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GRAHAM, N.C., WEDNESDAY AUGUST 6 1879 FROM THE WAVELDE.

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. PARKER Graham, N. C. Rales of Subscription. Postaye Paid :

Every person sending us a club of ten sub-ceribers with the cash, entitles himself to one superfree, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices No Departure from the Cash System

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Board \$8 to \$10 and Tuition \$8 to \$4.50

The Original and on Working to W. Working, to W. Working, to W. Working, to W. Farmer Friend Plows at SCOTT & DON

SO CHEA THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC

VERMIPUGE.

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 a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing saliva: slimy or furred to very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomwith a gnawing ach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels ir-regular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration of a sonally difficult and accompanied by licrong ; ough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of

the teeth; temper variable, but gener ally irritable. &c. Whenever the above symptoms

are found to exist.

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY form it is an innocent prepara-ot capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine Dr. McLane's Ve

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of the liver, and in all Bilious Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or that

No better cathartic can be used prepa ofter taking Oninite.

I simple purgative they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF INITATIONS.

hen she brushed the hair l

De Silas Wan Hora Adding K.

fice 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 compar-

atively a young man, and had the reputatien of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang at his office hell. He laid aside his book and went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was judig

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 bay who was called a thief and a yillain, whom no efforts of the Ov-erseers had been able to rectain, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. 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 CONTRACTOR OF SHIP

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 hurt · 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 knew. What did he throw he stone at you for?" 'Why, sir, I was a pick'n up an apple

under one of his trees, head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a

wound, and that the blood had ceas-Go home,' he said, 'let your folks

wash your head and put on a clean hand dine.

'Please, sir, I bain'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'

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 your

self, 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 you are.'

And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but really he had not thought there was any need of professional service on his part: and certainly he did not want that bad boy in

shisoffice. to persistent of the san Unv pes speak of the ears; an unusual secretion of But Dr. Walsh had not been alone been a witness at an apper window. The

doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman. She was not strong, and resolute, and dignified like her husband. was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard which told her

of angels in Heaven that could call her nother Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down, and called the boy in, by the back way, to the wash room. He came in rage, 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. 'Sit down my boy.'



plaster, which she fix it, and

Insist upon having the games and the being Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, Ragged Jim.' 'What's your name, my hoy! 'Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes

'I mean, how were you chistened?" Wicherm? Don't you know what name your par

ents gave you?" 'O-ye-es. It's down on the 'seer books, mum, as Janes 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 Please, ma'am, I haven't eat nothing

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. Surely, if the science of physi-

ognomy, which her husband, studied so mach, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Que more, shutting out the rags and the dith, and only observing the hair now glossy and waving, from her dexterous manipulations, over a shapely head, and his health improving marking the face, with instrons gray eyes and the perfect nose, and the mouth like labor, of which Phillip wrote in a letter and the perfect nose, and the mouth like a Cupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being unscendy, seeing this without the dregs, the boy was hands ome. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little nounds 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

this boy. nis boy. 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 woma 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 o go hungry.

'I should like to come. ma'am.'
'And, if I feed you when you are hunry, will you not try to be good for my

The boy hung his head, and consider d. Some might have wondered that he did auswer 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; bu hey 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 parce

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 assusged. 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 lears. Atterwards Mrs. Waish told her hus

hand what she had done, and he laughed at her. Do you think, Mary, that your kind

ness can help that ragged waif?' I do not think it will burt him, Silas. It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped dis-

After that Jim came often to the wash, Her heart was not only tender, but it 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 troutier farm. The shought occurred to her that this all his goodness, and called down his might be a good opportunity for James blessings upon the head of the unknown Ammerton. She saw her friend, and preserver of their son. brought Jim to his notice, and the res. And, in time, radiant an sult was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her triend a year later that he liked the of life came home knowing enough the lov very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treas-ure. And Mrs. Waish showed the letter And with Phillip came a man of midto her husband, and he smiled and kissed | dle age-a strong, frank-faced, hand his little wife, and said he was so glad.

And he had another source of gladness Upon her bosom his little wife bore a ro-bust, healthy boy—their own son—who gave promise of life and happiness in the

The years sped on, and James Amme ton dropped out from the life that | Mary Walsh knew. The last she heard was five years after he went away from Erns-worth, and Jim had started out for the golden mountains on his own account, her hands—'is it—James Ammerton.' golden mountains on his own account, to commence in earnest his own life bat-

tle.

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 wouth of great promise—a bright, kind—And he held her hands, and pressed them to his, lips, and blessed her again youth of great promise a bright, kind-hearted, good bcy, whom everybody youth of great promise—a bright, kind-hearted, good bey, 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 twenty one he graduated with honor; but the

long and severe study had taxed his sys-tem, and he sutered upon the stage of munhood not quite so strong in body as he should have been. His mother saw if and was auxious, His father saw if and decided that he should have recreation and recuperation before he started into active busnesss. Dr. Walsh was not pocuntarily 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 Wes tern wilderness, and we need not tell of the parting between the mother and her beloved son. She kiesed bim and blessed bim; and then hung upou his neck with more kisses and then went away to her chamber and cried. ord ord and 1

Philip wrote home often while on his that had to be borne more than a hunbred miles to the nearest post, and the followed months of silence. Where was Philip? Why did he not write?

One day Dr. Walsh came home pale taint, with a newspaper erump crushed in his hand. Not immediately but by and by, he was forced to let his wife read what he had seen in the naper. 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.

Poor little woman't Poor Dr. Walsh; But the mother suffered most. Her head already taking on its grown of silver, was bowed in blinding agony, and ber beart was well high broken. The joy was gone out of her life, and thick darkess 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 ta milliar. 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

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 understandingly. Thank God! I found a true friend, or

should say, a true friend found me. 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 by my name, and when he learned that I was from Ernsworth, and was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all h energies for my release. He speni thousands of dollars in entisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand struck down my savage capfor, 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 inight. the rejoiceing parents thanked God for

And, in time, radiant and strong, their Phillip came home to them-came home a bold and educated man, fit for the batof life's vicissitudes, and prepared to ap-

man, with grey eyes and curling hair. 'This,' said the son, when he had been released from his mother's rapturous em brace, is my preserver. Do you no know bim?' armilla lanotten m

The doctor looked and shook his head. He did not know of starb and an But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her the light broke over-

'Yes' said the man-a stranger now no

saw it, and picked it up, and when de 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 beet, and God help the man that would give them a kick down the hill. We are all too free with their namestalk too much about them and we do very wrong. The least little bint that there is something wrong, that 'she ain't all right,' whether spoken in jest or in earnest, 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 her idle persecutors have pursued her, and now she is kicked from door to door, and is failen 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 help her. We don't want so much theoretical religion; we want a kind of blue jeans and homespunpity that will do for the washtub and the latter as well as the drawing room and parlot—a sort of universal hoassy that pity that will do for the washtab and the kitchen as well as the drawing room and parlor—a sort of universal honesty that will not think a woman a thief because she happen to wear a sun bonnet and welk across the street with a string of mackerel in her hand. There is nothing wrong in manual labor, and honest powerty is a sure passport to heaven.

A manis ordinarily said to be young, A man is ordinarily said to be young, even in this country, where we live preternatualy fast, up to 35 or 40; to be middle aged from 40 to 50, and not be positively old; if he be of sound bealth and well preserved, until he el all have reached 60 or thereabout. This estimate of years would indicate the normal age of man to be 100, (as Buffon 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? Nois, unless we consider that we begin practicle and useful existence, as we really 40, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a rule people have very ally do, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a sule 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 torgotten 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 ceptional 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 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 finish that we are not very old; but our friends, Smith and Brown, with not a year more than we, if the truth were known, make themselves ridiculous by trying to appear young.

young. SOIR ODD PROPLE.

Odd folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Massachusetts, has an eccentric tramp who lives the summer in making begging excursions to neighboring towns. Its 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 Hagerstown, Maryland. He said that he had traveled in that manner for ple, Every home has its Bible, not just the possession of the personnel and couled himself the ticn is Hagertowa, Maryland. He said that he had staveled in that manner for many years] and called binself the "Ausorican Tourist." He is onvirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany him, and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of temperance song and other snall articles. Jefferaso Stevens, who lives near Sulphin Springs, Kentucky, conclude that he signified with peculiar powers, is which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch like those used by wizzards, in his month, and told the crowd to ask any questions his pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Lows—Peter Carlisional wisswine were on their way to Leadville from the Pennsylvanix coal regions. They had pushed a huncart all the way containing their baby girl and a few household utensils. Carson Carr of Maddie, Cal, will on ne secount wates step, but always runs, no matter if the distance is only a few feet; while Mrs Main of Chicago, will neither run nor walls, should be provided the provided the streets is increased by the first them. The story counce from Pittsfield, Mans, of the discovery of cannibal, who for years has lived near that offy. He says that early in life he run sway from home and went to sea. He was early superseded on one of the South Sea Islands, where cannibalism was practiced and ifolatry was the worship of the natives. How long he remained there he does not know, but he learned to enter into their savage rites with a good deal of zest, and confesse to have acquired a taste for cannibalism.

Gleanings.

In 1877 Jacksonville, Pin., thad 1,70 inhabitants; it now has 14,000.

"A colored Methodlet church in Abbe

ville, S. C., gave \$1,200 last year charitable purposes.

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

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

It is easy to pick holes 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.

ero Vateorai Par Madame Garster, the soprano, ceives only \$200 a night for her

ing.

In the Mississippi penitentiary the are over 200 convicts who are impriso ed for life,

St. Louis manufactures six hundred thousand barrels of beer a year and the consumption there is two hundred thous-Managing awerful and creek gale

Loud talking is a sure sign of vulg ty; but whispering is the lowest sortalking any one can do-Rich State . och andskropen ben

A handsome, sweetly-dressed, refined and altogether captivating young man, who has been dancing with half the balles 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 dollars per ton, is three times that of cotton, ten fimes 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 O Hill, near Washington, is marked siply by a block of gray granite, bear only the record of his birth and des following his name. There could he be a plainer monument nor on better taste.

better taste.

"George," said she to the perspiring young man, 'I love you just the same but as our city relatives are coming next week, mother thinks you had better stay away, because your long hair and frecksled face might make them think our acquaintance weren't very hightoned.

The young man is staying.

The Emperor William sleeps on a bed hard enough to have suited the Duke of snuff, is fond of flowers and especially of fresh air, drinks one glass of Burgundy a day, rises early and fares frugally. He is eighty-two years old and can ride horseback like a trooper.