

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## THE GLEANER

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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 pain, accompanied with a dull, 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 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, called differently but same pronunciation.

## JOHN REDMOND'S INHERITANCE.

BY MARY MICHELLE.

They were all assembled in the study at the Grange, to hear the reading of Gilbert Redmond's will. His widow sat in the large high-backed chair opposite the great square window. The sunlight fell on a kind, sad face, full of motherliness, although she had never known the joys of maternity. Near her and leaning on the mantle-piece, stood her husband's nephew, John Redmond, a tall, strong-built man of thirty years, with kindly, bright blue eyes, and sunny brown hair clustering over a forehead as fair and smooth as a maiden's. His battle with life had left some lines around the firm mouth which in his boyhood must have been singularly sweet though never effeminate.

Seen now with that grave, set expression, he gave one the impression of strong, true manhood. But the power of his face lay in his smile. It was irresistibly winning.

Seated at Mrs. Redmond's knee was her niece, Winnie Barton, the adopted daughter of the house. A slight, graceful girl of eighteen summers, she was a perfect picture of blonde beauty, reminding one forcibly, in her grief, of the sorrowful face of "the Ceuci." Her great brown eyes were full of tears, but for this she might have been carved in marble, so motionless was she.

With the addition of a dozen old servants, standing in sad and respectful silence at the father end of the apartment, my group is complete. They were awaiting the coming of the old family lawyer, Mr. Weston, and dreary as the stillness was, no one cared to break it.

Ten years ago, when Winnie was a child, and John Redmond a young man, his uncle had endeavored to induce him to give up the scheme of entering a medical college, promising him a liberal allowance, and to acknowledge him as his heir. But John refused to sacrifice his independence, and the uncle and nephew parted—with sad determination on one side and a command never again to enter the Grange on the other.

"If you are sick or in trouble you will send for me, uncle?" asked the boy, wistfully, as he turned from the stern old man.

But though he returned no answer the words rang in his memory years after the bright young face had passed from the grim old mansion.

John Redmond won fame if not fortune from the world he had entered. A year before he died the old man sent for him, and when he came could hardly trace in the bronzed, bearded man the boy he so well remembered. But he was proud of him, and won a reluctant consent that he would make the Grange his home.

"It will not be for long, John. The grave will claim me soon," he said.

And it was so. One short year and the restless heart was at rest forever. Now for the last time would he utter the wishes that had always been as laws.

Steps were heard approaching, and in another moment the lawyer was bowing gravely to the family. Then without further introduction, he read the will. Like most other actions of Gilbert Redmond's life, it was eccentric. Towards his end he had conceived the notion of a marriage between John and Winnie. Though never hinting his reason to the young people he had contrived that they should be much together. His property was now to be equally divided between them in the event of their union. If either of the parties refuse to comply with the conditions his or her portion was to go to the other. In case of both refusing the whole went to a distant cousin. With sundry small bequests to friends and servants this was the substance of the will.

The lawyer, taking off his spectacles, approached Mrs. Redmond and commenced a conversation with her in a low key, kindly abstaining from noticing Winnie, who, with burning cheeks, left the room as soon as possible. John's face, too, was flushed, and his manner tinged with embarrassment as he answered the few questions put to him by his aunt, who told him they would look for his answer in three days; then he escaped to the library with his friend, Percy Norton. There we will leave him and follow Winnie to her room.

On entering, she had flung herself into a wide, deep arm-chair near the window. The rays of the setting sun touched the bowed, golden head and lingered there, lightning it into still brighter glory. Shame, resentment and wounded pride were struggling with softer feelings in her heart. Kind as her uncle had always been how could he now be so inconsistent? How dared he fling her at any man's head, and least of all John Redmond's! John, who had been her hero ever since they had brought her home a poor little motherless babe, and his were the only arms in which she would rest! They had been firm friends ever since, and the greatest sorrow and joy of her short life had been in his exile and return.

"Perhaps," whispers hope, "he may love you, and all will yet be right."

But the timid little voice was silenced as memory brought back a host of actions, all kind, but not one loverlike. Long did she sit there, and many a wild scheme passed through her head of stealing away into the world and leaving the fortune to John.

"What is to be done must be done quickly," she said, "or he will be before me in the refusal, and I must go away and let them think me dead."

Then she rose, bathed her eyes and stole down the garden. Her favorite seat was just outside the library window, and it was here she went just in time to hear John's voice saying,—

"Yes, we have always been fond of each other in a cousinly fashion, but I tell you, Percy, under the circumstances I never can and never will ask her to marry me; and, poor little girl! to save for her that confounded money, I must refuse her."

Gathering her skirts around her, Winnie fled noiselessly back to her room, but not this time to think or weep. She was cut to the heart, for all unknown to herself, she loved John Redmond with the full strength of her woman's nature, and woman-like, prepared to sacrifice herself for the man she loved. For an hour she busied herself in settling the contents of the various drawers and boxes in the room, making up some of the plainer articles of clothing into a small bundle. She then sat down, and, taking pen and paper, wrote the following note:—

"DEAR AUNT LOUISE:—Ere you have read this I shall be lying under the dark waters of the river. Tell Mr. Weston I absolutely refuse to comply with the terms of my uncle's will. I could not; a barrier greater than you know exists to his desire. Try and think kindly of me, and tell John not to judge his little sister too harshly. WINNIE."

"It is better they should suppose me dead," she said. "If they knew my real intentions they would never cease to seek for me." Then, stooping down, with a foolishly tender thought she kissed John's name where she had written it, and sealing the note left it where they would find it.

Putting on her hat and cloak she took down from a shelf her pretty garden hat, and carrying that and the bundle stole from the room. At the door she paused and looked back. She had been so happy here—so happy! But stilling her sobs she fled down the old familiar avenue and took the path to the river.

And now let us go back to the library. Had poor little Winnie but come a moment before she need not now be speeding away from her home with such a sore heart. John Redmond loved her with a love equal to her own, and the words that she had heard were spoken under the belief that she loved him with only a sisterly affection, which he was too noble to play upon by inducing her now to become his wife.

Percy had to return to his home, and his friend determined to walk with him as far as the station, as the night had become cloudy and threatened a storm, and the former was unfamiliar with the road. He was now returning, and just as Winnie's figure emerged from the gate he caught sight of it and at once recognized her.

When can the child be going at this time of night? he soliloquized. "It seems dishonorable to follow her, and impertinent to question, and—good heavens! she must be walking in her sleep. In any case, I must follow to protect her."

A very little watching sufficed to show him that she was at least wide awake, so on they went, the young man keeping in the shade of the trees so that she did not discover him.

At last they reached the river, and here she paused. A thrill of fear caused him to hasten his steps. But no, Winnie's was too noble a soul to dream of self destruction. It was now raining heavily, and the flashes of lightning showed him the slight figure and over the stream and drop into it a garden hat which she carried, then turn away toward a small bridge a few yards farther down. He followed noiselessly, almost breathless from astonishment; the lightning showed her standing on the bridge, which was struck by the next flash, and she sank beneath the waters.

It was the work of a second to spring in after her, cursing himself for not having stopped her before, and seize the unconscious form as it rose to the surface. He was a good swimmer and soon gained the bank, where he laid his unconscious burden. She was not, as he at first supposed, dead, but dazed by the shock. His professional skill enabled him to use the best means to promote her recovery, and he was rewarded; for in a few moments she opened her eyes, and, recognizing him, said, as in the old childish days,—

"Dear old John!"

Then, as he raised her in his arms, murmuring words of love and tenderness, she remembered all and endeavored to break from his hold; but the exertion was too much, and she sank back fainting. They were only a quarter of a mile from the house, and he carried her home, never feeling the burden in the joy of having her safe, "his own darling," after those few terrible moments of despair. Carrying her into the library he summoned his aunt and the girl was soon put to bed.

When, after while they found the note, John could not understand it at all, though, with rare trust in a man, he felt sure that whatever might be the solution of this strange enigma Winnie was still the noble Winnie of old.

Mrs. Redmond, being a woman, saw deeper, and in the few carefully chosen

words read the whole pitiful little story, and the true woman's heart of the young heart of a high lover, and saying of "wills" and "dark rivers," and repeating over and over again, the words she had heard in the library, which, in one of his visits to the sick room, Dr. John chanced to hear, and recognized as his own, making clear to him what had been dark, and causing a sigh for what might have been. For bright little Winnie, the household darling and queen, lay apparently dying.

Many nights they watched, despairing but at last she was pronounced out of danger, and one day soon after saw her in the old sunny window of the library. She was only a pale little shadow of herself, with all her life and spirits crushed out, and it became apparent to all that the burden on her mind must be removed, or she would never recover. So John carried her down stairs, and as the pretty golden head lay on his breast he could not help thinking of that night when the curls were wet and storm tossed—bending to kiss her as he had done then. The caress brought a wave of color into the pale cheeks, making her look more like the Winnie of old days. When he had laid her on the lounge, and arranged the shawls and pillows, she looked wistfully at Aunt Louise, who, smiling kindly at her, went to attend to some household concerns.

"John will entertain you, dear," she said as she closed the door on them.

For a moment neither spoke, for both were thinking of the explanation which they felt must come. Then John, seeing the pain and shame on the dear face went over to her with the old winning, tender smile, and kneeling down on one knee took both the cold, trembling little hands in his warm, strong ones and said, in the low, tender tones in which he always spoke to her,—

"We will let the past go, Winnie dear, and I will never ask the reason of that night's story; but, little one, I want you to trust me, too. I have loved you a long while, dear, and Uncle Gilbert's fortune could be no temptation to me. Yes, I know what you mean, as she interrupted him—'I know what you heard that night—but, dear, you did not hear it all. I would not ask you to marry me because I believed you did not love me; but now Winnie, will you be my wife?'"

She had meant to be brave and dignified, but illness had made her weak as a child, and his tender trust broke down the last remnant of her pride and self-possession. She just clasped her hands around his neck and, laying her head on his shoulder, cried softly. Neither spoke a word, but, with his strong arms around her, she felt that the old, bitter sorrow had all gone forever, and a future full of happiness was before her.

When she was calmer she insisted on telling him all, and then he knew that if she had erred her fault was at least a generous one.

"You have not answered my question yet, Winnie," he said, looking down into the blushing, happy face raised to his; "do you love me, my darling?"

"I have loved you all my life," John, she said, conquering shyness in the endeavor to make some return for his noble trust.

"Thank God, dear!" he replied, reverently, bending to kiss her lips.

## THE LOST CAUSE.

SOUTH CAROLINA TO THE SLAIN

Unveiling the Monument to the Confederate Dead in Columbia—Grand Military Display.

Fifteen thousand people assembled at the capital of South Carolina on Tuesday last the 13th inst., to witness the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead, which was erected by the ladies of the Monument Association. Hosts of people flocked thither from all sections of the country, and the means of transportation were inadequate to accommodate all who wished to attend. Military companies from all parts of South Carolina, together with the Charlotte N. C. military, made a display which was grander than any ever seen in the State. At 3 o'clock the procession turned and marched up Main street. The city could not contain the column, for as it doubled itself and wheeled, its platoons behind the hill above the post office, the rear was at the State House yard.

The sight of the old battle flags and of the survivors who bore some of them seemed to move and stir the people more than anything. In many instances as the tattered, torn and defaced emblems were borne by drooping from their staffs, ladies and men too, turned aside to conceal the tears that would come.

At 4 p. m. Governor Simpson, with Gen. John S. Preston, the orator of the occasion, on his arm followed by the Rev. Ellison Capers and the Rev. William Martin, ascended the steps leading to the stand and took the seats provided for them.

After prayer by Gen. Ellison Capers, Gov. Simpson came forward and in an eloquent address, introduced South Carolina's most eloquent son, Gen. John S. Preston, as orator of the day. Gen. Preston's address was the grandest oration ever listened to in the Palmetto State.

At the proper point in Gen. Preston's oration a committee of gentlemen came forward, and through an avenue in the crowd led four young ladies to the monument, each one of whom was stationed

at one of the corners and held one of the ropes attached to the covering. At a given signal from Mr. Walton, who superintended the unveiling, the ropes were drawn, and, as if by magic, the covering floated to the ground, and the monument stood forth in all its beauty.

The monument is 40 feet in height from the base to the top of the surmounting figure, and is composed of South Carolina granite and Italian marble. The form of it is oblong, 12 feet in length and 8 feet in width. The pedestal, as it may be called, is composed of two steps, each 16 inches wide ("tread") by 8 inches high ("rise"). The body of this pedestal is of layers of granite, grooved at the joints, upon the top of which is heavily moulded cap bevelled on the top to receive the marble. The entire pedestal including the steps, is what is technically known as "fine, hammered dressed," an expression used in contradistinction to "polished," and presents a general indefinable but forcible impression of completeness. The marble portion of the monument is composed of two bases, and the block for inscription, with a massive cap, upon which rests a heavy plinth that supports the square shaft, which is three feet square at the base, and two feet six inches at the top. Upon this is placed a heavy protecting cap, richly moulded, and prepared on the upper surface to receive the base of the statue.

THE STATUE

Itself is seven feet three inches high, and is a lifelike representation of a Confederate infantry soldier on guard. He holds his musket with fixed bayonet at "rest," his left hand grasping the stock, and his right resting on the muzzle. The dress of the soldier is the ordinary uniform of the Confederate private at the beginning of the war, the military cloak lightly thrown over the shoulders, denoting that the ideal is that of a picket "in fat" a night's duty. His canteen is suspended by a rope, and rests on the left hip, and the ordinary belt with bayonet scabbard and cartridge box is clasped about his waist, according to regulation. On the band of his hat, which is of this familiar felt variety, turned up at one side, and on the clasp of the belt, are the letters, C. S. A., once so familiar, and now so proudly, sadly and tenderly remembered. The poise of the figure is easy and graceful, denoting much latent vigor. The most striking characteristic of the statue is the expression given the face, every feature of which denotes the possession of full, manly strength. The eye has that look of determination that seems to say "the cause I defend is a just one, and my soul is enlisted in it." It has been pronounced by competent critics to be a striking and faithful representation of all that the word "soldier can express.

ON THE FRONT

of the shaft is a beautifully executed palmetto tree rising from the base and terminating in the delicate and graceful foliage peculiar to that plant. At each of the sides of the dial block are finely executed emblems of the artillery and naval branches of the service, the former composed of a broken gun carriage wheel, chain shot and sabres, and a partially worn gun. The grouping of these emblems is exceedingly tasteful. On the opposite side are the emblems representing the navy, which are composed of an anchor, a mortar shell, a stand of colors, and a coil of rope, together with chain shot, the links of the chain so faithfully executed that they deceive beholders into belief in their reality. As will be seen from the above, the three branches—infantry, artillery and navy—are represented.

THE SITE

of the monument is near the eastern end of the State House, about sixty feet from the front wall of the building. The entire structure fronts to the north, the soldier's face being in that direction. The naval emblems are on the east side, and those of the artillery on the west.

The inscription is as follows:

This Monument  
Perpetuates the Memory  
Of those who  
Fidel to the instincts of their birth,  
Fidelity to the teachings of their fathers,  
Constant in their love for the State,  
Died in it a performance of their duty;  
Who  
Have gloried a fallen cause  
By the simple manhood of their lives,  
The patient endurance of suffering  
And the heroism of death,  
And who  
In the dark hours of imprisonment,  
In the hopelessness of the hospital,  
In the short sharp agony of the field,  
Fought against and vanquished  
In the belief  
That all honors they would not be forgotten.  
Let the stranger  
Who may in future times  
Read this inscription,

Recognize that these were men  
Whom Power could not corrupt  
Whom Death could not terrify,  
Whom defeat could not dishonor,  
And let their virtues plead for just judgment  
Of the cause in which they perished.

Let the South Carolina  
Of another generation  
Remember  
That the State taught them  
How to live, and how to die.  
And that from her broken fortunes  
She has preserved for her children  
The priceless treasure of their memories.  
Teaching all  
Who may claim the same birthright  
That Truth, Courage and Patriotism,  
Endure forever.

This is begun on the north and completed on the south side of the dial block. On the eastern end of the lower marble base are the words: "Erected by the Women of South Carolina." On the western end is inscribed: "To South Carolina's Dead of the Confederate Army—1861-1865."

## REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

The escape from death of M. de Chateaubriant, during the Reign of Terror, was truly remarkable. He was not only condemned but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth had fallen when the machine got out of order, and the line had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on; and, as it grew dark, M. Chateaubriant found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators, so he wisely slipped away, and meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Another remarkable escape was that of two women, mother and daughter, who, traveling over a lonely road in a bird conveyance, were attacked by their driver, who pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewelry; and upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. And then, thinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife; but, slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand into the water to recover the knife, and as he clutched it a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting anybody. The women were discovered by some villagers and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police arrived on the scene and did official duty.

## Gleanings

Mr. Tilden to David Davis: You are quite liable to snore in warm weather.

"There are roasters in the air," remarked the laylord when his horse burned down, and for want of fire escapes the guests were jumping out of the windows.—*Stoughton Herald.*

Scott Lord, counsel for Cornelius Vanderbilt in the recent suit contesting his father's will, received the sum of \$100,000 from his services.

A Boston wife slyly attached a padlock to her husband, when, after supper, he started to go down to the office and balance the books. On his return fifteen miles of walking was recorded. He had been stepping around a billiard table all the evening.

John Morse, a prisoner in the Denver jail, sang as loud as the loudest while the members of the Young Men's Christian Association were holding services in the prison the other day, and walked out with the party.

A newly married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the treeling reply, "I've got a basket of 'em in my trunk."—*Bridgeport Standard.*

A traveler lost on a Yorkshire moor, after pursuing a rather hopeless track for some time, had the good fortune to meet a member of a shrewd and plain-speaking sect. "This is the road to York is it not?" said the traveler. "To which the other replied: "Friend, first touch the bell me a he, and then thou asketh me a question."

Ask a wise man to write poetry, and he can manage to make a fool of himself at short notice, if verses are out of his line. A dignified Detroit judge, to oblige a little girl, recently wrote in an album: "My pen is poor, my ink is pale, my heart it trembles like a little dog's tail."

When the stern old Scotch warlike said, "The hand of Douglas is his own," it was in response to an insinuation that he held a pair of axes that didn't belong to him!

Elder sister (to little one who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbeus): "Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut in sleep." Little pet: "I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbeus were together."