

THE GLEANER

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GRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL

REV. D. A. LONG, A. M., REV. W. S. FAHEY, A. M., REV. W. S. GUNN, A. M., opens August 26th, 1879, and closes the last Friday in May, 1879.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE

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 bleeds.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form, is an eminent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy for the liver, but for all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or other ailments, they stand without equal.

AGUE AND FEVER: No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after, taking Ague.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS: The genuine never has sugar coated.

Each wrapper bears the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros., and the initials of the Liver Pills prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the name being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Silas Walsh 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 reputation of being an excellent physician.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as 'Hammer Jim'-ragged and dirty, and with the villainous 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 villain, whom no efforts of the Overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but bloody; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garments. "Please sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hurt."

"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doctor. "I'm scared it's bad, sir," said the boy, sobbingly. "One of Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh!"

"What did he hit you for?" "I dunno, sir." "Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for?"

"Why, sir, I was a pick'n up an apple under one of his trees." "Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a scalp wound, and that the blood had ceased."

"Go home," he said, "let your folks wash your head and put on a clean bandage." "Please, sir, I hain'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 out." "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—"

"I mean, how were you childrened?" "Which?" "Don't you know what name your parents gave you?" "O-ye-s. It's down on the 'cears' books, mum, as James Ammertown."

"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster, it will soon heal up. Are you hungry?" "Please, ma'am, I haven't eat nothing to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the wash room and eat. And while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature.

Jim finished eating, and stood up. "James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovable little woman.

"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 sake?"

The boy hung his head, and considered. Some might have wondered that he did answer at once, as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that.

"Do you think, Mary, that your kindness 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 errand 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 away into the far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm.

The years sped on, and James Ammertown 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 battle.

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 business.

The expedition was bound for the Western wilderness, and was 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 they went away to her chamber and cried.

Philip wrote home often while on his way out; and he wrote after he reached the wilderness. His accounts were glowing, and his health improving. Three months of forest life and forest labor, of which Philip wrote in a letter that had to be borne more than a hundred miles to the nearest post, and then followed months of silence.

"One day Dr. Walsh came home pale and frail, with a newspaper crumpled and crumpled 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 fainting 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 Beauchamp, how they had been attacked by an overpowering party of Indians, and how those not massacred had been carried away captive."

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

When Dr. Walsh 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 understandingly.

"Thank God! I found a true friend, or, I should say, a true friend found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his safety, and of his whereabouts. "But for the coming of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by my name, and when he learned that I was from Ernsworth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his energies for my release."

"This," said the son, 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 over-poweringly. "Is it," she whispered, putting forth her hands—"is it—James Ammertown?" "Yes," said the man, a stranger now no more. "I am James Ammertown! And I thank God who has given me opportunity this to show how gratefully I remember all your kindness to me, my more than mother."

Every one saw it, and when he had brushed away the dirt from its surface, he applied his chisel, and broke through the crust; and behold—a diamond, pure and bright!

Never any thing 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 true with their names; talk too much about them and we do very wrong.

Madame Grater, the soprano, receives only \$200 a night for her singing. In the Mississippi penitentiary there are over 200 convicts who are imprisoned for life.

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 vulgarity; but whispering is the lowest sort of talking any one can do.

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 cook.

Laura D. Fair, the California nurse, 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 dollars per ton, is three times that of cotton, ten times that of wool and twice that of wheat.

Chief Justice Chase's grave at Oak Hill, near Washington, is marked simply 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.

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

A colored Methodist church in Abbeville, S. C., gave \$1,200 last year for charitable purposes.

There are few doors through which liberality, joined with good humor, cannot find its way. It is easy to pickholes in other people's work, but far more profitable to do better work yourself.

As long as hearts beat as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron, or golden, you will find love.

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