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are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dropsy and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

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Nobetter cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

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Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

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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.

CAUGHT AND EXECUTED.

"Of all things, a night journey is the most tedious," said Clarence Hatfield, as he let himself fall heavily into the stiff and uncomfortable seat of the railway car, with its faded velvet cushions, and its back exactly the wrong angle for aught approaching the luxury of a nap. "I say Clifton, do you think we might smoke?" "Well, I rather imagine not," said I with a motion of my head toward the other passengers. "There appears to be ladies on board."

Hatfield shrugged his shoulders. "Such ladies!" "Well, laughed I, 'they don't appear to be particular stylish in manner or costume, but nevertheless, my dear fellow, the divinity of their sex hedges them around like a wall.'"

"Divinity of their humbug!" shortly interrupted Hatfield. "As if these ill-dressed dowdies, with their babies and hand-boxes, could possibly belong to the same world with Beatrice Hale!"

To this I made no answer. It did not seem to me exactly appropriate to lug the sacred name of Beatrice Hale into a discussion in a place like this. Yet what could I do, except to feel my cheeks flush and the roots of my hair tingle? For I was unmistakably in love with Bee Hale; and so was Clarence Hatfield.

If I were to waste quarts of ink and reams of paper in trying to describe her manifold charms and excellencies to the reader, it wouldn't do any good. Such things have been tried before and failed. Let him imagine the fairest brunette the sun ever shone on and he may come somewhere near the mark. Suffice it to say that she was as beautiful as a dream, and that Hatfield and I were both slaves at her feet.

Which of us did she like best? Ah! that was the question. It was something like the children's old game of see saw. "Up I go; down you come." Sometimes I fancied that I had the ghost of a chance—sometimes I was convinced that Hatfield was altogether the "preferred," and that I had better emigrate to Australia at once.

"Hello!" cried Hatfield, breaking unceremoniously in upon the thread of my musings, "there goes the whistle. We shall be off directly. Thank goodness for that!"

And he put up his feet on the opposite seat, and prepared for as comfortable a four hours ride as possible.

Clarence Hatfield and I, be it understood, were employees in the extensive business of Messrs. Jenkins, Jumperton & Co., auctioneers, and had been down the country "putting up" a sale of swamp lots, cut into streets and squares, according to the most approved metropolitan methods of doing such things.

It had been a dismal business. November is not an inspiring month at the best, and a three day's fog had conspired against the success of "Mount Morra Park," as Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. had christened the new speculation. Yet we had done reasonably well, and were now thankful enough to get back to New York.

As the train gave its starting lunge the door flew open, and in came a tall old lady, in a prodigious black bonnet, a fur cloak, surrounded by a pert *chevaux de frise* of squirrel cages, leather bags, brown paper parcels and sandwich boxes. She was followed closely by a younger lady, dressed in black, and closely veiled, and paused hesitatingly in front of our seat.

"Young man," said she, in a voice as gruff as that of a man "is this seat engaged?"

"Yes," said Hatfield, it is."

"For your feet?"

"No matter what for," superciliously replied the head clerk of Jenkins, Jumperton & Co. "Please to pass on, old lady. You'll find seats enough beyond."

But this was stretching the truth. There were no seats beyond, as the old lady could easily perceive, unless she chose to sit directly opposite a red coal fire, or upon one of those corner arrangements close to the door, which are equivalent to no seat at all.

The old lady hesitated and changed her heavy carpet bag from one shoulder arm to the other. I thought of my own good Aunt Polly at home, and rose at once.

"Pray take this seat, madam," said I, "and let me put your parcels up in the rack for you."

"Clifton, what a fool you are!" cried Hatfield, in an impatient *sovo voce*. "Why couldn't you have sat still and minded your own business?"

"It is my own business," I answered brusquely, "to see that every lady is made as comfortable as it is in the nature of things to be. Now the squirrel cage, madam—it'll go very comfortably under

the seat, I think?" Hatfield uttered a contemptuous grunt, but he never offered to trust his feet off the opposite cushions, although the younger woman stood in the aisle, uncomfortably eying backward and forward with the motion of the train, until a woman beyond noting the state of affairs, drew a sleeping child into her lap, and beckoned the other to take the place thus vacated.

By this time my old lady had established herself to her entire satisfaction, and opened her sandwich box.

"Much obliged to you, young man," said she. "It's easy to see that you've a mother of your own at home, and that you are in the habit of doing reverence to her gray hairs. As for this person,"—with a nod of her poky head in the direction of Mr. Hatfield—"if he's got a mother, I can't say much of her bringing him up. Perhaps he may be old himself one day, and stand in need of a little politeness and consideration from the young."

"When I am anxious for your good opinion, madam, I'll let you know," returned Mr. Hatfield rather flippantly.

The old lady could only express herself by a vehement sniff. And even I was a little annoyed at his manner.

"Hatfield," said I, in a low tone, "you might behave like a gentleman."

"So I will be retorted with a shrug. "When I find myself in company that calls for such measures."

I said no more, but leaning up against the side of the door, prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible, until the train should stop at Stamford, its first way station, and some descending passengers might make room for me.

Reader, did you ever stand in an express train in full motion? Did you ever feel yourself swayed backward and forward, bumping one of your phrenological developments against one side of the car, and bringing the base of your spinal column against the top of the seat at the opposite end of the train? Did you ever grasp blindly at nothing for support? Did you ever execute an involuntary *pens seculi*, by way of keeping your balance, and then grind your teeth to see the two pretty young ladies beyond laughing at your antics? If so you will know how to pity me during the hour and a half between B—— and Stamford.

Hatfield went to sleep and snored; the old lady in the gigantic bonnet ate sandwiches and drank from a wicker flask of excellently smelling sherry; the younger lady sat as noiseless as a black veiled statue; fretful babies whimpered; old gentlemen uttered strange sounds in their sleep; the lights flared like sickly moons over head, and the shriek of the train as it flew through village, sounded like the yell of a fiery-throated demon.

"Stamford!" bawled the conductor,

At last I succeeded in dropping my weary and stiffened limbs into a seat, where slumber overtook me in just a minute and a quarter; for I had been asleep once or twice, even in my former disadvantageous attitude and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses when we finally thundered into the echoing vastness of the Grand Central Depot in New York.

Hatfield, alive to the necessity of catching a car before the whole world of travelers should crowd into it, stumbling over the old lady's ankles with small ceremony.

Oh! take care. You've knocked the squirrel cage over!"

"Contented the squirrel cage!" shouted Hatfield, gnashing his teeth, as the ancient dame placed herself directly in the aisle to set the furry pet up again, thereby completely blocking up his egress.

"Serves you right, Hatfield," said I, as I stooped to assist.

Just then the young companion of our lady advanced, flinging back her veil.

"Grandma," said she, "the carriage is waiting; I'll send Thomas for the parcels. Mr. Clifton I am very much obliged to you for your politeness to my grandmother, who is unused to traveling. As to Mr. Hatfield—the less said about his courtesy the better." And Beatrice Hale's black eyes flashed disdainfully on Clarence's bowed visage.

"Miss Hale," he stammered, "if I'd had the least idea who you were—"

"You would have regulated your conduct accordingly," impatiently interrupted Miss Hale. "Thanks—I prefer to see people in their true light. Mr. Clifton, turning graciously to me, "you'll call and see how grandma stands her journey to-morrow, won't you? Oh! thank you—the carriage is close by."

And to this day I believe that is the way I won my wife; for Clarence Hatfield was a brilliant, showy sort of a fellow who far outshone me in general

society, and I think Bee had been disposed rather to fancy him until that night. But she was disenchanted now for good and all. And Grandma Hale comes to see us every Christmas with a hamper of good things from Hale Farm.

(Wilson Advance.)

We learn that Mr. Telfair Griffin was plunging in his father's field, near Stanhope, in Nash county, a few days ago, when the point of the plow caught in the neck of a jug, and upon stooping to throw it out of the way, he discovered that it was filled with upwards of five hundred dollars in gold and silver. De-lighted at his good fortune, the young man broke the glad tidings to his father, who, with an eye to business, quickly assured the son that he, being a minor, could not retain so valuable a treasure, and demanded that it should be handed over to himself.

The younger Griffin did not take very kindly to his father's suggestion, and after a sober second thought, wisely concluding that possession is nine-tenths of the battle, made off with the jug, and, in exultant joy, buried it again.

But the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and he was caught by grief and pain for promiscuous joy.

Several years ago, within the memory of an old lady who is still living, an old man by the name of Morgan, lived in the house which stood in the field near where the treasure was found. It was generally known that he had a miserly fondness for accumulating coin, and this old lady remembers that he came to her, upon one occasion, to borrow a jug, remarking to her at the time that he had hidden some money in the cracks of his house once before, and the house caught on fire and burnt down, melting all his money, and that he did not intend that such should be the case again.

She loaned him the jug, and saw him, shortly afterwards leaving his house, taking the jug with him, and, upon being asked what he was going to do with it, remarked that he was going to carry it to the house of one of his neighbors, which was not far distant. He had not been gone but a short time before he returned without his jug. A few days after this the old man was seized with a congestive chill and died without ever having told where he had hidden the money. After his death his land was sold, and one Ricks became the purchaser. Not long ago Griffin entered upon the land under a bond from Ricks to make title upon payment of the purchase money.

Ricks, we understand, claims the money upon the ground that not being a part and parcel of the land, it was not included in his grant to Griffin, and furthermore that Griffin has not paid the purchase money.

As between Griffin, the finder, and the heirs of Morgan, we think that there can be little doubt about the right of the heirs to recover the treasure provided they can establish conclusively the right of their ancestor. The claim of Ricks amounts to nothing at all, and as between the finder and his father the former certainly has the advantage in fact, if not in law. We have never known a similar question to be before presented in the judicial history of our State.

THE HEROISM OF PETER RAPP.

(St. Louis Republican.)

There died in Cincinnati, a few days ago, a man who richly deserves the honor of martyrdom. His name Peter Rapp. He drove a street car, was young—only twenty-six—and the sole support of an aged and infirm father and mother. The parents were unable to do anything. He provided them with shelter, clothing, food and fuel. His wages were so small that after paying the bills of the household he had no-thing left for himself. He could not buy either an overcoat or undergarments to protect him from rough weather. In order to go out with his car at 6 1/2 every morning, he was obliged to walk four and a-half miles. The rules of the company forbidding the employes to ride without paying fare, when not on-duty, forced him to walk back every night. Thus, in addition to his fifteen hours of hard work, he had a daily walk of nine miles. For two months he never spent a single cent of his earnings. All went home to his mother. Continued toil, exposure, and privation broke down his health. He was attacked by quick consumption, and died literally that his father and mother might live.

A boy, whose honesty is more to be recommended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in a country village in exchange for goods. The butter having a very beautiful appearance, and the merchant being desirous of procuring such for his own use, invited the boy to bring him all his mother had to spare. "I think," said the boy, "she can't spare any more, for she wouldn't have spared this, on'y a rat-fell into the cream, and she did not like to use it herself."

SHE SEWED ON HIS BUTTONS.

Everybody who knows old Blummer knows a pretty tight laced man—Several days ago he said to his wife: "Marry, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night, and it'll pay me to look a little sprucer than common."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. B., "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, and pretending to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy them with next." And then old Blummer shook his head threateningly and departed down town, leaving Mrs. B. looking after him with a peculiar expression in her eyes.

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in its complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optics of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt button, and that the next one was a brass army ornament button, with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was oxidized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender button, and there, as the dazzled eyes of Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle.

There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudging in that household hereafter.

ASIANIC CARELESS.

The Asiatic gambler is the most reckless; it seems to be his second nature, and he will not scruple to stake his wife, children, or as a last venture, one of his own limbs, his life or liberty, becoming thus the slave of his antagonist. And here I am reminded of a fine point in law once extant among the ancient Hindoos, and touching upon this very question. A warrior, staking his last farthing on chance, finally put up his liberty, upon losing which he be thought him of his beautiful wife. Luck being still against him she was summoned as a slave before her husband's antagonist, and escaped the first cry of "Did my husband lose me or himself first?" for if he played away himself first, he could not stake me." There is a story of a similar case as having occurred in an English speaking country. It was during the plague in England that a young captain of the king's bodyguard pledged the key of his house against all the winnings of his adversary and lost. The wife's honor was saved through the medium of a terrible avenger—the plague—one spot of which having appeared upon her throat frightened away the winner of the key. The story is a long one. There was a duel; the husband was killed; the wife died of the plague, and the cause of all this woe—the lucky gamster—was only cursed by the weird plague-prophet, "to perish in everlasting fire."—*Forney's Progress*

A complicated chicken case has taxed the legal acumen of one judge on the Georgia bench and two ex-judges on the floor. The party of the first part owned or assumed to own the hen, and the party of the second part was charged with having stolen the same. The hen was introduced in evidence and duly identified, but while the two ex-judges were arguing the case on its merits, she laid an egg in court. As soon her cackle had advertised this new complication, the party of the first part claimed it as the product of his party; the party of the second part put in a counter bid; the judge on the bench was disposed to regard it as a judicial perquisite, and the junior unblinded something about the sine points.

GOOD ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Speaking of the anxiety of girls to get through girlhood hurriedly and into womanhood without enjoying the beautiful season of girlhood, Bishop Morris says: "Wait patiently my children. Go not after your womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come, you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But, oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

An old gentleman without teeth, on meeting some ladies whom he had known as girls in his boyhood, cordially remarked: "Bless me! how time flies! Let me see. It is fifty two years come next April since we used to go to school together in the old red school house. I was a little chap, then, you remember, and you were the young women. The old man could never understand why his cordial greeting was received so coldly."

According to a reliable correspondent, they are singing "Baby Mine" in the Leadville mining region. It does not stop the rush to that quarter, then we give it up.—*Civ. Eng.*

Gleanings

Mrs. Mary A. Donnon has made 15,000 out of "That Husband of Mine."

Senator Jones, of Nevada, pays \$17,000 rent for his Washington residence.

A Nebraska City woman not only situated at a keyhole, but fired through it at a man whose talk offended her.

The safest way to lose your own health is to keep drinking somebody else's.

Dancing masters rarely have any money, but they are always taking steps to raise some.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy with his own affairs that he has no time to pay into yours.

A French fan painter recently painted a dress for a lady at an expense of \$1,200.

Misses Goodell & King, attorneys-at-law, have entered into partnership at Janesville, Wis.

Over 36,000,000 pairs of striped stockings were made, sold and worn in the United States last year.

The robin is out in his spring outfit eat and red waistcoat for the first time of the season.—*Boston Herald.*

Truth is stranger than fiction, but it isn't half so interesting. And then, nobody likes to be familiar with strangers.—*Hawkeye.*

It is claimed that William Munroe, of Concord, Mass., made the first lead pencil ever made in America. This was in 1811.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go."

Reckless of orthography, an impassioned swain wrote "Mary I love the well." She replied that she was glad he didn't drink liquor.

"You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry." And there's a heap of fellows 'out this town who wouldn't miss it then.

Some people talk hours and say nothing; others there are who by the mere lifting of an eyebrow or the gesture of a hand, are comparatively eloquent.

No matter how many of our lumber ships may come safely into port, that one which was lost at sea will always seem as one to have carried the richest cargo.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike until it is made hot.

Once they started a girl's seminary in Utah. It flourished well, but just in the height of its prosperity, the principal eloped with the whole school.

Edward S. Stokes, the slayer of Fiske, has taken up his abode in San Francisco. He is now chief owner of a valuable Nevada mine.

"Do you ever have malaria here?" asked a lady of a stupid hotel-keeper. "Yes, madam, we'll have it to-day, for I've got the best French cook in the city."

A SOX BATH.—Living and sleeping in a room which the sun never enters, is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

A Dublin professional man addressed an artisan who was waiting in his hall rather brusquely: "Halloo, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, yer honor, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

Simon Gold and his wife, who were married nearly 73 years ago, are living with their son, who is 70 years old, near Montpelier, Vermont. The husband is in his 99th year, and his wife in her 96th. They have lived upon the same farm all their lives.

FOR CROUP.—In the far West they have what they consider a specific for croup. It is very simple. Take a piece of lard as big as a butternut, rub it full of sugar, divide into three parts, and give at intervals of twenty minutes; the croup will disappear gradually, but surely.

TROUBLES.—We may compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of this life, to a great bundle of logs, far too great for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another that we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to carry it.—*John Astin.*