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THE GLEANER

WOL'S ement

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. PARKER

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THE REST OF YOR

VERMIEUGE.

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 eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes pleeds; a swelling of the upper lip, occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tengue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirery gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools sliny not unfrequently tinged with blood belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccourth cough sometimes department of an accompanies. and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but gener-

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AGUE AND PEVE No better cathartic can be used pre

GRAHAM, N C., WEDNESDAY AUGUST 6 1879

FROM THE WAYSIDE,

Dr. Silas Walth one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this reading, for the book was of a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the requtatien of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang at his office bell. He land aside his book and went to the dubt, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was ludignant.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as 'Hammer Jim'-ragged and dirty, and with the vileness of the slums upon him-a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a yillam, whom no efforts of the Overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of hua. His true name, as the Overseers had it, was James Ammerton. About his father nobody in Ernsworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the poor

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but bloody; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garmerts.

'Please sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hirri? .What kind of a hurt?' asked the doc-

'I'm afeared it's bad, sir,' said the boy, sobbingly. 'One o' Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh!'

*What did he hit you for?'

'I duno, sir.'

'Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for?'

'Why, sir, I was a pick'n up an apple inder one of his trees,'

Dr. Wal-h would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a calp wound, and that the blood had ceas-

to flow Go home,' he said, let your folks wash your head and put on a clean banplage. The ase, sir, I ham't got no home, and

I hain't got no folks.'

- 'You stop somewhere, don't you?' 'I stop at the poor-'us when they don't kick me our.'

Well, boy, you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head, or, go and wash it yourself, and tie your handkerchief on,'

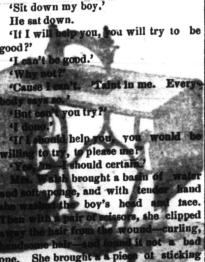
'Please, sir, I hain't got no-' Hold up, boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as

ou aré. And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed He door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but really

he had not thought there was any need or professional service on his part: and certainly he did not want that bad boy in his office. But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had

been a witness at an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She resolute, and dignified like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no chifdren living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard which told her of angels in Heaven that could call her

mother Acting upon her impulse, as and was very apt to act, the elipped down, ard called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash room. He came in. rags, dirt and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobbing ceased.



one. She brought a piece of sticking plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the ting out the rags and dirt, it was really a

Hammer Jim, me'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim.

'I mean, how were you chistened?' W'ich, 'm?

'Don't you know what name your parents gave you?" 'O-ye-es'. It's down on the 'seers'

books, mum, as James Ammerton. 'Well. James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and it you are careful not to rub off the plaster, it will soon heal up. Are you hungry?'

'Please, ma'am, I baven't eat nothing

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and alowed the boy to sit there in the wash room and eat. And while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physis ognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more, shutting out the rags and the filth, and only observing the hair now glossy and waving, from her dexterous manipulations, over a shapely head, and marking the face, with lustrous gray eyes and the perfect nose, and the mouth like a Cupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being unseemly,-seeing this without the dregs, the boy was hands some. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the church-yard, prayed God that she might be a happy mother; and if a boy was to bless her maternity, she could not ask that he should be handsomer than she believed she could make

Jim finished eating, and stood up.

'James,' said the little woman-for sha was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovable little woman. 'James, when you are hungry, and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door, I will feed you. I don't want you to go hungry.'

'I should like to come. ma'am."

'And, if I feed you when you are hungry, will you not try to be good for my

The boy hung his head, and considered. Some might have wendered that he did answer at once, as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that. The lad was considering how he might answer safely and truthfully.

'If they'd let me be good, ma'am; but they won't,' he said, at length.

·Will you try all you can?" 'Yes, 'm-I'll try all I can,'

Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not yet shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought he was not grateful; but the little weman could see the gratitude in the deeper light of the eye. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.

Atterwards Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed

'Do you think, Mary, that your kindess can help that ragged waif?'

I do not think it will hurt him, Silas. It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped discussion.

After that Jim came often to the wash room door, and was fed; and he became cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs, Walsh was informed that a friend was going way into the far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammerton. She saw her triend, and brought Jim to his notice, and the result was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband, and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was so glad.

And he had another source of gladness Upon her bosom his little wite bore a robust, healthy boy-their own son-who gave promise of life and happiness in the time to come.

The years sped on, and James Ammerton dropped out from the life that Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Ernsworth, and Jim had started out for the golden mountains on his own account. to commence in earnest his own life bat-

But there was a joy and a pride in the little woman's life which held its place and grew and strengthened. Her boy whom they called Philip grew to be a youth of great promise—a bright. kindhearted, good bcy, whom everybody loved; and none loved him more than did his parents. In fact, they worshiped him: or, at least, his mother did. At the age of seventeen Phillip Walsh entered college, and at the age of twentyed college, and at the age of twenty Ouce upon a time a pebble was kick-one he graduated with honor; but the ed about in the waste of sand. A lapi-

long and severe study had taxed his system, and he entered upon the stage of manhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw it and was anxious. His father saw it and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he started into active busnesss. Dr. Walsh was not pecuniarily able to send his son off on expensive travel, but he found opportunity for his engagement upon the staff of an exploring expedition, which would combine healthful recreation with an

equally healthful occupation. The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and her beloved son. She kissed him and blessed him; and then hung upon his neck with more kisses and then went away to her chamber and cried.

Philip wrote home otten while on his vay out; and he wrote after he reached the wilderness. His accounts were slowing, and his health improving. three mouths of forest life, and forest labor, of which Phillip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hunbred miles to the nearest post, and then followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write?

One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and famt, with a newspaper crampled and crushed in his hand. Not immediately but by and by, he was forced to let his wife read what he had seen in the paper. She read, and fainted like one mortally stricken. It was a paper from a far western city, and it told the sad fate of the exploring party under the charge of Colonel John Beauchampe, how they had been attacked by an overpowering party of indians, and how those not massacred had been carried away cap-

tive. Pour little woman! Poor Dr. Walsh But the mother suffered most. Her head already taking on its crown of silver. was bowed in blinding agony, and her heart was well nigh broken. The joy was gone out of her life, and thick darkness was round about her.

And so passed half a year. One day the postman left a letter at the door. The hand of the superscription was familliar. Mrs. Walsh tore it open, and glanced her eyes over the contents. O, joy! O, rapture! her boy lived! was well! and was on his way home to her.

When Dr. Welsh entered the room he found his wife fainting, with the letter clutched in her nerveless grasp.

By and by, when the first great surge had passed, husband and wife sat down and read the letter under stillingly. 'Thank God! I found a true friend, or,'

should say, a true friend found wer? wrote Phillip, after he had told of his safety, and of his whereabouts, 'But for the comeing of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me my name, and when he learned that was from Ernsworth, and was the son Silas and Mary Walsh, he beut all hi energies for my release, He soeni thousands of dollars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand struck down my savage captor, and took me thenceforth under his care and protection. God bless him! be you both ready to bless him, for he is coming with me.

Upon their bended knees that night. the rejoiceing parents thanked God for all his goodness, and called down his blessings upon the head of the unknown preserver of their son

And, in time, radiant and strong, their Phillip came home to them-came home a hold and educated man, fit for the batle of life—came home knowing enough of life's vicissitudes, and prepared to appreciate its blessings.

And with Phillip came a man of middle sge-a strong, frank-faced, handsom man, with grey eyes and curling hair.

'This,' said the fon, when he had been released from his mother's rapturous embrace, is my preserver. Do you not know him? The doctor looked and shook his head.

He did not know. But the little woman observed more

keenly. Upon her the light broke overpoweringly.
'Is it,' she whispered, putting forth

her hands—'is it—James Ammerton.' 'Yes' said the man-a stranger now no more. 'Lam James A. merton! And I thank God Who has given me opportunity thus to show how gratefully I reber all your kindness to me, my

And he held her hands, and pres And he held her hands, and pressed them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her, with streaming eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted him up and saves him.

That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side and holding one of

dary saw it, and picked it up, and when ne had brushed away the dirt from its surface, he applied his chieel, and broke through the crost, and behold—a dia-mond, pure and bright!

CHARITY FOR THE FALLEN

Never say anything damaging to the good name of a woman, it matters not how poor-she may be or what her place in society. They have a hard enough time at best, and God help the man that would give them a kick down the hill We are all too tree with their names— talk too much about them and we do very wrong, The least little hint that there is wrong, The least little hint that there is something wrong, that 'sne ain't all-right,' whether spoken in jest or in earliest, is taken up and unlike the rolling stone gathers moss as it goes from place to place and at last comes home to the persecuted with crushing weight. She has done nothing but keep quiet while fier title persecutors have pursued her, and now she is kicked from door to door, and is fallen so low that none will do her is fallen so low that none will do her reverence. Give a dog a bad name and you had as well kill him - talk about a good woman on the streets and across barroom counters, and you had as well set her down at once as a social wreck. No one wants to belp her. We don't want so much theoretical religion; we want a kind of blue jeans and homespun pity that will do for the washtub and the parlor—a sort of universal honesty that will not think a woman a thief because she happen to wear a sun bonnet and walk across the street with a string of mackerel in her hand. There is nothing wrong in manual labor, and honest poveity is a sure passport to heaven.

YOUNG MENAND OLD.

A man is ordinarily said to be young, even in this country, where we live pre-ternatualy fast, up to 35 or 40; to be mid-dle sged from 40 to 50, and not be positively old; if he be of sound bealth and well preserved, until he stall have reached 60 or thereabout. This estimate of years would indicate the normal age of man to be 100, (as Buffor declares it should be) though his average is scarcely 50, and 60 is much beyond it. What reason is there, then, for speaking of 35 to 40 as young, 40 to 50 as middle age? None, unless we consider that we begin practicle and useful existence, as we really do, with the attainment of our legal sily do, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a rule people have very life -30 to 35 years—after that. It is common to speak of men, especially in public positions, of 60, as in their prime. A very few appear to be so, notably in Europe; but they are not actually, since, at 75, the public distrusts them merely from their age. The great majority of men are buried and forgotten before they gain three score, and he who is in his prime then, in a seeming sense, is exceptional as he who lives 90 or 95. We all like to delude ourselves in respect to life. When our neighbor is 60, he appears to be very old. When we are of pears to be very old. When we are of that age, we are not young, to be sure but we feel as young, we say as ever, in fact, we are in our prime. While we can creep around and are in possession of our faculties, we insist that we are not very old; but our triends, Smith and Brown, with not a year more than we,

SOME ODD PROPER.

if the truth were known, make them-selves ridiculous by trying to appear

Odd folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Massachusetts, has an eccentric tramp who lives in a cave during the winter, and apends the summer in making begging excur-sions to neighboring towns. He never says a word, and his dress consists entirely of old bootlegs fastened together with leather strings. A small wagon drawn by two goats, and containing a helpless, shrivelled man, attracted attention in Hageretown, Maryland. He said that he had traveled in that manner for many years, and called himself the "American Tourist," He is entirely He is entirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany him, and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of temerance song and other small articles Jefferson Stevens, who lives near Sulphur Springs, Kentucky, conclude that iff. They own no tannon, and military which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch, like those used by wizzards, in his month Moodie, Cal., will on no account walk a step, but always rons, no matter if the distance is only a few feet; while Mrs. Main of Chicago, will neither run nor walk, though physically able to do either, walk, though physically able to do either, because she thinks her legs will drop off if she stirs them. The story comes from Pittsfield, Mass., of the discovery of a cannibel, who for years has lived near that city. He says that early in life he ran away from home and went to sea fie was early shipwrecked on one of the South Sea Islands, where cannibalism was practised and idolary was the worship of the natives. How long he remained there he does not know, but he learned to enter into their savage rites fuel, draw in another of the city.

MUTUAL TOLERATION.—That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no toleration of each others' errors. If you lay a single stick of wood on the grate and apply fire to it, it will go out; put an unother stick, and they will burn; and half a dozon sticks, and you will have a blade. If one member of the family gets into a passion and is let alone he will cool down and repent. But oplearned to enter into their savage rites fuel, draw in and with a good deal of zest, and confesses to let one harsh an bave stequired a taste for cannibal-others, and there ism.

Gleanings

NO. 22

In 1877 Jacksonville, Fla., had 1,700 innabitants; it now has 14,000.

The son of the fate Gen. Gideon J. Pillow is writing his father's biogra A colored Methodist church in Abbeville, S. C., gave \$1,200 last year for charitable purposes.

There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of good thoughts.

There are few doors through which liberality, joined with good humor, cannot find its way.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, -but far more profitable to do bet-ter work yourself. As long as hearts best as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden,

you will find love in the sea Madame Gerster, the soprano, re-ceives only \$200 a night for her sing-

ing hos torido est wie revotade In the Mississippi penitentiary there are over 200 convicts who are imprisoned for life, without range said you

St. Louis manufactures six hundred thousand barrels of beer a year and the consumption there is two hundred thousand.

Loud talking is a sure sign of vulgari-ty; but whispering is the lowest sort of talking any one can do.—Richmond

A handsome, sweetly-dressed, refined and altogether captivating young man, who has been dancing with half the belles of New Orleans, turns out to be a

Laura D. Fair, the California mur-deress, who never had a baby herself, has invented a baby carriage and sold the patent for \$14,000.

Mr. Henry Smart, who wrote the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," has received a pension of \$500 from the British government.

The hay crop of the United States, at a valuation of five dellars per ton, is three times that of cotton, ten times that of wool and twice that of wheat.

A French newspaper the other day had the following heading in its police intelligence: "Suicide of two persons; statement of the one that survived."

Chief Justice Chase's grave at Only Hill, near Washington, is marked sime ply by a block of gray granite, bearing only the record of his birth and death following his name. There could hardly be a plainer monument nor one in better taste.

"George, 7 said she to the perspiring of young man, 'I love you just the same out as our city relatives are coming next week, mother thinks you had better stay away, because your long hair and frecks o't very highte The young man is staying.

The Emperor William sleeps on a bed hard enough to have suited the Duke of Wellington, does not smoke or use specially of fresh air, drunks one glass of Burgundy a day, rises early and fares frugally. He is eighty two years and says gally. He is eighty-two years old and can ride horseback like a trooper.

What whine report this is from Ice

cold, is full of religious warmth. The Word of God is the text book of the people. Every home has its Bible, not just as an ornament, not as the well kept cherished marriage gift, nor because of some undefined superstitious feeling of reverence, but for daily use. In Iceland the Bible is constantly read. As a con-sequence, Iceland is without a theatre or prison. There is no such office as sher-

London is speed over 7,000 aquaniles. There is one death there ev The grawle of the population is at the rate of 75,000 a year, or 205 each day. The total length of the streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built they pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Iowa—Peter Carlisle rate of 75,000 a year or 205 each day. The total length of the streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built avery year about 9,000 new houses, by which the length of the streets is increased by twenty-eight miles. In the jails there is an average of 75,000 princes.