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LIVER PILLS,

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Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

DRAIN 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 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, 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 wrappers. 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, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man?" said farmer Bilkins, looking at the young fellow sharply from head to foot.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp and scrutinizing gaze.

"Yes sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan; but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me in case it should be swept away as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them—what can you do?"

This was the style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession or trade?"

"No sir, my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool. He had much better given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for?"

Here you are, a strong, able bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! And you want to marry my daughter. Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she has not thrown them away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose I could keep more than one servant; but I don't no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the bright eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed by a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I will do; go to work and prove yourself to be a man—perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it is honest—then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, disconcerted look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I am not sure but he is about right, for I think every man ought to have an occupation."

Then as she noticed her lover's grave look she softly said:

"Never mind—I will wait for you Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates.

One pleasant, sunny morning late in October as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grape vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic step, quite in contrast with his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Bilkins, I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the old man, as he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr. Bilkins examined them one by one.

"They will do—what will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day. Your daughter sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You have got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly bawled Mr. Bilkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door."

Molly tipped out into the entry. The

round white arms were bared above the elbows and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checkered apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did whenever she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

Moll, this young man—may hap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this, he considerably stepped out of the room and we will follow his example. But, the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of this marriage, he delights his mother-in-law by some specimens of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be the best and dearest wife in the world.

SYRIAN LADIES AT HOME

WOMEN WHO NEVER GO OUTSIDE THEIR OWN DOORS

(Damascus Letter to Boston Traveler.)

After a few moments Madam Meshaka entered, making excuses for her husband's absence through our interpreter, and requesting most earnestly that we would make our visit to her, and soon sending for her sister, who spoke French we spent half an hour, very enjoyably with them. They are Syrian women of the best type, with fine bright faces, and in European dress, that of our hostess being an embroidered white wrapper, with red silk girdle about her waist, and like her sister, artificial flowers in her hair, which latter is an almost universal custom with these people if dressed with any pretensions. Even little girls, when appearing "dressed up," all have artificial flowers on their heads. Both ladies when they entered, had over their slippers wooden clogs, which are used by the peasantry, and slipped them off before stepping on the carpet; and referring to this custom, they said "they were put on crossing the court-yard, from habit, as it was often damp, and thus their feet were raised above the ground."

We thought they must be difficult to walk with, but they were much amused at the idea, and produced a pair which were much higher than any we had seen saying that those were the kind a lady wore just after marriage, to make her look tall and of more importance than heretofore, raising her at least a foot above the ground, but they were worn only a short time. I suppose she meant until her friends were fully impressed with her importance. Referring to our free, untrammelled life, Madam—putting her hands to her mouth several times and throwing them out gracefully—said:

How happy we must be to be able to smell the wind. She did not doubt but that in the three days we had passed in Damascus we had seen more than she had seen in all her life.

According to the custom of her race, the women almost never go outside of their own doors. Having been married at fourteen, she is now at twenty three, the mother of five or six children, and shut up with them in these walls, from one year end to another. We sympathize with her most heartily when she sighed over the dullness of the life they lead. Not, however, nearly as hard for those who have known no better, as we know it would be for us unless it became a necessity from ill health.

The other call we made was on a wealthy Jewish family, the house being of the same general design, and fitted up with great elegance, the walls being made of rare marbles, and spaces between the windows built to imitate temples with arched roofs and slender pillars. A fountain in the saloon makes it as cool and fresh as if we had entered another country, after coming from the hot dusty street.

Here the females were all robed in calico or cambric, but the mother wore about her neck a rare collection of pearls, and the guide said, "if one called on them Sunday they would be richly arrayed and decorated with diamonds." They were very cordial, and entertained as best they could, offering coffee as they had done at the consulate. And if time had permitted, other houses would have been open to us. But the next thing on the programme was to ride about the city and see the old walls, having the house of Naaman pointed out to us, and the place where St. Paul was let down in a basket from the wall; a piece of the old Roman highway where he was converted, and in a small church the spot

where he was baptized. All of which were very interesting, as well as the different quarters of the city—Christian, Jewish and Moslem—through which we passed.

CHARMED BY A SNAKE.

An Ohio Girl for Weeks in the Power of a Reptile.

(Mt. Vernon Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.)

A very rare psychological phenomena was related to us by Mr. Campbell, about a snake's influence over a young lady living east of Mt. Vernon, by the name of Bertha Miller. For some weeks the parents had noticed that their daughter was showing marks of declining health, evidenced by an increasing paleness and emaciation and accompanied by a melancholy mood. So marked was the change becoming that they began to feel great solicitude concerning her and consulted a physician of this city about the matter. The physician visited the girl, but was unable to explain the cause of her decline or to render her aid. It also fell under the observation of her mother that each afternoon, about three o'clock, the girl would leave the house and remain away from one to two hours. This fact being communicated to the other parent, it was decided to watch the young lady and discover if possible the reason for such habitual absence. Accordingly on the day following when the hour had about arrived the father left the house and watched for the going of his daughter. In a few minutes the young girl was on her way through a wood and up a ravine leading from the house to a small stone quarry, some half mile distant, reaching which she took a seat on a flat stone, under a small clump of trees, and remained sitting there quietly for several minutes, her head held in one position, and eyes evidently fixed on one spot. The father had gotten up so near by this time that he could observe all that would happen. In a few moments, to his amazement, there proceeded from the direction in which the girl was looking a snake about four feet in length, and known to him as our common black snake or racer. So astonished was he at the peculiarly manner of his daughter and the appearance of the reptile that he remained quiet in his concealment to observe what would happen. The snake crept slowly along towards the girl until it halted close to her feet. After remaining there motionless for a minute or more and gazing fixedly into the face of the girl, it slowly and stealthily began creeping toward her, and in a moment lay coiled in her lap. The girl remained perfectly motionless, apparently not the least alarmed at the presence of her visitor, but gazing intently at it. After lying in that position for a short while, it slowly uncoiled and crept down to the ground and back to its hiding place in the rocks. The girl remained sitting motionless for a considerable time, and then got up and retraced her steps to the house. On the next day the father, at the appointed time, took his gun and proceeded to the scene and killed the reptile. The girl, startled at the report of the gun, sprang to her feet, but immediately recognizing her father, proceeded without further ado back home with him. She, when interrogated, could give no intelligible reason for visiting the spot, except that at a certain hour she felt strongly inclined to go and sit there. She has rapidly recovered her health, and appears in no wise affected in her mind. Exper can offer no suggestion to this strange proceeding, the most intelligent being that the animal possessed a powerful mesmeric influence, and had so wrought upon the mind of the girl that she went automatically to the place. This, in connection with an accumulated inherited disposition to be beguiled by a serpent—transmitted from our first mother, Eve—offers the only rational explanation.

IN ISIDIO.

(Raleigh Visitor.)

The following may be of some interest to our readers. It was copied from an old book published in 1812.

The population of North Carolina in 1810 was 555,500, about one third of which were slaves. The Baptists and Methodists were much the larger denominations. There were no good harbors in the State at that time, but the best were Wilmington, Newbern and Edenton. The University at Chapel Hill had three professors. Fayetteville then was a flourishing town. Large quantities of a bacco, cotton, flour, &c., were shipped from there to Wilmington in boats. Newbern was the largest town in the State. It had considerable commerce and contained in 1818 6,000 inhabitants. Raleigh had the large amount of 1,000 inhabitants and was one of the chief towns. Wilmington exported more produce than any other town in the State. Mechanics: Lincoln 16,359; Rowan 21,543; Stokes 11,645; Wake 17,086; Northampton 13,082; Chatham 12,997; Halifax 15,620; New Hanover 11,463; Craven 12,676; Orange 2,013; Caswell 11,757; Guilford 11,420; Edgecombe 12,423; Granville 15,476. The rest of the counties ran from 3,925 (Columbus) up to 11,218 (Burke). There were only 62 counties at that time.

STATISTICS FOR THE GIRLS.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his notebook, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken back by the following question.

"How many meals do you eat a day, my dear?"

"Why, three of course; but of all the oddest questions."

"Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

His pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her slender waist, he said:

"Now, my darling I've got, and if you wish to know how much I have passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give the exact figures."

"Goodness gracious, what can you mean?"

"Now, just listen, and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life."

"But I don't wish to hear."

"Ah, you are surprised no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things."

"Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed:

Oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 328; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 3,124; vegetables, (bunches) 700; fruit, (baskets) 603; cheese, 103; bread, cake, etc., (in sack of flour) 40; wine, [barrels] 11; Water, (gallons) 3,000."

At this the maiden revolted, and jumping up exclaimed:

"I think you are very impertinent and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you until you which she flew to the house."

He gazed after her with an abstracted air, saying:

"If she kept talking at the rate of twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years, travel a distance of 1,333,124 miles."

The maiden within two months married a well-to-do grocer, who was no statistician.

RAISED.

No barber knoweth whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into a shop and drops into a barber-chair without seeing who occupies the next chair to the right or left may get badly left, as a case proved recently. A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lather, when in came a young man who flung off his coat, bounced into a chair and called out:

"Hurry up now, for I must get back to the store before old Blank does or he will raise thunder! Hang him, he won't give a fellow time to die!"

The solid citizen turned his face to glance at the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

"Going on a summer vacation?" asked the barber who was preparing to shave the young man.

"Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away from old Blank? And if I could he pays such a stinging contemptible salary that I couldn't afford even a ride on the terry boat!"

"Why don't you ask him for a raise?" inquired the barber.

"Why don't I ask him for the hand of his freckle-nosed daughter? he'd discharge me in a minute, though he's making money and can afford it. If the old hyena would have a stroke of apoplexy the junior partner might do something, but such chaps always live to be a hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid man got out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from his chair and turned around snow-balls would have looked black beside his face. He tried to bow and speak but something wouldn't let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held it tils up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid man rose up, saying never a word. The barbers wet the young man's head and held cologne to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out, and there was an unaccountable wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position, state what shop you shave at.

THE OLD MAN.

Don't laugh at the old gentleman, boys. It is true he is an odd object. He is queer and crooked, and his voice thin and reedy, but don't let him see you laugh at him. He looks as though he could have nothing more of any importance to do in the world. And, indeed the grave for him is very near, and I think he will not be sorry to lie down in it. But think of this, boys, once he was young—young as you are. He went to school—doubtless in a blue jacket with brass buttons, and a neat ruffled collar, such as boys wore in his day. He hoped to be a doctor or a lawyer. He was blithe and light upon his feet. He whistled as he came up the street. Perhaps he could jump farther and throw his ball better than you. Yes, he was young once, and if you live, you will be as old as he—as old and feeble some day. Your limbs will totter, you will lean upon a cane, your voice will be shrill and weak, and your hopes and ambitious dead, and the grave near. So don't laugh at the old man, boys, but treat him with hindness and respect.—Ez.

It is said that some of the larger gambling dens in New York are connected by telephones, so that when the police makes a move against one, the alarm is instantaneously given all around.

Gleanings.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmakers.—N. Y. Picayune.

There are enough selfish men to accept all the sacrifices women can make.—N. Y. Picayune.

Fanny Davonport, the actress, was married to Mr. Edward E. Price, of New York, at Canton, Pa., last Thursday.

Somebody estimates that there are between four and five thousand fugitives from justice in Texas, of whom 831 are murderers.

Egg's FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg is very efficacious in burns. Seven or eight applications will soothe the pain, and exclude the burned part from the air, as successfully as colodion or cotton.

Actresses are continually losing valuable diamonds while editor's wives go straight along and never bother the world by announcing that they have been robbed.—N. Y. Express.

The first time that David Davis ever realized his fatness was when he was a boy of 14. The other boys crawled through the fence and left him alone with a mad steer.—Free Press.

Omaha Repe'lican.—A south Omaha woman the other evening, threatened an offending representative of the male sex that she "would make his head so big that he couldn't get a shirt in town large enough to go over it."

Miss Allie Cowgie, of Indiana, went to hear a lecture on Education, returned home, stole a horse and some money, rode fifty miles to a female Seminary, and was about settling down to hard study when the constable called for her.

It is estimated that the people of the United States consume 3,000 barrels of liver-pills a year, and yet there is occasionally a man left to reach his end by a railroad collision.—Middleton Transcript.

Miss Anna Oliver, of the Brooklyn N. Y., young lady who is endeavoring to carry on a Methodist church by herself under many difficulties, has a new trouble. The furniture, which she hired, was removed the other day suddenly and without notice. Miss Oliver will probably have to abandon her rather unwomanly undertaking.

During a recent examination of a class of youngsters in a certain school the teacher asked: "What is a monarchy?" and was immediately answered by a little eight year old boy, "A country governed by a king. Who would rule if the king were to die?" "The queen." And it the queen should die? "The Jack."

Mrs. Hooper says in her last Paris letter to the Philadelphia Telegraph: "Master Isaac Bell, Jr., the young nephew of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, is just five days old. The day after the young gentleman's advent his uncle called to see him and laid on his cradle 100 United States bonds of \$1,000 each as a christening gift, or rather a gift of "jovous arrival," according to the old mediaval custom at the accession of a king."

A young man made his appearance at Deadwood last week in a pair of white trousers. He was promptly escorted to the cars, put on board of them, and an injunction placed upon him never to re-visit the place. We can stand a blood shirt, you know, a miner exclaimed, but when it comes to wearing billed drawers we just make them get up and git.

A friend who had some unexpected visitors was "bothered" about not having enough cake for tea, concluded she would not buy any more, and told the two little children, Willie and Russell, not to ask for cake, and do without their share. When, at the table, Willie was a little "pouty" and not wanting to eat anything, Russell seeing him, said, in the hearing of the whole company: "What's the matter, Willie? Did mother tell you not to ask for cake too?"

Twelve sets of telephones have been sent out to Sir. Garnet Wolsey for use at the seat of war in South Africa. The great advantage of the telephone over the telegraph is that the General can carry on a confidential talk with the officer at the district station, or a soldier can creep out towards the enemy's lines and whisper back the information as to the position. A fine wire—the thinner the better—is all that is needed. This the soldier carries on a reel on his back a mile, weighing only a few pounds. This will be the first time the telephone has been used as an instrument of warfare.

The Wilmington Star says: A reporter in a Louisville paper gives a rather ludicrous account of the way passengers are disinfected on a Memphis train. "Squirt lamps" are used, and carbolic acid is distributed in light sprays over everybody. The reporter says: If there is anything in disinfecting at all, the refugees certainly got the benefit of it, for the young man who turns on these lamps walk up and down the isles in a slow deliberate way, unmindful of groans, sneers or satirical smiles of the passengers. A policeman on his beat could not be more imperturbable at a neighboring fight than are those disinfectors at the dignified their instruments arouse.