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GRAHAM, N. C.

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sometimes the pain is in the left

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Poetry.

OLD GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.

It wasn't so when I was young—
We used plain language then;
We didn't speak of "them galoots,"
What meaning boys or men.

When speaking of the nice handwrite
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain; we didn't say,
"He sings a heavy quill."

And when we saw a gal we liked,
Who never failed to please,
We called her pretty, neat and good,
But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him, but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine!"

The boys sometimes got mad and fit—
We spoke of kicks and blows;
But now they "whack him on the taves,"
Or "paste him on the nose."

Once when a youth was turned away,
By her he held most dear,
He walked upon his feet, but now
He "walks off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young,
And plainly called them,
But now they don't, they only "sing
The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain,
That no one did perplex;
But in these days one doesn't die—
He "passes in his checks."

We praised the man of common sense,
"His judgment's good," we said;
But now they say, "Well, that old plum
Has got a level head."

It's rather sad that children now
Are learning all such talk;
They've learned to "chit" instead of chat,
And "warn't" instead of walk.

To my little Harry yesterday—
My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa?" Said he,
"You bet your boots I do!"

Oh! give me back the good old days,
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, 11-fashioned words
And slang was never "slung."

HOW ANNA CAROLLA BECAME FAMOUS.

A group of girls stood at the stage door of the Grand Opera House in Vienna, talking or exchanging words with the other employes who passed in, keeping the while a sharp lookout for the manager. One of these chorus singers, a young and beautiful Italian girl, standing just within the extreme entrance, with her mantle wrapped close about her throat, suddenly remarked:

"We must sing our best to-night, for the Emperor is coming."

"Is he? How do you know? Who told you, Anna Carolla?"

"One of the band," answered Anna Carolla, quietly. "Carl Rosenfeldt. There he comes with his violin."

With some others of the opera band there approached a tall, handsome young Hungarian, who paused to answer the girl's eager inquiry. "Had he said the Emperor was coming?"

"Yes; the Imperial Guards have just passed by to take up their place at the grand entrance. The house will be crowded."

Then passing inside, he stooped to whisper to Anna Carolla, with a smile in his deep blue eyes.

"Anna, I lead the violins to-night—Stondgal is ill."

She put her hand in his, with the sweet, perfect trust of one who knows she is loved.

"I am sorry for him; but for you, Carl, my heart must be glad."

"Here they come, together!" cried a girl outside. "The manager and chief d'orchestre. Away!"

The new leader of the band hurried away as the chorus trooped in, and Anna Carolla followed them into their dressing room. There she soon donned her stage dress, and slipped away to watch the house filling, and, above all, to hear every note of the exquisite overture to "Oberon."

How fast every place was filling from floor to gallery! The auditorium was one blaze of splendor; and as she gazed the poor, frigid chorus singer—whose dramatic talent and splendid voice ought, if she had only the fortune to get the first lift, to place her high in the lyric stage—wondered sadly if such a chance would ever come to her! If not, Carl's father would never consent to their marriage.

And now the whole house rose as the Emperor entered his box, splendidly dressed, glittering with jewels of rarest value, which flashed a thousand rays as he bowed right and left with his usual courteous grace. Then the band struck up the overture, and with the last bar the curtain drew up.

Fitting here and there during the performance, with eyes and ears for everything, the manager noticed the Imperial visitor indicating to a gentleman beside

him some in the chorus.

It was Anna Carolla, whose beauty had attracted his eye, whose rich voice his ear had caught above and through all the others.

The first act went splendidly, and the second act soon commenced, but Fate had decreed that it should never be played out that night. Halfway through, as the manager, pleased and complacent, was quietly standing back in one of the wings, he suddenly felt his arm grasped, and turned sharply to see Anna Carolla's lovely face, so full of determination and character, at his side.

"Hush!" she said, very low and quietly; "make no exclamations, but go and see to it before it gains or is discovered. The theatre is on fire somewhere back of the green room. The company can leave by the stage door. Go."

"But, child, if there is the least hint of alarm, look at that house. They will be crushed to death in their terror and crowding to get out."

"Listen," said the Italian, in the same calm, self-contained manner. "Send the call boy to tell the doorkeeper to order each one as they pass out to depart quickly. I will clear the house quietly."

"You do that."

"Yes, here is the boy; send him, and clear out the company; I will do my part."

The manager blindly obeyed the strong will and steady purpose of the mastermind, as people in emergency generally do, whatever their relative positions in the world.

Anna Carolla passed on to the stage, and advancing at once to the footlights stood for one moment, her tall, commanding and beautiful head drawn erect, unflinchingly facing that crowd, meeting full even the astonished gaze of the Emperor himself, and the wondering look of her lover in the orchestra below her.

Then she said, in a voice not loud but clear as a bell, with cool steady authority in every measured accent.

"I am here by the manager's orders. His Imperial Majesty has been robbed to-night of a rare diamond, and the thief is in the house. Every one," and the speaker's dark eyes swept the audience from gallery to pit, "is at once to withdraw quietly and in order; any one attempting to remain will be immediately arrested. The band will also retire at once."

Even as she spoke, her ear, painfully straining for the sound, could hear the war hum of flames from the back, but unmoved she stepped back, swept a deep obeisance to the audience and Emperor, and the curtain fell.

The Emperor instantly left his box, whispering to the gentleman to whom he had before pointed out Anna Carolla:

"There is something behind all this. I am not lobbed. Send Colonel Bergmann round to summon the manager to our carriage-door."

Meanwhile, the vast crowd filtered rapidly, in quiet order and in safety out only learning at the door, as they hurried away, the awful death by fire or crushing from which the brave and quick-witted girl had saved them.

The last few to leave the auditorium smelt the fire and heard the crackling of flames and hurried wildly, spreading the alarm. But the terrible cry of fire came too late to do mischief, and once outside, the police and soldiers, under the cool directions of the Emperor himself, kept order. And though the flames mounted at first, Anna's timely discovery, and the energetic measures taken, forced the fire under. In less than an hour and a half it was completely drenched out, and the mutilated Opera House left in charge of the police.

Then, and not till then, did the Emperor dismount from the horse he had used and return to his carriage. As he did so, he passed suddenly.

"Bergmann, see there goes that Italian girl herself, leaning on the arm of the young fellow who led the band so splendidly to-night. Go see who and what they are." Colonel Bergmann departed to obey the order, and the Emperor drove off.

The next day the whole story was in the Government organ, with an intimation, "Inspired," of course, from that quarter, that His Imperial Majesty had graciously caused inquiries to be made about the young chorus singer.

A few days later, old Herr Rosenfeldt received an official intimation that his gifted son Carl, and his Ancestress, Anna Carolla, were both under Imperial protection, and their marriage was desired to take place as immediately as possible, the Emperor dowering the bride.

The manager also received a similar intimation through Colonel Bergmann,

that his late chorus singer was to be brought forward and advertised for the reopening of the opera as Madame Carlina-Rosenfeldt.

Once more the elite of gay Vienna crowded the Opera-House to witness the debut of the new singer, as Agata is "Der Fleischschutz." The moment she came on she was received with a furor which might well make Carl Rosenfeldt proud of his beautiful young wife; and it for Royalty was her grateful glance and sweeping salute, for him was the smile in the soft dark eyes that met his for one second.

When the curtain fell, the new star was called for and showered with bouquets from many a distinguished hand, but from the Imperial box was flung one in which lay nestled a costly bracelet, in the centre of which blazed a diamond of rare value and beauty.

"That fire has made our fortune, Carl," his young wife said, smiling, as they drove home.

"Nay, Anna, your own courage and quickness," answered Carl Rosenfeldt. "That was a diamond rarer than the Imperial gift."

And he was right.

GUMPTION.—Not a high-sounding word, perhaps, but a very expressive one, is Gumption. A man had better be born with a good stock of gumption in his cranium, than with any amount of money in his (prospective) trousers' pocket.

Many a man has let a fortune slip through his fingers for the want of it, and many a woman who might have clothed herself in purple and fine lincens has been content to wear six-penny calico for the same lack.

Gumption in the small, every-day affairs of life is more than any other quality—the one thing needful. Webster makes this word to mean "capacity, shrewdness, address. It is all this, and more. What word have we that can quite express its full meaning?"

If we see a man drawing out manure on a stone-boat, or wheeling it on a barrow, or damming a muddy brook to wash his sheep in, instead of driving them half a mile to the river, or lifting heavy barrels into a wagon instead of rolling them in, or clearing his field of stones by carrying them off in his hat, or mowing the thistles in his pasture after they have gone to seed, or letting his mowing machine stand out in the weather, while his homemade contrivance for marking out ground even stands under cover, or cutting off a cow's tail to cure her hollow horn, we are apt to say he is lacking in common sense, but it is only gumption he lacks.

A woman lacks it when she plants small flower seeds in the same way as her husband does melons and corn; when she tears her dresses into tags for her new carpet, because they are "just the color she wants;" when she spends all her spare time piecing bed quilts and lets her children run the streets, dirty and untaught; when she cans fruit in cracked jars and expects it to keep; when she lets her husband go abroad in patched o-veralls and collarless shirts, and then wonders that he don't get into the legislature; when she tricks her daughter up to "catch a bean" before she is fairly in her teens; when she "talks" to her neighbors about her husband, and then can't understand why he is slightly spoken of, when she allows her sons to call their father the "old man," and then is ready to cry her eyes out because they call her the "old woman;" when she keeps her children's stomachs stuffed with rich cake, pies and pudding, and then sends them to bed with their faces done up in lemon juice, to make their complexions clear; when she discards a lover because he has a wart on his nose and marries a dandy with a nose the color of a beet.

Some people go through life without being able to do anything they undertake, except in the clumsiest manner, and yet they have seen the work done as it should be, a hundred times. These have more gumption, however, than another class who never attempt a thing that demands the least taste or skill, because they are sure beforehand that they "never could do it."

"Dear me!" sighs one lady. "If I didn't have to hire so much sewing done for the men folks, I might afford something for myself now and then."

"What is it now?"

"Overalls."

"Why not make them yourself? You have time and a machine?"

"Oh, I never could. I tried it once, and when John came to put them on he couldn't wear them, because I'd sewed

the fronts together for one leg and the backs for the other."

Another lady wants to go on an excursion "dreadfully," but cannot afford it.

"Fix that hat you are going to take to the milliner's yourself. It wants nothing but what you can do."

"I wouldn't dare undertake it for the world. I should ruin it."

"Then make over your dress and save the dressmaker's bill."

"Oh, you could do it, I dare say; but I can't. If I ripped it to pieces, I should never be able to get it together again."

One of the worst things about women of this sort is, that they are forever blaming some one else for what they are to blame themselves. Do they want to get along and up in the world—and often they are not slow to see that somebody doesn't manage right but never think of taking the blame to themselves. They haven't gumption enough for eyes that.

A DEADLY FOETUS OF PRONOUNCING.

(From the San Francisco Post.)

At a wedding in South Carolina last month an incident occurred aptly illustrating social life in the United States. The bridegroom, who belonged to the "first Southern families," took exception to the phraseology of the officiating clergyman and remarked, "You shouldn't say those unwholesome words."

The bridegroom, who prided himself upon the "high-toned" quality of his language, quietly dropped his hand into the pocket of his surplice and interpolated: "You first paddle your own canoe, young fellow, or your trouble'll begin sooner enough. I'm ruinin' this ten party, I am—as I said afore, my beloved hearers—those unwholesome words."

Just then the bridegroom made a motion towards his hip, but before he could draw the minister fired from his pocket and the young man fell dead at his feet. Instantly the whole church was filled with blazing pistols. In less than five seconds the only person left alive was the bride, who had ducked behind the pulpit early in action. The half-married female gazed musingly around and remarked as she started for home: "These self-locking revolvers in playing the mischief around here, and that's a fact!"

The above is a whopping lie, of course, but then it is about as near the truth as much that is published of Southern habits, manners and lawlessness. As a burlesque upon the manufactured and grossly exaggerated stories told of the Southern people, and from which in many places an estimate of their character is formed, it is a very admirable hit. [Ed.]

SENATOR CONKLING'S NECKTIE.

(Washington, cor. Springfield Republican.)

Roscoe Conkling's eccentricity is in his neckties. In other respects the Senator dresses in excellent taste. He evidently gets his ideas of ties from the American flag, for they are almost invariably either red, white or blue.

When the Senator came back here at the beginning of the last session he wore a white tie, and under his blue hair, it gave him quite an ethereal aspect. He was then playing the role of the generous foe, and was apparently quite inoffensive. But later when he began to gather himself up for war upon the President, he put on his red tie, the ensign of battle. Lately, however, he has worn mostly the blue, as symbolical of the state of his feelings. He will probably confine the blue for some time to come. If Grant is nominated in 1880, we shall perhaps see the Senator with a necktie of all three colors blended in brilliant harmony.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life and support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no, fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined.

They ran away from peace and pleasure and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. No situation however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honor, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this: to be always contented with your lot and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

Old Gent (who firmly believes in compulsory education) to Cow Boy: "Oh, you go to school, do you? Now, I dare say you can tell me who it was that was saved when the world was drowned, can't you?" Cow Boy: "Yes, sir; but I forgot his name."

Gleanings.

The electric light, still unblended, had proved a failure in the great London fish market at Billingsgate.

A man's great ambition is to be credited with some great feat; a woman's to be credited with small feat.

I would not live always; I care not to stay; it costs too much for washing, wearing three shirts a day.

Douglas Jerrold, on being told that punning was the lowest form of wit, replied that it was therefore the foundation of all wit.

Sidney Smith once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying, "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned, proceed with our subject."

Mrs. Charles Brook, who died recently in Leicester, gave to the Church of England during her life not less than \$700,000.

There is a rumor that Secretary Schurz is engaged to marry one of the daughters of a highly-placed officer of the Government.

Two sophomore enter a horse race, the first takes the only vacant seat, and the second sits in his lap. Presently a young lady enters and the second soph, rising, says, "Take my seat, madam."

An English writer says in his advice to young women that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

"I wish I knew how to earn a living," said an idler.

"Go to work," growled a neighbor.

"Sure enough," rejoined the idler; "I never thought of that."

"Yes," said a lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there!"

HER DARKEST HOUR.—"He's my darkest hour," said a wife, pointing to her husband; "and would you like to know the reason why? It's because he always arrives just before the day."

A Syracuse school mistress thought to puzzle her juvenile class, and asked them where all the pins go. A little boy replied that all the others went "out," and laid 'em on the seats, whence they "went up."

"Why don't you get even with him?" was asked of a youth whose schoolmate was in the habit of hectoring him, and the wise young man replied, "I never cross the lines for fear he might dot my eyes."

It was in evidence on Tuesday that once when the Widow (bylaws) Oliver sought an interview with Senator Cameron she received a message to "Go to the devil." She replied that she would "go and see a lawyer."

Boston precocity.—Jack (aged ten years or under): "I trust, Tommy, that you believe in the non-essentiality of a pre-existent first cause." Tommy: "Oh, certainly. At least, I go no further back than the primordial atomic globule." Escent, driving their hoops.

MENTAL "DIGESTION."—It is not what people eat but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they gain but what they save that makes them rich. It is not what they read but what they remember that makes them learned. It is not what they profess but what they practice that makes them righteous.

This is a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are the only folks that always has their own way. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand girls if she wants to do anything. This is all I know about girls; and father says the less I know about them the better."

"Things," quoted David, in poetical mood, "are not what they seem." "Of course not," commented Nedie, "the sewing machine seems, but everybody knows it is not the shirt it seems." And then nobody said anything for a long time, and David made some remark about people who could appreciate sentiment.

As last the Democracy in Congress, where it can stand at the centre pole and watch the Republics trick into error round the ring—occasionally reminding the great North American chieftain, Sam Blaine, that there is a smart little cracker at the small end of the whip. Gentlemen of the band, will ye be kind enough to fling a little melody into the air—Atlantic Constitution.

A story comes from Milan of a highly conscientious barber who fled from temptation. He had been called to shave an eminent capitalist in his own house. After scraping the millionaire's chin for a while, the barber suddenly threw down his razor and ran out of the room. Being pursued, and an explanation demanded, he said: "The sight of the gold was too much for me. If I had not run away I should have cut the rich man's throat and robbed him." The gentleman who escaped this sad fate was so grateful that he presented to the barber the sum of 100 francs.