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THE GLEANER

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GEORGE CLEMENTS' WIFE.

"Of all things this is the worst? If ever in my life I expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear!"

Good Mrs. Clements pushed her steel-bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clerical old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?"
"This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice. 'Yes; what if he is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kinder o' runs in the family,' pears to me."

But Mrs. Clements would take no notice of the little pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needn't think he's coming here with his fine city bred lady, all airs and graces, and flounces and ruffles.—There's plenty of good girls hereabout that wanted him. Right in the middle of the work, too! To talk of bringing a lady here hog killing time! I do declare I think George is a fool!"

A graceful, demure little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small proudly poised head, covered with short, dusky curls, having a pair of dark blue eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny roselbud of a mouth, and a dimple in each pink cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clements. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her!

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return! and then, when she heard the click of the latch key in the hall flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked,—

"Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day.—Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George! isn't it too bad? And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arms around her neck.
"And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me!"

"Oh, no, no! only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one sided alienation it would be too! They have never seen you.—And when they know you they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!"

The exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his own flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By-the-by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You won't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion it would be five hundred dollars clear gain to us."

"What need we care for money? I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played over the young man's lips; he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the addition to our balance at the banker's would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind little pet. Let's go down to dinner. I hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care very little what the letter contains. I remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me, first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head upon his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city-bred, she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day, My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added: My love to my daughter Marion."

Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me.

"George, dear, I've been thinking about that trip west. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cozy little tete-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest."

"Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clements ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry joyous little laugh.

"This will never do; and now, that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray Heaven it shall be such a coming as shall delight his soul!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to say.—The land knows I need help bad enough; but it appears to me such a slender little midget as you can't earn your salt.—What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me a week, I'm sure you will keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great clouds, that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great wailing shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? or shake up feather-beds good big ones, forty pounders?"

A gleeful little laugh came from Mary's lips.

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can learn."

Mrs. Clements walked out to the hanging open fireplace in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the deacon knows I'd be a good fit while we are killin', if she couldn't do more than to set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her of course, Hannah. You are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a week or so anyhow."

So Mrs. Clements came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow—there's a snowstorm been brewin' these three days, and it's on us now, sure enough. See them ere flakes fine and thick. You may as well take your things up-stairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed the directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clements turned to leave the deacon, and said,—

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such as her don't steal, I can tell that if nothing else."

Directly she came down in a purple print dress and white apron; her hair brushed up from her face in a net; a narrow linen collar fastened with a sailor's loop of blue ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handsily she flitted in and out of the pantry, and then down the cellar. Then after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way, that was perfect bliss to old Mrs. Clements's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread, anyhow, and, I like her turn too."

And the deacon had 'taken a shine' too. One by one the days wore on; the hog-killing was over; long strings of sausages hung in fantastic rings arranged by Mary's deft fingers; sweet hams and shoulders were piled away in true homese-witly manner, and now Mary and Mrs. Clements were sitting in the sunny-dining room, darning, patching and mending.

"I don't know what I'm going to do without you, Mary. I dread to see you pick up your clothes."

A blush of pleasure overspread Mary's face.

"I am so glad you have been suited with my work. Indeed I have tried."

"It ain't the work altogether, though goodness knows, you're the smartest gal I've seen this many a year. As I say, it ain't the work, it's you, Mary—me and the deacon?"

Mary's voice trembled at the kindness of the old lady's voice, but she sewed rapidly on.

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm, she went on; 'but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting us altogether."

"Have you a son? you never mentioned him."

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those crack-headed boarding-school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling-pin and a milk-dan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clem-

ents dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is this wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, too. Mary just turn them enkers around, seems as if they are burning."

Mrs. Clements was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary supposin' you stop with us another month yet anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It ain't the money I care for, Mrs. Clements. I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you."

"Love us! do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all.—But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our son George coming up the lane! Deacon! deacon! Ge-ge is coming!"

With all her mother-love rushing to her heart she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the reproaches, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor innocent little Marion!

Then when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she had returned to her west garret, Mrs. Clements opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin' George, this fine, fancy lady of yours'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now, Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy! Well I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a picture with your net off, and them short, bobbing curls! George, this is Mary Smith, my—"

George came through the door and glanced curiously at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clements now stood in speechless amazement.—Then Marion, all blushing and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took both their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted the powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful, Marion never gave thanks over the supper table.

GEN. GRANT'S RETURN. CHARACTER OF HIS RECEPTION.

A Brilliant Demonstration—A General Outpouring of the People—A Bazing Illumination and Intense Enthusiasm.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—The steamship City of Tokio, from Yokohama, Sept. 3, with Gen. Grant and party on board, arrived last evening. The reception was on a magnificent scale, and the demonstration the largest ever seen in San Francisco.

At 3 25 p. m. the steamer was telegraphed as 39 miles outside "The Heads." At 4 15 p. m. a flotilla of steamers and flares left the city front, and the reception committee, repaired to the tug Millen Griffith, lying in the stream up to the Pacific Mail dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The Griffith stood well out to sea, and several miles outside The Heads met the Tokio coming in. The tug drew alongside and the reception committee, quarantined officer and custom officials, and a number of representative of the press boarded her. No ceremony was observed except the general shaking of hands, and after the committee had announced the object of their visit and informed Gen. Grant of the reception prepared for him, the conversation became general as the City of Tokio continued her course. In the meantime it seemed as though the entire population of the city, men, women and children, had sought positions from which a view of the naval pageant could be obtained. Every eminence commanding the channel was black with assembled thousands. From every flag-staff the city flags were flying, and the shipping along the city front was brilliantly decked with signals, festooned flags and streamers. The impatient crowds that covered the hill tops stood straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Tokio. It was half past five o'clock when a puff of white smoke from seaward from off the earthworks back of and above Fort Point and the booming of a heavy gun announced that the steamer was near at hand. Another and another followed in rapid succession. Fort Point next joined in the cannonade, firing with both casemate and barbette guns, and the battery at Lame Point added its thunders to the voice of welcome.

For some time the position of the approaching ships could not be discerned, but shortly before 6 o'clock the Tokio slowly glided into view, surrounded by the fleet of steamers and tugs, gay with flags and crowded with guests, while the yacht squadron brought up the rear, festooned from deck to truck with brilliant bunting. Cheer after cheer burst from the assembled thousands as the vessels slowly rounded Telegraph Hill; hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the air.

SCENE AT THE LANDING.

The crowds that had assembled on the hills and along the city front now with common impulse began to pour along toward the ferry landing at the foot of Market street, where Gen. Grant was to land. Steamers and yachts made haste to land their passengers, and in a few minutes the vicinity of the terry landing was jammed with people standing for blocks along Market street and the water

front just in front of the landing, the entrance to which were closed and guarded. The space was cleared by the police and marshals, in which hundreds of carriages for the use of the guests were crowded, and outside of that line a line of troops civic organizations, were ranged, while outside constantly increasing surged and pressed the excited and enthusiastic crowd, cheering at intervals and waiting impatiently for the first glimpse of the city's honored guest.

In the meantime Gen. Grant and his party on the Tokio, together with the reception committee, Gen. McDowell and staff, and others had been transferred to the terry steamer Oakland. Considerable delay occurred, during which the crowd outside cheered and shouted themselves hoarse, and it seemed at times as though in their impatience they would break through the lines and invade the dock en masse. Darkness had fallen, and it was twenty minutes past seven when the lights of the ferry boat were seen approaching the ship. She moved slowly into position, the platform was lowered, the band struck up "Home Again," and amid roars of applause from the outside, realized that the critical moment had arrived. General Grant stepped once more upon the shore of this native land.

WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The mayor then delivered a speech of welcome, in which he referred to Gen. Grant's residence in San Francisco many years ago, and in obedience to the desire of all classes of citizens he testified him the freedom of the city and its hospitality.

Gen. Grant responded in a few brief sentences, returning thanks for the welcome extended to him. He was then conducted to a carriage, Mayor Bryant accompanying him. As the carriage containing Gen. Grant appeared cheer after cheer went up, and the crowd pressed forward and swayed from side to side in its efforts to obtain a passing glance of the familiar lineaments of the great captain.

THE PROCESSION

marched up Market street. Bonfires blazed at street corners, illuminations lit up every window, and the glare of roman candles and electric lights made the broad thoroughfare as bright as day, while a continuous archway of flags, banners and festooned draperies marked the entire route of the procession to the Palace Hotel.

The procession was thirty three minutes passing Nevada Block. Kearney's followers participated in the reception apparently as heartily as any other persons. The display by the Chinese of silk and other flags showed that on this occasion, at least, they identified themselves with the American people. Gen. Grant had received no paper bearing a later date than May, hence his anxiety to know the news from his own country. He made few inquiries regarding politics, and is not a candidate for the Presidency.

As soon as notice was received of the approach of the City of Tokio the news was flashed all over the Pacific coast, and dispatches poured into the office of the California Associated Press from interior cities and towns of California and Nevada announcing that the news was received with demonstrations only second to the reception in this city.

THE SCENE AT THE HOTEL.

The scene within the immense court of the Palace Hotel last night, when Gen. Grant arrived, was of surpassing beauty. Electric lights and five hundred gas jets lit up the vast interior with a brilliant glow, and the dense throngs that packed the court and filled the spacious balconies and corridors swayed to and fro in anxious expectancy of the coming guest, whom the packed streets had detained. At 10 o'clock the wide doors were thrown open and a barouche containing Gen. Grant was driven within the building. He instantly alighted, and, crowding his way through the packed mass of human beings, he hurried to his room. As he got out Madame Fabbri and a chorus of five hundred voices opened from one of the balconies with an ode of welcome.

THE CROWD RUN MAD.

The crowd rushed after Gen. Grant when he appeared, leaving the singers for a moment almost without an audience, but being stopped in their mad chase by a force of police, who blocked the way, they returned to the court, being reassured by the announcement that the general would appear on one of the balconies after he had time to take off his overcoat.

GEN. GRANT APPEARS.

After a chorus was rendered Gen. Grant, in response to repeated calls, appeared on the balcony of the fourth floor and bowed to the shouting crowd, immediately retiring. Still the enthusiastic populace thronged the court and refused to leave. Finally Mayor Bryant appeared and announced that as soon as the general finished his dinner he would show himself. In a few minutes Gen. Grant appeared, amid deafening and long continued shouts. Mayor Bryant called the crowd to order, and the general mounting a chair which was passed over the heads of the surrounding crowd, was again greeted with a succession of cheers. When the noise subsided he addressed them as follows:

"Fellow citizens of San Francisco: After twenty five years absence I am glad to meet you and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your city long enough to greet you more fully."

The general then withdrew, amid prolonged and tremendous cheering and the crowd reluctantly scattered.

HOW HE LOOKS.

The general is looking extremely well, and expressed his satisfaction with the experience of his trip and his surprise at the tremendous demonstration which greeted his arrival home. In foreign countries receptions were something like a matter of course; but on leaving the shores of Japan he had left all thoughts of grand receptions behind, and expec-

ted no such greeting at resounding batteries from every point and numerous fleets of heavily-laden vessels now assured him. He especially remarked the good health that had attended him during his trip, and related with evident delight that he got rid of some of his superfluous flesh, as he weighed 186 pounds when he left the United States, and now, pulled down the scales at 159.

THE STAY AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Gen. Grant informed the committee when on the steamer that he was in their hands as far as the reception was concerned, and in regard to his stay on the coast and his future movements he had no programme, and would not decide until he got ashore and had time to examine letters he expected to receive.

Young Ulysses, who accompanied the reception committee, was greeted by his father and mother after his long separation from them with the warmest affection, the general especially keeping his son by his side and talking to him whenever others would allow him the opportunity. When the vessel arrived opposite Oakland wharf, the party bid good bye to their fellow-passengers.

GENERAL GRANT'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

Gen. Grant left the United States on a tour around the world on May 17, 1877, by the steamship Ludana, from Philadelphia for Liverpool, being escorted down the Delaware by officers of the city and national government. He arrived at Liverpool on May 27—the hospitalities of the city being extended to them by the mayor. At Manchester he received the civic courtesy, and on his arrival in London was tendered reception, at which members of the royal family were present. Military and political clubs made him an honorary member, and the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him by Oxford University. The freedom of the city of London was next presented to him, after which banquets, fetes and balls followed, culminating in a dinner given to him by the Queen at Windsor Castle. Gen. Grant then started on a continental tour, visiting Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt and Geneva, after that making short trips in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and again returning to London. In Scotland he was presented with the freedom of five cities two boroughs, and then made a round of English provincial towns, leaving for France on the 24th of October. Banquets were given to him by President MacMahon, the American residents in Paris, and M. Emile de Girardin. Visits were next made to Gibraltar, Algiers, Constantinople and from thence to Athens, Naples, and points in southern Europe. On January 1, 1878, he sailed from Malta for Egypt and the Nile, visiting the Khedive at Cairo; then traveling to Constantinople and from thence to Athens, where he and Mrs. Grant were formally presented to the King and Queen of Greece. A visit was then made to Rome, where the general and his wife and son Jesse were presented to the Pope by Cardinal McClosky. After a trip through Italy Paris was once more visited, next Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, and then Russia. At St. Petersburg the general had an audience with the Emperor Alexander. The rest of the year was spent in a tour of Austria, Spain and Portugal, and a third visit to Paris. The long deferred trip to Ireland followed, but, although the ex-President was enthusiastically greeted at Dublin, Belfast and other points, the reception as a whole was not cordial, and the visit was made as brief as possible. A farewell visit was paid to Paris, and a grand dinner was given at the Palace d'Elisee by President MacMahon. On the 25th of January 1879, Gen. Grant and party embarked at Marseilles for India. Everywhere throughout that country the ex-President was received with the most distinguished and flattering attention and consideration. Siam was next visited, the King bestowing many honors upon the general. China was the next point of travel, a feature of the visit being the presentation of an address relative to the subject of Chinese emigration to the United States. On arriving in Japan, on the third of July, Gen. Grant proceeded direct to Tokio, having an audience with the Emperor on the following day. A series of magnificent entertainments were given in his honor, and he was burdened with unexpected questions in regard to eastern policy, both sides of the Loochoo controversy having been laid before him by Prince King, of China, and the Japanese authorities. On the third of September, after a stay in Japan of two months, Gen. Grant sailed from Yokohama, on the steamer City of Tokio, for San Francisco.

MADE THE WONG SIGN.

(Boston Herald.)

Two beggars are in the habit of standing on the corner of one our busiest streets; one according to the sign on his bosom, deaf and dumb, the other blind with two children, an invalid wife and a paralyzed mother-in-law to support. The other day the deaf and dumb man stood alone on the corner, with a bunch of shoe strings around his neck, eyes tight shut. A gentleman dropped a nickel in the hat, and was greatly surprised to hear the deaf and dumb man ask, "Don't you want your shoe strings?" "How is this, I read that you were deaf and dumb?" said the gentleman. The blind man immediately opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Why great snakes, I've got the wrong sign on."

It is beautiful to behold at the wedding the sorrow-stricken air of the parent as he gives the bride away, when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands.