HE ALAMANCE GLEANEI

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THE GLEANER

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prices reduced

Perfected Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.
One Horse No. 5
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45 Years Before the Public.

THE CENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint, DYSPERSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

DAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a duil, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLane's Liver Pills, in cases of Ague and Fever, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as

a simple purgative, they are unequaled. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, that the impression Dr. McLane's LIVER

The genuine McLane's Liver Pills bear the signatures of C. McLane and Fleming Ros. on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. Insist

LYLARUSHTONS GLOVES,

Lyla Rushton did love three buttoned kids. She always wore them! No, I mistake! She wore four, five, and even six buttoned on grand occasions, but three buttoned daily. A handsome shoe and handsome gloves were almost essential to Lyla Rushton's happiness.

Lyla was (let me whisper it with fear and trembling, lest some fair readers toss her head contemptuously,) a compositor. She lived in a nice house, nicely turnished, on a nice street, with her father and mother. To be candid, Lyla's father did no; own the house; he was a clerk in a Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one club is made up. Papers sent to different offices pleasant residence and support a family of the pleasant residence and the pleasant residence and the pleasant residence and the pleasant residence and the pleasant resi comfortably. But his eldest child. the aforementioned Lyla, was an independent little maiden, who was not all contended after she left school to settle down to the aimless life of many girlsto dress, and shop, and read novels. and visit, and receive visits. She resolved that she would be no further expense, nor was she contended to idly fold her hands and wait for some condescending man to assume the bills necessarily incurred in a young lady's support-she would do something.

What shall it be? She could not write a book; she had not the patience to teach a school, she did not like sewing, she would not stand for twelve hours behind a counter for a mere pittance; but she had a cousin who was an editor of a country paper. She had visited for several summers at his house, and spent many hours in his office, and being a lively, carious little body, has made herself mistress of many of i.s secrets.

Now she wrote to Mrs. Cousin Tom. May I pay you a short visit?" To Mr. Cousin Tom, 'May I perfect myself in typesetting?

Mr. and Mrs. Consin Tom gave one answer to the two questions.

'You may with great pleasure to us.'

Lyla was down at Rockford two months, and returned, a perfect mistress of her profession, to accept a lucrative position in the city, and wear a new pair of three buttoned kids per month.

And one seeing Miss Rushton walking down the Avenue and Broadway of a morning in her neat, stylish suit, with the prettiest of fitting shoes and dainty gloves, would recognize in the pretty blonde a thorough lady; hor dream that many hours of her day were spent in the dirt and grimness of a printing of-

One autumn afternoon two gentlemen passed out from a large building occus pied by the officers of the 'Daily Blank.' As the elder of the two. a fine looking intellectual faced man, stepped foot on the sidewalk, he stopped to lift a pair of pearl cofered, three buttoned kids.

'Some lady has lost these pretty arcles,' he said, spreading the diminutive gloves (five and a quarter) upon his palm. 'I say, Ambrose, what shall I do with them?

Walter Ambrose, the son of one of New York's wealthiest merchants, laughed gayly.

Why, Durwood, you veritable women hater, I verily believe you despise the fair sex too much to keep their smallest belongings about you. Now I propose you keep one of those dainty gloves, and I the other, and see who shall find a fitting owner for them.'

Durwood Morrell smiled a sunshiny mile, and said, languidly,-'I'll agree to that; but is it scarcely necessary to add that you will be the one to find the pretty handed feminine.'

'It must be a pretty hand,' said Amprose, looking at the diminutive glove, then tucking it in his vest pocket. 'Yes,' a hand that can drum on the

piano, work in Berlin wools, and display diamond souvenirs of conquest-nothing else, said Durwood, cynically.

Well, old boy, what would you have woman do?

'Something useful.'

'Nonsense! Most women can do something useful.'

'Yes, but I admire a woman who makes her whole life useful.

Shortly after the above conversation, Walter Ambrose was riding up town in a stage, when it stopped for a lady to enter. Walter politely held open the door, and just as the stage started. pers ceived that she and dropped a glove from her muff. He sprang out, secured the article, and smilingly returned it to

the owner. When Lyla Rushton (for it was she) left the stage, the dubious clouds of the wintery day were shedding copious showers of rain. Lyla had no umbrella; Walter had, for which providence that gentleman was duly thankful. Somehow Lyla's blue eyes has made a strange impression on Ambrese's heart. He begged to escort her home, and Miss amused look.

Rushton looked first at the drenching rain and then-accepted his offer. When Walter left her at the door he handed her a card containing his name and address, and begged permission to call en

Well, it came about that wealthy, handsome Walter Ambrose called on Lyia Rushton more than once, and escorted her to theatres and concerts. One night he asked her to accompany him to sisters. Then Lyla bravely resolved nay several. that Walter Ambrose should continue his acquaintance with her on no false ground.

'I am passionately foud of opera, Mr. Ambrose, and should enjoy accompanys ing you, but I must not allow myself to meet your sisters, or even to continue my acquaintance with you, until I make you aware that I work for my living. I am a type setter.'

Brave little Lydia! foolish Walter. Of course Mr. Ambrose was too relite

to show any disapprobation, but there was a troubled, trifling coolness that Miss Rushton noticed and under-

'I sav, Durwood, he addressed his acquaintance next day at the club, what do you think of a daily working girl, as type-setter, wearing three buttoned kids always, and-and-being a lady generally?

'She must be worth knowing,' replied the distinguished editor of the 'Daily Blank,' with more interest than he often showed concerning ordinary topics.

'She is! Why I nearly tell in love with

Mr. Durwood Morrell gave Ambrose a quick, searching glance, then with languidly veiled eyes, questioned,-

But when you found out that she was one of the world's workers, you set a guard over your heart?"

'It would searcely do to make a compostor my wife,' said Walt r, very much as it he wanted Morrell to disagree with

But Morrell made no answer, and Ambrose sauntered away. That evening he stopped for Mr. Morrell to walk uptown with him, and as the two gentlemen stood on the walk lighting their cigars, just by the entrance of the office, lyla Rushton tripped out 'Good evening, Miss Rushton.'

'Good evening,' the lady replied

At sight of her, Walter's heart thrilled t angely, and despite her coolness, he ventured another remark, for the sake of detaining her.

'Is it possible is this your'-he hesitated. but Lyla graciously answered his meaning.

Yes, this is where I work, Mr. Am-

'Then may I introduce you to my riend? Miss Rushton, Mr. Morrell

Mr. Morrell can readily understand that he is scarcely less than a friend to me, said Lyla, smilingly acknowledging the introduction. 'His face, name, penmanship and thoughts are all familiar to

'Though I have been in cruel ignorance of the honor I have had,' replied Mors rell pleasantly and the trio parted.

Perhaps it was odd that the most dis tinguished writer on the editorial staff of the 'Daily Blank' should often meet one of that papers compositors; perhaps it was, considering that the said gentlewas reputedly a woman hater, at all events it was tantalizing to Walter Ambrose, who found that he loved Lyla Rushton madly after he himself had broken the smooth flow of their acquaint-

Poor Walter! how he raved -privately when the newspaper world, literary Walter's sister remaked, having met Lyla, that she thought Miss Rushton perfectly splendid, and so noble, not to be ashamed of her past profession!"

Durwood asked Walter to be groomsman, but that gentleman declared he must be in Philadelphia that week, it was bad enough to have to send the bride an elegant gift, and to listen to his sister's extravagan praises of her loveliness.

Mrs. Durwood found a pearl colored glove carefully stowed away in her husband's mouchoir case and examined it perhaps a little wifely jealously-was surprised to recognize one of a pair she had lost nearly a year previous.

She greeted him at night with-Durwood, where did you get one of my old gloves? He recognized the article and remem-

bered the circumstance. 'Is it yours?' he questioned, with

'Of course didn't you know it; where did you get it!

'I found it outside of the office, and kept it at Mr. Ambrose's suggestion. He has the other. I certainly did not know it was yours, not dreaming that our employees were so extravagant as to wear three buttoned kid gloves,'

'Oh!' laughed Lyla, 'they were alway my weakness.'

It I had but known that sooner,] the operathe succeeding week, adding might have a right to this some months that he wished to introduce per to his ago, and he deliberately took a kiss-

BOW AN ELECTION WAS WON

[Madison (lud.) Star.]

Some years ago Rnss, our own G. W. lived in our adjoining county of Ripley He was then a Republican in a Demo-cratic county. What his politics are now we don't know, and don't care, and we think he don't know or care either. We only know he is a manly, big hearted, genial gentleman, and that's all we care about these times. But to the story, Russ was a Republican candidate for Sheriff in the Democratic county of Rip ley, and, as a matter of course, wanted all the votes he could get. Then, as now, he was passionately found of gunning and always owned a fine gun and dogs. In his county was an old German, we will call him Jake. He also was a huns ter and a power among the boys." kept a little country doggery, and his 'influence' was worth about thirty votes In due time Russ met Jake, and a talk about hunting, guns and dogs rather warmed the Dutchman towards Russ, although Jake was a Democrat. After awhile Russ saw one of Jake's lank, pot bellied pointers, and commenced to give

away taffy. 'Jake,' said Russ, 'that's a mighty fine dog. Where did you get him?,

Jake replied to the effect that he raised that kind of degs. 'Well, I'll tell you.' said Russ, 'I am yery fond of hunting, and it I am elected sheriff this fall I shall induige myself in shooting to my heart's content. If I am not elected I will not be able to shoot much. I will give you \$50 for that dog, Jake, it I want him after the election, Here's a \$5 note to bind the bargain,' Jake, tickled to death at the fine sale of his dog, which was worth about fifty cents. took the bill, and as a consequence his end of the county gave Russ a hand-some majority and he was elected, barely pulling through. Time passed and Russ was duly installed in the office of sheriff of Ripley county. Soon Jake put in an

appearance, dragging the unwilling cur at his heels. 'Mister Russ,' said Jake, 'you vos now elected sheriff von dis gounty und here is dose dog. Gife me my vorty-vite tol-

'Jake,' said Russ, 'I find that my time will not allow me to hunt as much as I thought it would; you may just keep the dog and the \$5 too.

Jake studied a long time, then took a long breath, and said: Mister Russ, I believe id, by got, you buy me and not my dog! Ain't id?"

Appeals From Justice's Judgement

AN ACT IN RELATION TO JUDGMENTS ON APPEAL FROM JUSTICES OF THE PEACE. The General Assembly of North Caroli-

Section 1. That in all appeals from

judgments of justices of the peace, the appellate coarts, when judgment shall be render d against the appellant, may also give judgement against the sureties to the appeal to the amount of the judgement and the costs awarded against the appellant. Sec. 2. Strike out the following words in

section sixty-three, chapter sixty-three of Battle's Revisal, viz: "and execution hereon be returned unsatisfied, in whole or in part, the sureties will pay the amount unsatisfied," and also the word 'unsatisfied" in next to last line of said

Sec. 3. This act shall be in force from its ratification.
Ratified the 27th day of February, A. D. 1879.

THE EGG TRADE.

The traffic in eggs in the United States is estimated by competent authorities to equal \$180,000,000 a year. The barreled eggs received yearly at circles and fashionable society announced | New Yerk reach over 500,000 barrels. that handsome, talented, courted Dur- | valued at \$9,000,000, and this is but wood Morrell was soon to marry blues one branch of the trade. It is said that eyed Lyla Rushton and Miss Helen- | Philadelphia consumes 80,000 dozen eggs a day. The receipts in Boston, for the year 1878 were over 6,500,000 dozen. B tween 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 dozen are annually exported from the country. it?" "You can step down," said the The million of dozens consumed through Judge.—New York Commercial. out the country without passing into dealers' hands, it is impossible to esti-

A bashful young man could defer the momentus question no longer so he stan mered: 'Martha, I-I-do-youyou must have—have—are you aware that the good took says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that in-mam should be alone?" That hadn't you better run home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

'Amanda, I wish you to put the Jarge Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre table, and place three or tout hymn-books carelessly 'round on the sofas. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful Christian tamily and I tell you what, it you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why, I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired of silver-mounted resewood crutches.

FARMERS CREED.—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

That the soil loves to eat as well as the owner, and ought, therefore, to be well manured.
In going to the bottom of things, and

therefore, in deep ploughing and enough of it. All the better if it be a subsoil In large crops which leave land better than they tound it, making both the farm

and farmer rich at once. That every farm should own a good

That the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligencewithout these, lime, gypsum and guand will be of little use.

In good fences, good farmhouses, good orchard, and children chough to gather tue fruit.

In a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a it. Conscience.
That to ask a man's advice is not stoop

ing, but of much benefit.
That to keep a place, and everything

m its place, saves many a step and is pretty sare to lead to good tools and to keep them in order.

That kindness to stock, like good shel ter, is a saving of todder.

That it is a good thing to keep an eye

on experiments, and note all-good and

That it is a good rule to sell your grain when it is ready.

That it is a good thing to grow into farming, not jump into it.

That all of farming is summed up in the manure heap on the farm. In enriching the soil according to

KNOCKING WASHINGTON DOWN.

(From Collins History of Kentucky,)

At the time Gen. Washington was stationed at Alexandria, Va., as a colonel of a British regimen, before the war of the Revolution, an altercation took place in the court house yard between him and Wm. Payne, in which Payne knocked Washington down. Great excitement prevailed, as Payne was known to be firm, and Washington that he was the aggressor and in the wrong, and in the morning he, like a true magnanimons hero, sought and interview with Payne, which resulted in an apology from Wash ington and a warm and lasting triend ship between the two, founded on mutua esteem During the Revolutionary war while Washington was a visit to his family, William Payne, with his son DeVall, went to pay his respects to the great American chief. General Washngton met him some distance from house, took him by the hand and led him pto the presence of Mrs. Washington, to whom he introduced Mr. Payne as follows: "My dear, here is the little man whom you have so frequently heard me speak of, who once had the courage to knock me down in the court-house yard in Alexandria, big as I am.'

AMEN. - Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in the family. One Monday morning the deacon and his wife were alone; as was his usual custom after breakfast a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk pail and started for the barn. His wife being very deaf, did not notice his absence, and supposed his return from milking ha he was surs prised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as though nothing had happened.

The dearly beloved wife of a Frenchman recently deserted him for another man. Did he follow her and and falling on his knees, beacech her for their chilon his knees, beseech her for their children's sake to return? Did he take down the old double-barrel, shoot his you want to." wife and her lover and then knock himself on the head with the stock? Did he set himself up for a misanthrope or woman hater, or institute suit against somebody for ever so many ciphers' damages? Not much. He merely caused it to be published that he had drawn \$50,00 in a lottery, and his wife was back next morning before breakfast.

Judge to six-year old boy on the stand—Do you know the nature and solemnity of an oath? Boy—Yes, sir. Judge—Well, what is it? Boy—I know that nev fadder takes an oath to my mudder every Sunday mornin' that he'll never touch another drop of whisky, but he comes home every Saturday night as drunk as a lord. That's an oath, ain't

JUDGMENT OF MEN-

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very good family.

Don't judge a man by his failure

life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but

of silver-mounted resewood crutches.

Gleanings

Whisky is about the only enemy man has succeeded in loving.

Wonten measure their dress by their finger, and this is also the way men measure their drinks.

If second thought is best it is wrong to make men pay damages for breech of promise to marry.

'Dry up,' said the sun to the early dew. Said the egg-shells to the coffee, settles it.'

A nobleman said to his gnest: 'This timely rain will bring everything above ground. Heaven forbul!' replied the other, for I have three wives under

· How greedy you are!' said one little girl to another, who had just taken the largest apple in the dish; I was going to take that.

A California paper says the Japanese will win universal respect by a sort of heatherism habit they have, of minding their own business. All men like their beefsteeks as maids

ens like their lovers—tender and trac. None of your tough, gristy chunks of A man who can bend his shin against

a rocking chair and smile in the darkness which made it possible is on the highway to glory. Did you ever notice how surprised you were when you put your foot on the next stair step, and found there wasn't

auv? A grand daughter of Patrick Henry, living in Paris, Ky, edited a cook book. -Exchange Newspaper. We wonder what course she recommends when the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not be the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but there are not cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cooks cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cry," Peas, peas, but the cooks cry, "Peas, peas, but the cry," Peas, peas, but the cry, "Peas, peas, but the cry," Peas, peas, but the cry, "Peas, peas, but the cry," Peas, peas, but the cry, "Peas, peas, but the cry," Peas, peas, "Peas, peas, "Peas, "Peas,

peas." Annie Moore's gone away to get married, And her loss we deeply deplore; 'Mong hosts of friends here long she tarried,

But she'll never come back Annie Moore -San Francisco News Letter. When the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl they get dis-

counted every time. The truly wise man leaveth all his money directly to the lawyers, and thus saveth them the labor of contesting the

will to get it. If Edger A. Poe were living to-day he would change the refrain of his most famous poem to-"Said the raven, 'never-that is, hardly ever-more!"

Take away from intelligent man the right to kick when things go wrong, and you place him a little lower than the

The editor of the Hawkinsville Dispatch has named his foar children "Bre-vier," "Long Primer," "Small Pica" and "Pica" after the names of different styles of tye.

Andrew Johnson, Jr., son of the late ex-President Johnson, died one day last week in East Tennessee. He had lately been engaged in editing a newspaper at Greenville, Tenn.

"What is the right time to go to bed? is a question under discussion by a medical association in Vermont. We have very little medical knowledge, but we should think when you can't stand up any longer is about the proper time. The rage for building churches on the

opera house plan, and making them look bule, a printed placard reads, "Smoke if Editors; supposed to be speaking for themselves, cannot be too careful for the

thekselves, cannot be too careful to the "we" word that represents them. The comparatively sober Boston Pilot says. "We drank last year 1,500,000 gallous more beer, and 6,520,000 gallons less spirituous liquors than in 1877." The "Forcy Thieves."-A Yankee who had never paid more than twentyfive cents to see an exhibition, went to New York theatre one night to see the New York theatre one night to see the one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marches

The Hon. George Thrown, editor of the Toronto Globe, was somewhat startled on arising the other day to find that a section of the bottom of his farm that a section of the bottom of his farm had dropped out during the night. An acre or more of the earth had sunk nearly forty feet, and the tops of the trets were just visible on a level with the suface. The earth on the chasm is quite perpandicular, and the query what caused this singular phenon

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day, "In earnest love me as you say?
Or are these tender word applied
Alike to filty girls beside?"

"Dear, crael girl," craed I, "forbear;
For by those eyes, those lips I sweer."
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, "You've sworn, now kiss the
book."