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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$10.00
3 "	3.00	4.50	6.00	10.00	15.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prices reduced

Perfect Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg, Va. Price \$4.00
One Horse No. 5 " 6.00
Two Horse No. 7 " 6.50
Two Horse No. 8 " 7.00
For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNELL.

Yarbrough House

RALEIGH, N. C.

U. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

Rates reduced to suit the times.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

DAIN 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 constive, 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 an

attendant. The patient complains of

weariness and debility; he is easily

startled, his feet are cold or burning,

and he complains of a prickly sensation

of the skin; his spirits are low; and

although he is satisfied that exercise

would be beneficial to him, yet he

can scarcely summon up fortitude

enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts

every remedy. Several of the above

symptoms attend the disease, but cases

have occurred where few of them

existed, yet examination of the body,

after death, has shown the LIVER to

have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN

CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when

taken with Quinine, are productive of

the most happy results. No better

cathartic can be used, preparatory to,

GERTY CARNEGIE'S SONG.

"Ten minutes to ten—if I hurry I shall catch the ten-fifteen train, and may manage to be back to dinner at two, mamma."

So saying, Gerty Carnegie, with deft fingers, rolls up a piece of manuscript music, and then runs up stairs to equip herself for the expedition to town.

Gerty is in deep mourning. Only five months ago she lost her brave, noble, sailor father, a captain of an ocean steamer, that was lost with all souls on board among the icebergs.

He has left his widow and an only child wholly unprovided for, and they have to depend upon their own exertions for the means of subsistence.

So Gerty, who is a brave girl as well as a pretty one, has thrown herself with her whole youthful energy into the task of teaching music, and the other day had even attempted a concert; it is a song set to Tennyson's "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," a very ambitious undertaking; but what is there too high for the ambition of youth?

This precious work of art, neatly copied, she is now on the point of taking up to one of the music publishers of the metropolis—she is living with her mother in the suburbs—and her heart beats high as she gives herself up to the architecture of airy edifices, furnished with fame, success and prosperity.

She hurries to the station, and jumps into an empty-looking second-class carriage, and takes her seat with her back to the locomotive.

There's no one with her in the carriage so Gerty begins to sing her song, partly out of the fulness of her glad young heart, partly with the purpose of exercising her voice a little, for she hopes to be permitted to sing it to the music publisher; she has a clear and sympathetic mezzo-soprano voice, and, pleased with her own performance repeats her song over and over again.

Suddenly she is startled by a cough, and, oh, horror! as she quickly turns round, she beholds in the far corner of the adjoining compartment a man.

Dreadful! Has she been giving an unsolicited concert to this abominable sinner, who dares to sit there, and, with adorning impertinence, takes off his hat to her? She feels inclined to cry with shame and mortification.

Luckily the train slackens speed at this moment, and in her hurry to get rid of the man, Gerty is even willing to risk her life in an attempt at jumping out while the train is still in motion, but the refractory door saves her, for, wrestle as she may, it refuses to open.

"Thank Heaven!" she ejaculates, as she rapidly presses through the crowd of passengers, and hastens towards an omnibus she decries at the entrance to the station.

As Gerty nears her destination, she finds, to her dismay, that her roll of music, which she had fancied safe in her muff, had vanished.

Tears rise to her eyes, and she desires the conductor to stop, for she must go back to the station and see—an infinitesimal chance—if she has lost it on the way from the platform to the omnibus.

Of course she finds nothing—not a trace of the precious document, and, with dismay, she remembers that she has committed the imprudence to throw the rough copy into the fire.

Poor Gerty! She asks one or two porters whether they have found anything, but they only reply with a stare of indifference and a half contemptuous "No miss," and pass on, so there remains nothing for her but to return home.

"Oh, mamma, I am the unluckiest girl in this hateful world!" and she sobs forth her pitiful tale.

"Well, my poor, dear child, don't cry about it," her mother says, soothingly; of course it is very provoking, but after all, it only entails a second copying, and that I will do for you if you have not the heart for it. Where's your rough copy?"

"Burned, mamma."

"But, Gerty, how silly. How could you destroy it so thoughtlessly?"

"Oh, don't scold, mamma. Never mind, it's gone—and I'll—I'll never write another," poor Gerty sobs, in great woe.

"Nonsense, you'll remember every note

of it, and just write it out again, that's all."

"Never, mamma. It is a bad omen; it tells me that I am not to succeed as a composer, so there's an end to that dream. And now let us have some dinner, and then I must go up to the terrace, and give my lessons at Mr. Harmon's."

And Gerty dries her tears, and tries to put on a cheerful face, and to do justice to the frugal repast that is presently set before her.

In the afternoon she departs rather heavy-hearted, and with lagging steps, on her daily duty of teaching. At the Harmon's she finds her two pupils, the twins, Winny and Ethel, in a state of glowing excitement.

"Oh, Miss Carnegie, papa has consented to our giving such a jolly party on the fifteenth, our birthday, you know. There's to be a dinner party first for the fogies, and then we are to have music and singing, and to wind up with a dance. And you must come. It would be so kind if you would just sing a song or two, and Winny and I are to sing our duet, and then you must stay and join in the dancing with the rest of us—do!"

"I don't dance at present, you know, Ethel, but I will come with pleasure, and help you all I can to amuse your guests, and I'll play for the dancing, then you need not trouble to engage anyone. The fifteenth, you say? That's to-morrow week. Very well—it will suit me perfectly."

And then the lessons are given, and Gerty returns home in the dark, drizzly January evening, forgetting all about the party, and thinking of nothing but her lost song.

The week goes by, and on the eve of the party Mrs. Carnegie asks—

"By the bye, Gerty, what are you going to sing to-morrow evening at the Harmon's?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma. Anything that comes into my head at the time. It does not signify in the least. The people—the old ones, I mean—will have eaten so much dinner that they'll be content to doze to any ditty, and the young ones will wish it over as quickly as possible so as to commence the dancing. My singing will merely be a stoppage and the choice of songs, therefore, immaterial."

"What a lovely girl!" Tom Wentworth remarks to his cousin, Ethel Harmon, next evening, as Gerty makes her appearance in the drawing room. "Who is she? I fancy I have seen her face before."

"Yes, she does look lovely to-night. That black gauze dress sets off her brilliant complexion," Ethel rejoins. "She is Miss Carnegie, our music mistress, and I'll introduce you to her presently. But you must come and sing first. You can spoon afterwards. Come. I'll play your accompaniments, if you like. What will you sing—"Tom Bowling."

"No, I've sung that at every party these last three years. I'll sing a new song, and play my own accompaniment by heart, thank you all the same, Etty."

And Mr. Wentworth seats himself at the piano.

What is that?

"Flow down, cold, rivulet to the sea."

Gerty listens with straining ears. Is she dreaming? Her own song? How dare anyone—

But as she stands and listens, her heart beating fast, the tears come welling up to her eyes, and she hastily steps behind a window curtain to hide her emotion.

Mr. Wentworth has a good tenor voice, and sings simply and unaffectedly, and with intelligent interpretation, and somehow Gerty is more deeply affected by her own song than she has ever been before.

The song ceases, and Gerty still stands listening. She hears the comments and plaudits on the song and singer, and her heart exults.

She steps from her hiding-place presently, and is immediately accosted by Ethel Harmon with a request to take the now vacant seat at the piano.

"But first let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Wentworth, Miss Carnegie. Has he not a splendid voice, and did he not sing that lovely song splendidly?"

"Would you object to telling me from whom you obtained that song, Mr. Wentworth?" Gerty asked.

"Not at all. It was in the oddest way

I found it in front of a railway car at a way station, probably dropped there by a young lady who had been singing it about half a dozen times in the carriage, fancying herself alone, I imagine, and—"

He comes to a full stop, and a look of amazed recognition comes into his face as he noticed Gerty's confusion.

"By Jove! you are the young lady. I've been wanting to find you ever since. I tried to trace you at the time, but you had vanished, and I have been advertising for you the whole of last week. How is it you never read the advertisement?"

"I never see the papers. I am so glad it is found, for I wanted to take it to the publishers."

"Then it is your own composition. I had no idea of it. I thought it was simply something you were practicing for your singing lessons."

Gerty blushes crimson at the recollection of that absurd vocal journey in the cars.

Then the petition for a song from her being repeated, she complies, and she sings and looks her very best, and Tom Wentworth gazes and listens in rapt admiration.

Later on in the evening, he persuades her to walk through a quadrille with him, and presently says—

"I'll tell you what, Miss Carnegie. Let me take your song to the publishers. I am personally acquainted with Mr. W—, and although your charming song can stand on its merit, yet these publishers are peculiar," and perhaps I may be able to manage it, better for you than you could for yourself."

Gerty gladly accepts the offer. The song is published. Gerty does not know till many months later that it has been at Tom's expense, and the business necessitates so many interviews between the two young people that nobody is very much surprised when, in the merry month of June Gerty Carnegie is turned into Mrs. Thomas Wentworth.

HOSPITAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

DEAD LETTER CONUNDRUMS.

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J. Dallas, makes the number of letters opened, whether containing money or not, the test of efficiency. But the influence of the old custom still make the eyes of some of the clerks glisten when the opening of a letter brings to light a crisp bill of a large denomination. Special efforts are of course made to return or forward letters containing valuables. Over ninety per cent. of such letters are disposed of. Some letters containing small amounts sent under fictitious names for improper purposes, and some communications sent to lottery dealers, after failing of delivery either through order of the postmaster-general, as in the latter case, or for other reasons, are refused by the senders, who disclaim any knowledge of them. This the communication is left suspended after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin between writer and addressee. About \$700 in greenbacks and \$1,000 in government bonds are the largest amount that have been taken from letters in recent years. Twelve thousand dollars is the largest amount that has ever been found in a single letter. A drak unclaimed and consequently bogus found in one letter, was for \$2,900,000.50.

It is noticed that since the fractional currency has been retired, postage stamps to about the same amount have appeared in letters received. This establishment blessing the prudent postmasters who invested in their whole stock on hand just before the change by which the number of stamps sold ceased to be the basis of their compensation.

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large numbers without sufficient postage.

A CASE OF DEFICIENT STAMPS.

A single instance may be given. A man in this city largely interested in mail contracts sent numerous circulars to postmasters through the west to obtain information which would aid him in bidding for the routes passing through their respective sections. The envelopes containing the circulars were sealed, and required from six to fifteen cents postage each. The sender placed a three stamp upon each envelope, reasoning doubtless that the postmaster from whom the unpaid postage would be due, would never charge himself with a debt for which he had received no equivalent, which was put upon him by the trick of another and which the government would never call upon him to pay. There are numerous other methods of getting ahead of the government in a similar way. The new special design stamp which will soon become familiar to the public by general use and through the stamp collecting flood will, however, go far towards remedying the evil.

SUPPRESSION OF VARIOUS MAIL MATTER.

Another cause which brings or did bring matter to the Dead Letter Office is the unavailability of obscene and scurrilous matter. It is noteworthy in this connection that to obscene book and only a few obscene pictures have come to the office within three years; before that time the mails were flooded with them. This result is ascribed to the labors of Special Agent Constock, as the representative of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Mr. Constock, in the work which has, rather strangely, made him unpopular, seems to have behaved with great discretion and to have kept carefully within the statutes. The post office authorities say that he has never in a single instance violated the sanctity of sealed matter in the mails. He has frequently been arrested, but never convicted; and, as the records of the Dead Letter Office show, his labors have been effective.

BATTLESHAKES AND OTHER "DESTRUCTIVE" MATTER.

No one who has attended a sale of unclaimed packages at the dead letter office needs to be told that the articles received are as varied in character as the letters. Everything under the sun that can be brought within the weight limit seems to find its way into the mails. The strangest articles are the ones most likely to come to this office as unmailable. Destructive matter cannot be forwarded. A vigorous rattlesnake, well shaken before being taken, is considered among postal clerks as highly destructive matter. Bottled specimens of some that have been mailed alive are on exhibition at the office. The sharp teeth of a mowing machine, lately mailed, ranked high as unmailable matter in the minds of the clerks required to handle them. The package, however, to which strongest objection has been made contained a complicated instrument of torture, with sharp projecting points, designed to be fastened to a cow's nose to prevent her from drawing her own milk.

A REPOSITORY OF SECRETS.

As specimens of all kinds of correspondence reach the dead letter office, the new clerks sometimes read things that cool their blood in the warmest weather, or make them hot with excitement though the thermometer is at zero. Intended or committed murder, burglary, and other crimes of violence; treason, conspiracies to defame the government; political secrets, domestic secrets, information of every variety of wrong doing, when they become the themes of letters, make thrilling reading for a dead letter clerk. But if this office is not the grave yard of letters, it is the grave yard of secrets. If they are buried there. No use can be made of information thus obtained. Letters are personal matters between the writer and the addressee and the office is supposed to know the contents of those received only so far as will ensure the forwarding or the return of them. It is only by a strict observance of the sanctity of sealed matter, that a government can retain the confidence of the people as a safe medium of communication. Not every matter that writers would wish not to be known is criminal, and the same rule of secrecy must apply to all.

PROPOSED MULTIPLICATION OF DEAD LETTER OFFICES.

The necessity of treating information obtained in the office as if it had never been acquired, furnishes a reason for conferring the power to obtain such knowledge upon the fewest possible persons, and upon those who would have the least temptation and opportunity to make use of the secrets of others. It thus constitutes a strong argument against the proposition now before the House to establish branch dead letter offices in the principal cities. A man would prefer that his correspondence should be exposed to strangers in Washington rather than that it should be read by his neighbors in the local post office. This plan of branch offices, which was a few days ago, as far as San Francisco is concerned, and abandoned, is objectionable on other grounds. It is unnecessary. Persons who desire a rapid return of falling correspondence put their name and address on the envelope, or use the special request envelope. It appears from an examination made a day or two ago, that more than half of the letters received at the New York office, gave information on the envelope which ensures their prompt return unopened to the sender. This multiplication of dead letter offices complicates the system, confuses one in the search for misdirected letters, and involves an increased expenditure.

HOW GOVERNMENT LOSES.

The loss is doubtless considerable, but it is believed that the lack is not so great as that which resulted from the failure of postmasters to collect or return un-prepaid postage. There has been no way in which to hold postmasters accountable for these amounts. The country postmaster who keeps a store feels a delicacy about denning a customer for a few cents unpaid postage when he is not compelled to pay the amount himself. He may lose trade and cause the person denning to sign a petition to make a rival store keeper postmaster. Where the postage due has been collected, there is no certainty that the money has been forwarded. The amounts returned under this head are in the aggregate abnormally small, when it is remembered that letters are sent systematically and in