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THE GLEANER

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Poetry.

THE FUNERAL OF HOPE.

The following sad but beautiful lines were written by the late Richard Liles, Esq., of Danville, Va., a gentleman of genius, a fine scholar, and a lawyer of distinction. The lines speak of the sad experience and fate of the author:
D. C.

I have been to the funeral of all my hopes
And entombed them one by one;
Not a word was said
Not a tear was shed
When the mournful task was done.
Slowly and sadly I turned me round,
And sought my silent room;
And there alone
By the cold hearthstone
I wooed the midnight gloom.
And as the night winds deepening shade
Lowered above my brow,
I wept o'er days
When manhood rays
Were brighter far than now.
The dying embers on the hearth
Gave out their flickering light
As if to say
This is the way
Thy life shall close its night.
I wept aloud in anguish sore
O'er the blight of prospects fair;
While demons laughed
And eager quaffed
My tears like nectar rare.
"Ough hell's red 't 's an echo ran
An echo loud and long
As in the bowl
I plunged my soul.
In the night of madness strong,
And there within that sparkling glass
I knew the cause to lie;
This all men own
From zone to zone
Yet millions drink and die.

THE MINERS WIFE.

They were a hard set in the Black Jack Gulch, near Custer City, rougher than most of those who made mining a specialty by day in the Black Hills, while at night cards and liquor consumed what hard labor had earned.
"There's a woman come to camp—a real woman, young, and pretty as a picture too," said one of the leading dealers in faro to another, one day, about mid-summer this year.
And the news spread from ear to ear until every one knew it.
"A woman, young and pretty, but with a husband, or we'd gamble for who should have her," said Skip Sloth, the faro dealer. "A husband who is a slender, sickly looking cuss, and I'll bet he'll not last long here."
The new arrivals had come out with a small party, and had their own tent, provisions, and cooking utensils, so nobody could board and lodge them or render them any needed favors.
For a couple of days Harry Vance and his wife Addie kept very quiet, and seemed to be resting from their journey. But on the third day, Vance, accompanied by his wife, was seen out among the men asking where any unoccupied ground could be found, and soon they had a claim staked out, and they both went to work with pick, spade, pan and rocker.
She was indeed very beautiful in her short, well-fitted working dress, and he looked as if he was hardly able to lift up the tools he used.—But it turned out that he had worked before in Colorado and knew how, though they did get sick, and broke down there, and had to leave.
The boys were all pleased, rough as they were, to see a woman among them, and all went well during the day, and in truth at night, until the rum began to make things lively, and then—well you know that rum is the foul fiend's agent in almost every mischief.
A dance was proposed in Dan Stewart's saloon, and then Dan, who, as usual, was full and running over, swore he'd open that dance with the newly arrived woman as a partner.
Jack Tooley offered to bet an ounce of dust he couldn't get her to come.
"Make it ten ounces, and I'm your man on the bet!" cried Dan.
"Ten it is!" cried Jack, and the dust was weighed out and put in Barney Minor's hands.
So Dan started for the woman. The boys all went over to the tent where she was, with her husband, to see if she'd come.
Dan called on her and her man to come out, and said he'd made a bet she'd open the dance in his shebang, and he wanted her to do it.
"My wife will not only not help you win money by gambling or betting which is the same thing, but will not demean herself by associating with such a gang as you head!" said Harry Vance, with spirit.

"Young fellow, life is cheap here! You'd better button your lip, and go to bed. That woman, o' yours shall dance with me, or down goes your shanty!"
"Never! Addie, love, go in.—We've staid out here facing this blackleg too long."
Addie Vance turned to go, but she heard a wish in the air heart a low groan, and fronted round to see her poor husband sinking a ghastly corpse to the ground.
Dan Stewart had almost cut his body in two with a huge bowie-knife.
She did not shriek, she made neither groan nor outcry, but stood like one dazed, stupefied by the sudden and awful shock.
"You're the widow Vance now, and you'll dance with me!" cried Stewart, with a horrible laugh.
"Yes," she cried, with a voice so loud and shrill that every hearer was startled. "Yes; lead your way to the hellish den! Lead the way!"
Dan turned, and the woman, without one glance at the body followed him.
The crowd which would have taken her part, amazed, followed her, and in a minute Dan's saloon was full.
"Strike up the music!" cried the ruffian. "Me and the widow will lead off, and the dust is mine."
"Hold! I am the orchestra he needs!" cried the woman, and her form seemed to grow right up taller than that of any man there. "I will play the tune he must dance to. Listen to it. It is the Murderer's March!"
And then, quick as thought she pulled a revolver from her bosom, and flash, flash, went every barrel of six shots within as many seconds, right in his face.
Every ball told, and he was dead before his body touched the floor.
"Who else wants to dance with me?" she shrieked putting away the empty revolver and drawing another.
There was no answer for a minute, and then cheer on cheer, rose, and every man at the diggings swore to honor, respect and protect her.
Her husband was buried, and after that though she led a sad and lonely life, there was not a man in all the rude camp that ever looked unkindly at the poor widow, or did aught to add to her sorrow.
And every Saturday all hands turned to and worked claim to help her, so she could carry back her husband's bones in time to the land from which both came.

A TALK WITH FANNY DAVENPORT
How the Members of Her Family Have Been Educated.
(Chicago Inter-Ocean, January 24.)
"And so you are going to Australia?" said a reporter for the *Inter-Ocean* to Miss Fanny Davenport, the actress, in the course of a little chat yesterday.
"I did mean to go, and was making negotiations," was the reply; "but my mother objected to the great distance and long separation, so I gave it up."
"Then you have made no engagements for the ensuing year?"
"Yes, I expect to go abroad in the fall, and play for a time in London. I wish to go there particularly on account of my sister, Florence, who will make her debut in that city."
"You have already one sister on the operatic stage?"
"Yes, Blanche, and Miss Davenport handed, as she spoke, the picture of a charming young girl with a piquant face to her visitor, continuing: "She is singing in Italy, has made a splendid success, and is, of course, very enthusiastic. Florence, 'my baby,' I call her, is only sixteen. She has a beautiful voice, and will give us a chance to be proud of her."
"Your family seems divided in talents?"
"Yes, I think Blanche and Florence inherit their musical talent from my father. He had a very fine voice, and came near going to the operatic stage. Indeed he once sang in 'The Bohemian Girl.'"
"And the others?"
"Well, May acts, you know, and my little brother will be another George Fox. It was thought as a child that I had a very good voice. I remember Mme. Celeste telling me when I was about twelve years old that my voice had the same qualities as Tiliens, but using it on the stage so much has impaired it for singing."
"Then you are all before the public?"
"Yes, beginning with my mother, though excepting my brother Edgar, who has no inclination for it."
"The experience and teaching of your parents must have been of great advantage?"
"You will think it strange, perhaps, but my father never taught us anything of acting."
"But you received training elsewhere?"
"No, none. My father used to say, 'You have talent; form your own conception of the character; work it out; don't be a parrot.' I remember when I made my debut at eight years of age as King Charles. It was at my father's benefit, and I begged him to help me, but he would not."
"You think this sort of self-training good?"
"Yes, I believe the best way for beginners, if they have the talent, is to join

a good stock company and work up gradually; all the dramatic and educational lessons in the world will not do as much. It is far better to climb up the ladder step by step than it is to be tied to it and have ladder and all raised. As to beauty, if any actor or actress has it, so much the better; if not, so much greater must their genius be in order to make the audience forget their lack of it."
"Janussek is a notable instance of the latter?"
"Yes, and so is Irving, the English actor, and I think, the greatest on the stage. He is like an ugly creature of Booth, with little bits of twinkling eyes, dark skin and one leg so much shorter than the other that he walks with a decided limp. I almost dreaded to see him as Hamlet, but, do you know, his acting was so wonderful that no one could think of his looks. Yes, I believe Irving and Marie Seebach to be the two greatest artists on the stage."
"What are you studying now, Miss Davenport?"
"Cymbeline. I prefer the legitimate drama, and mean to confine myself to it in the future as much as possible."
"And your new play, 'Olivia'?"
"I like it, and am very curious to see how it will take here. You see, it is very English, and not the modern English that Dickens dramatized."
"By the way," continued Miss Davenport, "is it long since Clara Morris was here?"
"Her last season was in the summer," replied the reporter.
"I would like to see her very much," continued the lady. "She is a charming companion, and always so bright. The last time I saw her was the first night of 'Olivia.' She was looking very ill, and came between the scenes to speak to me. I was sorry afterwards to see those reports regarding her domestic happiness."
"Do you believe them?"
"I cannot; and I think even if such was the case, she is much too proud a woman to complain."
"Marriages in the profession are not often happy?"
"That idea," said Miss Davenport, warmly, "is a very mistaken one. I know of no happier domestic lives than many that I could name in our profession. Take Mr. and Mrs. Robson, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, and a host of others."
"And in regard to this question of stage morality?"
"I am sorry to say there are grounds for its questions in some instances, but there are many good and virtuous women in the profession. A woman has only to exact respect by her conduct and mode of life, and it will be paid her. The sweetest thing to me in the world is the homage paid to Fanny Davenport, her father's daughter, not Fanny Davenport, the actress."

WEDDED BY WIRE.—A romantic incident of the recent storm was the marriage by telegraph of two young people. The young man is a resident of this city, while the lady resides some miles this side of New York. On the day appointed the young man was in a railway train stuck fast in the drifts some forty miles this side of the residence of the bride expectant. The hours passed on and the train did not succeed in getting out of the drifts. Finally it was suggested that rather than submit to a postponement the marriage be conducted by the aid of the wires. All parties having agreed to this, the wires were stretched from the office to the house of the bride's parents and the two were made one by electricity. Afterwards when the track was cleared of the snow the husband and wife met for the first time as such.—*Rochester Express.*

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, according to a London correspondent, occupies an elegant suit of law chambers and has a practice which yields him \$150,000 annually, for which reason he would decline a judgeship, which only pays \$25,000. Mr. Benjamin is represented as saying that he could easily secure a seat in the House of Commons, several constituencies having given him very flattering invitations to represent them, but he has no desire to go into Parliament for the same reason that he would decline a judgeship—it involves too many sacrifices. Mr. Benjamin has a house in Paris and always spends his summer vacations there.—*Raleigh Observer.*

NO CAUSE TO CRY.—Yesterday afternoon a boy of ten who had been caught out in the soaking rain and well drenched was standing in a doorway on Madison Avenue, wiping his eyes and nose by turns, when a second lad about his age came along feeling a good deal worse.
"What ails you?" sobbed the second, as he halted and looked the other over.
"I—I got all wet, and I've—I lost a cent!" was the reply.
"Is that all?" indignantly demanded the first; "then you'd better run home—you hain't got no right to cry!"
"But you are crying too!"
"I—I know it, but my father run for office yesterday and g-got left! When I cries I have suthin' to cry about—suthin' that affects the hull family!"

A Yankee girl who met the Marquis of Lorne in Halifax writes home to her friends that "he is real nice."

Too MUCH LAND.—This is the great drawback of the majority of the Southern farmers. The land may be good; it may have been purchased for less than its estimated value, still there is such a thing as having too much of it, especially if it is not fully paid for. To shoulder a burden of debt for a piece of non-productive property is not a wise thing to do in any vocation. Taxes must be paid, year after year, and capital is locked up which might be more properly employed.
A farmer needs no more land than he can thoroughly cultivate or pasture. Add to this a moderate quantity of woodland. All excess should be disposed of, to actual settlers if possible, and proceeds used for improving what remains. Better have too little than too much.

A CONVENIENT LAND MEASURE.—To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of lands in different fields under cultivation the following table is given: Five yards wide by 168 long contains one acre. Ten yards wide by 84 long contains one acre. Twenty yards wide by 42 long contains one acre. Seventy yards wide by 64 long contains one acre. Eighty yards wide by 60 long contains one acre. Sixty feet wide by 72 long contains one acre. One hundred and ten feet wide by 387 long contains one acre. One hundred and thirty feet wide by 363 long contains one acre. Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 181 long contains one acre. Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 long contains one acre.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.
This is the best season of the year for transplanting fruit or shade trees of all kind. Any time in the winter before the ground freezes deeply will do. Persons have unoccupied lands, yards, etc., should plant them with trees. The result will amply pay the cost of labor, and yield a thousand per cent. in satisfaction, comfort and beauty. Many of our farmers' fields are too bare of fruit trees. There should be sufficient to furnish stock with shade during the heat of a summer sun. There is land enough that might well be occupied for this purpose.—*Ex.*

Bishop Simpson was about to begin his lecture before the Yale theological student the other day, when he was seen to pause and look for something. "Young gentlemen," he said, "I find myself in the position of the preacher who was informed by a lady that thirdly had flown out of the window." A part of the MS. was missing, and while Professor Fisher went away to search for it, the Bishop entertained his audience with a half-hour talk on President Lincoln. Then the MS. appeared, and the lecture began.

CRUEL.—At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a splendid truffled pheasant, and murmurs of admiration.
"Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Doctor So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself!"
"Aw, what was he treating it for?" asked one of the guests.
"Yes," said a venerable and benevolent-looking old man, "I've always really enjoyed living in an unhealthy climate."
"That's queer," said a bystander. "What's the reason?"
"I rather think," responded the venerable and benevolent-looking old gentleman, "that it's because I'm a physician."

In a Paris restaurant a gentleman and a snob are seated at the same table. The snob is just finishing his dinner, the gentleman just beginning his. The snob lights a cigar and blows a cloud of smoke over his coffee. The gentleman rises and says, in the politest tone, "Excuse me, sir; will it annoy you if I eat while you are smoking?"
Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer. "By saying he had been where 'it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail.'"
Chin Lan Pin, the Chinese minister in Washington, is credited with a neat shot on being asked what his countrymen would do if they cannot go. "They will go to Ireland," said the minister; "that is the only country the Irish do not rule."

The Season says that the late Dean Richmond once asked a would-be deadhead the grounds of his application for a free pass. "Simply because I don't want to pay." The testy old railroad king at once handed him a pass, and said: "Sir, I respect you. You're the first deadhead that ever told the truth."
There is a young lady in this city who goes by the name of "Earthquake" among the boys because she has taken so many of them.—*Toledo Commercial.*

Gleanings.

The painter's overcoat.—Varnish.
When is a pig the heaviest? When he is led.
The man who loved the watchdog's honest bark was not a tramp.
All men are not homeless, but some are home less than others.
What is it which the more it is cut, the longer it grows? A ditch.
What is the only pain of which every one makes light? A window pane.
Why do Summer roses fade? Because there is no way of relieving them.
Cheap out-of-door breakfast—A roll on the grass.
George W. Childs has a \$6,000 clock in his editorial room of the *Ledger.*

It takes a good deal of grit to kill a woman just after she has got a seal-skin sackgo.
"Parson B." said a wag, "is certainly one of the greatest revivalists of the age; for at the end of every sermon there is great awaking!"
There are 824 places in the good city of New Orleans where the down-trodden and oppressed citizen may walk in and take "sugar in his'n."
Every one looking downward becomes impressed with his own greatness, but looking upward feels his own littleness.
"They say Fortune knocks at every man's door once," says a distinguished editor, "but we must have been out, if she has ever called on us!"
Jewelry is made in Germany from the pure blood of the ox. The blood is dried, reduced to powder, and then moulded and polished.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leann in a tipsy fashion, against a post. "I have been practicing at a glass."
Madame Anderson makes \$7,000 clear by her long walk, not to speak of the notoriety she acquired, which was great.
Caleb Cushing never permitted a servant to enter his apartment, making his own bed and arranging his furniture. He was an admirer of art.
A certain politician was in the habit of using familiarity with the laborers he met. "I like you," said one, "there is nothing of the gentleman about you."

The compositor who knew more than the writer and ruled out the phrase, "The boy is father to the man," as nonsense, changing it into "The man is father of the boy," is in search of a new situation.—*Boston Transcript.*
Would the son of the President of the United States be a prince in the foreign country? asks a subscriber. Well, not exactly. He might be a monarch, though especially if he was out of money—a king to get home.—*Toledo Commercial.*

A captain of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried: "All you that are without arms, hold up your hands."
"Mr. President," said the orator of day "not even truth has escaped the slanderer's tongue. She is constantly accused of lying—at the bottom of a well."
A fastidious Connecticut woman who went to a New Haven lawyer to take steps to procure a divorce admitted that her husband treated her well enough but complained that he had no style about him.

A preacher in Kentucky the other Sunday becoming exasperated in his discourse paused to say: "Ladies, if you will give me your close attention I will keep a lookout on that door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time to make your escape."
P. T. Barnum, the great showman, is a candidate for Senatorial honors from Connecticut. Why not elect him? He would make a splendid manager for our national circus and menagerie.—*Richmond (Va.) State.*

Singular, isn't it, that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair pins, or a gun ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plants it down on the bar for a little gin and bitters for the stomach's sake?
"What's your occupation?" asked a visitor at the capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I'm running for Congress," was the reply.
There is a remarkable Jewish synagogue in the ancient city of Prague with walls so thick with ornament as to be absolutely black. A local tradition says that somewhere on its walls the name Jehovah is inscribed, and it is believed that if the walls are cleaned the name will be effaced.
A WARM RECEPTION.—A man who was seen coming out of a Texas newspaper-office with a crushed hat and a damaged nose explained to a policeman that he entered the office simply to enquire if the editor was in. "And he was in," the victim added, mournfully.