

THE GLEANER

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WORM SPECIFIC

OR

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SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; a slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid, and respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

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will certainly effect a cure.

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in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

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THE PROFESSOR'S SUBSTITUTE.

Professor Bond's brows were knit in honest perplexity, and he brushed up his shaggy gray hair with his slender white hand, while his keen but kindly eyes were fixed upon a sweet faced girl standing modestly before him.

"You are such a child!" he said presently. "I am fifteen, Herr Professor." "A great age! and these are all big boys, you see."

"But I do not have to do more than teach them, and I can do that because— and here her low, sweet voice broke, and the sensitive lips quivered piteously—"my father was training me for a teacher."

"H'm! Yes!"

"If you will only let me try, Herr Professor, until my father is stronger. The doctor says a few weeks of quiet rest is all he needs, but if his salary is stopped how are we to live?"

Professor Bond's brows knit again. It was a dilemma out of which he saw no way. Professor Schorn was his German teacher, and three distinct classes of pupils were expecting to recite to him that very day. It was impossible to find another competent teacher for some days, and Professor Schorn had had a stroke of paralysis. In this emergency the professor's only child, Doretta, had offered her services.

Professor Bond was puzzled about the expediency of substituting for a gruff, gray haired German of sixty or thereabouts, a slender girl of fifteen, with a voice like a flute, and a smile like a baby. Yet there was resolution too in the blue eyes and on the pretty lips, while the low, broad brow promised intellect.

"Well," he said after a long pause, "you may try. I am within call if you need me."

And Doretta, with a long, quivering sigh, followed him to a class room where about twenty boys awaited the arrival of the German Professor. After Professor Bond, left her, she said, with a gentle pathos:

"My poor father lies helpless at home, and ye shall starve if I cannot do his work here. You know him and love him, and I am sure you will not make it too hard for me."

All the boy chivalry wakened at this, and the class as a whole was exemplary. There were some imperfect lessons, but little inattention; and the new teacher excused nothing, let no mistake pass undiscovered. Her own knowledge of English was better than her father's, and, greatly to his amazement, Professor Bond found the classes progressing favorably.

The second school term of the year made some changes, and one morning Doretta, lifting her soft blue eyes to her class, found a new boy facing her. He had large, dark eyes, a handsome face, a strong figure, and rather awed her because he was older than any of her class. She found his name upon her book—Sidney Rynear, and her pretty face clouded as she read it, for there were vague but unpleasant memories associated with the name of Rynear in her mind.

But Sidney Rynear was the very pink of courtesy. Just from New York, his clothing was in the latest style, and at nineteen foppishness is not so offensive as at twenty-nine. Only a boy and a girl liking was the result of the meeting.

The romance of a first love lasted all winter, and, as spring opened, Professor Schorn gained his strength until he could hobble about on crutches, and talk of resuming his interrupted duties. It was in April that little Doretta stayed at home to cook the soup, and her father went once more to the seminary to teach the boys German. She was restless, this pretty Doretta, that day. She told herself she missed the boys, but did not admit even to her own heart that if she could have retained her scholar she could have well spared the others.

Only one hour had passed when a carriage drove swiftly to the door of the little cottage, and Doretta, hurrying out saw three men carrying her father up the garden path, while following with a frightened face, came Sidney Rynear and the doctor.

"I want for the doctor as fast as I could," Sidney whispered, taking Doretta's little, cold hand in his warm clasp, and we met the carriage at the gate. "am no end of sorry, Retta, but I— it—he—it was seeing me—I am afraid—"

"What?" she said.

"Why, you see, he was all right, teaching the class, when he saw me suddenly, and turned as white as a ghost! He asked me my name, and as soon as he heard it, dropped down like a dead man!"

All this was spoken hurriedly, and Doretta was too busy for hours to weigh the hasty words.

"A second stroke," the doctor said, and Doretta watched hungrily for one return of consciousness.

Towards midnight, the invalid moved slightly, and in a moment Doretta was bending over him, meeting the glance of his large haggard eyes fixed upon her face.

"Rynear!" her father said, in thick utterance. "He here—diamond studs—and you—rich—staring—course him! I curse him!"

The passionate utterances of the last words exhausted him, and he lay panting, while Doretta tried to coax him to take a stimulant left by the doctor. But he moved his head from the spoon—muttering, "Rynear! Rynear! my ruin—my curse!" and again the distorted face warned Doretta of a third stroke. Before the day dawned she was fatherless.

It was not strange, with that death scene fresh in her mind, that she shrank from Sidney's well-meant effort at consolation; but as the weary days wore on this gave way before kindly services. How could he have wronged her father, when he must have been a mere child, twelve years before, when the Schorns had left New York!

Time, with its many changes, brought comfort to Doretta, who obtained a situation as governess in a private family, and went abroad with her pupil and her parents. Sidney Rynear left the country village to enter his father's counting house in New York, vowed eternal constancy to Doretta, and forgot her in six months.

Five years later, in a private room in one of the New York hotels, two gentlemen, one a middle aged lawyer, one a man still young and exceptionally handsome, were talking together.

"The matter rests with you," the older man was saying. "I will give you the facts, but you understand I accepted them in confidence, and will never repeat them after to-night."

"I understand," said his companion, gravely.

"Your father left my office three weeks ago, in perfect health; one hour after I was summoned to his death bed, and found him suffering from fatal injuries from a building that had fallen as he was passing."

"I know,"

"He had made his will years ago, leaving you his heir, with the exception of a few legacies."

"I have seen the will."

"Ah, yes. Well, in his dying moments he desired to have a new will drawn, but finding death approach too fast he made his confession to me, and I swore to repeat it to you."

"Confession!" burst from the young man's lips, while his face grew white.

"I repeat his own words. Years ago, when he was in manufacturing business in Harlem, your father employed a foreman named Schorn, a German with but an imperfect knowledge of English, but with a genius for mechanics. This man had been for years studying out and perfecting a valuable discovery in the branch of manufacture your father carried on, and it was to test the value of his machine that he entered your father's house. Ignorant of the language, and the laws of this country, he confided his schemes to your father who undertook to have his invention patented and introduced. This he did, only in so doing he substituted the name of Sydney Rynear for that of Herman Schorn, and obtained full possession and control of the patent, upon which he built an enormous fortune which you inherit."

"The German, Schorn, in vain tried to gain his rights; he was poor, an alien, a scholar, and he was crushed down and driven away by the superior wealth and influence of his employer. Your father saw his death in a paper some years ago but his charge to you is to seek out his heirs, and divide with them the fortune out of which their father was defrauded. If you wish to treat this story as a death bed chimeria, you may do so. I will not betray you. If you desire to obey your father's last request I will aid you materially, for I can tell you where to find Doretta Schorn."

"My father's will," the lawyer said in a low voice, "is strictly confidential."

One more revolving time's over-revolving wheel, and six months after this conversation, I ask my reader to look with me into a very pretty sitting-room in a house on the outskirts of Paris. It is a luxurious home, but the dress of a fair haired girl sitting near one of the open windows, is only a white muslin tastefully made, while

her abundant fair hair is without ornament to its own glossy beauty.

She is lifting sky blue eyes to the handsome face of a gentleman in deep mourning, who is talking to her earnestly. And this is what she says:

"You know all now! You know why your father cursed mine upon his death-bed, and why I must make such restitution as lies in my power to his child. I came to Paris only to do this, but since I have been here, Retta, I have learned a new lesson of life—the lesson of love, little Retta. I love you, my darling, I love you! Can you let the cruel past sleep, and be my wife?"

Very shyly she whispered: "I have always loved you, Sydney. I think I gave you my heart on the first day when you came into my class at L— Seminary. For I have never forgotten you, though I long ago gave up all hope of ever seeing you again."

So the world was none the wiser when Sidney Rynear settled half his large estate upon his fair young wife and only the lawyer who drew the deeds knew that they were payment for a long standing debt, and that for the second time pretty Doretta was Professor Schorn's substitute.

RUINS OF NEWSPAPERS.

The American journalist possesses a fund of dry humor which he knows well how to apply. He is famous for insulating by implication; few understand the art better. A California editor invested in a mule and the fact was chronicled under the heading, "Remarkable instance of self-possession." Said one Milwaukee editor of another: "He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything," and when a Western editor wrote, "We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday," his rival quoted his remark with the addition, "The latter statement is incontrovertible, but the former?" Said an Idaho journal: "The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the Herald and cover ourselves with the Bulletin—there is a great coolness between them."

This kind of coolness often brings about an amusing interchange of ineptitudes. A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon relieved his mind in a "leader," denouncing the statement as unwarranted, and his author as devoid of truth and a sounder to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the seven toes were upon one foot, and the victim of the sell was thoroughly laughed at. "We are living at this moment under a despotism." His opponent kindly exclaimed: "Our contemporary means to say he has recently got married." A newspaper writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years. To which another responds: "That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment." The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on "a new head" for it. "Do not do it," advised a rival sheet; "better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor"—which implied a great deal.

RIVALING WILLIAM TELL.

Senator Murphy Non-Shooting Apples from One Another's Heads.

[New York Sun]

ASBURY PARK, May 1.—The most remarkable shooting that has ever taken place in Monmouth county was done on the Murphy farm, at Deal Beach, one mile north of Asbury Park, yesterday. It recalls the old story of William Tell's shooting the apple from his son's head. Senator Thomas Murphy, ex-collector of the port of New York, and now representing in Albany the Senatorial district won from Tammany Hall by the late John Morrissy, and afterwards by Mr. Murphy himself, has two sons, Edgar and Walter, who are known as the cracked shots of the celebrated Long Branch Gun Club. The young gentlemen amused themselves yesterday, to the alarm and terror of all their friends, by shooting apples from one another's heads, at fifteen yards, with Ballard rifles carrying 22-100 calibre balls.

The dangerous amusement was begun by their shooting apples held in their outstretched hands. They then agreed to fire at apples placed on their heads. After measuring the distance, the young men removed their hats, placed the apples on their bare heads, and took turns at the mark, firing the apples with the bullets every time. The final shots were fired at the word; that is, each brother placed an apple on his head, and, holding a loaded rifle, called one, two, three, fire. At the last word both fired. Both apples were hit and rolled off.

The young marksmen said to the Sun reporter, "Why, it's perfectly simple and safe. We draw the head on the top of the stem of the apple, and of course we hit it."

A lady told us of a man, who was teasing for something, went to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I just honestly sometimes thank you're a stepmother!"

"Zion's Herald" tells a good story of

old time discipline at Wilburham Seminary, when Rev. Dr. Fisk was the presiding officer. There was one minister's son, now in the New England conference (and a very faithful and useful pastor he has been), a member of a very large ministerial family, who in his academic days was as full of mischief as the proverbial minister's son is supposed to be. He taxed the well known elastic patience of Dr. Fisk to the last degree. Finally the doctor said to him, after a capital act of conduct, "You must prepare yourself for a severe whipping;" the time for which was duly appointed. The doctor was on hand, very much more affected, apparently, than the irrepressible mischief-maker. After a solemn discourse in that most melting tone of voice that no one can forget who ever heard it, the doctor drew his rattan and laid it with considerable uncton upon the boy's back. Nothing but dust followed the blow. The subject of the discipline was entirely at his ease, and evidently quite unconscious of the stroke.

"Take off your coat, sir!" was the next command, for the doctor was now a little roused.

Again whistled the rattan around the boy's shoulders, but with no more effect.

"Take off your vest, sir!" shouted the doctor.

Off went the vest; but there was another under it.

"Off with the other!" exclaimed the doctor.

The astonishment of the administrator of justice can well be imagined as he exposed a large codfish, defending the back of the culprit like a shield, while below there was evidently stretching over other exposed portions of the body a stout leather apron.

"What does this mean?" said the doctor, choking with wrath, or something just its opposite.

"Why," said the great rogue, in a particularly humble and persuasive tone, "you told me, doctor, to prepare myself for punishment, and I have done so in the best way I could!"

It was out of the question to pursue that act of discipline any further at that time. And it is doubtful whether it was ever resumed again.

THE HANDSOME MAN.

It is quite unessential that a man should be handsome. Let him pray the gods, in the first place, to make him a gentleman—a gentleman at home as well as abroad. Let him stipulate for a fine figure and a courtly manner, and leave it to their discretion after that to shape his eyes, nose and mouth, provided they don't make them hideous. Save us from your plaid-painted, bordered-vested, big-crayed, moustached, cologne sprinkled, bejeweled, brainless exquisite! Give us a well informed, plainly dressed, self possessed intelligent masculine, perfectly at home upon all subjects, foreign and domestic; neither cringing to the great nor oppressing the little; who puts one hand on his sword and the other on his heart when a woman's name is mentioned; who raises no blush on the cheek of humble innocence, who holds in contempt no living thing that God has made, who can pity the weak and erring without a pharisaical reviling who can argue without loss of temper and dignity, who scorns a bribe or an oath, who has an arm for trembling age, a smile for prattling infancy, and a strong, brave heart for the oppressed and defenceless. But a pretty man, a pink and white Sir Brazenose, the united work of tailor, hatter, shoemaker and perfumer! Heaven save the mark! Women know better.

SELF-RESPECT.

Always remember no one can abuse you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, and integrity of character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

Boys, the habit of obeying at once is one of the best habits in the world. It makes prompt active, energetic business men. Why, it is the "now at once right off," that leads all the work in the world and gets pay for it too. A boy that is prompt and ready will be just the boy that will get recommended for a place in a store or an office, and when in the place he will keep it until he gets promoted, till finally he becomes a member of the firm and probably its manager. All this because he is on hand ready and prompt; see what needs to be done, and is ready to do it.

The following appears in a Boston paper: "Wanted—A reliable coachman; must not be under 60 years of age; a lame one eyed homely man preferred. Must be a good careful driver. A wife and children no objection. No young bachelor need apply."

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

It was a fine Sabbath morning, in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the State of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares of that fearful and long-to-be-remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough, though not unpleasant, countenance of the male members of that little congregation. The rigid features relaxed, however as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary and played upon the desk and counterpane of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened lock and tottering form evidenced that he had numbered three-score and ten years. Opening the sacred volume the minister was about to commence the services of the morning, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, exclaiming, "The enemy are marching upon western counties!"

The man looked around upon his congregation and announced his text: "He that hath a garment let him sell it, and buy a sword." After a few preliminary remarks, he added: "Up, my friends, I beseech you, to the left of your neighbors against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle for God will muster the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend her influence. As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I representatives of my family to send. My daughters—my daughters cannot draw the sword nor handle the musket in defence of their country, but they can use the hoe, so that while the tolling soldier returns from the field of battle he may not suffer for the necessities of life."

The venerable pastor bowed his head in devotion. When he again looked around his audience was gone. One woman only had silently left the house of God, and ere she had that day delivered the male inhabitants of that little parish of their way to the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington.

A well dressed negro applied to the judge of probate of Mobile for a marriage license. He was asked how old he intended was, and answered, with great animation: "Just sixteen, judge—a sweet sixteen, and de handsomest girl in town." The judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue licenses to persons one under eighteen. "Well," held fast the judge, "exclaimed the man. 'I know dat dem girls an deceitful and lie and deir age. She is nineteen if a day.' 'Will you swear to it?' asked the judge. 'Yes, sah,' he replied; and did. 'Old are you?' said the judge. The negro looked suspicious, and replied, cautiously: 'Thirty-five,' and added, 'If dat would do judge, I've got more back.'

Oliver Logan says that the dullest and most machineries and other noble ladies who write to her can't spell and don't understand grammar. This ignorance is confined to the ladies of nobility, Oliver. You should see the frightful punctuation in some of the letters we have received from Emperor William. And a recent missive sent us by the Czar of Russia slanders grammar in a Bulgarian manner. And then the speaking of the Prince of Wales! It's awful. In the letter now before us he actually spells labor with a "four." They can't spell and punctuate worth a cent, Oliver, and we are strongly tempted to cut 'em out our list of correspondents on this account.—*Norristown Herald.*

A venerable but eccentric member of the Presbytery, lately attempting to get into the packet-boat, fell into the canal. He was drawn out half drowned and conveyed to a house in the neighborhood, where he was put to bed. "Will ye take some spirits ago?" said a nurse, I asked his considerate host, "No! I have had plenty of water for one day; I'll take the spirits alone."

A young woman who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, managed to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bride-trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly: "Hurry up, Edith! Haven't you washed the letter?" Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrill suggestion, in response, "you'd better take me now; for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

The would-be assassin of the Czar is said to have been a school teacher, but he must have been a miserable one, for any school teacher who could make peace certainly isn't fit to teach young ladies how to shoot.

"What are you about?" angrily exclaimed a country editor the other day, to his wife, who was touching up her complexion before the looking-glass. "Only getting up my patent complexion," was the reply.