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THE GLEANER.

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GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S ADVERTISING AGENCY 41 PARK ROW, N.Y.

Where Advertising Contracts can be made

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT WON'T PAY!

You know it won't pay to make your purchases from old stock, already picked over. Our Mr. Gant has just returned from the North, where he personally selected and purchased a large stock of

Dry-Goods, Groceries, Queens-Ware, Hollow-Ware, Willow-Ware, Hardware,

together with a well assorted stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

and the most complete line of

NOTIONS

ever offered to the people of this county.

Boots and Shoes

of every variety, including the best hand made. We make a specialty of Boots and Shoes, and we ask an examination of our stock. Look and judge for yourself. We defy competition in prices or quality. We will sell you the best calicoes, for 10 cents. We can sell you a good suit clothes for $10.

We wish, especially, to call your attention to the great decline in prices in the Northern markets. We bought at these reduced prices. Our customers will have all the advantage of the good bargains we made. Highest prices paid for all kinds of produce. Come to see us!

J. Q. GANT, & CO.

Company Shops, Nov. 2nd, 1875. nov 2tf

DANL. WORTH,

Company Shops, N. C.,

Thanks his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage he has heretofore enjoyed, and begs to introduce to their inspection the

LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE AND VARIED STOCK OF GOODS

ever brought to Alamance County. He has just returned from the Northern cities where he purchased and has received and is receiving his

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

His stock consists of DRY-GOODS, from common to the finest ever offered in this market.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

of every description,

HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES

of all varieties to the best hand-made. Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, QUEENS-WARE, TRUNKS and VALISES, TIN-WARE, CHILDREN'S HATS.

largest assortment at the lowest prices. A full stock

FAMILY GROCERIES, UPPER AND SOLE LEATHER,

Fertilizers,

In a word, he has everything of any quality that you will want to buy, and he will buy at the highest prices all, and anything you have to sell. All he asks is for you to call and see for yourself. If you don't see what you want, you just ask for it, and then see if it isn't found.

☞ Cook Stoves of every variety, in price from $17.50 up.

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Pumps! Pumps!

—:o:—

THOMAS S. ROBERTSON,

Company Shops, N. C.,

is 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.

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A FEARFUL FALL.

"Yes seven thousand dollars!" said Robert White to himself, as he plodded his way, one moonlight evening, toward the mountain town of Nevada, California. "Seven thousand dollars!" and he slapped the heavy bunches of gold that he carried in his pocket. "Well, they don't think much of such little pile in this country; but let me once get back to the Atlantic shore with it, and I'll be called a rich man. Yes, I'll be satisfied with what I have, and go; and it won't be many weeks before I see Isabel again—the dear girl!—and we'll be married."

His heart bounded with the thought of his Eastern home, to which he had just made up his mind to return, and of a pair of rosy cheeks and bright eyes that would welcome him.

He had walked twenty miles that day, over a very rough country; but now the few twinkling lights of Nevada were before him, and half a mile more would finish his day's journey. He intended to rest during the night at the mining village, and proceed by stage next morning toward San Francisco, there to embark on a steamer for home. He had encountered some perils in the mining-camps, but he little thought that now, within a stone's throw of the quiet village, there awaited him a greater danger than he had yet seen. While walking along, talking audibly to himself, he heard a slight sound behind him, and a sudden feeling of dread came over him, he knew not why. He looked around and saw three Chinamen, a few steps behind him.

"Oh, ha! ha!" he laughed. "The idea of getting scared at them!" then raising his voice, he said, "Hello, John!"

This "John" was addressed to all collectively.

"How do?" responded one of the Chinaman, whose round face, adorned with an expressionless grin, looked uncommonly dull and stupid in the moonlight.

"I'm pretty well thank you," said Robert White, briskly. "How are you?"

"Velly good," rejoined the Chinaman, and he added something in the Chinese tongue which sounded like this:

"Hi i ah-yah sung-ang what-oo-ying ying-ingee!"

"What did I understand you to say?" asked Robert White, waggishly.

"Velly good day—he machee likee John," replied the spokesman.

There was something peculiar in the manner of the Chinamen, however, and Robert White noticed it, and began to grow suspicious. In fact, the bare thought presented itself that they might try to rob and murder him. He knew they were none too good morally, but he thought they were not good enough physically, and he muttered:

"Pshaw: who would be afraid of forty Chinamen?"

As the road was somewhat winding he left abruptly, and struck out toward the village in a straight line across a series of little red clayey ridges.

The Chinamen did the same, keeping at his heels, and jabbering in their marvelous tongues.

"Strange!" thought Robert White, "John isn't generally so fond of a Mellican man's company. What are they sticking at my heels for?"

He stopped suddenly, with an excited exclamation.

Well he might—another step, and he would have tumbled into a yawning shaft that had been sunk into the earth in search of gold! There were a number of them in that vicinity, most of which were several hundred feet deep.

"Ong! Hee-ee-ah, yaw!" was the substance of an exclamation by one of the Chinamen, and Robert White turned just in time to see a knife gleaming above his head.

He sprang aside with the quickness of thought, and avoided a fierce stroke that had been aimed at his neck. Instantly the three Chinamen rushed upon him like wolves, and he now fully realized that their object was to secure his gold, murder him and tumble his body down one of the shafts to conceal their crime.

"You yellow scoundrels!" he exclaimed, sending one of them reeling with the blow of his fist; for the attack had been so sudden that he had not had time to draw his revolver.

Two of his Assailants were armed with heavy clubs, which they had apparently been using as walking sticks, and the third with a murderous knife. The latter again made a savage stroke at his neck, but Robert White seized his wrist, and a desperate struggle commenced. The Chinaman proved stronger than he had expected. Still, he succeeded in disarming him, and with the knife now in his possession, he defended himself with it upon his check.

But just then he received a heavy blow on the head from a club, and fell prostrate. All three sprang fiercely upon him, and while one dealt him several additional blows, the others rifled his pockets and took his revolver from his belt. But the miner was not stunned, and he again struggled to his feet; but his strength was failing, and he found himself again on the brink of the shaft. He tried to spring away, but he was pressed too closely. Blow after blow was rained upon him, and with a scream of horror he fell backward into the shaft—disappearing in a twinkling from the face of the earth.

With hurried exclamations the murderers gathered up the gold, and some of their own effects, which had been dropped during the struggle, and ran away toward the village, directing their steps to a part of the town composed chiefly of Chinese cabins.

Arrived at their quarters, the face of the wounded was bandaged up, and they proceeded to divide the spoils, feeling perfectly secure from punishment, and not doubting that the mangled body of their victim lay deep in the earth, where mortal would never discover it. Let us see whether they were right in their calculations or not. When Robert White fell into the shaft, he felt that his time had come, and expected in another moment to be dashed in pieces, hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth.

He thought of his gold, now in the hands of the exultant China men, thought of his home in the East, of Isabel, whom he should never see again, and with a prayer on his lips, and consciousness fading, he sank into the gloomy earth.

A sudden shock brought him to his senses; he opened his eyes, to find himself at the bottom of the shaft—ten feet below the surface of the earth.

Yes for that was the trifling depth of the shaft into which it had been his good luck to be buried.

It was one that had been commenced years before, and for some reason abandoned. There was considerable rubbish at the bottom—especially some timbers, which had probably once formed a framework about the mouth of the shaft; and with these Robert White—who, although badly bruised, was not dangerously hurt—set about building a rude scaffolding, to enable him to climb out.

It took him about ten minutes, and the would-be murderers had scarcely reached their quarters—in a fancied security—when Robert White once more stood upon the face of the earth in the quiet moonlight.

He did not hesitate long as to what to do. Merely pausing to take breath he hurried away to the village, and there told his story to the landlord of the principal tavern, a man with whom he was well acquainted.

His appearance—for his clothes were torn and stained with blood—attracted some attention, and several miners who happened to be in the bar-room gathered around him.

When they had learned what had happened the greatest excitement prevailed. Had a row occurred, resulting in the shooting of a man or two, they would have thought nothing about it; but that robbery had been committed and murder attempted fired every heart.

"Where are they?" "We'll hang em!"

"Which way did they go?" "Where did they come from?" "What was their appearance?" "Would you know them, if you should see them?" were a few of the questions hurriedly asked.

"I think I would know them," said Robert. "One of them, at least, ought to be easily found, by the cut I gave him."

"That's so! Let's go and look for them!"

"Wait," said the landlord. "It would be best to proceed as quietly as possible, or they'll get wind of it, and run away. You see, as the case stands they think he is at the bottom of one of the deep shafts, and that they are perfectly safe. Now, I think one of you ought to go with Bob first, and take a look at them. As soon as you find out where they are, come and let us know. Ned, suppose you go with him."

"All right!" responded the miner addressed, a man noted for his sagacity and courage. "Come along pardner!"

And he and Robert left the hotel on their reconnoissance.

In less than ten minutes they returned.

"We've found em!" said Ned.

"What! Have you?" was exclaimed. "Where?"

"In the cabin down by the ditch where Ling Gee lives. He's one of 'em! The rascals are countin' out the dust and dividin' it. One has his face tied up!"

"Come then. Where's them ropes?"

"Here; I've got 'em," said the landlord.

The party consisting of half a dozen persons, proceeded to the cabin designated by Ned, and peeping in at the window, saw the three Chinamen sitting upon the ground, with a candle burning in their midst, deliberately parceling out their spoils. On the ground near them lay several buckskin bags, in which the gold had been carried, and also the revolver belonging to their intended victim, and the latter fully recognized the weapon.

"Now," whispered the landlord, "you stay out here, Bob, till we go in and get hold of them. Then come in, and I reckon they will be astonished to see you, though I'm over and above pleased."

The party then proceeded to the door, which was not fastened in any way, opened it, and all walked in except White. The intrusion somewhat surprised the Chinamen, but they still did not suspect that their crime was known.

"Where did you get so much dust, Ling Gee?" asked Ned, addressing the one whose face was bandaged.

With every appearance of truth, Ling Gee proceeded to explain how he and his companions had been out prospecting and had "struck it rich," as the saying goes.

"What is the matter with your face?"

"Ling Gee, he fallee down—cutlee on stone."

"Come in, Bob!" the landlord called out.

And to the amazement and consternation of the wretches the man they had robbed, and whom they supposed to be lying deep in the earth, walked in.

"You thought you killed me, did you?" he asked. Seeing that they were detected, the Chinamen at once returned the gold and begged for mercy; but of course they were immediately led out and hanged.

Next day Robert White proceeded on his way rejoicing.

DESPERATE PRISONER.

Determined Either to Escape or to Die—A Fearful Struggle to End his Trouble!

From the Lock Haven (Pa.) Democrat.

On the night of the 17th of February, 1876, J. W. Strong, confined in jail on the charge of stealing a gun from W. H. Birge, escaped therefrom. He was caught on the Sunday previous digging a hole in the wall of his cell, and was removed to the ground floor, handcuffs put on, and his legs shackled and chained to the floor. On Tuesday the handcuffs were taken off, at his urgent appeal, his wrists having swollen. He then, at the first opportunity, cut himself loose from the floor chain, and managed with the help of friends on the outside, notwithstanding that his feet were still shackled, to get through the narrow window—so narrow that the architect thought it safe without bars. He had been refusing food for ten days, to get himself into a slim condition for a slide through the narrow window. A sleigh was heard by a neighbor going out of the alley about 2 o'clock, and on this Strong is supposed to have slid away. Last December Sheriff Flemingham and that Strong had returned to those parts, and set about capturing him. He followed him around till he caught him up the river in Tamarack swamp. Strong was tried at this term of court, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Before he was convicted he remarked to Sheriff Candor that he could sooner die than go to the penitentiary. On Thursday night he tried to escape being confined to a cell on the first floor. He dug a hole a little way into the wall taking out the plaster between the stones. He also cut through the flooring with an old case knife without a handle and took a piece of an iron bedstead and prised up part of a plank. He then came to the cemented archway and stopped work. His object was to get through into the cellar, and thus make his escape.

Having failed in both directions, and it being near daylight, when the guards would be around, he seems to have given up the hope of getting out and determined to kill himself. He tore up his bed-clothing, tied one end to the top grating of his door, and put his neck in the noose. Though his feet touched the floor, he was so determined to do his deed that he drew his legs up. When the guard came in he saw the miserable man hanging, his face black and eyes staring, presenting a horrible spectacle. Strong was immediately cut down and fell back on the floor as mingly dead. A doctor was sent for and restored him. He seemed confused and flightly for some time after his recovery, but toward evening, when we saw him he was apparently all right again. He remarked to the Sheriff that he was "damed sorry the thing didn't go off one way or the other," that is, he was sorry that he didn't succeed in either escaping or killing himself.

A story is told of a venerable negro in Iowa who was on trial for an offence against the State. When the case was announced in court, "The State of Iowa versus Sampson Cæsar," the aged African exclaimed: "What! de whole State of Iowa agin dis chile! Den I surrenders."

AN IRISH WAKE.

In the city of Munster an old woman died, and the neighbors desired to give her a grand wake. The floors of the house were very shaky, and the people were warned by the priest and other authorities that they must not have their ceremonies in the upper room, where the dead body lay. The friends paid no attention to the warning. It would probably be to contrary to precedent to move the corpse before the time for its final removal. So the neighbors gathered in the upper room and lamented and were very merry until the floor gave way and they all came down into the room below. It proved that the wake was only the begining of a tragedy. Five or six of the "boys and girls were killed. A docter was sent for, who only arrived in time to certify the deaths. But the dead bodies were laid out with some order and decency in an undamaged room, and the docter went to one after another, followed by a sympathetic crowd. "Who is this poor fellow?" he asked. "Ah, then rest his soul," went a chorus of voices—"good son and brother he was"—and then his name was mournfully recited, and other phrases added. "And this poor girl?" "The Lord have mercy on her, for a better girl never drew the breath of life," and then her name was given amid fresh praises and groaning choruses of assent. Thus the docter went his melancholy way, and surveyed corpse after corpse. In in every case thus far he had heard nothing but lament and panegyric. His investigation is nearly over when his eye lights on something like a bundle of old clothes thrust carelessly into a corner. "What is that thing there?" the docter asks. "Oh, then bad luck to *her*," is the answer, accompanied by a general sound of anger and disgust—"sure that's the old corpse that was the cause of it all!"

WAIT AND HOPE

This is a world of trouble, full of disipointment, as we all know; but there is, after all, no folly so great as that of ceasing to invite the smiles of hope; not only because her smiles are so sweet but also because while we live, there must always be some sorrow awaiting us. We can no more stand still in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will accrue to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will all be such as we must regret the all sorrowful ones, the new acquances all enemies. And since we may do good, and have good done to us—since true hearts may meet ours though we to-day do not so much as know that they beat—what may we not hope.

A WIFE WHO FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.—A Detroiter of liberal education (says the *Free Press*) has been greatly annoyed because his wife and other women are not better posted on history and other matters connected with the growth or welfare of the country. The other day he carried home a big history and handed it to his spouse with the remark: "There Mary, I want you to commence at page 1, and see if you can't learn something." She agreed to be his pupils and when he came home to supper he found her reading away, hair down, slippers on, all the fires out but one, and no sign of supper. "Why, how's this," he inquired. "Are you sick?" "Sick! No." "Well, where's my supper?" "I don't know anything about your supper," she replied, as she settled back in her chair, "but I can tell you about the first discovery of Florida."

HALF WAY HONESTY.—The other day a crowd in attendance at a horse sale in Detroit were greatly astonished to hear an auctioneer say:

'Gentlemen I can't lie about the horse—he is blind in one eye.'

The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty, and after paying for the horse he said:

'You are honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind of one eye. Is there any other defect?'

'Yes; sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye,' was the prompt reply.

There's nothing mean about the Sultan of Turkey. His servants at the palace number 5,500; the kitchen employing 500, the stables, 400, the menagerie 200, the others accordingly. The gentleman's wives number 1,200.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heirs to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

The buzzards sun themselves on church steeples in Charlotte.

COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.

France exports wine, brandies, silks, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, papers perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essences, dyestuffs, drugs fine marble soda, paintings, engraving, molasses and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco wine and porselian.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linen goods, corn, timber, iron lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, silk thread, glass, wax, tea, nut gall, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cottons, woolens, glass, hardware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks, and linen.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp flour iron, linseed, lard, hides, cordage, wax, ducks, bristles, fur and potash.

Spain exports wines, brandies, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silk and woollens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, borax, zinc, silks, casia, filigree work, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruit, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camlests and morocco.

Hindoostan exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sasaparilla, vanilla, jalap frustic, Campechy, wool, pimento, drugs and dyestuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, sugar, rice, indigo, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other stones, gums mahogony and india rubber.

The West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogony dye-wood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruit preserves, ginger and other spices.

The East Indies export cloves, mace, nutmegs, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzine, sulphur, ivory, saudal wood, rattans, zinc and nuts.

The United States export principally agricultural produce, tobacco flour cotton, provisions of all kinds, lumber and turpentine.

Your home may be cold and dark, but it is not because the sun does no shine. It only needs a hand to open the door, and put aside the curtain, to let in warmth and light. So any moment the shut doors of your life may open earth's sun shine fall across your heart. Wait, and hope; it is only that the angel whose mission it is to do this deed tarries for a little on the road.

An upright but uneducated judge closed a sentence with the following touching reproach: "Prisoner at the bar, nature has endowed you with a good education and respectable family connections; instead of which, you go prowling around the country stealing ducks."

It was computed by the late Mr. Mayhew, in his work on the "London Poor," that during the months of October and November, or what is termed the costermonger's fish season 800,000,000 herrings are disposed of in the streets of London alone.

Kind word are the bright flowers of earth's existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

If you find a $5.00 bill on the National Bank of Osage Iowa numbered over 1,750 don't take it. It was stolen before it was signed and it is worthless.

A father in Bratford county, Pa., 90 years of age "boxed" his son's ears severely for abusing his wife The boy is about 60 years of age.

Efforts are being made to construct a railroad to Chapel Hill from some point on the North Carolina Railroad.

The father of Carl Schurz died in Illinoies, last week, at the age of 80.

A Western jury returned a verdict of "death by hanging round a rum shop."

Nature takes a plain human face and sets sweet thoughts and kindly impulses at work upon it, and it grows into a lofty beauty.

The oldest man in the national House of Representatives is Chester W. Chapin. He is seventy seven.

Recently a negro fisherman on the Roanoke caught a bald eagle in a fish slide.

It is reported Don Carlos intends going to England.

A brother of Speaker Kerr died in Kentucky, on the 25th of February.

TOM MARSHAL AND SENATOR MANGUM.

Tom Marshall at one time indulged in such excess that his friends became alarmed, and determined to make an effort to reclaim him.—Mr. Mangum was was designated to remonstrate with the wild Kentuckian, and endeavor to impress him with a proper sense of the peril of his position.

"I'll hear anything you have to say Mangum," said Marshall, as the Senator opened the conversation.

"Your friends have been greatly concerned at the manner in which you have been conducting yourself."

"Don't wonder at it. Been badly bothered my self. Sent you here to talk with me, didn't they?"

"Yes; they thought as I sometimes take a glass myself, my advice would have the more effect."

"You do drink too much, Mangum. I've been thinking of speaking to you on the subject. But what do you want me to do?"

"Your friends have the greatest admiration for your genius and talents. They are confident that with sobriety and application you might reasonably aspire to the highest place under the Government."

"What do you think I could get?"

"I have no doubt you might get Chief Justice of the United States."

"There's been one Chief Justice in my family; I don't care to follow him."

"You might even hope to become President."

"No great credit to follow Captain Tyler. But I tell you what I'll do, Mangum; You make me president of the United States, and if I don't make you Secretary of State I'll agree to be blanked! Let's take a drink."

POCAHONTAS.—The secretary of the Commonwealth of Virginia has received a letter from Mr. Rolfe, of England, a decendent of the Rolfe who married Pocahontas, notifying him that he had forwarded as a present to the State, a copy of an original portrait of the Indian princess in his possession. It is expected to arrive soon and will be placed in the State library.

A little 6-year old daughter of a Methodist minister committed a fault and denied it. Her mother, learning she was guilty, ask her why she told the untruth, when she replied, with great sangfroid; "I should not if I believed as you and father do; I am a Universalist!"

Many a man who would roll up his eyes in terror at the idea of stealing a nickle will swoop down on a good umbrella worth $5,00, and march off with lips moving peacefully as if in prayer.

"If you don't patch up those walls so that I can keep warm, I will go too," exclaimed the only remaining prisoner in the Madisonville, Ky., jail, the other day. His modest request was granted.

Detroit policemen don't seem be very good marksmen. "I want you either to hit me or stop such a blamed racket," said a thief in that city, at whom a policeman was shooting.

Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheese there is in this ere bag an' faith I'll give you the whole five "Five," said Teddy. "Arrah, by my sowl, bad luck to the man who tould yet!

The Duke of Norfolk, who paid too little attention to his personal appearance, called on Abernethy, and sought to learn the cause of his ailments. "Did your grace ever try a clean shirt?" asked the docter.

The demand for singing birds in this country is so great that almost every German steamer brings over several hundred birds.

An advertisement in a rural newspaper in England announces that "a grand piano-forte will be exchanged for three or four small pigs."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asks a teacher in Boston. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

The history of human opinion is scarcely anything more than the history of human errors.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.