

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

GRAHAM, N. C. TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1875.

NO. 18.

## THE GLEANER.

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**PARKER & JOHNSON,**  
Graham, N. C.

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Clubs! Clubs!  
For 6 copies to one P. O. 1 year.....\$10.00  
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1 square	\$ 25	\$ 30	\$ 40	\$ 70	\$120
2 "	20	25	35	60	100
3 "	15	20	30	50	80
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7 column	10	15	20	35	60
8 "	7	10	15	25	40
9 "	5	7	10	18	30
10 "	3	5	7	12	20

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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**J. A. LONG,**

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

YANCEYVILLE, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM,

Associate Counsel,

**G. F. BASON,**

Attorney at Law,

GRAHAM N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELLY,

GRAHAM, N. C.,

Buy and sell

**COTTON, CORN, FLOUR, BACON**  
LARD, AND ALL KINDS OF  
COUNTRY PRODUCE,  
Feb. 16-2m

**GEORGE W. LONG, M. D.,**

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Graham, N. C.,

Tenders his professional services to the public. Office and residence at the "Graham High School" buildings where he may be found, night or day, ready to attend all calls, unless professionally engaged.  
Feb 9-ly

**P. R. HARDEN,**

Graham, N. C.

DEALER IN

**Dry-Goods Groceries,**

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Staff

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

Rubbers, Tobacco, Cigars, Seeds, Teas,

KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,

Earthen ware, Glassware, Coffees, Spices

Grain, Flour, Farming Implements.

Feb 16-ly

**HOUSTON & CAUSEY,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**GROCCERS,**

GREENSBORO, N. C.,

Have now in store, and are daily receiving, a large stock of GROCERIES, which they will sell to village and Country Merchants on better terms than they can buy elsewhere—which will enable them to sell at a better per cent, than purchasing North.  
We give our attention exclusively to Groceries. Orders solicited, which shall have prompt attention.  
apr 27-3m

ALL PERSONS

Having claims against the County of Alamance are requested to present them to the Register of Deeds before the first Monday in May, 1875.

By order of the Board of Commissioners  
T. G. McLEAN, Clerk.  
Feb 9-3m

**THOMAS & CORBETT,**

(at the McCray Old Stand.)

ALAMANCE COUNTY, N. C.,

General Dealers in

**DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES,**

**HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.**

Hardware, Tinware, Leather,

DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE-STUFFS,

Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c.,

which they will sell as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

TERMS CASH OR BARTER.

### POETRY.

#### I LOVE, YOU LOVE.

Old Jones, the village pedagogue,  
The grammar lesson called one day.  
Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen,  
Began the well-known words to say:  
'First person, I love,' first she said,  
Sly Tom, beside her whispered, 'Me?'

'Second person, you love,' Bess went on,  
'Aye, that I do,' said Tom, '—love thee!'  
'Third person, he loves,' still said Bess.  
Tom whispers to her, 'who is he?'

'Oh, Tom,' said Bess, pleading low,  
'Do hold your tongue, and let me be.'  
'No whispering,' called the master loud,  
And frowned upon the forward youth.  
'First person, we love,' Bess said.  
'By George,' said Tom, 'why that's the truth!'

The lesson o'er at last, poor Bess,  
With cheeks all crimson, took her seat,  
While Tom, sly fellow, tried in vain  
The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet.  
And when the recess hour had come,  
Tom begged a walk with coaxing tone,  
And 'neath the trees Bess said again  
The lesson o'er—for him alone.

RESTING THE OLD MAN'S LOVE  
Mrs. Clark had been reading the  
Beecher-Tilton scandal until her faith  
in man had dwindled down to a very  
fine point; she had a poor opinion of  
them.

She had noticed that her hitherto  
loving spouse had, for the last two weeks,  
been low-spirited and down-hearted.

She thought that perhaps he, too, had  
been led from the paths of virtue by the  
deluding voice of some bewitching  
siren, and that his love for her was growing  
cold. But how to find out if such  
was the case, Josephus did not show  
any signs of producing a statement, or  
of confessing his guilt to a mutual  
friend.

Her brow corrugated, and her hands  
clenched as she brooded over her  
imaginary wrongs, and she determined  
to put the fidelity of her husband to the  
test.

But how to do it, that was the  
question.

'Aha! I have it,' said she, triumphantly,  
'I'll drown myself, that is figuratively.'

Clarke was a farmer in good  
circumstances and being several years  
younger than his wife, and good looking,  
it kept her in a state of perpetual  
worried and jealousy. Mrs. Clarke  
proceeded to put her plan into execution.

Just behind the house was a very  
deep well, that had not been used for  
some time, and it was covered over  
with boards to prevent the cattle from  
falling into it.

She removed the covering from the  
well, and placing her bonnet and shawl  
upon its brink, she crawled in under a  
large gooseberry bush to await developments.

The weather was cold and she was  
nearly frozen before she saw her  
husband and hired man coming from the  
barn where they had been working.

'Mercy on us, Mr. Clarke! Your  
wife has thrown herself in the well!'  
he shouted frantically.

Mrs. Clarke expected that her  
husband would tear his hair and rush to  
the edge of the well, and after calling  
her all the endearing names he could  
think of, descend into its watery depth,  
in eager search of her cold, damp  
corpse.

But Clarke did not do anything of the  
kind. He calmly took a fresh chew of  
tobacco, and then approaching the well,  
looked quietly into it.

'I guess the old girl has suicided,'  
said he, without any emotion worth  
speaking of. 'Jake you sling them  
boards back again: I wouldn't have  
that brindle heifer to get in there for  
fifty dollars, and after dinner we'll  
hustle the old woman out.'

'Hain't I better get some of the  
neighbors here first?' asked the frightened  
man.

'After dinner will do Jake. 'Business  
before pleasure' is my motto, and I'm  
awful hungry.'

Jake covered up the well, and the  
men went into the house, leaving the  
old lady howling with rage.

'I'll old girl him! I'll suicide him!—  
Takes more pains over that pesky heifer  
than he does with me. I'll—I'll—'

Words failed her; they were inadequate  
to express her feelings.

After dinner Clarke sent the hired  
man after some of the neighbors, and  
while waiting his return he seated him  
self upon a log, in plain sight of his  
loving wife, and whistled Old Hundred  
all through without missing a stroke.

The neighbors arrived and were full  
of sympathy for the bereaved husband;  
and Josephus bore his honors meekly.  
Various plans were canvassed for  
raising the body, but, owing to the  
great depth of the well, they could not  
decide upon the right one.

'I tell you the best way, friends,'  
said Clarke, pathetically. 'She is gone,  
and will never come back to this world  
of woe and trouble; so I think we had  
better let the body remain where it is,  
and fill up the well. It will save a  
power of trouble and bother.'

This proposition was agreed to by the  
neighbors as being feasible, and the  
work of filling it up commenced. Josephus  
throwing in all the large stones and  
blocks of wood that he could lay his  
hands on.

'There,' said he, 'I guess that will do,  
after they had thrown a couple of cart-  
loads of miscellaneous rubbish into the  
well. 'Jake can fill up the rest, odd  
spells and rainy days. We'll have the  
funeral sermon preached as soon as I  
get done hauling wood.'

Near by the side of Josephus stood a  
woman of about thirty summers, or  
winters, and she had been regarding  
the solemn scene with a mixture of  
pleasure and sorrow, intermingled; and  
when the rest of the neighbors took  
their departure, she lingered behind to  
comfort the aching heart of the bereaved  
widower.

'It is a great pity to be suddenly cut  
down in the prime of life,' like the flower  
at noontide,' said she, mournfully.

'Yes,' said he, shifting his quid from  
one side of his mouth to the other,' but  
Betty was getting along in years, and  
we must be resigned.'

'Just so Mr. Clarke: resignation is a  
cooling balm, as it were, to fill the void  
in the troubled breast, and I always  
thought that your wife was too old for  
such a smart active man as you.'

'Did you, really?' answered Clarke,  
with sudden interest.

'To be sure. I did; I always took a  
great interest in your welfare.'

Clarke was lost in meditation for  
some time.

'Miss Perkins,' said he, suddenly,  
'can you make good butter?'

'Now, Mr. Clarke, she answered,  
blushing, 'you touch me on a tender  
point, for, if I say it myself, I won't  
turn my back to any woman in the  
country making good butter.'

'Good cook?'

'First-rate.'

'Understand housekeeping?'

'None better.'

'Then, I'll tell you what I have been  
thinking about,' said he, picking up an  
other large stone and throwing it into  
the well. 'Suppose you and I get married.'

'Now, really, Mr. Clarke, you are so  
sudden and take me by surprise; but  
my heart bleeds for you in your bereavement,  
and—and I consent. Take me—  
I am yours.'

The fond couple embraced, taking a  
kiss to ratify the bargain.

Mrs. Clarke, under the gooseberry  
bush, was boiling with rage, but she  
restrained herself for a few moments.

'I say said Clarke, after they had re-  
gained their composure, 'won't Betty's  
clothes fit you?'

'Of course they will, and it will be a  
great saving.'

'And I will take that new cloak of  
hers and make me an overcoat—a long  
one, like the city folks wear,' said  
Clarke.

'Oh! yes dear creature!' replied she.  
'Sweet angel of my soul!' said he.

Just then something lit upon Clarke's  
back, and he did not know at first  
whether it was a wild cat, a streak of  
lightning, or the devil, but he found out  
directly.

His charmer cast one glance at the  
apparition, and scooted.

Clarke has just got around again. He  
says it was the worst case of inflamma-  
tory sickness he ever had.

But he is the meekest husband to be  
found, and the well is filled up.—Wild  
Oats.

'God defend the Right' is the motto  
Alabama Spencer had stamped into his  
writing paper just before hiring a few  
fellows to swear to lies about the ku-  
klux, in order to give Attorney-General  
Williams a pretext for sending troops  
into the State for use in electing the  
aforesaid Spencer to the Senate. Spencer  
is a very pious man.

### SCHOOL FOR HOES AND HAR- ROWS.

There are now in the United States  
thirty-eight agricultural colleges. They  
are doing much for the science of farm-  
ing. May all prosperity attend them!  
We think, however, that men seldom  
get to be practical farmers through such  
institutions. The students there have  
so delicate a time that they will not feel  
much like going out into the teeth of  
the northeast wind to sow winter grain,  
or drag logs through the snow with the  
thermometer five degrees below zero.

We think that the most successful farm-  
ers are those who in boyhood rise at  
early daybreak, milk the cows and  
drive them out to pasture, eat a chunk  
of salt pork, and get off to the fields  
before city people have come to their last  
morning dream. Many of the best farm-  
ers in the best farming region of the  
world never heard of an agricultural  
college.

The practical part of the science  
of agriculture must be dug up by two  
brawny hands out of the middle of a  
cornfield. Those make the successful  
farmers who come in the regular line of  
succession. Their father tilled the soil,  
and their father and their great-grand  
father, who went from the plough to  
Lexington and back again from Lexing-  
ton to the plough. Many a man puts  
down his gilt-edged book on phosphates  
and subsoiling, puts on his gloves, takes  
a jack-knife, and goes out to trim his  
grape-vines, trimming them in the  
wrong place, and is under the delusion  
that he is a farmer. That does very  
well if you have inherited or first made  
your fortune, and have an income of  
twelve thousand dollars a year, and you  
can afford to lose six thousand of it  
annually in experimenting with cows  
and chicken and unheards of rotation  
of crops. But if we wanted our boy to  
come out an agricultural success we  
would put him when very young in the  
furrow and tell him to go ahead till he  
comes to the hay-stack then turn round  
the hay-stack and go back to the fur-  
row.

By all means, through agricultural  
colleges, keep up the science of farming;  
but let none suppose that you can keep  
your soft hands and untanned cheek  
fastidious tastes, and yet to be a suc-  
cessful tiller of the soil. You must  
learn to rough it—Christian at Work.

FRENCH ECONOMY.

A French family can live well, on  
less than would be considered sufficient  
to save from starvation an American  
family of the same numbers. An intel-  
ligent Bostonian who had spent some  
years in France, said to me last summer  
in speaking of the economical habits  
and skill in cookery of the French  
people, that a French village of a thousand  
inhabitants could be supported luxuri-  
ously on the waste of one of our large  
hotels. The remark was not far from  
the truth. If the art of cookery were  
understood and practiced in the United  
States as it is in France, if our people  
knew as well how to make most of their  
provisions as the French do, the cost of  
living, as far as food is regarded, in  
most of the States would be reduced  
more than fifty per cent. Domestic  
economy, as a rule, is neither practiced  
nor understood by Americans as it is in  
France. It may not be too much to say  
that the entire population of France  
could be supported on food which is  
literally wasted in the United States.

The number of people who live beyond  
their income is less, and the number of  
those whose incomes exceed their ex-  
penditures is greater in France in pro-  
portion to population, than in any other  
country.

A new dictionary is badly needed for  
definitions as well as spelling. Antiquated  
parents no longer understand  
what is said by their own smart lads.

A juvenile conversation in Benton,  
Kentucky, is thus reported to the Small  
Talker: Johnny—'I'm a marble-front,  
beautifully engraved clothes-pin.' Bill  
—'I'm a gilt-edged musketo.' Josh  
(who reads advertisements)—'I'm a  
Hudson river white-wire-clothes-line  
kind of a chap.' Aleck—'I'm a Beecher-  
Tilton engagement ring.' Archy  
(who is ugly)—'I'm a third-term dem-  
johne.'

As a vehicle, containing a lady and  
gentleman, was proceeding along the  
road near Blacklaws, in Scotland, the  
other day, a spark from the gentleman's  
pipe fell among straw on the bottom of  
the machine. It was soon in a blaze,  
and the lady was severely burned about  
the legs, while her dress was destroyed  
ere the fire was subdued. The vehicle  
was charred, and with difficulty the  
horse, which became restive, was saved.

### THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS.

The Army and Navy Gazette has a  
manly and generous article, inspired by  
the action of the "The Grand Army of  
the Republic," in extending to all sol-  
diers who fought on either side in the  
late war an invitation to be present at  
its reunion in Chicago. The Gazette  
says: "This act is the burying of old  
hatreds, the fastening of new bonds of  
the amending of old and broken ties, the  
full and hearty inauguration of a com-  
mon country." The following extract  
expresses the sentiments of the men on  
either side, who bore the brunt of the  
war:

"Brave men, after a good hard fight,  
respect each other. They find that fight-  
ing is a poor business after all, and it is  
very difficult to get them at each other  
a second time. But the cowards who  
sneaked to the rear: the critics who  
smile serenely at ease, like the Roman  
nobles above the circus full of dust and  
blood, these by taunting one side or the  
other, seek to breed fresh strife; and by  
persistent appeals to the baser passions  
that slumber in every man, to stifle the  
nobler sentiments of pity and generos-  
ity. From henceforth for another gen-  
eration, the true policy of Americans,  
North and South, is to leave all the dis-  
agreeable things unsaid, and to dwell  
only on the better points of their ad-  
versaries. There is enough nobility on  
both sides to render reciprocity certain.

"We are now in the midst of the  
centennials of a successful rebellion, and  
that fact should make us hesitate before  
we lightly cast above abusive epithets,  
such as 'rebel' and 'traitor.' We are  
proud of our 'patriotism,' and the word  
abounds, especially in country newspa-  
pers. The 'rebels' of 1775 are 'tra-  
itors.' However disagreeable the admis-  
sion to our pride, facts will not be gain-  
said, and it is better for us Americans  
frankly to acknowledge this, than to  
have it flung in our teeth by disinter-  
ested foreigners, pointing a sarcasm."

The burglars of Wilmington are be-  
coming even more daring. One of them  
a few nights since entered the residence  
of Mr. H. Marens, on Second street and  
went into his daughter's room. Once  
inside, he put out the light, lowered  
the curtain on the window, and un-  
locked the door. When the young lady  
awoke he had her by the hand, on  
which there was a beautiful amethyst  
ring, and which he was probably trying  
to remove. She boldly seized him  
by the collar of his coat, with both  
hands, and called for her father. The  
man struggled to free himself, and finally  
succeeded, just in time to free him-  
self, and to make good his escape from  
the second story of the piazza as the  
father appeared upon the scene with a  
pistol in hand. The rascal was fired  
upon as he made the leap for the  
ground. So we learn from the Journal.

Mr. Wilson, while waiting at the  
railway station for a train in Little  
Rock, Ark., the other day, was startled  
by the following conundrum: 'Boss is  
Mr. Grant gwine to run for Presid-  
ent next time?' 'Wel, I can't tell  
you, my friend,' was the reply; 'he  
has not yet informed his friends and  
the country what his intentions are.'

'Well boss,' returned the incorrigible  
darkey, 'if he don't run, will you?'

The Vice-President had't time to an-  
swer, for the train summoned him  
away.—Boston Globe.

Says the Roanoke News: "Before  
last Tarboro Court Hilliard Whitaker,  
one of the murderers of Mr. J. Cohen, at  
Whitakers last Christmas, told one of  
the prisoners in jail that for a considera-  
tion he (Whitaker) would tell him  
(prisoner) where there was an amount  
of money deposited. The prisoner was  
discharged at last term of court and one  
day last week bethought himself of this  
money. So he went to a certain place  
in the woods near Whitakers and sure  
enough did find over one hundred dol-  
lars in greenbacks, which was very  
much defaced and contained stain of  
blood. The money was shown to sev-  
eral parties at Rocky Mount, and though  
it is scarcely possible may be redeemed  
at the U. S. Treasury Department at  
Washington City."

A Kansas City special of the 24th of  
May, says the grasshoppers came into  
the town and covered the sidewalks,  
yards, fences, &c., and the citizens in-  
stead of going to church, have been de-  
stroying them all day by bushels. In  
many places so many have been killed  
that an almost unendurable stench has  
been created, and sanitary measures  
will have to be taken to prevent disease.

One man had a trench dug 800 feet long  
into which he drives them and kills  
millions. Independence, six miles dis-  
tant, is worse off than Kansas City.

### A FRIEND IN HUMAN FORM—HOR- RIBLE MURDER OF A LITTLE GIRL IN CHURCH.

Boston, May 23.—A horrible murder  
was perpetrated in this city this even-  
ing. Mabel H. Young, aged five years,  
who with her widowed mother, resided  
at 50 East Chester park, this afternoon  
in company with an aunt, attended the  
Sunday school anniversary exercises of  
Warren avenue Baptist church.

On coming out of the church, at 3.30  
o'clock the aunt remained in the vesti-  
bule about ten minutes conversing with  
some friends, and on starting home  
missed the child, who a few minutes  
before was at her. At first it was sup-  
posed she had gone back into the  
church, but when she was not found,  
and persons outside declared she had  
not come out, the aunt became alarmed,  
and search was commenced at once.

About 4 o'clock some ladies at an  
open window across the street heard  
faint cries of child apparently, from the  
church tower. There also was great  
commotion among the doves that  
swarmed in and out of the bellry.  
Some young men who joined the search  
started at once to ascend the tower:  
They found the door up from the organ  
loft locked, but on gaining an entrance  
were startled to see fresh blood upon  
the steps leading up to the next landing.  
They also found a strip of board cov-  
ered with blood at one end, and heard  
low mournings from above.

Ascending a long, steep flight of  
stairs, and raising a scuttle which re-  
sisted the strength of a strong man,  
they found the mangled body of the  
child lying near the edge of the scuttle  
as though it had been carried up the  
steps and thrown down there.

From the top of her head, which was  
broken in, blood and brains were slowly  
oozing, while the nose was crushed in,  
and face terribly mangled. She was  
carried to her residence and surgeons at  
once summoned, who pronounced the  
case hopeless, and her death a question  
of but a few hours at the farthest.

Thos. Piper, who has been sexton of  
the church for about a year, was soon  
after arrested, and is now confined at  
the chief's office. He was engaged at  
work about the church, but his suspi-  
cious manner and his denial that he had  
the keys, when the two keys fitting the  
doors to the tower were taken from  
his person points strongly to him as the  
party. He is a dark, heavy-set man,  
about twenty-six years old, and has  
once before been under suspicion of  
murder but was discharged for want of  
sufficient evidence. Scarcely three-  
quarters of an hour elapsed from the  
time the child came out of the vestibule  
of the church until she was found in a  
dying condition. How she was enticed  
away and for what motive has not trans-  
pired.

NEW YORK UNDER DEMOCRATIC  
RULE.—The amount of tax which the  
people of New York are called to pay  
this year is three million five hundred  
thousand dollars less than last year.  
Last year the rate was 7 1/2 mills, real-  
izing an aggregate of \$15,227,000. This  
year the rate is 5 1/2 mills, realizing an  
aggregate of \$12,314,000. It is possi-  
ble that this sum may be further de-  
creased. Governor Tilden has yet to  
scrutinize these appropriation bills, and  
under the new constitutional amend-  
ments he can strike out any single item  
that does not meet his approval. It is  
therefore presumable that further reduc-  
tions will be made.

A trial of skill between two contor-  
tionists—William Gaylord and a Japa-  
nese named Tomey—occurred in St.  
Louis. The wager was \$1,000, and the  
decision was to be based upon "grace,  
skill and difficult work." Tomey stood  
on high and unstable of tubs and slowly  
bent backward until the top of his  
head touched the level of his feet, and  
rose again to an erect posture without  
losing his balance. Gaylord bent his  
body backward in a hoop until his  
feet were caught under his chin, and  
in that posture trotted around on his  
hands. The stake was awarded to Gay-  
lord.

Mr. Schliemann, whose excavations  
on what is supposed to be the site of  
ancient Troy have been so graphically  
described by Mr. Bayard Taylor, has  
been granted leave to continue his in-  
vestigations, and will proceed with his  
work almost immediately.

The statue of St. John the Baptist,  
discovered a few months ago at Pisa,  
and recognized subsequently as a work  
of Michael Angelo, is said now to have  
been executed by that artist in his 21st  
year, and to be the same spoken of by  
Yarsari.