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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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THE GENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED
LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN 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 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, 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 unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

LYLA RUSHTON'S 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 furnished, on a nice street, with her father and mother. To be candid, Lyla's father did not own the house; he was a clerk in a large wholesale store, had a salary sufficiently large to enable him to hire a pleasant residence and support a family comfortably. But his eldest child, the aforementioned Lyla, was an independent little maiden, who was not all contented after she left school to settle down to the aimless life of many girls—to dress, and shop, and read novels, and visit, and receive visits. She resolved that she would be no further expense, nor was she contented to tittle-tattle 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, curious little body, had made herself mistress of many of his 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. Cousin 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; for dream that many hours of her day were spent in the dirt and grime of a printing office. One autumn afternoon two gentlemen passed out from a large building occupied 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 colored, three buttoned kids.

'Some lady has lost these pretty articles,' 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 woman 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 smile, and said, languidly, 'I'll agree to that; but it is scarcely necessary to add that you will be the one to find the pretty handed feminine.'

'It must be a pretty hand,' said Ambrose, 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 a 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, perceived that she had dropped a glove from her muff. He sprang out, secured the article, and smilingly returned it to the owner.

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 on her.

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

'I am passionately fond of opera, Mr. Ambrose, and should enjoy accompanying 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 Lyla! foolish Walter. Of course Mr. Ambrose was too polite to show any disapprobation, but there was a troubled, trifling coolness that Miss Rushton noticed and understood.

'I say, 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—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 fell in love with her.'

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?'

'I would scarcely do to make a compositor my wife,' said Walter, very much as he wanted Morrell to disagree with him.

But Morrell made no answer, and Ambrose snattered away. That evening he stopped for Mr. Morrell to walk up-town 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 coolly.

At sight of her, Walter's heart thrilled stangely, 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. Ambrose.'

'Then may I introduce you to my friend? 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 name, pomman-ship and thoughts are all familiar to me.'

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

Perhaps it was odd that the most distinguished writer on the editorial staff of the 'Daily Blank' should often meet one of that papers compositors; perhaps it was, considering that the said gentleman was 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 acquaintanceship.

Poor Walter! how he raved—privately—when the newspaper world, literary circles and fashionable society announced that handsome, talented, courted Durwood Morrell was soon to marry blue-eyed Lyla Rushton and Miss Helen—Walter's sister romaked, 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 extravagant praises of her loveliness.

Mrs. Durwood found a pearl colored glove carefully stowed away in her husband's monchoir case and examined it—perhaps a little wifely jealousy—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 remembered the circumstance.

'Is it yours?' he questioned, with an amused look.

'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 always my weakness.'

'If I had but known that sooner, I might have a right to this some months ago,' and he deliberately took a kiss—my several.

HOW AN ELECTION WAS WON

[Madison (Ind.) Star.]

Some years ago Russ, our own G. W., lived in our adjoining county of Ripley, he was then a Republican in a Democratic county. What his politics are now we don't know, and don't care, and we think he can't know or care either. We only know he is a manly, big hearted, gentle 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 Ripley, and, as a matter of course, wanted all the votes he could get. Then, as now, he was passionately fond 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 hunter and a power among the boys. He kept a little country doggerly, 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 while Russ saw one of Jake's lunk, put belted pointers, and commenced to give away tully.

'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 dogs.

'Well, I'll tell you,' said Russ, 'I am very fond of gunning, and if I am elected sheriff this fall I shall indulge 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. I want him after the election. Here's a \$5 note to bind the bargain.'

Jake, tickled to death at the 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 handsome 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 on dis county and here is dose dog. Gife me my forty-vile dollars.'

'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 god, you buy me and not my dog! Ain't id?'

APPEALS FROM JUSTICE'S JUDGMENTS.

AN ACT IN RELATION TO JUDGMENTS ON APPEAL FROM JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

The General Assembly of North Carolina do enact:

Section 1. That in all appeals from judgments of justices of the peace, the appellate courts, when judgment shall be rendered against the appellant, may also give judgment against the sureties to the appeal to the amount of the judgment and the costs awarded against the appellant.

Section 2. Strike out the following words in section sixty-three, chapter sixty-three of Battle's Revised Statutes, and execution thereon 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 section.

Section 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 New York reach over 500,000 barrels, valued at \$9,000,000, and this is but one branch of the trade. It is said that Philadelphia consumes 80,000 dozen eggs a day. The receipts in Boston for the year 1878 were over 6,500,000 dozen. Between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 dozen are annually exported from the country. The million of dozens consumed throughout the country without passing into dealers' hands, it is impossible to estimate.

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer so he stammered: 'Martha, I—I—do—you—you must have—have—are you aware that the good book says—er, says that it is not good that man should be alone?'

'That hadn't you better run home to your mother?' Martha coolly suggested.

'Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre table, and place three or four hymn-books carelessly round on the sofa. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful Christian family and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why, I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out.'

FARMERS' OPINION.—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 plough.

In large crops which leave land better than they found it, making both the farm and farmer rich at once.

That every farm should own a good farmer.

That the fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise and intelligence—without these, lime, gypsum and guano will be of little use.

In good fences, good farmhouses, good orchard, and children enough to gather the fruit.

In a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, a clean dairy, and clear conscience.

That to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit.

That to keep a place, and everything in its place, saves many a step and is pretty sure to lead to good tools and to keep them in order.

That kindness to stock, like good shelter, is a saving of labor.

That it is a good thing to keep an eye on experiments, and note all—good and bad.

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 motto heap on the farm.

In enriching the soil according to its wants.

KNOCKING WASHINGTON DOWN.

(From Collins History of Kentucky.)

At the time Gen. Washington was stationed at Alexandria, Va., as a colonel of a British regiment, 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 magnanimous hero, sought and interview with Payne, which resulted in an apology from Washington and a warm and lasting friendship between the two, founded on mutual esteem.

During the Revolutionary war while Washington was a visit to his family, William Payne, with his son DeVal, went to pay his respects to the great American chief. General Washington met him some distance from the house, took him by the hand and led him into 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 him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he he was surprised 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 love her and falling on his knees, beseech her for their children's sake to return? Did he take down the old double-barrel, shoot his 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 \$50,000 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 my father takes an oath to my mother 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 it? 'You can step down,' said the Judge.—New York Commercial.

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 in 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 an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Wade Hampton has been presented by a friend in New York with a pair of silver-mounted rosewood crutches.

Gleanings

Why is it that the only enemy man has succeeded in loving.

Women 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 breach of promise to marry.

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

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

'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 heathenish habit they have, of minding their own business.

All men like their beefsteaks as maidens like their lovers—tender and true. None of your tough, gristly chunks of cheap meat.

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 any?

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, 'Pass, pass, but there are no peas.'

Annie Moore's gone away to get married, and her loss we deeply deplore; 'Mung 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 discontented 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 Edgar 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 mole.

The editor of the Hawkinsville Dispatch has named his four children 'Brevier,' 'Long Primer,' 'Small Pica,' and 'Pica' after the names of different styles of type.

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 as nearly as possible like theatres, has finally reached its culminating point in a Dulaware church, where in the vestibule, a printed placard reads, 'Smoke if you want to.'

Editors, supposed to be speaking for themselves, cannot be too careful for the 'we' word that represents them. The comparatively sober Boston Pilot says: 'We drank last year 1,500,000 gallons more beer, and 6,320,000 gallons less spirituous liquors than in 1877.'

The 'Forty Thieves.'—A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to 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 marched.

The Hon. George W. Brown, editor of the Toronto Globe, was somewhat startled on arising the other day to find 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 trees were just visible on a level with the surface. The earth on the chasm is quite perpendicular, and the query is, what caused this singular phenomenon?

'Do you,' said Fanny, 'other day, 'In earnest love me as you say? Or are those tender word applied Alike to fifty girls besides?'

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