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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER
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Prices reduced

Perfect Farmers Friend Flows mallein Petersburg Va	Price	\$4.00
One Horse No. 5		6.00
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For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNELL.

NEW

Photograph Gallery AT Company Shops

I wish to inform my friends and the surrounding country that I have opened a first class gallery in the

GRANGE HALL

where I am prepared to do all kind of work such as Photographs, Chromotypes, Chromo, crayon &c. Old faded pictures copied, enlarged and made new in the most approved style.

Respectfully
W. F. PRATHER.

Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

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; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally 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 in any form; it is an innocent preparation, and capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy "for all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AQUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a great seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 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.

AN ADDRESS.

By Col. W. L. Saunders, President of the North Carolina Press Association.

Gentlemen of the Press Association of North Carolina.

I congratulate you that so many of the brethren have found time and inclination to take part in our annual reunion, by far the largest number I have ever seen present on such an occasion.

As many of you know, I am one of those who seek to encourage these reunions of the gentlemen of the press and who believe there is a higher and better and more useful end to be subserved by them than the promotion of mere social pleasure alone.

It is true that the average editor, being human, needs an occasional season of rest and recreation. His bed is not entirely a bed of ease, neither is his pathway always strewn with flowers. Thorns as well as roses beset his feet as well as others, and to him also comes days of wearying labor followed by long nights of sleepless care.

And so if the rest from our toils and the forgetfulness of corroding care that come to us amid the pleasures of these social reunions were all the good in them he would be a churl indeed who would begrudge us their few fleeting moments. But rest and recreation are not all that come to us from such assemblages as this in which we are about to take part. It is needless for me in this day and generation and in this presence to say a word as to the power of the press. Whether it be exercised for weal or woe, the gentlemen who constitute the association now before me carry in their hands a power that overshadows every other power in the State. Neither the bar nor the pulpit nor yet the hustings has a tinge of the influence in shaping men's opinions that you have. They occasionally reach the ears of hundreds with varying uncertain sounds while you constantly reach the eyes of thousands with fixed forms of unmistakable meaning. But just in proportion to the greatness of the power, is the necessity for its intelligent exercise, and how can that be better promoted than by bringing the possessors of this great power into such relations as shall make them know and appreciate them, each in his true worth. And their meeting together as we do in different sections of the State how can it happen that we will not thereby become better acquainted with the wants and necessities of those different sections and thus in time of the whole State? What does the eastern man know of the railways of the west or the western man of the waterways of the east unless he learn from actual travel? Western editors must know and understand and discuss the grievances of the people of the east and the remedies proposed therefor and so also must not the editors of the east be ignorant of the wants of the people of the west. Let us hope then that the time will be far distant when a year will pass without a full gathering of the editorial clans from the mountains to the seashore, from the north border to the southernmost limit. Good must come of the reform and nothing but good.

Last year we met at the foot of the mountains the lovely Piedmont section of the State, a section the beauty of whose scenery is equalled only by the sturdy honesty and generous hospitality of its people. This year, to-day, this hour we were to have met not here in this populous railway center above the tide water, but upon the sea shore and with the beating of the waves of Ocean sounding in our ears we were to have concurred our deliberations, but fate ruled far otherwise. Man proposes and God disposes. The hospitable village, the once happy resort of seekers for health, for rest, or for pleasure, is now a desolate wreck strewn beach. But little more than forty-eight hours ago upon its devoted site the storm fiend for a time held high carnival, and with his accursed devouring breath lashed the waves into fury. In an instant almost houses were swept away, trees torn up by the roots, and indeed all inanimate things engulfed in the merciless waves. But amid all that terrible uproar, amid all that fierce din of the warring elements, amid the darkness of that trying hour, the mercy of the great Jehovah, the ever-living God who saith to the winds and to the waves thus far shalt thou go and no farther, shone round about and everywhere outside, ere the shock of the great disaster could be realized, men's hearts were gladdened by the intelligence that first greeted their ears that there were "no lives lost." And though later intelligence forces upon us the sad conviction of the gallant deaths of two noble and devoted men, yet still it is a wonder and a miracle how in that supreme hour of peril, a peril that, not felt, the heart of a man can never conceive, how, in that hour, I say, so many men, so many help-

less women, helpless children, helpless invalids suddenly roused from sleep without time even to dress, could be saved harmless from the tottering falling building, against which the billows were beating with fierce appalling fury.

But thank God there were brave hearts there and strong arms. Thank God there were men there to whom death presented no terror while giving succor to the weak and helpless. One brave mother told me that upon the narrow, tottering, trembling, frail plank way upon which she passed from the doomed building to the mainland, first went the wee toddling children, next their mothers, and last of all the men. Thank God, say I, that the breed of noble bloods has not died out in North Carolina. Thank God, we still have men and women who prove not recreant in the hour of danger though they may feel the chill breath of death in their very faces. I confess my friends, that last night as I heard from the lips of the Governor of our State, himself an eye witness and participant, a brief account of the heroism displayed in that awful hour by all there, but especially by the citizens of Beaufort, black and white, North Carolinians all, my heart swelled with gratitude and with pride, that I too, was a citizen of a State that could boast such heroes. After such exhibition of daring and devotion and self-sacrifice as that at Beaufort, let no one say that the men of our day are inferior to those of any former time.

But my friends while there is so much, so very much to fill our hearts with gratitude to Almighty God in this hour of our re-assembling, the feelings that possess me and that I know possess you, are not unmingled with pain. When I remember who sat by my side when last I had the honor to preside over your deliberations. I can but recall the great loss that we, and not only we the members of his chosen profession, but the entire people of the State have met with in the death of our honored and lamented brother, Joseph Adolphus Englehard. To me his character and his services both to the profession and to the people of the State at large have been a study as well before his untimely death as since. As an individual his impulses were kindly, generous and noble, charitable and considerate in his judgements of men, sensitive too and tender in his feelings as a woman; himself and all that he had was ready always to spend in behalf of his friends or in the discharge of a duty to his State. How pleasant and how genial too he was in his intercourse with us all you cannot fail to remember. As an editor he was wise, prudent; sagacious far-seeing and endowed in a rare degree with that rare quality known as good judgement. Possessed of literary taste, and culture, his editorials were in manner easy and graceful, blessed with a vigorous mind and one well stored, they were full of force and strength, and with a bosom that knew no fear, he never failed to exhibit the courage of his opinions, and yet always courteously. Indeed in him courage and capacity and courtesy were most happily blended. As a citizen he was ever ready to do his duty whether in peace or in war.

After much study and careful reflection then it is my deliberate opinion that to no one of the many men who were prominent in the era of reconstruction does North Carolina owe more, I will say indeed that to no one does she owe as much as she does to our dead brother, Joseph Adolphus Englehard. In the great fight that lasted from September 1865 until November 1876, he was always to the front and always doing valiant battle in behalf of the State he loved so well. The character of that eleven years struggle, the fierceness and the bitterness of it none know but those who passed through it. Step by step, year after year, Englehard, armed with fixed purpose and with a strong determination to wrest the State from the hand of the oppressor. His rule and his motto was to fight the enemy wherever he could be found. Others might be disposed to temporize if not to fraternize with the enemy, but in Englehard there was never the slightest variability or shadow of turning from the straight narrow way he had marked out as the path of honor for himself and of safety for the State. Whatever taint others might have upon their records, upon his there was neither spot nor blemish. And to him, perhaps, more than to all others, North Carolina owes it that she may boast that she accomplished her redemption from the accursed thralldom that bound her hand and foot without any truckling. Few States there be in this South land of ours that can truly boast as much. It is easy enough to be true and faithful now, when along that path runs the road to place and to pre-eminence, to emolument and to honor. But not so was it during the eventful of which I have spoken. Then

the path to emolument, and to honor so called, was a broad and well beaten one very unlike the rugged one Englehard trod and many there be who went therein. From the beginning of that struggle and through all its varying phases all his strivings were for the good of the State, and of the whole State. To redeem the State from the hand of the oppressor and to unify and consolidate its conflicting interests and antagonistic sections into one grand, happy, harmonious and prosperous community, was the great goal of his ambition from the beginning until the contest culminated in the crowning triumph that gave us the convention of 1875, in which he was especially conspicuous as a bold skillful leader, and thanks to which North Carolinians today rule North Carolina. To him the effort to array one section of the State against another or to stir up one interest in strife against another, seemed but little short of treason. I say then after mature deliberation and recalling the events of that great struggle, and faithfully and impartially, according to all his comrades, to each his full need of merit, that to our dead brother belongs the chief pre-eminence. If the State of North Carolina shall bear his name in appropriate remembrance only so long as her children shall enjoy the fruits of his labors in her behalf, no man could ask higher honor or more lasting fame.

I make no apology gentleman, for thus dwelling upon the virtues of our dead brother. To have said less would have been unjust to him, to you, and to North Carolina.

IRENE'S AUCTION.

"And all must go? Can nothing be saved?" querulously questioned Mrs. Arthur, her hand listlessly folded across her lap, her air brooding utter helplessness, as he looked pitifully toward the beautiful girl who she addressed.

"Nothing, mamma," answered the latter, drawing nearer as she spoke, and kneeling by the other's side, while she laid her fingers tenderly upon her mother's pale cheek—"only each other; but papa's death has taught us how much that is. Don't worry, dearest. I hope the sale will enable us to buy furniture more suitable to the few rooms which for a time must be our future home, until I can secure some pupils and get the little home in the country where you are to live, surrounded by birds and flowers, and forget that the red flag ever waved from our door."

They were brave words, bravely spoken—so bravely as not to betray the effort they cost the speaker. Six months before Irene Arthur reigned a belle in her father's magnificent home, when, like a thunderbolt from a clear summer sky, came her father's failure and death in quick succession, with the lessons experience only teaches, of friends deserting in the hour of need—little by little learning the necessity of standing alone and seeing hope drifting farther and further in the distance, until the present with its absolute emergencies, roused her to action.

The small head, set so regally upon the slight, sloping shoulders, held itself more rigidly still, the red, full curved lips, were pressed more proudly together, as Irene buckled on her armor for the fray. The hardest part was over now. Her mother had been told the worst which could befall them. She must now take her from this spot, hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

A few days search and she was rewarded by finding in a quiet house a suit of rooms which met at once her purse and her requirements, in sad contrast to the elegant luxuriance with which she had been surrounded her life long, but where at least, her mother was saved the sight of the red flag, which seemed to her to be dyed in her heart's blood.

"Is there nothing you would wish to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side the morning of the sale.

She turned languidly toward the stranger, but something in his clear, blue eyes bent upon her witnessed the words held honest meaning.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered unable to disguise wholly the pride these latter days had developed so forcibly—"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"It is for me to beg pardon. I forgot I might not be known to you personally, though I am the auctioneer appointed by the estate. Your father once did me a great kindness, and, though I would not seem intrusive, I should like very much to preserve any article you may desire."

"With many thanks, sir, I desire to receive no favors," she replied coldly, and passed on, to take one fleeting look ere she fled to the place she must now learn to call home, to be haunted all day by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer and the voices of strangers desecrating the halls.

But when, in the dusk of the evening, a cart stopped before the door, and one by one, articles hallowed by association—her father's chair, her own desk, her mother's favorite pictures—were brought in, the feelings so long repressed gave way to a burst of tears.

Who had done this thing? For one moment the honest blue eyes that had met her own that day rose before her. But no such delicacy belonged not to their owner's rank in life. "Nor was it a stranger's work. Some one must have known her well to have selected the few things it had been such bitter warfare to part

with. They were indeed like old friends sent to comfort her, as, in the weary days that followed, her eyes would rest upon them in her bitter struggle for the daily necessities of life for herself—the luxuries which to her mother had become necessities.

Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the owner of the blue eyes. There had been matters connected with the sale which compelled her to meet him, until he grew to her almost as a friend, and at times she would forget the social gulf which separated them—she, the once wealthy banker's daughter; he, a man who had risen from the humblest ranks, but whose soul was that of a nobleman.

The friends she had once known she no longer knew. They rode; she walked, and must stand on the curb to let their carriages drive by.

Earl's cheery voice and pleasant smile her mother also grew to welcome, with the few choice flowers or the early fruit he ever laid so quietly in Mrs. Arthur's hand, growing daily paler and thinner.

But one evening as he sat by Irene's side alone, very calmly, very truly, yet with a certain humbleness, he told her that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

"I cannot bear to see you struggle," he said. "Once, as you well know, I could not have asked you to become my wife, and though I have not forgotten, dear, that I am a man who has only honor and ambition, I yet can take you from this life of toil, can shield you with my breast, can toil for you and yours if you will give me the precious assurance I seek."

"Was the man mad? The pride she had forgotten in these quiet months now surged upward as she turned toward him with pale and sparkling eyes.

"Sir, you insult me!"

"No man insults a woman with his honest love, Miss Arthur," he answered, the pride in hers bearing its reflex on his face. "I loved you—may, love you! My love you spurn. I can never offer it again, Miss Irene; but remember—should you ever need it, it is always yours, ready to do for you, to suffer for you, to die for you!"

"Why does not Earl come?" questioned the invalid. I want to see him—I miss him. Write, Irene, and tell him he must call this evening."

She wrote in obedience. "Mamma asks for you. She knows nothing. If you will drop in occasionally to see her I will be glad."

It cost her pride a struggle to send even this; but was it possible, it also brought a thrill of something like pleasure that she would receive him once more. The weeks had seemed strangely long without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course the thing he asked was impossible; but, ah, how cruelly she had spurned him!

Had he forgotten it? She expected some trace of sorrow on his handsome brow; but when he entered, in obedience to her summons, the frank smile lit up his face as devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke to her only when courtesy required.

Somehow, these weeks seemed to have improved him, too. He had acquired a polish; or was it only indifference, where love had reigned?

"Men early forget," she thought, and with the thought she sighed.

The winter wore to an end, and slowly the invalid grew weaker and more weak. The shock had been greater than her nervous system could bear, and she sank under it day by day, until the exertion of moving from her bed to her couch became too great, when, for the first time the realization burst upon her daughter she was soon to be left desolate indeed.

Earl, during these months, came and went as of old; but sometimes Irene asked herself if his words to her had not been a dream.

Not once did his eyes rest on her with the old look—not once did he hold for a single moment the little fingers within his own and a sense of empty disappointment, none the less bitter because unacknowledged, brought to the proud young eyes many an unshed tear. But the bitter sorrow was in store, as the invalids rest approached more and more near, until the angel of death stopped and gathered her to his breast. Earl was there at the time, and as she lay so quietly on her pillows—they thought her spirit had flown—she suddenly roused and laid her daughter's hand in his.

"Take her!" she said, I give her to you!"

Then the eyes closed forever. "Do not mind it; she meant only as a brother Irene," he said, to comfort days after to the weeping girl, and Irene wondered she could not as such accept it.

So the weary days merged into weeks the weeks into months, and the proud young spirit learned its own bitterness. She saw Earl rarely now—there was no longer the invalid's impatient demand upon his time. Some of the old friends had come forward in this second hour of suffering; but through all she missed him, and the thought that he learned forgetfulness brought her no comfort. She was thinking of him one evening when he entered.

"I am going away Miss Irene," he said, "will you bid me God speed?"

The old pride struggled for mastery against the choking in her slender throat but the words she strove to utter refused to come.

"I have been studying law during these years of hard work, and am now able to wait for the practice that will come. You will think of me sometimes, Irene; and if in trouble remember the words I once said: that I always stand ready to act the part of a friend. Is even this asking too much?" he added, as her silence continued.

Had he, then, forgotten all his words—the love he had said was hers forever—or did its pale ghost lie buried, too? But she must speak; she must not let him know.

"Good-by!" she faltered; then, spite of herself, the words she thought locked in her heart burst from her: "Earl do not go; I cannot bear it!"

"Irene!" where had his icy indifference fled now? his face was pale; his voice trembled in his struggle for calmness.

"What matters it to you?"

"Everything!" she exclaimed, as her pride lay with folded wings at her feet.

"Or if you must go, take me with you?"

"Irene do you know what your words mean—that I can only take you as my wife? My darling is it true?"

But in answer she sprang into his open arms, dimly realizing that the color mantling her cheek was the horror of red flag with which she had announced herself to the highest bidder, but Earl, holding her close to his heart will yield his prize never more.

Gleanings.

Pennsylvania has two lady superintendents of schools.

There are 450 lady dentists in the United States, and three times as many studying dentistry.

A law has been passed in Sweden giving to married women undivided control of their property and earnings.

It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

At an evening party a county girl declined frosted cake because she thought it might give her a cold.

Queen Victoria has \$9,000,000 worth of royal plate in her castle at Windsor but this does not keep her awake at night.

An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused."—Boston Post.

A society has been established in London for the prevention of street accidents and dangerous driving. It is estimated that 16,000 persons were injured by vehicles in the streets of London last year.

NOTHING LEFT.—Magistrate: "You seem to have been drinking, and have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler."

Prisoner (blandly): "Impossible, your Honor. I never leave anything at the bottom of my tumbler."

"Come home, my son," said a parent to one who had been absent from home for some time; "come home, and your mother will kill the fatted calf for you."

"Tell her not to do it, father," replied the offspring, "for I have lived on veal ever since I've been here. Tell her to kill a quarter of a pig instead."

A good colored man once said, in a class meeting: "Brethren, when I was a boy, I took a hatchet and went into de woods. When I found a tree dat was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch dat tree; but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I sooned him down. So when de debil goes after Christians, de don't touch dem dat stand straight and true; but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

LISTENERS TO SCANDAL.—"As no one," says Mrs. Steele, "is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniate must be ranked with the calumniators." She is even worse than they are; for, if it has not been for her, you might never have known the unpleasant things they said of you. This, at any rate, is one of those numerous circumstances in which ignorance is really friends.

USED UP FRIENDSHIP.—We can eat up a friendship as we can eat up everything else, and leave ourselves no crumbs to go on with out of all that large cake that was once ours. If we throw too much on our friends—make too many demands on their sympathy, their patience, their good nature, their allowance, their generosity—we shall end by eating up in a short time the cake of love that would have lasted us to the end.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There were not less than fifty or sixty at table and when the guests were in the height of animated conversation, and just as the cloth was drawn, they were interrupted by a crash. A servant, in removing a cut-glass eporgone, which formed the central ornament of the table, let it fall, and it was dashed into a thousand pieces. An awkward silence fell upon the company, who scarcely knew how to treat the accident, when the host, then the well-known George Payne, relieved their embarrassment by cheerfully exclaiming, "Jam's break as much as you like, but don't make such a confounded noise about it!" And under cover of the laugh thus excited, the fragments were removed, and the talk went on as if nothing had happened. This, it strikes us, was the presence of mind of good-breeding.