieu. It is often fresh in my mind and as often as it is, it brings up the image of you, my dear mother, vividly before me. I can still hear the sweet voice that then spoke to my ear. Even now it often speaks to me with the same sweetness with which it then greeted me. Mother, I would like very much to have an opportunity of speaking to you again, but, as our country is in the same condition that it was when I left you all, I fear it will be many days before this inexpressible pleasure will be enjoyed. But be this time long or short, let us be mindful of each other, and hope that we may again and soon have peace and harmony in our country." To one of his sisters, he thus wrote, "To write you dear sister is an exquisite pleasure, for there is no one in this life whom my heart has greater desire to behold than yourself. Often do I think of you by day and dream of you by night. Often have I had the rapt pleasure of beholding your angelic form and of enjoying your sweet smiles. But I am now far away from you, and from home, and the place where I have time and again sported with you in boyhood's brightest days. Oh! those days of happiness and pleasure I often think and long for them to return, but they are passed and gone forever! Would that I had the wings of the morning, that I could fly to you, and kneeling before you enjoy once again your smiles of sisterly affection!"

He entered the ranks of the Confederate Army among the foremost. Nor did his country ever have a better or braver soldier. Fortunately for him and his company, he was in excellent health at the time our regiment suffered so much from sickness. He was a full match for Corporal R. A. Wilson in his kind unremitting attentions to the sick. He was another good Samaritan. He was never at any time much unwell while I was in the regiment, though once and for a short time he was ill enough to be off duty. He was too good for even war, it make him brutal or savage. Being engaged in fighting our common enemy did not excite in his breast any wicked or cruel desire to slay, unless it were unavoidable, our lawless and pillaging foes. He desired to conquer them, but his exceeding kindness of heart forbade the indulgence of exultation over their slaughter and mutilation. He grieved over the loss of human lives, and of immortal souls in both armies though he felt we were in the right, as it was the wrong of the Northern Government which caused it. On every field where his regiment has acted so daringly and heroically he was unsurpassed by the bravest. At the first battle of Federalburg, where the color of the regiment fell, he rushed forward, and seeing it, bore it proudly on to victory. From that time he was made the color-bearer of the glorious old Twenty-First, and at Chancellorsville he did what had never been done by any one before him—he carried the colors through the hottest of the fight, and the colors were twice shot through. No Spartan ever behaved with a nobler heroism than did Sergeant Waggoner! He was an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of Lieut. Gen. Jackson. He wrote his sisters a touching letter in regard to the wounding of that great hero. On the 10th of May he had the privilege of bearing the Colors of General Jackson's march at his old headquarters. He preached from that pious hero's heroic text, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." He said the General had conversed with him many times on that text before he was wounded, and several times since. His warm and glowing piety had pleased every constituent in that holy utterance of Paul, and he fully believed it was for some wise purpose that he was so wounded. Sergeant Waggoner ever hoped to reach his home again; but in his writings he often betrayed his apprehensions that he might not. Shortly before he went on that hazardous expedition into Pennsylvania he sent these lines to his sister Kate:

Forget thee, oh! when life shall cease
To thrill this heart of mine;
But not till then can I forget
One look or tone or thine.

Oh! no, it mingles with the sound
Of everything I hear;
And think that I can forget
My sister I love so dear.

Forget thee! 'tis a bitter word,
I would it were unsaid;
Forgetfulness is not with life,
But with the silent dead.

I then may cease to think of thee,
As earthly mortals do;
But oh! I'll meet my sister in heaven,
With heart unchanged and true.

Though his heart beat stoutly and proudly as his Corps, d'armee advanced along the highway toward that small town whose name was soon to be sadly immortal in history, it was like a muffled drum "beating funeral marches to the grave." His Company commander, Lieut. Dick says, on the 1st day of July we attacked the Yankees at Gettburg, Pa. We succeeded in driving them through the town to their fortifications on some heights near it. We gained a complete victory on that day; killed and took a great many prisoners. Our loss was very light. I had five wounded in my company. Sergeant Waggoner went through unharmed, carrying his colors as gallantly as ever man did. On the evening of the 2nd of that month while his brigade was lying in line of battle he requested H. C. Clapp, his friend and tent mate to write his father, should he fall in the engagement, which was close at hand. He seemed to feel that his final hour was drawing nigh. As dark was gathering over us, writes Mr. Clapp, we were ordered forward to charge a battery. Sergeant Waggoner was bearing the color of the regiment, near the battery he was struck by a grape-shot, below the stomach, which passed through him and took life instantly. Cool and composed as he was on such occasions, he knew he must die, and he exclaimed: "Save the flag; I am a dead man; but all is well with me." In talking back our men were compelled to leave him and never recovered the ground so as to get his body. He fell in a strange land, and was buried, if at all, by strangers, but his rest is that of a martyred christian patriot!

HOW TO CALCULATE INTEREST AND WHAT WILL STAND.
The following rules are so simple and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk, should post them up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures.

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired; separate the right hand figure and divide by six; the result is the true interest on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount for the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, of such sum for the time required, at eight per cent, and divide by 45.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above and divide by 36, and the result will be the amount of interest at ten per cent.

What It Will Do.—If a mechanic or clerk saves only 25 cents per day, from the time he is twenty-one until he is three-score and ten, the aggregate with interest, will amount to \$2,900; and a daily saving of 27 cents reaches the important sum of \$29,000. A six-pence saved daily will provide a fund of \$7,000—sufficient to purchase a good farm. There are few employes who cannot save daily, by abstaining from the use of cigars, tobacco, liquor, etc., twice or ten times the amount of the six cent piece. Every person should provide for old age, and the man in business who can lay by a dollar a day will eventually find himself possessed of over \$100,000.

Oregon has a new cereal which looks like wheat, rye, and barley, and isn't either of them and the leading agriculturalists of the State are puzzling themselves about it. Its history is strange. About four years ago a farmer living in Tillamook county Oregon killed a wild goose, in whose craw he found a peculiar looking grain. He planted it; it multiplied wonderfully, and he subsequently raised forty bushels on half an acre of land. Its growth is peculiar, from seven to ten stalks springing from one root. The kernels are very thin and compact, of a bright straw color and extremely hard.

CHANGING HIS NAME.

The other day a young African asked us to change his name. We replied that, if he had a good name, he had better keep it, as a good name was the one thing to be desired in this world.

"I've got a pretty far name," he said, "w'at I've had eber since de war, but it won't do for dis chile any moah."

"Why, w'at's de matter with it?" we asked.

"Well, you see boss, dar's a fool nigger come hyar from Chillicothe, an' he's a buzzin' around here with my name, an' no two niggers can circumgate in de same town unless one or de oder ob 'em had a different precogment."

"Perhaps you can prevail on him to adopt another name."

"No, sah! I offered him for bits and a rashor to call hisself somethin' else s'ides George Washington Jones, but de yaller fool won't do it."

"Yaller, is he?"

"Yes, sah; an' dat's what makes me so injur'd about it. He says de Jones was de fustest families of Virginny, an' dat he's condescended in a direct line from dem, an' consequently dar's de wah value de name moah exceedingly dar' underwise."

"So you propose to off with the old name and on with the new?"

"Somethin' like dat. I s'pose, boss. An' I want to ax you de favor to sejest some disapproprate name, dat'll do for a culud pesson ob standin'. I don't soshate wid de common, low class niggers, an' I want a name out o' dere nomenclature—w'at dey can't steal, you know."

"How'll Benedict Arnold do?"

"De Arnold am tooish, for snah, but dar's too many Benneys an' Dicks around. Try and under one boss."

"Well, Agernon Sartoris, how's that?"

"Dat's superlagant; Algeineyman Sartoris Arnold—dat'll do for some ob de name. Please reach for annudder one, sah."

"Why that's name enough. How much do you want, for goodness sake?"

"Boss, you must remember dat I's deeken in de church and 'prietor ob a house an' lot."

"Oh! yes; well—let's see—Bill Allen?"

MANURE MAKING.

Farmers who expect to thrive must learn the habitual art of manure making. An exchange says:

The farmer who has a plenty of stock will find manure making both simple and easy. For the land there is nothing better than good barnyard manure. But in cases where there is not stock enough on the place to yield a full supply, it is best to resort to compost. And it is best to get at the business of composting without further delay—go at it now.

True, you may be very busy with your crop, but you can certainly catch time enough to start a compost heap or two. Dig out a slight concave in the earth, near the barn or stable, throw a few odds and ends into it, with the loose manure lying about, and the heap is started. Then, from that day on cast all your refuse rubbish, such as green weeds, rotten vegetables, rotten fruits and the like, upon the pile. Order your women folks to give it all the kitchen slops and soap suds. If it gets to smelling badly, throw on a little finely pulverized earth—dry swamp muck is better, if you have it, but if not, earth will answer.

Thus gather into your pile what you can through the summer—when fall comes on, go to the woods with your wagon, if you live in a woods country, and haul leaves and throw them into your stable and into your cow lots. If you don't live in a woods country, you may substitute straw and grass for the leaves. Let your stock tramp it all under foot, and mix it with their manure until pretty well cut up, then away with it, all together, to your compost heap, and down with a new supply of straw or leaves. Keep the work up at odd spells, and when early spring comes, haul and spread upon your land what you have accumulated, and turn it under at the breaking. Don't be afraid of getting your land too rich, and don't for a moment think that what you are doing will be labor lost, even though you do happen to have a soil that is reasonably productive, naturally. It might feed you now, but unless you feed it, the time will come when it will refuse to feed you—or your children. And it will pay you a good return for feeding it, now. Not long since an old gentleman cultivating a Mississippi bottom farm in St. Charles county, Mississippi, told the writer of this article that he manured his rich lands every season, and found it to pay better than any other work done on his place.

There is said to be carried off from the soil nine pounds of lime in twenty-five bushels of wheat; nine pounds in fifty bushels of oats, and fifteen pounds in thirty-eight bushels of barley. There are thirty-five pounds of lime in two tons of rye-grass; one hundred and twenty-six pounds in two tons of clover, and one hundred and forty pounds in twenty-five tons of turnips, and two hundred and seventy pounds in nine tons of potatoes. Some soils contain abundance of lime for a thousand years, while other soils require an occasional application of lime as a fertilizer.

A WARNING TO BOYS.
A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less marked taste for drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose; they had disturbed sleep; and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. Now, this is no "old woman's tale," as these facts are given on the authority of the British Medical Journal.

There are three polished-plate glass manufacturers in the United States—at New Albany, Ind., Louisville and St. Louis and one rough-plate glass factory at Lenox, Mass.

No man can go to heaven when he dies who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest hopes should lie beyond the grave.