

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

VOL 5 GRAHAM, N C., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 26 1879 NO.38

**THE GLEANER**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
E. S. PARKER  
Graham, N. C.  
Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:  
One Year \$1.50  
Six Months .75  
Three Months .50  
Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices  
No Departure from the Cash System  
Rates of Advertising  
Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.  
1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m.  
1 square \$2.00 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$6.00 \$10.00  
2 3 00 4 50 6 00 10 00 15 00  
Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Established in 1843.

**A WOMAN'S STORY.**  
I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Veile, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.  
Albert Lalor, with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Veile looked on with a proud, self-satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet, imperious tones:  
"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi must be my Albert's wife."  
And my father would nod and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.  
But those happy days slipped by all too rapidly.  
My father died. Albert was finishing his collegiate course. I, in accordance with my father's will, was sent to Paris to be finished under the care of his old and valued friend, Madame Dupont. Four years later I returned to my stepmother.

It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was, my handsome, stately stepmother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico.  
"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly, she added:  
"You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah, a blush, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But come, come, dear; the air is bitterly keen."  
And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.  
Then, with a rare condescension, she led me up stairs to my chamber.  
As we entered the dressing room she glanced at the timepiece and turned to my maid:  
"Take mademoiselle's wraps, Manton," she said quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses;" adding smilingly, as her eyes returned to me, "I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight."  
When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kingly looking man, whom I recognized as my stepbrother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly blue eyes, pearly skin and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.  
I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time it occurred to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only too tenderly.  
"With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his blue eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.  
His greeting was cordial, and evidently pleased his mother,  
"But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.  
And with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to hers.  
"Ah, what a charming blush!" laughed my stepmother, touching my glowing cheek caressingly with her soft, white fingers.  
I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.  
I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new born feeling, to the handsome, smiling face of my brother, and again my heart swelled with jealous pain at sight of its unruffled calm.  
But the next moment Madame Veile claimed my attention.  
"Vi, dearest, my great niece, Peri Holbrook," she smiled.  
I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager half-afrighted gaze of the golden haired girl I could not but admire.  
I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.  
"Ah, how the blood-leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally

graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her, for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.  
But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.  
"Peri is very lovely, irritable, and Albert seems to admire her."  
Madame Veile turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.  
"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arm caressingly about me. "You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart whole, and knows well that it is my wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added with haughty sternness, "he would not dare brave me by loving another." Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son?"  
"Don't rush into jealousy, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl, but Albert gives her only a cousinly affection. Though she is no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealousy. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assured that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."  
Of course, mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Manton.  
But, my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighing impatiently.  
"I can't sleep; I will go down and get a book."  
With the words I crept out into the hall. I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.  
Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps passed a few feet from me, and I was quickly undecieved.  
A voice I well knew murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own."  
And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.  
"Oh, Albert! Albert!" she breathed falteringly. "Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest. And oh, Albert she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of her's to-night, and in a vague terror of the future, I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."  
"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: "You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have us both ground to powder rather than consent to what we—"  
"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was pausing to hear.  
"Then cease to grieve my darling," he whispered. "And now, once more good night."  
And I know he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.  
As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and despair clutching at my heart strings.  
With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face and hands in the tiger skin covering—a pile of soft yielding hassocks.  
"Lost! lost! to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then, starting up, right, I panted with vented breath.  
"But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they?"  
And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.  
"Ah! I will watch? I will watch I muttered later.  
And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.  
I did watch.  
Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened to their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.  
She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.  
"Great Heaven!" she cried, dropping her book and starting at me in alarm. Are you ill, Vi?  
I laughed a harsh laugh.  
Only transferred into a Nemesis, mamma.  
"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"  
I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.  
"Come I said impetuously. Come and I will show you my Hades!"  
She stared at me wonderingly, and half shrunk as my little icy hand clasped hers.  
"Softly, madame? I whispered, as we left her room.  
Directly she was standing at the slightly open door, at which I had so often stood.  
I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift, and angry gusts.  
For a full minute she stood thus. Then dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly lighted room.  
The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet. Peri with a sharp cry of anguish, Albert's first words were given to her:  
"Be brave, my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.  
But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.  
"What means all this?" demanded Madame Veile in awed hushed voice, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.  
"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unfalteringly, as he paced forward and encircled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. It means that for three months Peri has been my wife."  
"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed pleadingly: "Not your wife Albert?"  
"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's white face. We grieved to do it secretly, mother, but—"  
My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.  
"Silence!" she continued in those awfully hushed tones. Ask no forgiveness? Ask no blessing! Peri go! Leave this house, now and forever. Go or stay as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour your blessing is my bitterest curse!"  
"Mother—"  
"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother, in fearful concentrated tones.  
"Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.  
"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert. "Say—"  
"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Veile, her face ghastly as the dead.  
He turned away then.  
"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmured with infinite tenderness to Peri.  
And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.  
Then they paused and looked back at Madame Veile.  
"Farewell mother," they said softly, and Heaven forgive us and you!  
Madame Veile gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.  
Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:  
I am sorry for you, Vi, she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."  
And with firm step and erect form she led me up to my room. There she kissed me good-night, saying calmly as she closed the door:  
"From this moment they are dead to us. Never mention their names again!"  
It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.  
"It is well!" I said as my head touched my pillow.  
The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of the year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her chair now.  
One morning she called me to her. It was on my nineteenth birthday.  
"Vi, she said curvly, it is all Dead Sea fruit."  
I gazed at her, dimly comprehending

her meaning. Then she said:  
"They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me—Miss Lalor, Vi. Shall we have them back, Vi?"  
She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:  
"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now."  
"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Veile.  
And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.  
**THE FUTURE OF MEMPHIS.**  
[Baltimore Sun.]  
The Memphis quarantine has been raised at last by the appearance of frost and ice. Since the disease broke out there have been about fifteen hundred cases, and between four and five hundred deaths there from it. This, however, represents but a small part of the losses suffered by the afflicted community. Thousands of people have been driven from their homes into an expensive exile the costs and inconvenience of which they could ill bear. All business has been suspended for months, and the city cut off from all but telegraphic communication with the world outside. The dreadful scenes in 1878 were repeated in 1879, on a smaller scale, to be sure, for the reason that there were fewer persons to take the disease. The question is: Will the yellow fever return to Memphis in 1880? If it should the proposition to abandon the present site of the city for one which is less thoroughly saturated with the germs of pestilence will probably be considered. One of the best and most energetic business men of Memphis, who is universally respected and trusted by the citizens of the place, said not long ago that he liked Memphis very much as a place of residence and to do business in, that he had had the fever twice and considered himself pretty well acclimated, but if it broke out the next season he meant to depart permanently and take his household goods elsewhere. He did not feel equal to the intense mental strain to which such scenes as he had been witnessing during the fever years exposed him. Doubtless this gentleman's feeling is shared by many more business men of Memphis, and if the city should lose in this way some of its more enterprising citizens would suffer from a greater calamity even than the visits of the fever. These are periodical and intermittent; but the volunteer migration of a town's best citizens is a permanent and fatal loss. Hence it becomes of the utmost importance for the people of Memphis to know in good time—at once, in fact—whether the sanitary measures which are being pursued there, and which were scarcely relaxed during the height of the pestilence, are of such a character and so efficient as to insure the immunity of the city from a return of the plague next year, and until an effective and energetic permanent municipal government shall have been established. The "taxing district" of Memphis notoriously has had no funds to expend in large sanitary operations, nor can much aid be expected from the national board of health. Early in the last spring, however, the energetic citizens and business men of the town took the matter in their own hands and proceeded to act independently of the crippled municipal machine. They appointed carefully selected committees to lay out work and see it well done, to collect funds and disburse them with intelligence and economy. These committees were in the midst of their work last summer when the pestilence broke out. These works include the closing up of several thousands of vaults and their defecation with lime and other disinfectants, with the substitution of earth closets instead of them. They include the improvement of the sources of the drinking water, many of the cisterns being hopelessly foul. Memphis cannot yet afford to construct permanent water works, but has a partial supply of water from Wolf river through private enterprise, which may be extended to general use, though the removal of the vaults and changing of the cisterns may go far to obviate future difficulties. The citizens have also undertaken and expect to complete by next season the cleansing of the filthy bayou which traverses the city, and the removal of the worst of the rotten wooden pavements, with the substitute in their stead of acedemized or sand and gravel roadways. These various improvements have been steadily pushed and will be energetically carried forward during the coming winter and spring, so that it is to be hoped that Memphis may be made secure against another visit of the dreadful plague until time has been gained to permanently insure all the Mississippi towns against the yellow fever.

With Your Address will bring you a post-paid SPECIMEN of the AMERICAN Agriculturist, Equal to 144 Magazine Pages, with 254 ENGRAVINGS and Descriptions of  
**1200 CENTS** FOR POST-AGE.  
GOOD THINGS for Your Own Use, for HOLIDAY, WEDDING, & other PRESENTS, etc., and how to readily obtain them, written by Cash Outlay. Address  
**ORANGE JUDD CO**  
235 Broadway, New York.  
\$1.50 a Year.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
CELEBRATED  
**STOMACH BITTERS**  
Disease like thieves attack the weak. Fortify your organization with the Bitters, and it will resist and battle alike the virus of epidemics and the changes of temperature which disorder the constitutions of the feeble. There is vitality in it. It is a pure vegetable stimulant, a rare alternative and anti-bilious medicine, and has not a harmful element among its many ingredients. For sale by all druggists and respectable Dealers generally.

**Scott & Donnell**  
Graham N C  
Dealers in  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON, STEEL, SAFF, MOLASSES, DRUGS, MEDICINES, STUFF & CO.

**Central Hotel**  
Greensboro, N. C.  
KEYMOUR STEELE, PROPRIETOR  
TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY  
This house is conveniently located in the centre of the city, the rooms are large and well furnished, and the table is supplied with the best the market affords.  
Large Sample Rooms  
Omnibus and Baggage Wagon meet all trains

The Purest and Best Bitters ever made.  
A combination of Hops, Barks, Mandarins, and Dandelion, with all the best and most curing properties of all other Bitters makes the greatest Health Restoring Agent on earth.  
No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so various and perfect are their operations.  
They do not excite the system, and are safe for all ages and conditions of the body.  
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable without intoxicating.  
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel your life. It has saved hundreds.  
\$3.00 will be paid for cases they will not cure or help. Do not suffer nor let your friends suffer, but use Hop Bitters.  
Remember, Hop Bitters is the only drug, drunk or eaten, that is pure and safe. It is the only medicine ever made; the "Laxative Friend and Helper," and no person or family should be without them.  
Get some this day.  
How Cox's Cure is the greatest, safest and best Ask Children.  
One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Ask Druggists.  
D. L. C. is an absolute and irrefutable cure for Gravel, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All kinds of Gravel. Hop Bitters Co., Greensboro, N. C., Sole for Carolina.

**CRIME NORTH AND SOUTH.**  
The Northern papers that are inimical to the South are eternally harping upon the crimes committed in our section. Whilst all who have paid any attention to the matter know that the proportion of crimes is much greater in the North, yet for party purposes hostile journals are constantly referring to the criminal statistics of the South, and are misleading their own readers. We were, therefore, pleased to see that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, had taken the trouble to institute a comparison of the crimes of his own State with those of Massachusetts, where it is boasted American civilization is highest and education is most general. The comparison is by means flattering or pleasing to the "culture and refinement" of a section that effects superiority in all things. Here is the result of Senator Butler's investigations:  
"South Carolina in 1870, with a population of 705,606, had 2343 paupers, supported at an expense of \$324,805; Massachusetts at the same time, with a population about double that of South Carolina had 8036; on June 1, 1870, South Carolina had 732 prisoners; Massachusetts had eight times as many. In the same year Massachusetts had 8 times as many insane persons as South Carolina. The nationalities of the prisoners of both States are thus divided: Of South Carolina's 732 convicts, 130 were native white, 584 colored and 18 of foreign birth, against 1052 native white, 139 colored and 1235 foreign in the 2526 prisoners of Massachusetts."  
It is not contended that there is any mistake in the figures. They show conclusively that education and wealth have not conspired to make the criminal statistics of Massachusetts as low as those of a State where the negroes are in great numbers and furnish nearly all of the criminals. What is true of South Carolina is true of the South generally. We believe that the statistics of crime would show that there are five white criminals throughout the North in proportion to population to one white criminal in the South.—Star.

**Gleanings.**  
One way to let people know you are not going to the poor house is to wear rings outside your gloves.  
A petrified woman has been discovered near Halifax. It is supposed that her husband gave her \$10 without asking to get a new bonnet, and she was petrified with astonishment.  
There's many a girl called a "daisy" before marriage, who, after a few years, looks like a faded old "buttercup." There may not be much poetry about this assertion, but it's the truth.  
An Eastern paper alleged that a youth in Connecticut, engaged to a girl, laconically deserted her with the following note: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."  
A little wife is leaning over her husband's chair and stroking his beard in the most affectionate manner. "Well, well, Julia," says the husband, you are very tender to-night. Heigh ho! I wonder how much it will cost me this time!"  
A lamentable mistake was made by a girl in St. Louis not long since. She married a man under the impression that he was her father's coachman, and he turned out to be a Mexican nobleman. She pronounced him a shining fraud, and wants a divorce.  
After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor on a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first awakes in a scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot, and tells her it is a kiss.  
The late Bishop of Exeter was sitting one day at luncheon with his wife and a lady, when the hostess inquired anxiously of her husband if the nutton was to his liking. "My dear," replied the bishop, with his courteous little bow, "it is like yourself, old and tender."  
Dr. C. M. Vaiden, of Vaiden, Miss., is supporting and paying tuition for seventy-five students in the State University at Oxford. He is a wealthy man, and every year gives thousands of dollars towards the education of the youth of his State.  
You may talk about quality and all that sort of thing, but, until a woman can go a week's journey with no other baggage than a clean handkerchief and a toothbrush, she can never hope to occupy a position upon the same plane with us who are nature's lords of the universe.  
A belated husband, hunting in the dark for a match with which to light the gas, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered innumerable in an instant by his wife suggesting in a sleepy voice that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling around in the dark breaking things.