

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

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## THE GLEANER

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K. S. PARKER

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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.

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 alternate 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, 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 wrapper. 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.

## Poetry.

TRUTH OR POETRY—WITTED?

Lord in Figaro!  
A Hindoo died, a happy thing to do,  
When fifty years united to a shrow  
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries  
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.  
"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said  
"I have been married!" And he hums his head  
"Come in! come in! and welcome, too, my soul  
Marriage and purgatory are as one."  
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,  
And knew the bliss he ne'er had known before

He scarce had entered in the gardens fair,  
Another Hindoo asked admittance there  
The self-same question Brahma asked again:  
"Hast been through purgatory?" No. "What then?"  
"Thou canst not enter!" did the god reply.  
"He who went in was there no more than I."  
"All that is true, but he has married been,  
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."  
"Married?" "Yes well, for I've been married twice."  
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise."

## LIFE FOR LIFE.

"You have sent for me, madam. The time and place are strangely chosen, but I have obeyed your summons, and await your further commands."

A bright, harvest moon shown full upon Oscar Redcliff's face, as with his handsome head erect, his straight young figure drawn to its full height, he fastened his keen, dark eyes upon the shrinking figure at his side.

At that moment, eleven strokes from the village clock sounded on the still air, while in the distance, through the trees, glistened the light from Madame Riviere's chateau.

"Oscar," she said, in low trembling tones, "is it thus you answer me? Have you no word of pity for me? Or, lacking pity, not one of sympathy with my misertances? Do you not appreciate all that I do and dare in meeting you here to-night—my husband's jealous anger, did he discover the truth—the world's uncompromising scorn? Why have I sent for you? To tell you all—to have you think less hardly of me, if may be—to explain to you the mesh of circumstances which were woven about me, so that I could not escape."

"Explanations are not necessary to me, madam. Are you aware that I have broken an engagement with my betrothed to obey your summons this evening?"

"Betrothed"—even in the moonlight the man saw the sudden pallor which marked cheek and lip, as the woman at his side gasped out the word. "Betrothed," she repeated, after a moment's pause. "Cruelest! Have you then indeed so forgotten? Oh, shame! oh, humiliation! And I sent for you to ask you to forgive when already you had learned to forget."

"Nay, madam; calm yourself! Partially to this, I accede so readily to your commands. Surely as Baroness de Riviere—do I properly emphasize the title—the fact of my forgiveness can weigh but little!"

"Oscar, hush! Do not bury me under the weight of your scorn. I did marry an old man for his gold, but it was at my father's bidding, and to save my honor. The name my husband has given me I will ever honor. But I could not resist the temptation, when I heard you had returned, after a year's absence to your home, to see you, look once more into your face, and hear from your own lips the precious assurance of your forgiveness. I should be glad if I forgotfulness as well, but I cannot—I cannot! The man's face softened as he looked. The downcast head of the woman at his side shivered with excitement. He drew a step nearer, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Blanche," he said—and as the old familiar name fell from his lips, it found an echo in his listener's heart—perhaps I have been too hard, but the memory of that far-off time is very bitter, and if at last another woman's smile has in a measure wiped it out, you should rejoice rather than murmur. I may have judged you harshly. You must remember had I fastened the coffin-lid upon your beauty, it could not have been more utterly lost to me. Ah, then, indeed, I should not have felt it lost, but for a time. As it is, it was for eternity.

"Ah, Oscar, I buried myself, my heart my happiness, on my wedding day. Say you, too, have felt a pang: that you do not despise me for sending for you to tell you this when already you had given the vows sworn to me to another."

They were hurled back at my feet, thank God! A hand lovely as your own stooped and rescued them. For her sweet sake, life once more grew precious. Her image came to fill the vacant place your haunting presence mocked with its emptiness—a ghost a shadow—which tortured

while I could not clasp it. The sunshine of her smile chased away the gloom of the grave within my heart. Yet to-night she has missed me by her side, and I have come at your bidding. But it is your wing alo. Let me lead you to the entrance of the park and leave you.  
"True! I had forgotten how the moments flew. I came to ask you to forgive me—I find forgetfulness renders it unnecessary. Now I ask you to remember me—to think sometimes, when you clasp your wife close in your protecting love, of the lonely woman who no longer has even a memory to cheer and comfort her: and—and it you ever tell her the story, to add that I was not all to blame. Good night."

And waving him back with one white hand, she disappeared among the trees. A few moments he stood motionless. The interview had shaken him more than he would acknowledge. Past memories, like ghosts, came trooping before him, when suddenly a girl's face seemed to smile upon him through the darkness, and the shadows fled.

"Marjorie, my darling!" he whispered, and with rapid stride vanished amid the trees.

He was still surrounded by their gloom, when a pistol shot rang out on the still night air, so close that for a moment he thought the ball intended for his heart; but a low groan showed him it had reached another destination.

Making his way quickly in the direction of the sound, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a man, dyeing his clothes in the blood which ebbed from a gaping wound. The moon's rays shone full upon a ghastly face.

He started back, his own lips aghast, as he recognized the husband of the woman from whom he had parted barely five minutes before.

"Merciful heaven!" he whispered, when a hand fell heavily upon his shoulder.

"Assassin!" murmured a voice in his ear.

And turning he confronted two men, whom the noise of the shot had attracted to the spot. In vain he attested his innocence.

"Explain it to the courts," they answered, "not to us."

And summoning other help to carry the wounded and insensible man to his home, he followed them unresistingly, whither they would.

The night wore heavily away. Each moment as he paced the floor of the room in which he had been confined, awaiting his examination, revealed to him the hideousness of his position.

Not yet had he washed the blood stains from his hands. His eyes seemed fascinated to gaze upon them, for with the morning light he knew would come the question, "What motive prompted your presence in the Baron's private park at such an hour?" And to this question he could assign no answer.

To say he had gone there to meet the woman who had once been his promised bride, but who was now the honored wife of another, would be to forever sully her fair fame. Honor compelled him to keep silent—honor bade him give up his life, if need be, unless, unless, the Baroness herself revealed the truth.

It was as he had foreseen. In the crowded court room, the fatal question rang his death knell in his ear. Marjorie Blaine's sweet, pleading face, of which he caught a momentary glimpse in the distant corner where she sat, seemed to say, "For my sake, at whatever cost, tell the truth."

A week had passed since that horrible night. The Baron still lingered unconscious, and with but little hope of his recovery. Rumor was not slow to assign a motive for the deed. Jealousy of the man who had won the prize he had fallen in securing. His own noble name, his untarnished youth, were swallowed up in the frightful suspicion which engulfed him; and as he stood in the prisoners' dock, faces which had ever smiled upon him were now turned away.

"I can only plead my innocence," he said, when called upon—"can only swear no man among you is more guiltless than I; but of how I spent the last hour, the secret is my own—mine for eternity! Gentlemen, unless there be some other way to establish my innocence, you must believe me guilty."

As he was remanded back to his cell, after the preliminary examination, to be held for trial, he found awaiting him in the ante-room the face whose pleading he had seemed so heartlessly to resist.

trust, your faith, then leave me to my conscience."

One moment she looked into the dark eyes, whose passionate fondness dwelt upon her, then answered bravely:  
"As you will, then. My faith, my trust, are yours forever!"

"Can it be," she thought, as, with eyes which burned yet shed no tears, she watched him from her sight, "that the woman he once loved can know of this—that she has aught to do with this secret that keeps him silent? Yet I have said that I will trust him. Aye, so I will, but I must go to her, and ask her, if in her power, to unlock his silence."

It was a young, a lovely face which looked with such imploring eyes into that older, more beautiful one of the baroness, summoned from her husband's bedside.

"Oscar Redcliff is accused of murder, you tell me, and this rumor has not reached me here. And you say you know his fate lies in my hands. You are right—you are right! but, oh, how can I, without bringing worse than death upon myself, buy his acquittal? At such a price would he desire it?"

"Madam," the young girl answered, "you surely loved him once, when you were his betrothed, though I have heard the story of how cruelly you silted him. Let the memory of the past love plead with you now, and add to it my agony!"

"Child, leave me! Let me think, plan, do something to unravel this horrible web!"

The day of the trial dawned clear and bright. The sun mocked with its warm rays the crowded court room.

One witness after another was examined, until the name of the Baroness de Riviere started all present.

"I am a witness by own desire," she began in low clear tones, "since I alone can save this man from death. He came into the park, that night, to meet me by my request. Once we had been lovers, I loved him still. I knew that I had wronged him, and my heart yearned for one forgiving word. It was wrong, I know. Have I not met my punishment? We met: he told me he was betrothed to another—that he had long since learned forgiveness in forgetfulness. I should have rejoiced at this; but I did not, I could not. Wretched, I left him to return to my duty, never to see him more, when suddenly my husband appeared before me. He had followed me from the house, and had heard all."

"Wretched woman!" he exclaimed, "think you I want the empty vessel, the lovely face, the exquisite form, when your heart has ever been another's? I will give you back the freedom you so crave; but remember, you, who I have loved so well, are my murderers!"

"With these words—oh, spare me!—he drew a pistol, placed it to his heart, and fired. I screamed and fled, Oscar, hearing the shot, sprang to his side; but he is innocent, and I am guilty. My husband is dead!"

Whiter and whiter had grown the ghastly lips which had told the tale, until at the last words, the beautiful head drooped low.

The Baroness had proved more than the slight frame could bear. The heart fluttered, and was forever still. Madam had gone for judgment to a higher and more merciful Judge.

But in the long years of happiness Marjorie and Oscar have since known, their hand never fail in bringing flowers to the grave of her who sinned for her love's sake, and who redeemed her sin by giving up her life for his.

## COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS.

In Beattie's "Life of Thomas Campbell," the following anecdote is preserved respecting the well known couplet of "Lochiel":

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
The happy thought first presented itself to his mind during a visit at Milton. He had gone early to bed, and still meditating on the wizard's "warning" fell fast asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before."

This was the very thought for which he had been hunting the whole week. He rang the bell more than once, with increased force. At last, surprised and annoyed by so unreasonable an appeal, the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot on the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mixed impudence and inspiration.

"Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant.

"Ill? Never better in my life. Leave me the candle and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible."

He then started to his feet, seized his pen and wrote down the "happy thought" but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events" as they now stand.

Looking at his watch, he observed that it was two o'clock—the right hour for poets to dream—and over his cup, then he completed the first sketch of "Lochiel's Warning."

## AN INHERITANCE DEVICE.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin tells the following story of a young man who was taken to a home for inebriates for treatment.

In three days Mr. Coles had brought the young man through all the pangs of delirium tremens, and had placed him, as it were, on his feet.

"How do you feel?" said Mr. Coles, when his patient had recovered his senses.

"Very well, indeed."

Mr. Coles, gathering up the young man's clothes in his arms, including his boots and shoes, and carried them down stairs.

When Mr. Coles left the room the patient was determined to procure some spirits. His room was two stories from the street, but there was a pipe that ran from this roof to the ground—a water spout.

"I can descend by that," said he. He looked around for his clothes; they were gone. He found nothing but a pair of old slippers. The money he had in his pockets when he was brought to the asylum was in the bureau-drawer of his room. The young man tore the sheets of his bed into strips and wound the strips around his legs, making a pair of pantaloons; then he took a comforter from his bed, cut holes in it for his arms, and thus made a tolerably nice dressing-gown.

Going into the bathroom he found a large sponge. He cut a slit in this with his razor, and putting his head into the slit he had a fur hat at once. Then raising his window he stepped outside and slid down the water spout, with the money he had in his possession when he came into the institution in the crown of his sponge hat.

Half an hour later Mr. Coles, in passing a bar-room on his way to the station, heard a noise of great hilarity, and, thinking that he recognized the voice of his patient, dropped in. There he was with his dressing gown, sponge hat and his skin tight pantaloons the centre of an admiring circle, drinking whisky punches and rattling off jokes at the rate of twenty a minute.

## HOW LONGFELLOW WRITES HIS POEMS.

Longfellow's poems are as familiar to all instructors as the language of the schoolroom. Every schoolboy reads and declaims them; every teacher, like every preacher, quotes them.

"The Psalm of Life" is probably the best known of these numerous school poems. It was written on a summer morning in 1838. He was a young man then, full of aspiration and hope, and the poem was merely an expression of his own feelings. He regarded it as a personal matter—like an entry in one's journal—and for a long time refrained from publishing it. Mr. Longfellow related that on returning from his visit to the queen an English laborer stepped up to the carriage and asked to shake hands with the writer of the "Psalm of Life."

"It was one of the best compliments I ever received," said the democratic poet.

Longfellow's study is a repository of the beautiful things of the past; souvenirs, busts of noble friends, mementoes of departed poets—Tom Moore's waste-paper basket, Coleridge's inkstand, a piece of Dante's coffee.

In this study stood an old clock, with the colorings of age, rising from floor to ceiling. It numbered the hours in which his best poems were written. It was the old clock on the stairs.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before; the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the coast of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of the disaster. The poet was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked Hesperus came drifting upon the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

## A TEXAS HORSE TRADE.

There is some humor in Texas. The other day a man brought out a forlorn, spavined looking steed and addressed the spectators thus:

"Fellow citizens, this is the famous horse Dandy Jack. Look at him. He's perfect. If he were sent to the horse-racer nothing could be done for him. What shall I have for the matchless steed?"

"What will you take for him?" yelled the crowd.

"Two hundred dollars."

"Give you \$5."

"Take him. I never let \$195 stand between me and no horse trade."

An English nobleman once sent his stupid son to Roland Hill, in order that he might be educated; accompanied by a note in which the father said of the hopeful son: "I am confident that he has talents, but they are hid under a napkin. The eccentric but shrewd divine kept the youth a few weeks under his care, but then sent him back to his father with the following laconic message: "I have shaken the napkin at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

Two female physicians residing in Chicago realize from their practice \$12,000 and \$15,000 respectively.

## MARRIED IN SPITE.

A young gentleman of Buffalo, New York, who was engaged to be married to a lady of that city, recently visited Bradford, Pa., and spent a very pleasant Sunday, ending the evening in a large company of ladies and gentlemen. He made no secret of his marriage engagement, and on mentioning the day fixed a young lady present exclaimed that she was to be married on the same day, and proposed that they should go through the ceremony by way of rehearsal. He expressed himself as being perfectly willing and the two jolly hums and stood up. The marriage service of the Episcopal church was read by a friend, the usual questions were asked and answered and the parties to the contract were declared man and wife. The transaction afforded considerable amusement for the party who retired that night in a joyful and jovial mood only to awake in the morning to come to the knowledge that a terrible mistake had been made, and that the marriage in the eyes of the law was legal and binding. When this declaration was made known consternation on all sides prevailed, and it is said that the young lady came near crying her eyes out. The parties interested are dumfounded as to what is the best thing to do, and are trying to devise some means to bridge over the really unfortunate transaction. The law of the State only requires a mutual declaration, in the presence of witnesses, to bind man and woman together as man and wife. There is no power to release them within a period of two years, and then only by divorce. Their ignorance of the law had this unfortunate pair into difficulties involving four families in trouble. The real marriages that produced so much happiness must, of course, be postponed.

## Gleanings.

Jacksonville, Fla., is rapidly growing. In 1877 it was said to have 1,700 inhabitants. It now has 14,000, and more to follow.

The funeral of Singleton Van Buren, grandson of the late President Van Buren, took place recently at New York, and was largely attended.

A sporting man said, after hearing Bob Ingersoll's lecture: It was a spiv thing to laugh at for an hour, but not a very cheering doctrine to have around when there is a funeral in the house.

A woman is candidate for the office of State librarian of Kentucky. Michigan is one ahead, for she has had a lady librarian for several years.—Detroit Free Press.

"Why, Willie," said his mother at dinner, "you cannot possibly eat another plateful of pudding, can you?" "Oh, yes, I can, ma; one more plate will just fill the bill."

A Georgia woman awoke her husband during a storm the other night, and said: "I do wish you would quit snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

"Mr. Jones, you must come into my room soon and see my lovely baby," said a fond mother to a fellow lodger. "Thank you, I heard him all last night," was the equivocal reply.

I have noticed that the prayer for the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes every body that owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

Bleeding of a wound in man or beast can be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts bound on with a cloth.

The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world.

An Iowa husband furnished his wife \$50 to buy a silk dress, but instead of so doing she put the money in the bank, let it remain there eighteen years, added to it whenever she could, and the other day paid off a mortgage on the farm. Is comment necessary?

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., last Thursday evening delivered an eloquent eulogy upon the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, to an audience composed of the best colored people in that city. The sentiments of the Speaker were loudly applauded.

Of Gainsborough we are told that both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board and painted him so beautifully well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed in order to avoid a worse fate, to confess.