

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

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## THE GLEANER

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

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Perfect Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.  
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THE GENUINE  
DR. C. McLANE'S  
CELEBRATED  
LIVER PILLS,  
FOR THE CURE OF  
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.

## REWARD ON 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 BIRD, on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bird, of Hillsboro, N. C., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, called differently but same pronunciation.

## North Carolina College

The annual session of this institution begins the first Monday in August, and continues 40 weeks. The course of instruction is thorough, the location is healthy, the community moral; and no law.

## Yarbrough House

RALEIGH, N. C.  
W. W. BLAOKNALL, Proprietor.  
Rates reduced to suit the times.

## HOW SHE MARRIED FOR MONEY

Addie Arlington looked at herself in the mirror, and then turned away with a little smile of happy satisfaction, that rippled over into a joyous laugh as she caught her cousin Ellie's eyes.  
'You are thinking I am vain as a peacock, aren't you, Ellie? Well I do look well, don't I? And I'm awfully glad of it, because cousin mine, it will be all the easier for me to come off victorious in the campaign I have laid out for myself during my three months' visit with you.'

She spoke with a charming frankness that made Miss Nelliston smile back in the lovely, girlish face.  
'Of what may your plans be, Addie? Of course it is a settled question that you shall take New York by storm. You know, of course, also, that your pretty face will secure that happiness to you. But further than that, what, little mischief maker?'

She looked fondly, proudly at Addie, whose dusky eyes were glowing like stars.  
'Oh, only my arrangement for the chief end of woman—marriage? I tell you, Ellie, I am going to make hay while the sunshines—in other words, while I am in New-York, I am going to secure some rich—oh, some awfully rich fellow, who can smother me with diamonds and dresses, and give me all the money I want—enough to buy everything I can think of!'

Miss Nelliston laughed at the girl's honest enthusiasm.  
'You rapacious little cormorant! You certainly have erected a very ambitious standard, but I cannot see who or where the desirable part is. I am quite sure you deserve just what you want, dear; but the question is, can you go get it?'

Addie shrugged her pretty shoulders.  
'Ellie, I shall get it! I know just exactly my own worth. Now don't put me down as a vain, silly creature, because I frankly admit I regard myself good looking, and quite desirable for a wife generally. I am fairly good natured—am I not, Ellie? and I ought to have a good husband, oughtn't I?'

She leaped her soft, fair cheek carelessly on Miss Nelliston's face.  
'Indeed you ought, my darling. And if I could, I would conjure one to order for you. Addie, you are beautiful enough to win the highest and best in the land.'

And she was very beautiful—and all the more so that she was not the least vain of her charms.  
Standing there, beside the dressing mirror, in her evening dress of delicate pink silk, with her fair white arms bared just below the dimpled elbow, the dainty hands cased in creamy kid, the joyous happy face, whose features were so exquisite, whose complexion was so richly warm and satiny in its pale, brunette beauty, whose eyes were so deeply dusk, and lustrous, and eager Addie Arlington was certainly sweet enough, and winsome enough, to fully warrant Miss Nelliston's loving assertion.

'If only there was anybody rich enough in or about New York, unmarried, to satisfy you, childie!'

Addie laughed.  
'I'll tell you a secret, Ellie. I'm going to take my tort by storm, and when you see me the betrothed bride of an English milord, Ellie—'

Miss Nelliston gave a gasp of positive horror at the girl's audacity.  
'Addie Arlington, you don't mean you actually have designs on the illustrious guest that the Van Rensselaers are expecting—the English nobleman, all New York is on the qui vive about him!'

The girl's silvery laugh accompanied a very defiantly positive shake of her silken skirts, as if that graceful little gesture added incontrovertible emphasis.  
'Exactly, cousin! Ellie. You needn't look so horrified. I'm sure the prospect of having a Lady Grosvenor in the family ought to delight you.'

But Miss Nelliston was too taken aback to appreciate the prospective honor.  
'Addie, how wild you talk! The idea! Why, you never have seen him; you don't know whether he is young or old, a gentleman or a—no, a gentleman. Suppose he is old, and fat, and ugly, and short-legged like papa's British friend Sir William Wigglesworth?'

'A charming estate everybody knows Lord Grosvenor owns, and his rent-roll of a hundred thousand dollars a year, and his wonderful mines in Wales, and his treasures of costly elegance in his town house in Park Lane; and his country houses in Sussex and Cornwall will cure all these defects, Ellie. Come, we'll be late at Jennie Jernyngham's, and you know Jennie always expects me the first of any one.'

'And so does Jennie's brother! I am ready, Addie.'

The music, hidden in a covert of ferns and rose trellises, was playing a lovely fantasia in low, soft delicious chords, and dozens of couples were promenading the suites of rooms, Addie Arlington and Fred Jernyngham among them, and the young gentleman evidently not delightfully interested in the tenor of the young lady's animated conversation.  
'Why, he is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life! Of course, I'll except you, Fred! and the pearly teeth twinkled in a smile for a second. 'But I want to hear his name. I want to know all about him. Fred, is he rich?'

It was impossible for matter-of-fact young Jernyngham to understand whether or not Addie was in earnest.  
'His name is—Melton; and I know nothing whatever about him, except that he is a member of an engineer corps at present in the city. I don't know what there is about him so remarkably handsome.'

He glared at the unconscious target of his and Addie's eyes with a scorn that delighted her.  
'You're not to be supposed to see any masculine attraction beyond your own Freddie. But if he's only an engineer—Hark! that's our waiter.'

And off they glided, a faint flash on Addie's cheeks, as Mr. Melton's handsome blue eyes caught hers and held her gaze a second, despite herself.  
That was the way it began; and a month later, when New York society was stirred to its soul by the deferred advent of Cuthbert Grosvenor, Miss Nelliston wondered why it was that Addie's enthusiasm had so completely died out.

'You're a mystery to me, Addie,' she said, as they drove home from the crush at Mrs. Van Rensselaer's on the occasion of Lord Grosvenor's complimentary reception.  
And for the first time, Addie's reply was a little sharp:  
'I don't see where the mystery is, I'm sure. Whatever there is about a little, fat, bald-headed old man to admire, I can't see.'

'But he's a lord, all the same, Addie.'  
'No, it is not all the same at all, Ellie! how insufferably hot the rooms were tonight! I had the most wretched headache.'

The next afternoon, a magnificent coach and pair, with the armorial bearings of the house of Silverland—Lord Grosvenor's illustrious family—with coachman and footman, in his lordship's livery of silver and maroon, drew up at Miss Nelliston's door, and the little fat, puffy old gentleman descended, to pay his compliments to the prettiest girl of the night before—the only girl who had at all interested him—Addie Arlington.

After that—well, Ellie hardly knew Addie, so variable and capricious she grew: now in the wildest spirits, again dejected and petulant; until one day there came, by one of the liveried servants, a written proposal of marriage, on a saffron sheet of paper, bearing a crest and monogram in silver and usuron, and signed in a little crabbed spidery hand, "Grosvenor"—a letter that offered her, in a very gentlemanly unenthusiastic way, all the grand good things, that had been her sole aim in life to possess and enjoy.

While by mail, not ten minutes later, had come another letter, that made the girl's heart thrill, and all her pulse stir, as she read the passionate prayer for herself to be given to the man who loved her—Philip Melton, with his handsome face and his salary as an engineer!

For several hours, Ellie wondered what Addie was doing, so long alone in her room and then, by-and-by, she came softly down stairs, a sweet flush on her face, a tender pride in her eyes a thrill of perfect contentment in her voice.  
'Ellie, dear, I want to tell you. I have refused Lord Grosvenor offers of marriage, and accepted Philip.'

And without a question, Ellie put her arm about the slight form and kissed her.  
'You have done right,' she said simply and gravely.  
'If you will permit me, might I ask why you decline my offer?' Lord Grosvenor said, and hour later when her gentle refusal having reached him by messenger, he postulated to the house.

And Addie's lips trembled with actual happiness and pride as she answered with a sweetness that was charming:  
'Because, sir, I—loved Mr. Melton best. You won't be angry?'

'Mr. Melton! a fellow on a salary! Pardon me, my lord—a gentleman, rich in nobility, in goodness, and in love for me.'

'Oh, that's it! But about the money? Miss Arlington, there is not a wish in the world that shall remain a moment ungratified, that money can procure, if

you will honor me.'  
'I shall want only what Philip can give me, sir.'  
His kindly eyes twinkled good-naturedly.  
'Then Miss Arlington, am I to consider my answer absolute? you positively decline to become Lady Grosvenor, to live at Silverland Park, to be a leader of London society?'

She smiled sweetly and proudly.  
'I am sure I have decided. I thank you for the great honor you have paid me—I shall be proud of it all my life, but I cannot, because I love Philip Melton more than all the world and what is in it.'

'Addie my true little darling! Addie my little love!'

And Philip Melton stepped out from behind the curtains of the bay-window, and took her in his arms, his handsome face all smiling and proud as he turned to Lord Grosvenor.  
'I told you so, sir! She loves me, and is true and sweet in her loyalty to the man she loves! Addie, perhaps you will not mind so very much that after all, you will be lady Grosvenor some day? For Lord Grosvenor is my father, and I am Philip Melton Silverland, next in succession. Addie, you will not be angry with me for our little ruse? We had heard you were so desperately determined to marry money, and the moment I saw you I knew there was a heart that would conquer ambition—a heart I wanted to conquer on my own merits.'

Addie listened, bewildered, and Lord Grosvenor laughed.  
'Bless your bright eyes, child! you nearly tempted me to be treacherous to Silverland there. But you'll not refuse me for a father-in-law, I hope?'

And, in her almost royal home, Addie is happy as the summer day is long and shining.

## LINCOLN AND DAN RICE.

How the Wind was Taken out of a Vindictive Massachusetts Man.

[St. Louis Republican.]

The veteran showman, Dan Rice, is on a professional tour through Illinois, and a rural Republican editor there, whose loyalty has been touched by some of his ring witticisms, calls him "one of those bitter and aggressive Democrats known in ante-bellum days as "fire-eaters."

Though Dan's politics are of very little consequence to him or him or anybody else it is only fair to say that he claims to be an "Old Line Whig." Whether it was the devotion to the dead party which aroused Mr. Lincoln's sympathies or, what is more likely, he wanted to draw upon the inexhaustible fund of fun for which Dan is so famous, it is certain they were always warm personal friends. And, singularly enough this friendship, which began probably in Lincoln's early days, was continued by him after he became President, and when it might be supposed the pressure of care and responsibility would drive all circus memories out of his mind. Whenever Rice visited Washington with his show during the gloomy years from 1861 to 1865 he was invited to come to the White House after the evening performance, and usually the Presidential carriage was waiting for him, so that he might get there as soon as possible. Lincoln received him in his private office, and, all ceremony being laid aside, the two would exchange stories and jokes, live over bygone times and scenes in which the humorous predominated, and have a mutually refreshing session of it. On one of these occasions, when, as usual, orders had been given to admit nobody, a card was brought up. Lincoln rebuked the servant for the unwelcome interference, and then looking at the card, said: "Well, Dan, there's no help for it; we must let him in. He's a big bug from Massachusetts, and won't do to deny him now that he has sent in his name. But you stay and I'll soon get rid of him." Accordingly in a few minutes a genuine representative of the highest respectability of Boston made his appearance and saluted the President with profound dignity, and announced himself as a committee appointed to present a set of resolutions lately passed at a large Republican meeting in his State. These resolutions, as Lincoln knew, embodied a rather severe criticism of administration policy, at that time too mild for the Massachusetts "stalwarts." Listening attentively to the preliminary remarks of the Boston gentleman, he took the paper, but without making any reply to the contents or the comments, said: "Beg pardon, Mr. —, but before we proceed further, let me introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. Dan Rice." Dan stood up and delivered his best bow, but the committee was struck dumb with amazement and indignation. To be introduced to a circus clown by the President of the United States was too much for him. He grew red in the face, stared first at one and then at the other, and then, at last managing to stammer out a few words of leavetaking departed in haste. As the door closed upon him, Lincoln turned to Rice with a hearty laugh, and said: "Dan wasn't that well done? Didn't it take the wind out of him nicely?" Dan admitted that it was a perfect success, and the interrupted conversation was resumed with renewed zest.

This anecdote—the authenticity of which is unimpeachable—ought to put

Dan Rice's loyalty far beyond all suspicion, and he can afford to defy Republican malice now, henceforth and forever.

## WEALTH OF THE EMPRESS RUSSIA.

A Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes:  
'The ex-Empress of France is said to be one of the richest widows in England. In addition to her Hungarian estate she has a castle in Spain and a nice place in Switzerland. But hard cash is what comes most useful to dethroned sovereigns who hope to return, and of this the Empress has long had abundance. It is estimated in Paris that she is worth at least a million sterling. Only recently she sold a large block of house property in the Rue d'Alba, in Paris, and M. Romber's house, a well known political center at the corner of the Rue de l'Elysee, was hers, in her own right, and was sold last year for £15,000. The death of the Prince adds to her property, since he left to her a considerable amount of landed property in Italy, as well as the Tonigry property, bequeathed to him by the grisly General who had been equerry to the Prince when he toddled about the corridors of the Tuileries nearly three feet high, and weighted with the miniature uniform of a colonel in the Cente Garde. This vast property was no in-emburment to the Empress while she had a son to live and scheme for. It was drained pretty freely by the Bonapartist organs of the press in France. The *Ordre* and the *Paix* were lavishly supported by the Empress, and she also drew handsome checks in favor of the reduction of the *Chalets*. The need for paying these fires was in no way dead. The Empress is not likely to keep newspapers alive to work for her good cousin Jerome; she will not, however, find her riches an embarrassment as long as the priests have ready access to her. A newspaper supplies large outlets for superfluous cash, but I think on the whole the church can hold its own in rivalry of this character, and a good church woman like the Empress will not find occasion to distress herself for means of disposing of the interest, and eventually the capital, of a million sterling.'

## IN THE EYES OF OTHERS.

We never adopt the sentiment of those hackneyed lines of Burns about seeing ourselves as others see us. We crave no such gift. We would hardly risk looking at ourselves with the eyes of our best friends. There are hundreds of weaknesses which our self love obscures which do not escape the optics of our best admirers. As we stand before the mirror, the reflection that meets our eyes is that of not a very uncomely person. We cannot see that our nose is decidedly pug or unduly large, that our mouth has not a sweet expression, or that our eyes are certainly not pretty. We enjoy the reflection that we are not so ill favored as Snubbs or Snodkins, and that despite some irregularities of feature we are decidedly presentable. Alas! how would this agreeable delusion be dispelled, could we for a moment borrow the eyes of Miss Sibbs, whose quizzing stare we interpret into one of admiration. So, too, when we have dispensed a patronizing shake of the hand upon a circle we flatter ourselves that our boaring wine, and almost compels their favor. But how humbled would we be could we see that this smile of approval is but assumed and they really regard us with contempt. Sometimes, indeed, others think of us more favorably than we think of ourselves. But this is not often. As a rule, we were wiser to accept the seeming than to seek to know the real truth.

## ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

Cabbage grew wild in Siberia; buckwheat originated in Siberia; celery originated in Germany; the potato is a native of Peru; the onion originated in Egypt; tobacco is a native of South America; millet was first discovered in India; the nettle is a native of Europe; the citron is a native of Asia; oats originated in North Africa; rye came originally from Siberia; parsley was first discovered in Sardinia; the parsnip is a native of Arabia; the sunflower was brought from Peru; spinach was first cultivated in Arabia; the pear and apple are from Europe; the quince came from the island of Cete; the radish is a native of China and Japan; the pear is supposed to be of Egyptian origin; the horse radish came from the South of Europe.

## DON'T SEE.

One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighborhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities and hinder the legislation of nations. We who fret is never the one who mend, who heal, who repair evil; more, he discourages, enfosbles, and too, often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, the misery of it becomes to deed insupportable.

Senator Hoar says "God will take care of the negro. Why, then, the Republican anxiety? Let the negro alone in freedom, as all other races should be in this country, and don't attempt to hurry God in his work. The negro will in time find his true level."—*Boston Globe Dem.*

## Gleanings

William H. Vanderbilt employs 27,706 men.

Chickens sell at Quincy, Florida, at four cents each.

If you sweep your own doorsteps clean you will have little time to criticize those of your neighbor.

New York has contributed \$4,830 to the Memphis sufferers. This is exclusive of Jay Gould's munificent gift of \$10,000.

Queen Victoria's journeys from England to Scotland cost \$10,000, on account of the excessive precautions taken that no accident may befall her.

The largest sum ever paid for a horse in England was \$72,000, given for Doncaster by the Duke of Westminster.

Mrs. Sprague and her daughters are said to be at Edgwood, near Washington City. As is the home bequeathed her by her father, the late Chief Justice Chase.

It is estimated that \$1,000 is wasted every month in Bridgeport, Conn., in the purchase of lottery tickets, mainly by mill operatives.

Grant's trip lasted precisely two years four months and three days. He left Philadelphia on the 17th of May, 1877, and arrived in San Francisco the 20th of September, 1879.—*Wash. Post.*

'Prisoner, how old are you?' 'Twenty two, your honor.' 'Twenty two? your papers make out that you were born twenty three years ago.' 'So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time.'

The mother of Gen. Grant lives with her daughter, Mrs. Corbin, in Jersey city, N. J. It is announced that he will pay her a visit, and already a committee of Republicans are arranging to give him a dinner and reception.

The Post office Department is preparing the proposals for carrying the mails in Ohio, Indiana, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee, which will be published in November, and the opening will be in February next. The mail service under these proposals will about double, as on all routes where the service now is weekly it will be semi-weekly, all semi-weekly service will be increased to tri-weekly, and all service to country towns and court-houses will have daily service.

There is no more royal road to good habits than to learning. Step by step, and with painful effort, we conquer here we subdue there; we mould ourselves bit by bit, and hour by hour, till time comes in to help us with our work, and habit reacts on itself by crystallizing and consolidating, so that custom becomes necessity and action automatic. Then we may say that we have formed good habits, and we may be so far satisfied with life.

Kinston correspondent of *Tarboro Southern*: There is a colored woman here who was raised as a boy; does not recollect when she began male clothing; still dresses and acts like a man; does a man's work and bears a man's name. She has an aversion to being with women, or doing their kind of work, and says she would go to the penitentiary before she would wear a bonnet. She is a mother, but not at all motherly, and her child calls her papa.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—Act well your part. Don't be selfish. Remember that it is by imparting happiness to others, and making ourselves useful, that we receive happiness. Stand by this truth, live it out, and always keep doing something useful for the common good; doing it well and acting sincerely. Endeavor to keep your heart in the attitude of cherishing good will to all, thinking and speaking ill of no one, and always with a kind word for everybody. Selfishness is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The men who do no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh, a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub. Let all your influence be exerted for the purpose of doing all you can for the common good and individual welfare of everyone.—*Exchange.*

In 1873 a Swiss colony settled on Cumberland mountain, in Tennessee. This colony consisted of 115 families, about 700 people, and they purchased 10,000 acres of mountain land at \$1.00 per acre. Now after six years, each head of a family has a comfortable home, an orchard and garden with a profusion of mountain flowers. There is a large store that is managed for the colony, members for which get goods at wholesale cost; the colony has its own school, church, &c., and their own candidate govern. The colonists already have dairies and cheese factories in successful operation, and their products find ready sale at fancy prices. They have splendid herds of cattle, and their barns are built as carefully as their houses. There is also a colony of Swiss near Greenville, South Carolina, about as large as the Tennessee colony, and it is progressing finely.