THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1875.

THE GLEANER. PARKER & JOHNSON. Graham, N. C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Grain, Flour, Farming Implements. feb 16-1y

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT ESTABLISHED 1821:

Published weekly in Greensboro, N. C. by Duffy & Albright, at \$2.10 per year in advance—postage included.
It is Democratic-Conservative in politics and labors zealously for the material prosperity of the South generally and North Carolina particularly.

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Have now in store, and are daily receiving, a arge stock of GROCERIES, which they will ell to village and Country Merchants on better erms than they can buy elsewhere—which will mable them to sell at a better per cent, than purchasing North.

We give our attention evel-sites to Green

MA'S OLD BEAU. A STORY OF DEED FORGERY.

BY CARL BRENT. The recent relations concerning deed forgeries, at a criminal trial in Chicago, have reminded me of an incident that occured a few years ago, in the vicinity of St. Louis, which seems to me worth

relating.

Clara and Mary Merwin, sisters and orphans, were in the sitting-room of their pleasant home on the edge of a village near the Missouri. Their mother had been dead for several years; their father had lately died, leaving them an some forty thousand dollars. But they had learned quite recently that the the personal property." property was encumbered to such an extent that they were likely to be deprivcd of it all. This discovery, as may be supposed, filled them with sadness and auxiety, and they were seated in silence, unable to read, to converse, to work, to do anything, but brood over their great misfortune.

While they were thus occupied with sombre thoughts, a buggy drove up in front of the house, and a man alighted, and the buggy drove away.

This man must have been a little on the shady side of fifty, to judge from his grey hairs, although his face was fresh and unwrinkled. He was dressed with remarkable neatness, and his manner indicated briskness as well as precision. In one hand he carried a small valise, and in the other an umbrella, and he stepped quickly to the door and rang the bell. In a few minutes he was ushered into the presence of the young ladies.

"I'm obliged to introduce myself," he said, smiling and bowing in a courtly manner-"Abner Pierce. Here is my card-professional card. You will perceive that I am a lawyer in St. Louis, and presumably a respectable man. Don't be afraid; I am not here to hurt you, but to help you. I have the honor to call myself a friend of your family; that is to say, although it is many years since I have seen any member of said family. I always had the highest possible regard for your now sainted mother, and nothing could please me better than to be of some service to her children."

"We are happy to meet you," murmured Clara.

"Thank you. I happened to hearno matter how-that you were in trou ble, and have come up here in the belief that I can assist you. I hope you will feel that you can trust me. I am actually an honest man, although a lawyer, and I mean well, although I may express myself clumsily."

"I am free to admit," said Clara, 'that we need assistance and advice, and that we have not known to whom to look for it."

"Very well. It is a good thing, no doubt, that I have come. Now, sit down and tell me all about it."

Clara Merwin, who was the elder of he orphans, and the leader in everything, told how she and her sister had taken out letters of administration upon their father's estate, when a man of whom they had never before heard put in an appearance, and presented a mortgage, with bond included, executed by the late Mr. Merwin, upon all his real estate, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. Not content with prohibiting them from attempting to sell anything, he had tied up their money in bank, leaving them absolutely penniless. They had used their credit, but tradesmen were becoming impatient, and some had refused to supply them any further

without pay. "That is a bad case," said Mr. Pierce, You need money, that is the first thing to be attended to. You must let me act as your banker until I get you out of this scrape, and that won't be long, l hope. How much do you owe?"

"More than one thousand dollars," answered Clara.

The old gentleman counted out two hundred dollars from a well filled pocket-book, and handed it to her.

"For your mother's sake," he said, when she refused to receive it, and he forced it upon her in such a way that she could not help taking it .- He then pted the young ladies invitation to make their house his home during his stay, and went into dinner with them-

"Is there any place where I can smoke?" he asked, when they had re-turned to the sitting room.

"You can smoke here," said the impulsive Mary. "Pa always smoked here, and we are used to it."

So he took a merschaum and some puffing away with an air of great contentment.

"I can think better when I smoke," There was no mistake about it. I could al amus

vice in the matter of that mortgage, Miss Merwin?"

"Yes, sir," replied Clara. "Our lawyer said that it was a plain case against us, although it was strange that we had never heard of the mortgage before.

"Very strange. What is the name of the man who holds it?" "Alexander Campbell."

"Hum. A good name, but a bad man, I am afraid. When and where

"He will be here this atternoon," answered Clara. "He proposes, if we will make him a deed of the real estate, estate as they supposed, of the value of to give up the bond and mortgage, leaving our money in bank and the rest of

> "Very liberal. Introduce me to him when he comes, as an old friend of the family, and not as a lawyer."

> Mr. Alexander Campbell called in the course of the afternoon, and was made acquainted with Abner Pierce, at whom he looked suspiciously; but his eyes fell when he met the old gentleman's intent and pierceing gaze. Mr. Pierce glanced but slightly at the deed that was offered for the consideration of the ladies, being occupied in studying the countenance of the man in

whose favor it was drawn.
"I can't decide upon it, just now, he said, at last. "As the friend of these young ladies-standing, as I may say, in loco parentis-I must make a few inquiries concerning the value of this property. Suppose you come up after supper, Mr. Campbell, and suppose you bring that mortgage with you. I have no doubt it is all correct, but I would like to see it."

Mr. Campbell assented to this, and withdrew. Abner Pierce filled his pipe with nervous haste, but also with to-bacco, and Mary brought him a light.

"I know that you have some good news for us," she said. "I can see it in your face."

"Not bad, my child. I hope and trust that it is very good. A good name, but a bad man, I said, and that is true. I think I see my way out of you is safe. But you musn't interfere with me, young ladies, or be surprised at anything I may say or do, or object to it. You must trust me, and let me

work in my own way."

After supper, when Abner Pierce had enjoyed snother comfortable smoke, and had conversed with the girls concerning their mother as he had known her in her youth-a subject upon which he grew very eloquent-Alexander Campbell came in, bringing the deed and the mortgage, both of which he handed to Mr. Pierce for examination.

"I have made inquiries concerning the property," said the old gentleman, "and am satisfied that it is not worth more than the amount of the morrgage, and it would probably bring much if sold at foreclosure. Your offer is a liberal one; but I must first look at the mortgage. This appears to be correct," he continued, when he had examined the instrument. "It is properly acknowledged and the signature is undoubtedly that of Philip Merwin. I suppose the young ladies will have to go to the county seat to execute the

The girls' countenance fell at this sudden surrender on the part of their

champion. "This reminds me, said the old lawyer picking up the mortgage again, of an occurance that fell under my observatoin in Tennessee. Not that the two cases are alike, as the Tenness was undoubtly a fraudulent aflair; but there was a similarity in the circumstances. Don't look so down-hearted. young ladies. What will be must be. and it is useless to cry about what can not be helped. As I was about to say a man died in Tennessee, leaving a funeral of the decased, the attendance widow and one daughter. The widow was remarked of a woman, dressed in was about to administer upon his estate, when a man who was unknown came forward, and presented a mortgage similar to this, and for exectly the same amount. It was examined by lawyers who were familar with the signature of the deceased, and pronounced correct. Although there was some thing strange about the affair, they could find no flaw in the instrument. It was particularly puzzling to one of them, who thought that he had transacted all the law business of the deceased. He got hold of the mort. gage and brought it to me when I was in Nashville. I happened to have in my possession a very powerful magnifying glass that had been presented to me-the most powerful single lens I obacco from his valise, and was soon have ever seen. With this I examined the mortgage, and soon discovered that 'forty' had been raised from 'four.'

he said. "Did you have any legal ad- casily see the marks of chemical crasure, and the difference, in pen and ink, between the 'raised' and the rest of the instrument. How the rascal got into the Register's Office, I don't know; but the record there had been altered in the same manner. He ran away, and it was not considered worth while to follow him. Strange circumstances, wasn't it Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell was fldgiting uneasily in his chair, and made no reply.

"Here is the glass," continued the old gentleman, taking it from his pock et, "and you can see for yourself how if magnifies. Now, as I look at this forty wisible that I saw in my Tennessee mortgage! I think you will be obliged to drop this, Mr. Campbell. My Tennesse man's name was Alexander Bell, and he has added a Camp to it since he came to Missouri.

Campbell, his face red as flame, reached out his hand for the document.

"I believe I will keep this, Mr. Campbell, for fear of accidents .- What do you think you could take it by force? Here is something that shoots five times. Going, are you? Very well; I don't think you will be molested, if you will leave this part of the country and never return to it. It is barely possible that the estate of Philip Merwin may really owe you four thousand dollars. If so, advise you not to try to collect the debt, as such an attempt would land you in the Penitentiary. Good night, Mr. Campbell, and farewell."

"What is it? What does this mean?" asked Clara, as Mr. Pierce, rubbing his hands and smiling, bustled around to fill his pipe. "Are you so dull, my child? Why

the fellow is a swindler, and has been found out. I guessed as much when I first heard of the aflair, and was sure of it when you told me his name. You will soon be able to pay me my \$200, and then we will straighten up matters. Thank you, Mary, you are very kind to

give me a light."
"Do you mean to punish him?" ask.

Mary. We could put this difficulty, and the money I lent him in the penitentiary. but you might loose four thousand dollars by the job. By trying for forty thousand, he has lost the four that may have been justly his due. He will be far from here by morning. I have no doubt, a good riddance to him! Ah! this is comfortable. I know that I feel better

and I hope that you do."

The girls were sure that a great weight had been litted from their minds and hearts. Alexander Campbell, alias Bell, decamped, and Abner Pierce stayed a week with the orphans, during which time he arranged all their affairs satisfactorily, and won their lasting gratitude and love.

"How can we ever thank you for all and chasms that are to be found on the you have for us?" said Clara, when he globe. I was once at the crater of Veabout to leave.

Abner Pierce has visited the orphans frequently since the event above narrated, and they have always had a cordial welcome for "ma's old beau."

A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

The fatal issue of a duel between two persons well known in Italy has for some days past engrossed all conversation in Rome. The son of M. Mancini, a form er minister, and the greatest lawyer in the country, is a captain of Bersagher in garrison at Milan, where he resided with his wife, who as Sigdora Cottonmall, had obtained some success with her poems. Captain Mancini obtained proof of her intimacy with one of his friends, M. Benati de Baylon, a young man of good family. A hostile meeting with pistols was the consequence, and the latter was shot in the breast and died a few days later at the age of 29-As to the wife the husband merely sent her to her family. Subsequently, at the was remarked of a woman, dressed in black, and appearing greatly moved. After the grave had been closed she proceeded to a stone cross, before which she knelt, and drawing from her pocket a bottle of sulphuric acid, swallowed its contents at a draught and fell inanimate. It was the guilty woman's femme-de-chambre, whose discloures had led to the young man's death. Her remorse fed her to attempt suicide, and her recovery is despaired of.

Remarking that a nation of marksmen may be said to be a nation of invincibles, the Chicago Times says:

"In the absence of a standing army we have more need of training the arms; and very first in value in the handling of arms is the equality of marksmanship. The manual of arms, the company and brigged evolutions are more excellen-The manual of arms, the company and brigade evolutions are mere excellencies which can be speedily acquired sufficient exactness for all military purposes. Already has a club been formed in Chicago, and it is quite within the range of the probable that, which is now rifle practice will have become a national content of the probable that the process of the probable that the practice will have become a national content of the probable that the practice will have become a national content of the probable that the WANTED A WIFE

Fellow in Illinois, who has Tray elled all Over the World, is in Need of a Help-Meet--What He Doesn't Want, and What He Wants-A Funny Let-

The following letter, which is now going the rounds of the Western papers, is well worth reading:

LEXINGTON, ILL., June 25. To the Editor of the Chicago Triune: I am a young man on the sweet side of 80. I am rich. I suppose I am worth as much as \$200,000. I have cultivated and harvested my wild oats. I have seen all I desire to see of the world. I have traveled all over the solicitation will at first say they are globe. I have stood awe struck and dumb with astonishment by the Pyramids. I have gazed upon the cold and smileless countenance of the Sphinx, which has stood for years the mute monument of departed glory. I have sailed through the streets of glorious Venice in a gondola, and been woed to love-dreaming slumber on the bosom of the Adriatic by the love-song of Alhambra by moon light, and beheld with ecstacy beauteous Spanish maidens dancing to the music of castingt and lute. Jerusalem I have wept over, and stood within the solemn halls of the Mosque of Omar. The Tomb of Ti has been drenched by my tears. I made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and have quenched my thirst at the well of St. Dustan. I once blew my nose on the top of the Tower of Pisa, and I had the good fortune to ascend in a balloon from the sum mit of Pompey's pillar. I have wondered through the ruins of Herculaneum, and eaten of bread baked seventeen thousand years ago. I swam the Hellespont, and took refuge in the Parthenon during a violent thunder-storm. I have travelled over the Appian Way, and slobbered on the big toe of his have inspected several thousand mummies, and made a journey to Ujiji. I have passed incog, through Teheran and Samarcand, bathed in the black Sea, and danced a jig on top of the Kremlin. I wept three gallons of tears at the grave of Helois and Abelard, and walked through the sewers of Paris. I visited the battle-field of Waterloo and picked up thirty-two bushels of bullets, which I now have in my cabinet of curiosities. I have seen the largest elephant in the world, which is in the Royal stables of the king of Siam. He is 180 feet high, and so broad across the back that forty common elephants might stand on him, with space enough beween to play a game of croquet. I

stupenduous precipices, and awful gulfs saving when a lady fell in: filled with horror I jumped atter her, and miracu lously caught her when she reached the depth of 800 feet, and we were drawn up with ropes. I was once on the top of the highest mountain in the world. I got so high that my watch stopped, and it was imposible for a human being to breathe a minute. I remained over an hour at that giddy height. I am perfectly surfeited with travel and sight_ seeing—yes I am disgusted.

As for the fashionable world, I am sick of that. I have been at all of the fashionable resorts and haunts of pleasure in the world. I have tasted or the

have seen all the natural curiosities in

the world. I have visited the most

waters at Ems. Baden-Baden has seen my sweet countenance. I have been among the elite, the upper ten, the bon ton. I have sat within the luxurious and wanton courts of royalty; and what a mess of stinking humanity it all is-faugh! I can't express my disgust. I have seen all the pfetty wom tably, Princess of Wales and the ex-Empress Engenie, and I am disgusted with pretty women. I am disgusted with travel, with society, with pretty with travel, with society, with pretty women, and with bollow humanityin short I am disgusted with everything and everybody I have ever seen, and now I want to settle down into a quiet, domestic life. To be brief, I want to Here is the sort of woman I don't

want; I don't want a fool. I don't want one that thinks she awful pretty. I don't want one that pretends she don't know the nature of the animal called a hog, and, when she sees one, imagines it is a lion or a tiger, and shrieks, "Oh, deah Jawgee; do shoo that hog off; I'm. so afraid of a hog,,2 and faints away and has to be carried home on a shut-

I want one that is ugly; I want one with a cultivated mind; one that sees life asit is, and has a contempt for smelling-bottles; a hopetul, tender. loving

soul that can eat with a knife and fork, and will not turn up her nose and beans. I want a woman that can visit a slaughtering establishment where they are killing ten thousand hogs a day and contemplate the scene with interest and enthusiasm. I want a woman who can eat seven peas at a sitting without having hysterics.

I should be pleased to open correspondence with any ladies matrimonially inclined on the American continent (excepting residents of the city of Brooklyn; no communications from that city will be noticed); but of course I shall expect that ladies answering this merely in fun.

HENRY VINCENT.

GEN. PICKET.

HOW HE DIED. The Landmark gives the following particulars of his sickness and demise: About two weeks ago Major General George E. Pickett in Nortolk on a tour of inspection to examine, as was his gay gondolicr. I have visited the custom at stated periods, the local office of the Washington Life Insurance Company, and took lodgings at the Atlantic Hotel. The General was accompanied by his family, and his compact, soldierlike figure seemed as firm as when he rode at the head of his famous division. Soon after his arrival he was attacked with what was thought to be an ordinary bilious disorder, and our townsman, Dr. Shepard, was called in. For several days the case presented a favorable aspect; but suddenly bad symptoms appearing, Dr. William Selden was consulted. Soon thereafter it was decided to remove the General to the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul in order that he might have the attention of orgamzed nurses, and there his condition came such that Dr. Beal, his family Sublime Eminence Pope Pius IX. I physician, was telegraphed for, and in response to this message he arrived on

the evening of the 28th.

As the disorder progressed the diagnosis was that the General suffered from an apscess on the liver, and it was from this that the galfant soldier finally died, after a stout resistance to the approaches of the fell destroyer. When it became known that he had been moved to the Hospital the community became alarmed for the first time, and the general anxiety was great and painful up to the last moment. The death of so distinguished a man at any time would have been a distressing extent, but unexpected and sudden as it was the State and the community will be inexpressibly shocked at its announcement.—He realized his danger at an early day, and met his fate with a dignity and composure worthy of his life

and character, THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG. The Norfolk Virginian says of this

celebrated charge:
"But it was the ever-memorable day
of July 3d, 1868, that covered Pickett and Pickett's men with imperisable glory, and linked their name with the no. blest and the saddest history of Confederate achievment .- That day rose bright and smiling on the buoyant hopes of a brave army till then victorious over all opposition and full of confidence in comlt witnessed an assault which, for

desperate daring has rarely been equall ed in the wars of nations, when from the hill which they had occupied, down its decent and up to the enemy's front, full half a mile of open and exposed ground, amid the iron hail of two hundred cannon belching shot and canister and shrapnel, and the leaden rain poured out from the massed infantry that thickly lined the crest of Cemetery Ridge, Pickett, with Kemper and Garnett and Armistead, lead his division a forlorn hope—forty-five hundred menagainst the concentrated strength of the ederal army. No grander sight ever fascinated the gaze of mility men than that of those noble heroes charging in steady and unbroken line of battle, through smoke and fire and death, up that taral hill, to and over the breastworks that lined it, over two lines of guns, over two lines of infantry, up to the very brow of the hill, up to the very verge of victory. But alas! It might not be. Valor had done its utmost; it was not fated that they should win, then and there, another, independence day. Unsurpported broken, disrupted, scattered, the survivors who reached the creat found themselves but the skeleton of the division that but a few minutes before had so proudly marched down the opposite descent: while around them closed countless masses of hostile intantry, and them was concentrated the fire of a dozen batteries; and then commenced the retreat, from which works that lined it, over two lines or