

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

VOL 5

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 22 1879

NO. 33

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rate of Subscription: Postage Paid
One Year \$1.50
Six Months \$1.00
Three Months \$0.50
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LOVE'S STRATEGEM.

A True Story of Revolutionary Days.

The eventful year of 1778 was drawing to a close when Colonel Campbell of the British army, landed near Savannah, and fell successively on the Americans under General Howe of North Carolina. Howe's troops were in no condition to face the enemy; an unsuccessful campaign in the Florida had enfeebled his men by disease, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," he returned up the river.

Of course, the then capital of Georgia fell into the hands of the enemy, who abused his triumph, and consigned his name to an unenviable fame.

There was a strong Tory element in Savannah which had been kept in check by the presence of the Continentals, but when the British marched into the city, it rose and asserted its strength. Houses were plundered, and a number of patriots bayoneted in the streets. Neighbors rose against neighbors, and Tories led a plundering soldiery to the homes of the patriots.

The Holly family that dwelt in Savannah at the time of its capture and sack consisted of three persons—the mother and two children. The father, a man of wealth and influence in Georgia, had died during the year that preceded the outbreak of the war, and the home of his family was one of the finest residences in the city.

Miriam Holly, the oldest child, was a beautiful girl of nineteen, while her brother was five years her junior. If the father had lived, he might have proven a Tory, for he was devotedly attached to the mother country, and when the king's troops took possession of the capital, Colonel Campbell commanded that the Holly's home should not be ransacked.

Thus the house escaped pillage, and Miriam hastened to thank the soldier for his kindness.

Colonel Campbell was struck by the girl's grace and remarkable loveliness, and detained her at his headquarters until he had learned her family history by many adroit questions.

"There goes the handsomest girl in Georgia," cried Campbell, as the girl left the house.

His companion, who happened to be his chief of staff, looked at Miriam and remarked:

"I quite agree with the Colonel. These American rebels are all beautiful."

Campbell was silent for a moment. "We will not occupy this building after to-morrow," he said suddenly. "I am going to take up my abode beneath the same roof that shelters Miriam Holly."

"Love at first sight, Colonel," said the chief of staff, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Is Lady Bonn so soon forgotten, my dear Colonel?"

"Lady Bonn be hanged!" cried Campbell. "A soldier loves when and whom he pleases, and besides Major, one is not obliged to marry these American girls because he loves them."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly, and was not resumed.

On the following day Colonel Campbell made Miriam Holly's home his headquarters.

The girl grew deathly pale when she learned of the sudden change, and said in a whisper to her mother:

"This is a terrible event. He is not fit to depart yet, nor will he be for a week to come."

"Miriam, I have been thinking that it might be policy for us to give him up to the army," replied Mrs. Holly.

"Give him up now?" cried the girl. "Give him up and bear every Tory in Savannah cry for his blood? No! Unless discovered he shall remain where he is until he is able to escape!"

Miriam Holly spoke with much firmness, and tears stood in the mother's eyes when she opened her arms and received the daughter in her embrace.

"Forgive me, Miriam! she cried. "We must keep our secret from Colonel Campbell. He must not know who lies to-day beneath our roof."

So Miriam hastened from her mother's presence, and by touching a concealed spring in the wall of an unfinished room, revealed a narrow stairway. She at once mounted the steps and entered a very small apartment into which light streamed from a sky window.

The room was tenanted. On a low cot lay a man in his twenties. His dark hair contrasted vividly with the deathly pallor of his face, and the suit of faded Continental uniform, with a sword, that hung against the wall over the bed, told that he was an American soldier. A boy of 15 who sat on the edge of the bed was reading aloud, but in a cautious tone, when the door opened to admit Miriam. The invalid's face lit up with a smile

when the fair girl came forward and took his fevered hand.

Then she told him about Colonel Campbell's change of quarters, and he listened without a question.

"Well," he said at last, "what are we going to do?"

"We are going to remain here till we get strong enough to leave the city," answered Miriam, with a smile, and even while she spoke a faint noise below told her that the British Colonel was moving into his new quarters.

The Continental was a captain in Howe's little army. He had served the Colonies with a zeal surpassed by none who rallied round the cause of freedom; but disease had seized upon him in Florida, and he returned with the troops to Georgia to find an asylum in Miriam Holly's home, and to be nursed by her through the long hours of his fever. The attending physician was a man who knew how to keep a secret, and as his sympathies were with the patriot cause, he gave Miriam many valuable hints that looked to the hidden soldier's health and future safety.

Colonel Campbell, bent on the conquest of the fair girl's heart, tried to make himself agreeable to the inmates of the mansion. Miriam took good care not to show him that his absence would be more desirable than his company, and the widow treated him with a courtesy that kept him aloof from suspicion for several days.

It was believed by the Tories of Savannah that a number of Continentals remained secreted in the city. Indeed, several had been discovered since its capture, and at the time of the commandant's change of quarters an active search for such persons was going on.

"Is this house haunted, miss Miriam?" asked the Colonel one morning at the breakfast table.

The girl started at the abrupt question, and wondered if she turned pale.

"Haunted?" she echoed with an effort. "The ghost must be rats. Have you been visited by sheeted beings?"

"No, but after I retired last night I heard a noise like the sound of distant voices. It seemed directly overhead, and I called my chief of staff. Who sleeps over my apartment, if you will permit so bold a question?"

"My brother answered Miriam quickly. I was with him until a late hour last night."

"And the night before?"

"Yes."

"Then I heard the sound of your voice, no doubt," said Campbell, glancing at the chief of staff, whose eyes during the conversation had been fastened on the girl's face.

Major Guilford had noticed every change of countenance, and when the train had retired from the breakfast table, he grasped his superior's arm.

"What do you say now, Colonel?" he cried in triumph.

"I don't know what it is. I—I watched her like a hawk, and I tell you the girl is dissembling. There is a rebel soldier in this house!"

Colonel Campbell looked at his major, but did not speak.

"I never did believe that she was a Tory, continued Guilford. 'She is one of the roughest rebels in Savannah. Why Colonel, so long as the Continental remains beneath this roof, you cannot succeed with her. He stands between you and Miriam Holly, so you see the line of your policy is clearly before you.'

The British colonel started.

"I did not think of that!" he said. Major we will solve the mystery of the sounds we heard last night."

"With me it is solved already," was the chief of staff's reply.

From that hour Miriam Holly was watched.

Her absence from the lower rooms was noted, and the colonel knew when she was not in her boudoir.

As the days waned the hidden Continental improved, and at last he rose and donned his faded uniform.

"Tomorrow night, if it be dark and stormy," Miriam said to him, while she polished his sword in the mellow light of the lamp. "I have the doctor's assistance, and the horse will not fail you. You know whether to ride, and before long this sword which Howe has missed will flash once more before the enemy."

Miriam Holly fancied that she was about to outwit the king's men. The Continental was ready for flight, and there were true friends who promised to help him beyond the city.

It was with delight that the girl bailed the great drops of rain that pattered on the window when the darkness of the chosen night fell over their city like a pall. The thunder rolled about the house and now and then flashes of lightning revealed glimpses of the carnival of

rain.

In the hidden room stood Captain Tempest, the shadow of his former self, but strong in the desire for liberty. He waited for Miriam, who came at last and showed him the rain drops on her dress.

"The elements are assisting us," she said joyfully. "The doctor is waiting like a hero under the elm, and he has the password."

"Good! Are they asleep?"

"They retired two hours ago," said Miriam, I am satisfied the coast is clear."

Then the soldier picked up his sword with a pride that caused his eyes to flash and Miriam was smiling upon him, when a voice made both start and hold their breath.

A step on the stair!

The two exchanged startled glances and the girl turned to the door, which opened suddenly and revealed the form of Colonel Campbell. Over his shoulders flashed the chief of the staff's triumphant eyes.

This unexpected event threw the lovers off their guard, and as the British officers leaped into the room with swords half drawn, the highest in rank exclaimed:

"A rebel's nest! So, so! Surrender at once or I will rob the rebel troops of one sneaking officer!"

His last words were addressed to the Continental captain, whose answer was kept back by Miriam Holly's action.

Shrinking from the British officers, she reached the bed whereupon a pistol lay and a moment later she held it tightly gripped in her hand!

"Gentlemen, it may be the king's cause that will lose in this game," she said, addressing Colonel Campbell. "You will sheathe your sword and obey me!"

Campbell and his chief of staff exchanged glances.

At Miriam's command they stepped from before the door, and she looked at her lover.

"You know the way," she said. "These soldiers will not pursue in such a storm. I will be responsible for their safety, for they wouldn't have a bullet hole in their uniforms for the world. Go Miriam, and let every blow that you deliver be a blow for freedom!"

"He said 'good bye' as he stepped to the door, he had the disinclined officers good-night in a sarcastic tone that made them wince, and then passed down the stair."

The officers' forced confinement was irksome to them, and the minutes passed slowly away. By and by, Miriam Holly laid the pistol on the bed, and told the story of her lover's sickness. Campbell and his chief of staff listened with delight to her voice, forgetting that they were prisoners no longer.

When they at last went down the narrow stair, Miriam's eyes followed them, and her good-night, so full of triumph, made Campbell grate his teeth.

"She's beaten me!" he said to his brother officer. "It's lost the prize. We'll go back to the old quarters."

Captain Tempest escaped, and returned to Savannah at the head of a regiment when the British flag was lowered to a delivered nation.

Then he claimed a bride and brought her to Carolina, and every body was made acquainted with the story of the hidden Continental.

REMOUSE.

"Bring me a dictionary," said John Randolph, of Roanoke, on his deathbed. They brought him a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—the edition of 1876, full of diagrams of pleasing and improving animals. "Find me the word 'remorse,'" continued the dying statesman, and, after a prolonged and heated discussion as to the proper way of spelling the word, it was found by the combined efforts of the weeping family. Randolph placed his long and slender forefinger on the word, spelled it aloud, and then remarking, "Well, I never should have believed that it was spelled with an 'e,'" turned his face to the wall, and a few weeks later expired. We not only learn from this anecdote that such a word as remorse exists, but it is also adapted to impress us with the fact that the word should be spelled correctly. Remorse is not exclusively the punishment of bad men. Good men, who may have meant well made mistakes, and frequently suffer the sharpest pangs of this painful mental exercise. There is probably no better, more kindly, and more unselfish young man living than Mr. Stiles, of Los Angeles, Cal., but at this moment he is a prey to remorse to such an extent that life is a burden to him, and he would gladly flee away to the uttermost parts of the earth had he only money enough to buy a through ticket.

The choir of the Los Angeles church contains two young ladies of remarkable beauty, who, nevertheless, are inseparable friends. Miss Mary sings soprano and Miss Julia contralto, and their voices constitute the chief attractions of the choir. On Sunday in the early part of September they fell into conversation at the close of the service upon some theme of unusual interest. After conversing earnestly while adjusting their bonnets, Miss Mary said, "Sit right down, Julia, dear, and tell me everything," she said. Accordingly the two friends sat down, and became so much interested that they forgot that the sexton was in the habit

of locking up the church immediately after service, and taking the key with him to his residence, three miles away.

When they finally rose and got up to go, and descended to the door, they found it fastened, and were brought face to face with the alarming possibility that they might be compelled to spend the rest of the day and the night in confinement.

The lower windows were about twelve feet from the ground, and the young ladies did not dare to jump out. They therefore stationed themselves at the window to wait for possible help, and in the course of half an hour were rewarded by the accidental appearance of Mr. Stiles. That good young man was greatly astonished at beholding the fair prisoners, and immediately began to devise means for releasing them. To procure the key was out of the question, for he himself had just seen the sexton ride away with the intention of attending a dog fight at a camp fifteen miles from Los Angeles.

He proposed to the young ladies that they should jump, relying upon his promise to catch them, but they declined, fearing that they would rather die. He then suggested that they should let themselves down by their hands from the window ledges, so that their feet would just touch his shoulders, when he could easily help them to the ground. They refused to consider this proposition, and told him that if he could do nothing better than to stand there and insult them he might go and leave them to their fate. Stimulated by this remark, he suddenly hit upon a happy thought. Running to a neighboring pile of lumber, he procured a long wide, unplaited board, one end of which he placed on the ground, while the other end reached to the window sill. Down this board, which was inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, he urged the prisoners to slide, assuring them that they could not fail to reach the ground in safety. It was finally agreed, after many whispered consultations between the two young ladies, that they would accept Mr. Stiles' advice, on condition, however, that he should stand with his back to the window and devote all his energies to the study of the clouds. Prolonged preparations were then made, while the double object of preserving silk skirts from contact with the board and shoes from exposure to the direct rays of the sun. These preparations were at last completed, and Miss Mary, seating herself on the inclined plane, shot swiftly to the ground with a short, sharp shriek that filled Mr. Stiles with alarm. Miss Julia followed with equal celerity and a still sharper shriek, and Mr. Stiles turned around to congratulate the girls on their escape and to receive their grateful thanks.

Why those two usually polite and amiable girls told him to "go away, you horrid man, and simultaneously burst into tears, Mr. Stiles could not imagine. Had he not done all that he could for them? and had they not through his means safely reached the ground? He could not understand such ingratitude; but when he looked up to the board and started to carry it to the lumber pile, he dropped it with a remark worthy of an irreverent wit, a remark which brought down his mental vision. As he silently drew out his jack knife and began to dip into the splinters of which his hands were full, he felt that he was little less than a monster in human form. With the best intentions, he had conducted himself in such a way as to earn the just indignation of two beautiful and estimable girls. The worst feature of the case was his inability to make any satisfactory apology. He did for a moment think of presenting each of the girls with an apologetic case of needles, but a little reflection convinced him that it would not do. From that day to this Miss Mary and Miss Julia have refused to recognize him, and the unhappy man, conscious of the impossibility of saying anything to soothe their lacerated feelings, suffers day and night from more remorse than would be sufficient for three tall grown repentant murderers.—N. Y. Times.

On a bed in the post-house a young man was lying stricken with the exact thematic plague that has lingered so long in the city. There was no suffering in concert to make his pangs endurable; he alone of all the city lay in the hospital house with the yellow flag, the hateful symbol of taboo, fluttering out, its message of warning, crying to the winds "Unclean!" "Lifting up the song of the lepers in Judah; but Hebron's physician, walked the earth no longer. Nay, the man's attributes of that day were not earth; there was one that dared the monster in his den and wrestled with him for the prize. Day and night he stood at her post by the loathsome couch, nursing her lover from whom the world had turned shuddering away, still seeing the beautiful through the veil of horror, uncheered by voice, music, or flower, alone with her lover and the monster that claimed him; counting time by the creeping shadows, administering the medicine with a tender hand, disputing with death for his life; the bosom of a virgin opposed to an arm of hell. The crisis passed and the sick man left his couch; the two went their way, the Mexican with the girl who held him back from death's jaws; no trumpet sounded nor drum beat, but as brave a heart beats in the breast of that girl as nerved Miriam or Ney or the heroes of Alamo, and her noble act deserves the world's applause. But she will never get it because she is a poor Mexican girl; besides she does not want it.

Adversity exasperates foods, dejects towards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

Gleanings.

James Gordon Bennett has an income of 3,000 a day.

The Princess of Wales smokes a daily cigarette now and then, it is said and so does the Duchess of Edinburgh.

The right kind of a man will always have his life insured. It gives his wife's second husband a start.

The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the discussions of age result from opinion.

"Six in four you can't," as the shoe maker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

"My pleasure is two-fold," said a heartless young man who was counting two girls at once. Two fooled, he meant.

There is only one woolen mill in the State of Texas, and it netted to its owners \$82,000 last year. It is situated in New Braunfels.

Affections, like spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last, and the heart, which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach the fruit; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is ever eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

The man who lives right, and is right, has more power by his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which when touched, accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

Yellow fever was introduced in Oak Grove, Miss., by a present from John W. Bailey to his betrothed, Miss. Rilla Nanning. The goods came from Memphis, and the young lady was stricken and died, followed by others of her family. Mr. Bailey was also stricken by the disease.

In a circus at Paris, Illinois, an audaciously crazed young lady ran into the ring, embraced the clown, and declared that he must become her husband. The audience said it was the first original joke they had heard in a circus ring for more than twenty-five years.—Norristown Herald.

Truth is always consistent with itself and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and is upon our lips and ready to drop out before we are aware; but falsehood is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one cannot invent a great many more to make it good.

Oliver Logan says: "I saw George Elliot walking in the Ittegg Park the other day. How sad and ill she looks to me! I hear that physicians say she must never produce another novel." One hundred dollars to a pint of peanuts that Olive Logan did not see the person named at the time and place indicated.—Bull. Gazette.

The truest beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise more vividly before us in solitude, and of course haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them set the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression.

Miss Caline goes for the first time to view the sea at Dippa. At her departure from home her sister recommends her to carry back some sea water in a bottle. She goes down to the shore and fills her vial with water. "Better not fill it up like that, missy," said a sailor, "because it being low water now, when the tide rises it'll burst your bottle."

Miss Caline, quite convinced, pours out half the water and departs.

A NIVER OWING.

In Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from the region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

We are informed on the most reliable authority of the following remarkable incident: Last week a little white girl, living with Mrs. Joe Neville, of Walhalla, felt disagreeable buzzing in her ear when Mrs. Neville undertook to relieve it by pouring in a few drops of sweet oil. When this was done a common house-fly made its appearance from the office of the ear, and it was followed by others until sixty-four came out by actual count. Being covered with oil, the flies were assisted out with a feather, but how came they there is the question.