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GRAHAM, N. C.,

FEBRUARY 11 1879 TUESDAY

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

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THE HORSESHOE NAIL.

"Murder, though it hath no tongue, speaks with most miraculous organ."

On the evening of June 20, 1837, a peddler on horseback stopped at the smithy the town of Tickhill, near Doneaster, England. Several persons were in the smithy at the time, besides the blacksmith and his son Richard. The peddler as he could, as he wished to reach Doncaster early, and get to bed at his old fair, a number of visitors would be looking for accommodation.

While the smith was attending to the a shoc.

The two strangers and the loungers got into conversation, and the peddler finally opened a mahogany case which was suspended by a strap from his shouls der, and exhibited his wares, which consisted of rings, gold and silver chains, watches, and so forth. On the last comer's hearing that the peddler was going in the same direction, adding that as he was a stranger the peddler might take him to some house where he could get Test,' on the outskirts of Doncaster, as it was a good house and he knew the land-

When the smith removed the shoe from the last comer, he examined it closely, remarking that it had been made in Holderness, pointing out the fact that the nail was peculiarly made, baving a half split in the head, and saying that that was a Holderness fancy.

'I'll keep this nail,' the Smith said, and he drove it as a wedge into the handle of a small hammer, where it passed through the head.

The peddler sent for a flagon of ale, and they stood drinking and talking for some time. When the blacksmith joked the peddler about being in such a hurry when he came in, he laughed and said:

O, that's all right. I've made up my mind to sleep in the big outhouse, where I have slept before; its comfortable, and you take anybody you like in there, you know,' the peddler added, with a wink. When the two men were ready to de-

part the peddler took a large wallet from the valise on his saddle bow and make a rather ostentatious exhibition of his wallet, which was crammed with bank notes and gold.

The two men rode off together, and the smith cleared his place and closed for the night.

In due time the peddler and his new friend reached the 'Traveler's Rest,' and told the landlord they would sleep in the and promised to make them comfortable. The peddler retired first, and the stranger remained behind to have supper and linger over his ale. At 11 o'clock he went to the outbuilding, and five minutes later the landlord observed the light

Next morning neither the peddler nor his friend appeared, and the landlord went to the outbuildings to arouse them. He found the door open, and on entering the room discovered the peddler in his tew words. Mr. Steele, the blacksmith, shirt lying on the floor at the far end in was recalled to the witness stand by Mr. shirt, lying on the floor at the far end in a pool of blood. His head was battered in, and near him was lying a hammer with blood and hair on the head. He was

dead and cold. When the alarm was given it was found that the man who had accompanied the peddler and occupied the same room with him was missing, and suspicion at once fell on him as the murderer. The authorities were notified, and officers were in pursuit of the supposed assassin before the day was an hour older. They tracked him to Commbro, but lost trace of him just outside of that town, on the road to Sheffield. The keen eyes of the officers however caught sight of a horse among the brambless, in the valley to the left of the road, and there the man was captured. He was terribly trightened-so much so as to be unable to articulate for some time. Strapped to his saddle bow was a valise, and on opening it a heavily filled wallet, identified as the

peddler's, was found. Before the coroner the prisoner. who said that his name was Henry Scott, told a most astonishing story. He said that when he went to the outhouse the peddler had already gone to his bed, which was a high, old fashioned tent bed, with curtains. Scott took a bed at the end of the room. This bed had curtains also. as the room was large and draughty. He placed his clothes on a chair and flung

at the side of the bed. When he put out the light he observed that the moon was shining full into the room. He lay awake for some time, and presently heard footsteps in the room. The next moment of one John Steele, on the outskirts of the curtain of his bed was gently drawn, and he saw a face looking down upon bing. He lay quite still, though greatly alarmed. The face disappeared, and retreating steps, were heard. He arose on asked Steele to shoe his horse as quickly his elbow and pecred through the curtain. He distinctly saw two men at the further end of the 100m, near the ped place; for next day being "Statues," or ther's bed. They passed around the foot of it and disappeared at the other side. The next moment he heard a scream and saw the face of the peddler protrude peddler's horse, another stranger arrived, from the curtains. There was a scuffle also on horseback, and likewise desiring and a suppressed cry, and the next mothe smith's service, as his horse had cast ment the peddler bounded from the bed and ran, screaming 'murder!' towards S out's bed, holding his value at arm's length. The two men followed the fugitive, and Scott, hornified and fear streken, slipped from his bed on the other side and hid hirself in a closet. Le heard the groans and blows, and the sound of retreating tootsteps, then all was still. The next instant, however, the door apened, other footsteps were heard along the floor, and the curtains of Scott's bed were hastily drawn. The visitant, whoever he was, uttered an oath of disappoint

neut and fled from the room, accommodation. The peddler replied torth from the closet and found the ped-that he was going to 'The Traveler's dler lying on the ground, dead. Scott was in a terrible difemma, and suw at a glance that he would be suspected of having murdered the pedetler. Panicstricken, he hastily dressed himself, picked up his valise from the floor, took his horse from the stable and departed from the inn, resolving to seek safety in flight. It was daylight when he reached oninbro, and then for the first time he discovered that the valise he had taken from the floor was not his, but the peddler's, which he had no doubt dropped when the murderers fell upon him. and in place of which they doubtless seized and carried off Scott's, which lay on the

carpet close by .
This extraordinary story was not believed by the coroner's jury in the face of all the damning evidence against Scott. It was shown that he had seen the peddler produce the wallet from the valise in the blacksmith shoo; that he offered to accompany the peddler to Doneaster, and that he had taken up his quarters at the same inn, and slept in the same room with the murdered man. Besides this, he was captured with the valise in his possession, and what better evidence of his guilt could there be?

Scott was sent to jail, and in die course tried for willful murder. Out of charity a young lawyer undertook his detense. The evidence for the prosecution was clear and convincing, and Mr. O Brien, paid the smith. The peddler seemed to the prisoner's counsel, saw no chance for his escape. The principal witnesses against him were the blacksmith, John Steele and his son Richard, the men that were in the smithy when the peddler and Scott met, the landlord of the inn, who swore that Scott urged the peddler to go to another inn, and the officers who found Scott with the peddler's valise in his possession.

The hammer with which the murder was committed was produced on the trial. outbuildings in the rear, in which there were several beds. The landlord said snith's shoeing hammer. Mr. O'Brien there was good accommodation there, quietly asked to be allowed to look at it; and he examined it closely. Then he stood up and handed it to the prisoner. Scott glanced his eye over it for a moment and then handed it back to his counsel. The next instant he clutched it, drew it from O'Brien's grasp, and scrutinized it with the most intense interest. Then he leaned on the dock and spoke in a hurried tone to his counsel The latter, with flushed face and hasty movements, made his way to the side of the prosecuting officer, then spoke with the judge, and after a few seconds beeks oned an officer and whispered to him a O'Brien, who said:

'Mr. Steele, you are an old and experienced blacksmith, are you not?"

'Yes, sir,' Steele answered, with a perceptible tremor in his voice. 'Did you work at your trade in Hols

derness? 'Yes, sir, when I was a young

'Anything peculiar in the maunfacture of horseshoe nails in that district, Mr. Steele?

'I think there is, sir.' 'Pray tel! me what that peculiarity is,

Mr. Steele. The head is divided like in the mid-

'Anything like the head of that nail used as a wedge in the handle of that hammer, Mr. Steele? the counsel asked. handing witness the weapon found near

the body of the murdered peddler. The witness' hand shook like a leaf as he reached it out for the hammer; his cheeks grew deadly pale, his lips became parched, and though he held the hammer in his hand his staring eyes were fixed on his questioner.

'Anything like that nail?' Mr. O'Brien repeated, calmly , looking at the witness.

'Yes, sir,' Steele replied at length, with difficulty.

'Should you say that nail had been his valise, or holsters, on a bit of carpet made in Holderness, Mr. Steel?"

'It looks like it, sir,' was Steele's, re-

'Mr. Steele,' the counsel said, moving almost close up to him, and standing so that judge and jury could see both witness and the interrogator distinctly, 'did you ever see that hammer before you saw, it in this court?

The witness gave a gasp, and then re-

covering himself, said: 'Yes sir; I saw it in the hands of the

At this juncture there was a disturbance in the court, and the officers, were seen striving to prevent a young man from quitting the room.

The you g man was Richard Steele,

the blacksmith's son.
'Let me go,' he said. 'That's the old secondrel that did it. He knows that hammer's his well enough. He knows that he planned the whole thing and led me into it. I'll turn King's evidence, I'll blab the whole story. Let me go, and I'll hang the old villain, though he

is my tather.' described. Suffice it to say that a notice prosequi was entered and Scott was transferred into an important witness, Steele and his son being duly indicted and tried for the murder of the peddler. Scott swore to the blacksmith's having teken the nail from the old horseshoe, remarked that it had been made in Holderness, and driven it into the hammer head as a wedge. The hammer was furthermore identified as belonging to Steele, and testimony was given which showed that the blacksmith and his son were absent from home on the night of furnished by Scott's valise, which they furnished by Scott's valise, which they had taken at the time of the murder of the peddler. It was discovered in But do you know what she told me just the ash heap at the back of the smithy. Steele and his son were convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and both made a full confessions to the following ef-

fect: Steele, Sr., resolved on the robbery and murder it need be, of the peddler The son, who was a profligate man, assented to the scheme. Both were about to start after the two men and get ahead of them by a bridle path, but the smith changed this p'an. If the did they would have to attack them both. in the open road and on horseback. The smith knew the inn to which they were to sleep. He proposed therefore that they should rob the peddler in his sleep and only use violence in case it was necessury to secure their safety. When they entered the outbuilding the smith went toward Scott's bed, while kichard remained near the door. Find ing the man wanted they was not there. Strele and his son approached the other bed and found the peddier knowing it was he from his bald head. They tried to remove the valise on which he slept from under his head, but he evidently had his hand in the strap and it awoke

The reader knows the rest from the story told by Scott. After the smith and his son had quitted the room with what they supposed was the peddlers valise. Steele's mind misgave him, and a dread that Scott had been an observer of the bloody deed and would recognize the

perpetrators seized bim. He hurried back to the room resolved to brain Scott if he found him awake. On discovering that the bed was empty the smith dropped his hammer in affright the only explanation to his third of Scott's absence being that he had witnessed the crime and quitted the place secretly to give the alarm. The smith and his son departed panic-stricken, and on reaching home discovered, to their intense mortification and disappointment that the valise for which they had murdered a man and exposed themselves to the gallows containing a few old clothes and a bible. Steele and his son were hung at York, December 4, 1837.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reutter died in Baltimore on Wednesday. She was one hundred and thirteen years old. Tue family records,, which could by no means have mistaken her for her own grandmother, show that she was born in the province of Luxemburg, Germany, near the borders of France, in 1866.

A young man, before leaving his home for the evening, warned his three sisters whom he left alone, to beware of tramps On his return he pulled his hat over his tace and turned up his coat collar, in order to frighten the girls. They took him tor a tramp. One of them orderedhim to go away, but he persisted on ens tering, whereupon she fired upon him with a gun, killing him instantly. The nutortunate girl is now instance with

A lady taking tea at a small company being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. 'Really, I dannot,' she modestly replied; 'I don't know how many I have eaten already.' I do,' unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. 'You've eaten eight; I've been

Muny a congregation make it a part. churched arriver, by giving the church

Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon and

you who the people are as each one of them comes in."

Le then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he bawled out like an usher:

"Deacon A., who keeps a shop over he way." He again went on with his sermon when presently another man passed into

the aisle, and he gave his name, resi dence and occupation. So he continued for some time. At length some one opened the door

who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out: "A little, old man, with drab coat and

in old white hat. Don't know him; look vourselves."

The congregation was cured .- Cleave land Leader.

tier, maker the gride of me ten between the father being

An ardent lover not long since sent his betrothed a present of diamonds worth about one hundred pounds Wishing to enjoy the gratification of his bride, he the murder, a market man swearing he followed closely on the heefs of his pres-passed them near Doncaster, going in ent, and finding no one in the parlor, the direction of Vickhill, at three o'clock escenced himself in a window behind the the morning of the 21st of June. But curtains. Presently a whole bey of the evidence that settled their fate was girls fluttered into the room, and all began talking at once about Louise's luck.

now? Why, that she had rather have the present than the gentleman who gave

"It can't be; she never said so!"
"She certainly did; and there she is—
ask her for yourself. Louise, didn't you tell me you would rather have the jewels slone, without Mr. Melier?" mog very odi "Yes, I did say so; but that's between ourselves."

"Much obliged to you, mademoiselle, exclaimed Mr. Melier, coming forward,

So saying, he cooly put the splendid present under his arm and walked off, leaving the ladies in an embarrasment easier conceived than expressed. "Serv ed her right and being stade

Jashian NOT PROUD, eldrest sit Two Young Women Driving a Cow Through the Streets of St. Paul.

(Pioneer Press.) Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, two young ladies were seen marching down Third street, one feating and the oth r driving a cow. The young ladies were good looking. dressed in the attire of country girls, and trudged along till Manuncimer's dry good store, on Third treet, was reached. Here they tied the animal and disappeared in the store, whereupon a young man was seen to rush out of the back door and it was come time before he could be found, Upon making inquiries into this mysteri-ous affair, the reporter learned that the young ladies were Miss, Emma Faber, daughter of Paul Faber, of St. Paul, and Miss Mary Hendricks, of Winona. They were anxious to interview Mr. Natha Lyon, in Mannheimer's store, and this was the reason: A lew evenings since Mr. Lyon accused the young ladies of being too proud to stoop to the duties of a farmer's daughter, and promised to each a \$50 silk dress if they would perform the above act. So yesterday morning, attired in a farmer's daughter's cos-tume, they drove Mr. Faber's cow. from tume, they drove Mr. Faber's cow. from the barn, attached a rope, and while Miss Faber led the animal, Miss Hendricks walked behind with a broomstick to hasten the trip. Without lear they passed down Third, from the Seven Corners to Wabasha, there tied the bovine, and hastened to receive their wages? The young ladies would hardly have been recognizations of their wages. ed in their impromptu costumes by their most intimate friends, and certainly not in the position in which they were placed. But they won the silk dresses, which will soon be forthcoming, and the dead only prompts the ingularity question:

What won't a young lady do for a felk dress? era to end of cellipocoso

'I am glad,' said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawasp that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it, 'Ahl yes,' replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the Doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it we imilians use a great deal of whisky, but we do no

There is not a particle of truth in the rumor that before the crowd could disperse at Schleicher's funeral, a gentle he had no right to refuse .- Galvesion

What is to speak correctly? It is of their religion to twist their necks out accustum ourselves to speak and write of joint to witness the entrance of every accurately, having special care to use po person who passes up the aisle of the laughage or atter any statemen that is not elegant or strictly truthful Avoid Bring worried one afternoon by this the use of all slang words, and phrases. turning practice in his congregation, They are edious, and no amount of personal grace in the speaker can compe sate for the disagreeable effect that the "Now, you listen to me and I'll tell use of slang has upon the hearer. When you who the people are as each one of the habit of using these slang them comes in." impossible to eradicate it. Youth is the best time to acquire correct language It does not require wealth; the spoorest can obtain the faculty. And how? By using the language of books-in other words, that which one reads. Form the taste of the best speakers and writers; treasure up choice phrases, and accustom yourself to their use. But do not fall into the opposite error of selecting only that which is pompous and high sounding, for that will make one richenlous. But choose the language which is terse, expressive, and clear, and the habit of correct speaking soon becomes fixed, and makes it a pleasure to listen to

Gleanings

If women are really such augels w don't they fly over a fence instead making such a featally awkward job climbing.

If the characters of all our young men stood as high as their shirt collars, the community would present a better aspect than it does.—Syracuse Times.

Many a man who prays not to be led into tempration would be awfully insappointed if his prayer was granted. 'No weman of proper self-respect,'says a woman's rights journal, disensing the marriage ceremony, will submit to be given away.' Perhaps not; but dear woman's righter, to be 'given away' is

not the worst leature of the ceremony. She is too often 'sold.' And if she isu't, the chances are that the man is.' "O, Lord," a Kenteky minister prayed, "thou hast seen by the morning papers how the Sabbath was desecrated yesterday."

destroy and an interpretation of The mother of Ida Lewis, who saved so many lives from drowning, has resigned the keepership of Lime Rock lighthouse, in Newport harbor, and her daughter has been appointed to the vacancy, with a salary of \$750, which is \$250 more than was paid her mother."

A young man who applied for a posi tion in a store, was asked what clerical experience he had. "Oh, very little," he replied. "I only joined the church a short time ago.

A clergyman, having given offence to some wealthy members by a pointed sermon, was cationed by the deacon to be more careful. "Give me a list of your pepular sins," said he, "or I may give offence again.,"

The plainfiff in one libel snit, at least, regrets that he brought it. Dr. C. C. O'Donnell, a member of the Constitution a Convention of California, was charged with murder, aroun and other crimes, by the San Francisco Chronicle. In a suit tou damages, the Chromèle sub stantiated its charges and won the sair:
() Donnell was arrested before he could leave the court room, on a charge of murder. In the total which followed he was convicted and sentenced to be hung.

A wayeller was crossing a mountain height alone lover almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given nim that if slumber pressed down upon his weary eyelids they would inevitably be seized in death. For a time he went bravely along his death. For a time he went bravely along his path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he he tried to reason with himself; in vain he strained his numest energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis his fate his foot struck against a neap that lay across his path. No stone was that, whough no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stomed to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. Te next moment the traveler had taken along his death. For a time he wen Te next moment the traveler had taken a brother in his arms and was chating a brother in his arms and was chafing his hands and chest and brow, breathing upon the stiff cold lips the warm breath of a fiving soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life and warmin and chergy. He was a man again instead of a weak creature succumbing to a kespairing helplessness, drodwing down in a dreamless sleep to dis. He saved a brother and was saved himself." a brother and was saved himself. Pro-

Ezra G. Perkins, a Boston railroad contractor who died a few days ago, obtained a wite in a peculiar manner. He took a fancy to Mrs. Hardy, coolly hired her to get a divorce, and then married. married.

There are four hundred and twenty lady dentist in this country, and only five female lawyers. A cynical bache or man from the rural district got up and announced that in case he was elected to fill the vacancy, he would consider that says this shows that ladies can work the month to to much better advantage than the brain .- Buston Courier.