

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 1.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1875.

NO. 28.

## THE GLEANER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**PARKER & JOHNSON,**  
Graham, N. C.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION, Postage Paid:  
One Year.....\$2.00  
Six Months.....\$1.00

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Attorney & Counsellor at Law  
YANCEYVILLE, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM,  
Associate Counsel,  
G. F. BASON,

Attorney at Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**SCOTT & DONNELL,**  
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 9-1y

**P. R. HARDEN,**  
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DEALER IN  
**Dry-Goods Groceries,**  
HARDWARE,  
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuff  
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,  
Rubbers, Tobacco, Cigars, Seams, Tens,  
KEROSENE OIL, CROCKERY,  
Earthen ware, Glassware, Coffees, Spice  
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.  
North Carolinians abroad should not  
be without it.

**FURNITURE.**  
**W. R. FORBIS & BROTHER,**  
(under the Zenbow Hall.)  
GREENSBORO, N. C.,  
keep constantly on hand a complete assortment  
of FURNITURE. Repairing of every  
description, including

**Upholstering**  
neatly done. Their stock consists of  
CHAMBER SETS,  
any in price from \$25.00, to \$500.00;  
Office, Dining-Room, Parlor and Bed-  
room Chairs, Bureaus, Wardrobes,  
Business Desks, Sinks, Crises, Cradles  
and Trundle-beds for the  
little folks. Mattresses and  
Spring Beds of every  
variety and style.  
Hut-racks and any and everything in the  
furniture line. Their stock is the largest and  
most complete ever offered in this portion of  
the State. They defy competition in quality  
or price.  
apr20-3m

**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.  
apr27-3m

### POETRY.

#### THE CADIS JUDGMENT:

A TURKISH TALE.  
BY JOHN G. SAXE.

An honest Slater, by mishap,  
Slid from the giddy seat  
Where he was perched, and from the roof  
Fell headlong in the street.

And as he fell—woe worth the day!  
Down from his seat on high,  
He chanced to strike, with all his weight,  
Upon a passer-by.

"For such a fall, my hurt is small,"  
The grateful Slater said;  
"But, what is this that I have done?  
Alas! the man is dead!"

And soon the stranger's son appeared;  
And when the man confessed  
What he had done, he straightway went  
And ordered his arrest.

Before the Cadis now he stands,  
Of whom the angry son  
Demanded justice, speedily,  
As for a murder done!

"What is thy plea?" the Cadis said;  
"To slay a man, or cause  
That he be slain (without excuse),  
Is death by Turkish law!"

"Allah is great!" the Slater cried;  
"What is to be, will be;  
The thing occurred as you have heard;  
I make no other plea!"

"Allah is great! and law is law!"  
The Cadis made reply;  
"Tis the Slater by his fall,  
Did slay the passer-by;"

"But as there seems no certain proof  
Of criminal intent;  
And that the penalty adjudged  
May suit the strange event;

"The prosecutor—'tis decreed—  
Upon the roof may climb,  
And, falling on the prisoner,  
Shall thus atone his crime."

#### THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

The little coffin is gone, and I am sitting  
here alone, looking sadly back upon  
the mistakes of the two short years that  
end to-day. I have wept until my eyes  
ache and smart, but will shed no more  
tears. Only one poor comfort is mine.  
I tried to do right! I meant none of the  
evil to come that did come.

What was it Edward said when he  
left me?

"I shall put Alice and Fred. away  
where they will have some shadow of a  
mother's care."

Ah, me! It was cruel to say that. I  
am only twenty now, and I have been a  
wife for two years. My noble babe only  
lived four days, and I never consci-  
ously looked upon her face or heard her  
voice. I tried to do my duty by Ed-  
ward's children—Alice, Fred., and wee  
Susie, the golden-haired fairy. Tears  
again! I thought there were none left.  
I was not quite eighteen when Ed-  
ward asked me to be his wife, and he  
was forty, a widower with three child-  
ren, the youngest not three years old. I  
loved him with all my heart, and I loved  
the children too. Some of my friends  
remonstrated with me. Edward was  
not rich, was so much older than I, and  
I was young enough to wait for a better  
offer.

These did not know how I loved Ed-  
ward, how little the difference in age  
seemed to me, save that I could honor  
him more for his wider experience of  
life. Father alone knew how I loved  
him, for my heart has been an open  
book to father since mother left me, a  
tiny babe to his care. He was not rich  
as wealth is counted in these luxuries  
days, but he had more than sufficient for  
his own wants, so he settled an income  
upon me, on my wedding-day.  
I travelled for six weeks with Edward  
and came home in the early fall. Ed-  
ward's mother-in-law had cared for the  
children for nearly three years, but  
when I came to fill her daughter's place  
she resented what she called "an insult  
to dear Alice's memory," and left the  
house.

Little cared I in those early days,  
when all was happiness in the sunlight  
of Edward's love! My firmest resolu-  
tion was to be a model step-mother to  
Edward's children.

I could cry again now, pitying myself,  
when I think what a child I was, so  
young, and the idol of my father from a  
babe; his only one, never crossed or  
thwarted. I had never had sisters or  
brothers to teach me children's ways,  
and never been the close friend of any  
young mother, to learn the mysteries of  
nursery life.

Before I was married the children of  
my promised husband had been often  
brought to see me, and I had gained  
some hold upon their affections, but in  
the six weeks, during which I had wan-  
dered in a rose-colored dream of never-  
ending love and happiness, the little  
ones had been taught to regard a step-  
mother as a combination of gore and  
fiend; a tyrant, who was not only to

abuse them herself, but to turn their  
father's heart from them.

It was night when we reached our  
home, but before I slept unpacked the  
treasures of toys, books, and confection-  
ery we had gathered in our travels for  
the little ones. Only Edward's wish  
kept me from rushing to the nursery to  
waken them all. I wanted to hear their  
cries of delight over the beautiful gifts,  
to feel their warm kisses upon my lips,  
to know they would love me.

In the morning I went to the nursery  
where five year old Alice and little Susie  
slept with a nurse. Fred. in the digni-  
ty of seven years, had a separate room,  
and Edward himself, his arms full of  
presents, went to greet him. My open-  
ing of the door was greeted with a cry  
of fear from Susie, who ran to hide her  
face on her nurse's lap, and by a look of  
baby defiance from Alice, who scooted at  
me, as she braced her feet and stood  
erect before me.

"See," I said putting my dolls and  
toys upon a table, "see what mamma  
has brought her little girls!"

"You ain't mamma!" said Alice.

"O-o-ain't mamma," echoed Susie.

"You nobody but Ettie Henderson,  
if you did marry papa!" said Alice  
again.

"Don't love oo!" said Susie; "do  
away!"

"Who has taught these children to  
hate me?" I cried hotly.

"Indade, ma'm, it's meself don't  
know," said the nurse.

"Oh, oh!" Alice said, "you said she'd  
beat us, now our own mamma was  
gone!"

"Pack up your things and leave," I  
said. Mr. Morford will pay you.  
Go!"

With a howl the woman protested,  
but I was too angry to listen. While she  
was busy about her packing, I coaxed  
Susie to my side by the display of a  
French doll, a marvel of beauty. As I  
explained the contents of the foreign  
damsel's miniature trunk, Alice crept  
nearer and nearer.

"There is another dollie and trunk,"  
I said, "but there is no little girl here  
that loves me."

Bribery won the day. Four little  
arms encircled my neck, and sweet  
voices told me that I was dearly loved.  
Before all the boxes of toys were open-  
ed the breakfast bell rang, and with the  
little girls clinging fast to my hands I  
went down stairs.

Fred, was already in the room with  
swollen eyes and sulky face. He sub-  
mitted to my kiss with a sullen "good-  
morning," and took his place at the table  
with a clouded face.

"Did you like your presents, Fred?"  
I asked, pleasantly.

"Frederick will have no presents un-  
til he has learned to respect you," my  
husband said, sternly.

And poor Fred, burst into stormy  
sobs.

"Go up stairs," his father said.  
And the boy obeyed.

After that, breakfast was a gloomy  
meal; although the little girls talked  
pleasantly of the pretty presents "mam-  
ma" had brought.

When Edward was leaving the house,  
I said:

"Oh, you must send me a new nurse,  
Edward."

"A new nurse! Why, where is Han-  
nah?"

"I discharged Hannah this morn-  
ing."

"Discharged Hannah! Why, she has  
had the care of the children ever since  
their mother died."

"And told Alice and Susie I would  
beat them, and was not their mamma."

Edward turned from the door and  
sat down with a very grave face.

"I had some trouble with Fred," he  
said, "and that accounts for it, though  
their grandmother seems to have first  
taught the children these absurdities."

Ettie, I think you had better keep Han-  
nah, after I speak to her. She under-  
stands all about the children, and it will  
be a great care for you to train a new  
nurse."

So Hannah, tearful and penitent, re-  
mained, and I never regretted it. She  
became fond of me, and was always  
faithful to the children.

With all the traditions of step-moth-  
ers in my mind, with the children al-  
ready prejudiced against me, I entered  
upon the course that entailed life-long  
regret upon me. I can never cease to  
mourn the mistakes of these two years,  
and yet I say again, I meant to do what  
was right.

It seemed to me a paramount duty  
to win the love of the children entrusted  
to my care, and I thought unlimited in-  
dulgence was the road to their hearts.

A child myself in many ways, petted

by Edward much as I had been by my  
father, I had no idea of the importance  
of judicious curbing in the care of child-  
hood.

I spent the whole of my ample income  
upon pretty clothing, toys and pleasures  
for the children, and my time was theirs.

Need I say that under such care they  
became rude, troublesome, disobedient  
and impertinent. To their farther alone  
they were respectful, for he was a stern  
parent, and they were afraid of him.  
He was at home little during their wak-  
ing hours, and they thus felt but little  
of his restraint.

During my illness, when my babe died,  
and I stood upon the verge of the spirit-  
land, the three children were sent to  
their aunt's, and my first interview on  
my recovery told me that again their  
minds had been poisoned. I had lost  
my own baby, and would never love  
them again.

Again the unstrained indulgence was  
my only weapon of defence. I will not  
dwell upon that year. Fred, was strong  
enough to defy me, and an active, for-  
ward boy, utterly beyond my control.

Alice was a saucy child, who knew her  
power over me. But Susie—wee, gold-  
en-haired Susie—was all love and sweet-  
ness. I worshipped her, and I killed her  
her! Oh, Susie, darling, with your  
own mother in heaven, do you know  
how I loved you, how ignorantly I  
harmed you!

It is just four weeks to-day since an  
invitation came for the children to at-  
tend a birthday party at their Aunt  
Ellen's, where little Nell was to cele-  
brate her tenth birthday. I bought a  
new suit for Fred., and dainty Swiss  
muslin for dresses for Alice and Susie.

I had a dressmaker to sew for them,  
and we tucked and ruffled the dainty  
garments, putting finest lace on neck  
and sleeves. Tiny kid slippers, fine  
silk stockings, broad sashes and bright  
hair ribbons were all provided.

On the very day of the party Susie  
wakened with a hoarse cold. Ignorant  
as I was, I knew that the dresses I had  
provided were thin for winter weather,  
and when it came time to dress the child-  
ren I tried to coax her to wear one of  
her pretty silks. Then I realized how  
completely I had lost control of the child.

She screamed with passion, and abso-  
lutely refused to wear anything but the  
dress prepared for her, and I, frightened  
found my persuasions of no avail.

"I'll tell every body at the party how  
you treat Susie," Alice said, "her own  
mamma would never be so cross."

As usual I gave way, and Susie went  
to the party in the dainty white dress,  
with blue ribbons in her golden curls,  
and a broad blue sash around her slender  
waist. The excitement of our little  
quarrel had given her a brilliant color,  
and her great blue eyes shone like stars.

I had never seen her so beautiful.  
But, during the evening, though I had  
wrapped her up well for the night air,  
her hoarseness increased, and I knew  
that Edward's sisters remonstrated with  
him on the gross imprudence of dress-  
ing that child in Swiss muslin with such  
a cold.

We brought her home, and Ed-ward  
spoke to me harshly for the first time.  
Before morning Susie was in the ag-  
onies of lung fever. I watched her with  
love, but I knew nothing of sick-  
ness, and her grandmother came to  
nurse her. Edward came home often  
through the day, for Susie was his dar-  
ling of the children.

All my errors of the past two years  
rose in judgment against me. Every  
day Edward heard of some new enor-  
mity through his mother-in-law, given  
to her by Hannah or the children them-  
selves, and usually ending with the re-  
frain:

"It is a mercy any of them are  
alive."

My husband was told of sweets at im-  
proper hours, of absences from school,  
of neglected studies excused, and all  
my screening of childish faults and fol-  
lies, as if I were a criminal. Sternly  
educated himself, believing firmly in  
"sparing the rod to spoil the child," he  
was appalled at the list of my follies,  
and made no allowance for my youth,  
my ignorance, and my fear of being  
considered a cruel step-mother to his  
children. He was very harsh to me in  
the days when my heart was bitterly  
tormented by Susie's danger.

The child turned to me in her suffer-  
ing, calling me her pretty mamma, and  
nestling in my arms to sleep. I would  
have given my life to save her. I gave  
her all I could—love, tenderness, care—  
but she died. I do not believe her own  
mother would have shed more bitter  
tears over the little coffin than I did, and  
yet I hurried her to her grave. Only

to-day we buried her, and Edward will  
take away his other children, while I  
can only bow to his decision and feel  
that he is justified.

Edward has been in. In the hours I  
have been writing out some of my  
heartache here, he has been thinking  
more tenderly and mercifully of the  
child he put in a woman's place and  
left alone to fill it. He came to take his  
share of the blame, telling me he should  
have guided me, advised and directed  
my well-meant indulgences. We talk-  
ed long and earnestly, and my heart has  
thrown off some of its burden of pain.

Edward loves and trusts me still.

We will send Fred to a good board-  
ing school for a few years, but Alice  
is still to be my care. By the les-  
son of the little grave closed to-day, I  
will strive to be a true mother to her,  
heeding nothing of what the world may  
say of my discipline. I will win her respect  
and love by consulting her own good,  
not by an indiscriminate indulgence or  
fear of her childish threats. She is so  
young yet, I shall not fear the difficul-  
ties that must meet me at first.

Edward will help me, and there is a  
higher help for which I will earnestly  
pray, trusting that God will direct my  
heart and hands to the right course.  
With Heaven's help I will yet be a true  
mother to Edward's children.

#### NOT A MODEL CHRISTIAN.

[Indianapolis News.]

A visitor to a Sunday school pic nic  
near Albany (let us say Troy), found a  
pompous man, who was an ex-sheriff,  
and who seemed to be a sort of "king  
bee" among the people, superintending  
all the arrangements. Large tables  
were spread and loaded with an abun-  
dance of good things. As soon as every  
thing was nearly ready for the feast, a  
number of children "went in," when  
the ex-sheriff howled out: "Hold on,  
you d—d hogs, will you?" Then in a  
milder tone said to one of the mis-  
tresses present: "Brother—will you  
ask a blessing?"

When Father Sawyer, of Maine, had  
reached his hundredth birthday, the  
event was celebrated by a public ser-  
vice which was attended by throngs  
of all ages. After his address and pray-  
er, many children were taken up to  
shake hands with the patriarch and re-  
ceive his blessing. One very little girl  
who was much impressed by the occa-  
sion, at length whispered to her mother,  
"I guess he always minded his mamma."

"Yes, dear; what made you think of  
that?"

"Why, mamma, doesn't God say 'Thy  
days shall be long?'"

Two American ladies are just now  
making a pedestrian trip in the High-  
lands, and enjoying the best of all ways  
of travelling amid mountain scenery.

They are alone, each having their knap-  
sack on back, and each also armed with  
a revolver. The weapons were produc-  
ed for the information of a gentleman,  
who certainly meant them no harm. We  
hope we may not hear that these strong-  
minded ladies have not shot themselves  
or anybody else, by misadventure.—  
Court Journal.

A Milwaukee, belle, attending a theatre  
recently, complained in one of the scenes  
that the light was too dim to show the  
acting properly. "Won't you try this  
glass?" asked her escort, handing her  
his lorgnette. Hastily covering the  
suspicious looking object with a hand-  
kerchief, she placed it to her lips, took  
a long pull, and handed it back in dis-  
gust, saying, "why, there ain't a drop  
in it!"

Andrew Johnson is the seventh mem-  
ber of the forty-fourth Congress to die  
before the regular labors of that body  
have commenced. The vacant chairs  
in the House are those of Mr. Buffin-  
ton, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Hersey,  
of Maine, (two republicans,) and of  
Mr. Allen, of New York, Mr. Head, of  
Tennessee, and Mr. La Dow, of Oregon,  
[three democrats.]

Ocala has developed a monstrosity in  
the shape of a chicken, or chickens, with  
an unknown quantity of heads, a super-  
fluity of wings, enough good legs for  
two healthy chickens, but only one eye  
for the whole thing. The old hen was  
so discouraged she refused to complete  
hatching.

"I think I have seen you before, sir.  
Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes,  
I'm Owen Smith, and Owen Jones, and  
Owen Brown, and Owen everybody."

When a fat man offers to bet you  
three drinks that he weighs over three  
hundred, you don't feel inclined to take  
him up, do you?

#### GETTING RID OF HER DAUGHTER'S BEAU.

[From the Detroit-Free Press.]

She lives down on Baker street, and she  
has a daughter about eighteen years  
old. The old lady retains all her sim-  
plicity and innocence, and she doesn't  
go two cents on style. The other evening  
when a splendid catch called to escort  
the daughter to the opera, the mother  
wouldn't take the hint to keep still.  
While helping her daughter to get ready,  
she asked:

"Mary are you going to wear the  
shoes with one heel off, or the pair with  
holes in 'em?"

Mary didn't seem to hear, and the  
mother inquired:

"Are you going to wear that dollar  
gold chain and that washed locket, or  
will you wear the diamond father  
bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her, and the young  
man blushed, but the old lady went on:

"Are you going to borrow Mrs.  
Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and  
the mother said:

"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you  
know it's the only one you've got, and  
you can't have another until the mor-  
tgage on this place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it  
promised to be a beautiful evening, and  
as she buttoned her glove her mother  
asked:

"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves, ain't  
they? She's been a good neighbor to us,  
and I don't know how you'd manage to  
go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the  
room, when the mother raised her voice  
once more and asked:

"Did you run into Mrs. Jewett's and  
borrow her bracelet and fan? yes, I see  
you did. Well, now, you look real  
stylish, and I hope you'll have a good  
time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale  
moonlight and sighs for the splendid  
young man to come and bear her around  
some more, but he hasn't been seen up  
that way since that night. The old lady,  
too, says that he seemed like a nice  
young man, and she hopes he hasn't been  
killed by the street cars.

A rustic couple newly married march-  
ed into a drug store and called for so-  
da water. The obliging clerk inquired  
what syrup they would have in it  
when the swain, deliberately leaning  
over the counter, replied, "Stranger,  
money is no object to me; put sugar in  
it."

Lady Franklin, wife of Sir John  
Franklin, died in London on the 15th  
inst. She was one of a party that had  
just fitted out an expedition to the Ar-  
ctic regions with the hope of finding some  
traces of the remains of her ill-fated  
husband, and which expedition sailed  
only week before last.

In a recent scandal case in Smith  
county, Kansas, a lady witness declined  
to answer a question, and the attorney  
demanded her reason. "Because, it is  
not fit to tell to decent people." "O,  
well," said the lawyer, "just walk up  
here and whisper to the judge."

A little negro three-year old boy, in  
Tallahassee, died from drinking water  
heavily saturated with potash. A wash-  
er-woman having made a strong solu-  
tion of the deadly stuff. Now we know  
why clothes wear out so fast.