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Will take pleasure in filling orders, and guarantee satisfaction.
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The next Term (Session 1881 and '82) will open Tuesday, 2d inst., and continue until the last Friday in May. For additional information, apply to
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If you want to buy
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to order, do not fail to
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THE LARGEST RETAIL
CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA

Poetry.

Regret.

If I had known, oh loyal heart,
When heart to heart, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide,
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen, dear, to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting true and sad,
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest, rather, more than glad,
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cool and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how, from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, oh, friend, to go,
I should have stayed my foolish tears
As I dashed each idle sigh and moan
To bid you a last, long Godspeed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
That time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart so constant grown,
And kept it constant ever there,
If I had known.

If I had known that mild death
Should with his finger touch my brow
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of my accustomed path alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you, before God's great white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

—Christian Reid.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S WIFE.

Four bay horses dashed in fine style
Up to the door of the inn, pulling behind
them the gorgeous red stage, which
swayed and reeled and rocked in a
fashion that made the more nervous passengers
wince and shiver.

Hollister threw his reins to the stable
boy and went into the house. He was a
blatant fellow—rather rough looking
in his wolf skin overcoat and broad-
visored cap. Nobody ever doubted the
kindness of heart under the unpolished
exterior, however.

Now, as he tramped through the big
hall on his way to the bar room, he
paused at the sight of a female figure in
a dim corner, with her face dropped
into both hands, and her whole attitude
one of sorrow and despair. The figure
was slender and young, clad in a well-
worn gray suit, and the hands on which
the brown hair was bowed were white
and delicate.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am, are you
in trouble? Can I be of service to you?'

Then the girl looked up, and Hollister
recognized the daughter of a man
who had been at the inn for some weeks
—a man whom the driver had no hesita-
tion in classing as an adventurer and a
blackleg.

He had pitied the girl on that night
when he had first seen her—when he had
brought them out from the city; for she
seemed a lady, with her quiet ways and
her wistful eyes, and not at all fitted for
a life of Bohemianism, such as it was evi-
dent her father was leading her.

She looked up, I say, and meeting the
expression of honest kindness in Frank
Hollister's clear gray eyes, she struggled
a moment for self control and then burst
into tears.

Frank squared his broad shoulders be-
fore her in order to screen her from the
curious gaze of any who might pass
through the hall, and waited in silence.

Presently the girl raised her head once
more, looked at him with tear-stained
eyes and said with quivering lips:

'I am in trouble, sir. Yours are the
first friendly words I have heard to-day.
My father, here a crimson flush died her
fair brow—'my father has left me;
where he has gone I do not know. I am
absolutely alone among strangers, and
our bill here is unpaid.'

For one instant Frank looked at her
doubtfully, and then with a sudden rush
of self-shame and chivalry, his head
went down into his breast-pocket and
drew therefrom a big leather pocket-
book.

The girl made a little indignant
gesture, and looked at him with wide-
opened, haughty eyes.

'Sir! I scarcely expected an insult!'

Whereupon Frank began a hurried and
injudicious repudiation of her insinuation.
He insulted a woman! He who had the
dearest mother and the sweetest little
sister in the world, away off there in the

Eastern states, praying for him!

'Praps I ain't so dainty in my choice
of words as I might be, lady. I'm a
rough fellow at best; but I'm dreadful
soft-hearted where a woman is concern-
ed. If you choose to look on me as a
friend and a strange man—one that never
goes back on his word, you shan't be
disappointed. Now, then, how shall I
serve you?'

The big pocket-book had disappeared,
and the girl's face softened at his rough
gallantry. She extended one little hand
frankly.

'Forgive me, sir; I know that you are
all that you seem. I cannot accept any
pecuniary aid from you or any one. The
landlord has offered me a situation as
table girl. I shall accept it, and in that
way can pay our indebtedness. Thanks
for your kindness. I shall not forget it.'

With a little fitting smile she slipped
past him and went swiftly up the dark
stairs, while the driver proceeded to
the bar-room, where the men were talk-
ing, laughing, smoking, and drinking.

Here Hollister listened to a detailed
account of the disappearance of Colonel
Pressy, interspersed with various com-
ments concerning him and his daughter
Cora.

Pressy was stigmatized as a cheat, a
villain and a sponge—anything and
everything, they called him, but an
honest man. There were some expres-
sions of sympathy for the girl, but it was
easy to see that she was not liked. Miss
Pressy had held herself too far aloof
from every one in the house to win the
approval of this free-and-easy western
community.

One loutish looking fellow, leaning
against the bar, remarked, with a
sneering grin:

'That gal's a mighty stuck-up little
critter—reckon she won't put on any
more airs with me?' and he sent a stream
of tobacco juice in a very skillful manner
straight into the mouth of a spittoon
which occupied the center of the room.

Hollister, who had been a silent listen-
er until now, crossed leisurely to this
extraordinary marksmen, and striking
him a light blow upon the shoulder, said
evenly and distinctly:

'Look here, Jerry, you don't want to
talk any more like that about Miss
Pressy.'

'Goin' to marry her, Frank?'

'I expect to,' replied Frank, coolly, as
he turned to select a cigar from the case.

There were no more insinuations
against Cora Pressy in his hearing. The
daughter of an unknown adventurer, no
matter how thorough a lady she might
seem, and the sweetheart of the jolly,
keen-eyed, strong-armed stage-driver,
were two different persons, and when
the lonely girl entered upon her new
duties the next day, she was surprised
at the kindness and consideration of all
about her.

Frank did not try to weaken the im-
pression which his words had made. He
knew that it would be her surest protec-
tion; and he felt an intense desire to pro-
tect and to help her—she was so delicate
and sorrowful, so absolutely alone, now
that her unnatural parent had deserted her.

Two or three uneventful days went
by, Cora filling her situation with satis-
factory promptness. Every night, on
the arrival of Hollister's stage she was
left to wait upon him in the dining
room.

She felt an instinctive confidence in
this big, bluff, sun-burned fellow. There
was a bond of sympathy growing be-
tween them which she had no desire to
break.

One day, twenty miles down his route,
Frank heard a bit of news which worked
him into a fever of impatience. Never
had the whip curled so sharply over the
flanks of his sturdy horses; never had
he made better time than on that day,
when it seemed to him but a snail's pace.

At last, however, the stage drew up
before the inn whose roof sheltered the
girl who, in a few short days, had grown
inexpressibly dear to the driver.

He held a hurried consultation with
the hostler, which resulted in the latter
agreeing to drive the stage on to its des-
tination for a certain sum of money.

Then Frank went into the long dining
room, and seating himself at one of the
small tables in a secluded corner, he
waited for Cora Pressy.

He flashed to the roots of his crispy
curling brown hair as he smiled at her.
She noticed it, and wondering silently,
thinking, meanwhile, that he was not
half a bad looking fellow, with his broad
brown honest eyes and firm lips.

'Miss Cora,' he said, rather awk-
wardly, 'I would like to have you ride with
me this evening, if you will. I have
something of importance to tell you,' he
added, hurriedly, growing redder than

ever with embarrassment.

Cora looked at him wistfully. Was it
something about her father? But she
dared not put the thought into words—
there were too many about. So she
merely bowed her head in acceptance of
his invitation, and went away.

Half an hour later she was tucked into
a trim little cutter beside him, dashing
along over the white moonlit road, and
waiting anxiously for him to reveal the
matter of importance at which he had
hinted.

But Frank was curiously silent for a
long while. It seemed to Cora that he
would never speak. At last, with a sud-
den effort, he said:

'Miss Cora, you've known me only a
few days, but you've seen enough of me
to know that I am a blunt spoken fellow,
so I hope you won't be upset by what
I'm going to say. I'm not much of a
fine gentleman, but I haven't any very
bad habits and make a fair living, and—
and—well, I want a wife, little gal, and
I love you. If you'll have me, I'll do my
prettiest to make you the happiest woman
in the country.'

Cora smiled up at him, through tear-
filled eyes, and this gave him courage to
slip one arm over the back of the cutter
and draw her closer to his side.

She murmured something about being
almost a stranger to him; but Frank
grew wonderfully bold, pressed with
his lips the lids over the girl's dark eyes,
and quivered:

'Do you love any other man?'

'No,' she answered, honestly enough;
'I believe you are the best man I ever
knew.'

Whereupon Frank kissed her again,
upon the lips this time, and made a sec-
ond proposition, to which at first she
would not listen. But the will and the
energy of her earnest-hearted wooer
carried the day, and the result was a call
upon a justice of the peace; and when
they re-entered the inn that night the
girl was Cora Pressy no longer, but Cora
Hollister, and Frank's face was radiant
and triumphant.

In the dingy waiting-room an excited
crowd was gathered.

Frank endeavored to hurry his wife
past the doorway, but her quick glance
had caught a glimpse of a familiar
figure.

'Father!' she cried, and stepped into
the room.

Yes, there he was, haggard and dis-
sheveled, with blood-shot eyes and sun-
ken face. He might have been a fine-
looking once. There was just the ghost
of a debonair about him still despite his
wretchedness. An officer guarded him
on either side.

'What has he done?' cried Cora, with
pallid lips.

Some one in the crowd answered bru-
tally enough:
'Killed a brother gambler twenty
miles back. They're taking him through
the city.'

Then the poor little bride went into a
dead faint in her husband's arms, and he
carried her up-stairs with his brown
cheek against her white one.

All night he watched beside her while
she went from one deadly swoon into
another. At last in the gray morning
she smiled sadly into her husband's
eyes, and whispered:

'Do not be troubled. I will go away.'

'Not if I can help it,' answered Frank,
with a grim set of his under-lip.

Then all at once he put his face down
on the pillow beside her and began to
cry like a two-year-old baby.

With her slender hand she stroked
the man's big curly head, and talked to
him in a sweet, weary way that went
straight to his warm heart.

'Dear friend,' she said, 'I know how
ungodly you are, but I will not allow
you to make such a sacrifice. You shall
not share my shame.'

'Look here, little woman, I knew all
about this affair yesterday morning;
that's why I was in such a hurry to get
married. I knew they would bring Col-
onel Pressy here, and I knew if I
did not make sure of you then, that I
never should get you. My little darlin',
wife, he went on, kissing her hair, and
eyes, and lips; 'thank God nothing can
separate us—nothing but death.'

And looking into her husband's eyes
Cora knew that there was her safe home
and shelter forevermore.

My reader, would set me down as an
unsatisfactory story teller were I to omit
the sequel.

Colonel Pressy committed suicide a
month later in his prison cell.

Frank took his little wife away to his
eastern home, where she lives a contented
little matron, proud and happy in her
husband's love, and the possession of a
cooling, bright-faced baby.

Off-Hand Talks.

BY SLIM JIM.

To Young Men.

There are more young men this year
than last.

And all of them are a little older, and
most of them about as worthless.

I would be worthless myself if all my
debits were paid.

But I expect to pay them this year any-
how.

As so does every honest man.

But that is always the way.

Men live and grow old and die expect-
ing all the while to do some good deed.

My neighbor Stanley always intended
to put him up a better house.

But he's dead now and the house is not
built.

Every man lives in the future.

Unless he is in jail.

No one thinks upon the fact that the
present moment is all he can call his
own.

And that is gone before he can call it.

But next year he intends to do many
wonderful things.

He will build him a new barn. He
will plant more grain and less cotton.

He will make his own fertilizers. He
will raise his own meat.

He will not go
in debt for provisions. He will not bor-
row from his neighbors. He will join
the church and quit all his bad habits.

He will quit drinking and smoking and
cursing, &c.

But you may set it right down as a fact
that he will not do a single one of these
things.

On the contrary he will be further
from doing them than he is this year, for
the man who puts off the execution of a
good deed is sure, in nine cases out of ten,
never to do it.

There is only one good and safe rule
in these matters, and that is to do them
immediately.

If not sooner.

Sooner if you can; but at all events
don't put them off till the next year.

Young men are worse than old men in
this particular.

And several other particulars.

They are always expecting something
to turn up for their benefit.

They don't propose to turn it up them-
selves.

Not much if any.

It is fatiguing.

And no young gentlemen cares to be
fatigued with work.

He must go to the city and put on airs.

And how he lives when he gets there
is a question which we would like to
have the thousand of idle, lounging and
puffed-up young men of our cities an-
swer.

They wear good clothes, and look as
though they get plenty to eat, 'but they
toil not neither do they spin.'

Boarding-house keepers could probab-
ly take an unpaid call on the eating point.

But there is one amusing fact about
people who don't like to work, and that
is that they go through with more real
hard labor, mental anguish and physical
deprivations to keep from it than steady,
earnest work could ever bring upon them.

Thousands of young men will jump at
an agency for a jewsharp or a barlow
knife or millions of things equally worth-
less, and walk themselves to death trying
to sell them for a small commission.

A city gent who is too proud and lazy
to work will labor diligently all day
around a billiard table or in rolling balls
upon a ten pin alley.

If the keeper of a ten pin alley should
offer a dollar a day for young men to roll
those heavy balls they would soon com-
plain that it was terrible hard work and
very small pay.

It is all important for such fellows to
look up girls who have money; and I
would advise them to seek diligently.

But I would likewise advise the girls to
seek also.

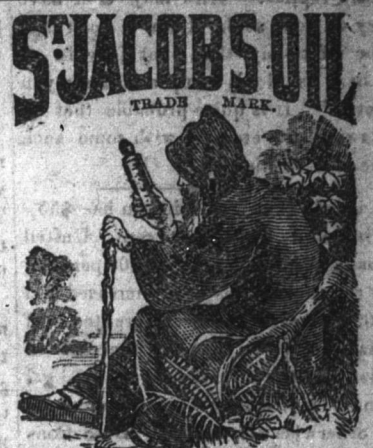
For a broomstick or a rolling-pin to
settle their hash with.

Better be an old maid and turn into a
bottle of vinegar, if need be, than to put
yourself in such hands.

A True Home.

Many of our young house-keepers faint
and fall by the way after a few months
trial, relinquishing their brightest
chances for securing a true home, and
seek release from all responsibility in a
boarding house. And why? For the most
because their mothers have been
cruelly kind and indulgent. They per-
mit their daughters' girlhood to slip by
without accustoming them to any care
or responsibility. They forget that to
make their children useful and helpful in
youth will lay the foundation of more
true happiness and enjoyment than can
be found in a life of indolence and self-
ishness. They forget that there are
home lessons each day that should have
equal thought and attention with those
which are enforced at schools, if they
would fit their daughters for cheerful
home makers. If our girls grow up
with no higher ambition than to pass
through their school education with only
that amount of knowledge which will be
deemed respectable in fashionable circles,
devoting all their time out of school to
street walking and silly gossip, with not
one moment given to domestic duties,
who can wonder that they make un-
reasonable indolent, incompetent house-
keepers? Now and then we find one
whose natural good sense has not been
entirely destroyed or perverted by the
indulgence or carelessness of the mother.

If such a one marries, and truly loves
her husband, she will throw off the fet-
ters and have courage to study the art of
house-keeping until she becomes an ex-
pert in the business. If she would do
this, by quick observation and thorough-
ly systematic management, she will build
up a delightful home, where husband
and children will rise up and call her
blessed.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,

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