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

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Clubs! Clubs!! No departure from the cash system.

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One inch to constitute a square,

ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Drugs, Paints,

GBASS & CT

We keep constantly on hand a good asenrt-

ERESH DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

different brands of White Lead, a large stock of

WINDOW GLASS;

which we are now selling for less money than they have ever been sold for in this section. We will supply

Village & ountry Merchants a better article than they buy North for the same money. Also we have a large stock of

#### TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS,

together with a full and complete line of

TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES. Come and see us, inspect our stock and satisfy yourself of the truth of what we say. The Se-nior member of the firm has resumed practice and can always be found at the Drug Store when not professionally engaged.

R. W. GLENN & SON.,
In the Benbow House, Greensboro, N. C.

GREAT TASK MADE EASY,

By the use of the

### VICTORIOUS WISNER IMPROVED

Manufactured by JOHN DODDS & CO.,

· Hay Rake,

Dailton, Ohio. This is this only Perfect Self-Operating

RAKE ever offered to the public. Any little girl or boy that can drive a gentle horse, can rake the hay as well as the strongest man. Circulars sent free on application. GEO. A. CURTIS, Agent. Graham, N. C.

SCOTT & DONNELL.

Graham, N. C.; DEALERS IN Dry-Goods. Groceries.

Hardware. INBON, STEEL, SALT, MOLASSE

OILS, DYE-STUFFS, DRUGS, MEDICINES, LARD, Terms Cash of Barter: feb 16-2m

CUTTING AND MAKING

Robert A. Noell, Offers his services as a Tallor, to the publi

GRAHAM. N. C. His work warranted, in fit and finish

LASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL

SCHOOL. JAMES T. CROCKER, Principal.

The sixth session of this school will compence on Monday, 19th day of July, 1875, an online for 20 weeks.
Tuition from \$10.50 to \$20.50 per session.
Hoard can be obtained at reasonable rates.
For further particulars address the Principal Graham, N. C.

\$5 to \$20 free. Address G. STINSON and Co., Portland, Maine.

C. ROBERTSO'N,

# Grave Stones

Contain AND A CONTAINED

MONUMENTS

GREENSBORON. C.

#### HATTIE HYDE

I am Hattie Hyde, an old maid, at least not a young one, and I intend to emain so.

But I came very near getting mar ried last Spring, and I will tell you how it happened.

I am thirty-five, and not absolutely tigly, at least, when I look in the glass, I see reflected there a good fresh complexion sparkling hazel eyes, and an abundance

of brown hair.
I might have married two or three times, only I wasn't really in love.

But when Clarance Raymond came down to spend the vacation with his aunt-Mrs. Richford-I must confess to a little womanly flutter around the in short, just the hero of romance that I had always dreamed about.

"Hattie," said Mrs. Richford-we were quite confidential friends, and called one another Hattie and Pamela and borrowed each other's books, and all sorts of things-" Hattie I think Clarence rather fancies you."

"Do you?" said I, feeling the telltale blushes coming into my face, and my heart began to thump beneath the pretty lace tuckers of Valenciennes and pink ribbon that I had taken to wearing evefy day.

"Lam certain of it," said Mrs. Richford: "and how nice it will be to have you for a cousin."

" Yes." It was very nice to be engaged. He gave me a lovely cameo ring, choicer and more antique than any diamond could have been.

It had been his mother's ring, he said and he repeated the most delicious poetry, and vowed that it expressed the very sentiments of his heart.

And we had wanderings in the cool, fern-scented woods, and I began to wonder whether I should be married in white satin or a dove-colored traveling dress, and pink ribbons in my hat.

One evening, just after Clarance had returned to his unavoidable engagement in the city, old Uncle Elnathan came to visit me.

Uncle Elnathan was one of those persons of whom we are apt to ask, "why were they ever created?"?

He was a venerable old gentleman, with long silver hair, that fell over the collar of his bottle-green coat, and cloth gaiters that irresistibly reminded one of a black pussy cat, and he took snuff and talked through his nose.

"Harriet," said Uncle Eluathan, "is this true?"

"Is what true Uncle?"

"All this fol-de-rol about your being engaged to a man ten years younger than yourself. Harriet! Harriet! I thought you had better sense."

"It's only five years, Uncle," said I, pouting, "and I suppose I have a right to get engaged without sending to you for a permit."

"Harriet, this is not a subject to be flippant about," said Uncle Eluathan.

"Yo may depend upon it, that this young man is a mere fortune hunter. You have property, Harriet, and he has found it out "Uncle ! I cried, starting up, "I will

not listen tamely to such aspersions upon the character of one who .... "Well, my dear, you needn't get ex-

cited," said the intolerable old gentleman, tapping his hand upon the lid of

his silver snuff-box. Harriet, nor yet a sentimental school girl. Let's talk the matter over."

"I decline to discuss it, sir," was my dignified reply. "My mind is made up and no amount of meddling interference

can induce me to alter it." "But aren't you just a little pert towards your old Uncle, Hattie?"

So my Uncle went away, silver hair, snuff-box, pussy gaiters, and all, and sat down to make a memorandum of the things I should require for my wedding outfit. For I had resolved to make an especial journey to London on that business.

Ah, the delight of reveling over counters full of choice, filmy laces, billows of bridal silk, oceans of tulle! it brought the color to my cheeks only to think of

And besides, was it not necessary that Clarence's wife should have all that

I'didn't care for myself so much, but I was determined not to disgrace Clar-

So one radiant September day, when the sky was as blue as blue ribbon, and the very leavens hung motionless in the yellow atmosphere, like ships at anchor or on a sea of gold, I took the early train from C--with a purse full of money, buttoned in an under pocket of taurant, it might be well to examine my polonaise.

I had read all sorts of horrid stories about pickpockets, and didn't mean to part with my bank notes except for value recieved.

I felt a little fluttered at first, and scarcely ventured to look around me, tor it seemed that everybody must know that I was going to London to buy my wedding outfit.

It I attempt to tell you anything about the adventures of that day I know I shall not succeed.

Women coxld perhaps understand how I felt in that fairy land of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London-glittering halls where the poor sewing-girls, or the laborer's swife are treated with as much consideration heart, for he was tall and handsome, and respect as the millionaire's lady or the young damsel who can't get on a glove for the diamoud ring on her fin-

I bought the wedding dress, white repsilk and a yeil of tulle suspended from a garland of orange blossoms and I selected a blue silk, and a peachcolored silk, and maroon silk, and dear me! what is the use of cataloguing them alla

Other girls have been brides-electbefore me, and they all know just how it all was.

And as for those who havn't, just let them wait until their turn comes.

And then as the sun began to decline on in Western way, I felt excessively and unromantically hungry. "Is there a nice ladies' dining-room

near here 221 asked.
One of the shopmen went with me to he door to point out a glittering establishment, with its windows full of hothouse fruits, and morsels of paces and

delicately tinted cakes. Dear me! London is the place to feel

one's insignificance. I do not think that I. Hattie Hyde, ever felt so small in the whole course of my life as I did walking over the floor M. Rechamier's Parisian resturant with a waiter running on before to point out a marble table sparkling with cut-glass and silver, and another following on behind carrying my traveling-bag and parasol; while an elegant Frenchman curled and perfumed, stood in the middle of the door bowing as it as if he were under eternal obligations to me for so much as coming in his establishment.

I sat down, feeling much as if I were an impositor, venturing meekly to look around a little after the waiter had

simmered away.
Then for the first time, I noticed a superbly-dressed young lady, one or two tables beyond in a lovely hat, with a long, lilac willow plume, and hair like a shower of gold.

"Oh, how pretty she is," thought I. 'How proud her lover must be of her.' I leaned the least bit in the world forward, to see the young man in ques-

Good heaven!

It was Clarence. And as I sat staring, completely concealed from his view by the golden hair and the lilac willow plume, I could hear his light, peculiar laugh.

"You wouldn't have me yourself Kate," said he; "you have only your. self to blame for it."

"That's no reason you should throw yourself away," pouted the lady.

"She's a desperate old maid," said Clarence, "as old as the hills and twice as antiquated. But she's got the money. A man in my position has got to look out for your money, you know, Kate. Would you like to see her photograph? And then the two heads were close together for an instant, and the young lady's rippling laugh mingled with Clar-

ence's mellower tones. "The idea of carrying such a thing next to your heart!" said she.

"It does seem rather outrageous don't it?" said he. "But when we are married, all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level." Yes, when ! thought I, now thoroughly disenchanted.

And I got up and hurried out of the restaurant, nearly stumbling over a tray, a dish of oysters and a cup of coffee. "I-I've changed my mind." said I, flinging a sovereign toward him.

"Never mind those oysters. I took the next train to Cwrote a scratching note to Clarence the

same evening.

Do you want to know what was in it? Of course, like all women's letters the best part of it was in the postscipt. Our engagement is at an end."

Н. Н. "P.S.-The next time you examine ladies' photographs in a crowded resyour neighbors."

Clarence had some sense after all, He never came near me with useless apologies.

I gave the wedding dress to little Dorothy Miller, who was to be married in October, and couldn't afford a trousseau.

I suppose I shall wear out the blue and the peach color and the maroon in

Oh, I forgot to say that Mrs. Rich-

ford was very angry. It seemed that Clarence had promised to pay her a hundred pounds that he had borrowed of her, when he got hold

of my money. And I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that I still remain Hattie

The city of Columbia is in a nice fix. Here is a sketch of its condition made by the Union-Herald-the Republican organ of the State! "The city of Columbia is hopelessly insolvent. The money that has poured into her coffers from taxation has been recklessly squandered. The police are not half paid, and they arrest persons on the sligtest offenses, in order to make money for the city by fines, that they may be paid. The city recently gave a certificate of indebtedness for forty cents. Judge Mackey will hear arguments on the third of September, as to placing its affairs into the hands of a receiver. Columbia is the most rotten portion of the State. The most corrupt and incompetent individuals have been elected to the City Council, The present condition of the city is the legitimate consequence of the election of these men. It is hoped that the new Council elected next year will be a great improvement on the present Board."

## RORBERY OF A LOUISVILLE BANK.

Louisville, Sept. 2.—The planters National Bank of this city was robbed of a large amount this morning about day-break. The teller of the Bank, Louis Rehm, was discovered near the bank on his way to the police station: He could hardly speak at first, but after a while informed the detectives that three men had taken him from his bed during the night and proceeded to the bank. They forced him to deliver the keys, with which they opened the safe and abstracted the money. Rehm alleges he was chloroformed and stabbed in the side where there is a slight wound. The bank officials refuse to give any information in regard to the affair. further than that depositors will lose nothing. The amount stolen is beleived

to be nearly \$100,000. RALSTON. - Ralston, President of the Bank of Calafornia, was a native of etry, as follows: Georgetown, Mass., and for some time served as a pilot on the Mississippi river boats. He led an adventurous and somewhat reckless life, such as was common in those days. He finally reached Calafornia, where, after a series of speculations and successes, he became a man of wealth. Though a somewhat rude and rough man, he was an admirable entertainer. So remarkable was he in this respect that for years the bank placed at his disposal \$25,000 a year to be expended in the entertainment of strangers. He was prompt and skillful in all his operations, was capable of transacting an immense amount of business, but

was reckless in the extreme. While the editor of the charlotte Democrat was on a visit to the Eastern part of the State recently, he was informed by Hon, R. R. Bridgers that Lincoln's great but cruel Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton was a native of North-Carolina. Mr Stanton told Mr Bridgers that he was born in sight of the town of Beaufort, N. C., and reft that locality when he was 7 or 8 years old. He now has several relatives living in Carteret county. This fact has never before been published, we think.

The Salisbury Intelligencer has been diccontinued for the present, and Mr. C. Belo, the late editor has gone back to the Central at Lexington, of which he is part propietor, and will fill up all his subscriptions to the Intelligencer from the Central office. Mr. Belo is a racy writer and a clever gentleman, and we wish him great success wherever he may hang up at. Mr. Long, late Local editor of the Intelligencer, removed to Lexington with Mr. Belo.—News.

A young man named Bolick commit-ted suicide a few days ago, near Hick-ory. He was missing from home last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and he was found suspended by the neck and dead in an old pine field belonging to his father, not far from the house young man was about 21 yeers of age and a son of David Bolick assigned for the act of self destruction — Charlotte Observer

NEWSPAPER REPORTING.

I commenced newspaper life with the most cheerful anticipations. It seemed a wholesome thing to puff somebody's sugarcoated hams, and have one handed in the next morning, with a yellow frock on, and a loop to hang it up by; to attend horse trots and higher-life camp-meetings, and pick the obvious points of the best trotters and exhorters, must be a most agreeable labor. So, too, it would be a sweet duty to write the obituary of a lager-beer seller, and close by saying, "We will all assemble over his beer; 'or write one for an ice-merchant, declaring that before his exit, the late lamented broke out singing:

"Yes, we will gather at the river." It might also be added, as a tribute to his business integrity, that his remains vere cared for on his own crystal ice, which

as no superior in the market. After writing a few days, I started off nto some grotesque sketches of the household of Hosea Jones, describing myself as he bald-headed and unsophisticated sire of numerous family. Many rural readers took this all for corn." Only one man felt an affront. He had studied to be a butcher, and was a success. He was a very healthy man. His knuckles were like valrus teeth, worn down. He called upon me early one morning. He was lobsterred-boiled in his own passions. He was almost royal putple under his eyes, and the flanges of his ears seemed to be on fire. He looked like a man who had walked off on his ear so rapidly that he produced a hot box.

He rushed upon me, shouting :

"Now I've got ye, and I'll hammer the pulp out of ye, you mean puppy. I'll put ea-buscuit over your peepers. I'll learn ye to speak disrespectable of me and my darters, you--

"Mr. Jones," I faltered, "this is a joke." He came on, glaring and snorting. I thought how hard it was to be smashed out of existence in the glow of youth, with the whole earth filled with greenness, fruit and

"I'll get the file and see about it," I shouted, as I fled. I think the red man is after me yet. I think he will sweep down upon me some of these sunny days. I often dream of being in the shamble, near his slaughter-house, and hear him order the boy to bring the sledge-hammer.

Obituary writing has been my best hold. wrote one for the captain of a Saybrook schooner. I was told of his death by honest people. I sketched him as he gaily strolled down the golden streets, after a noon lunch of nectar and subrosia, in a way to make his family proud. .. I also added, to be impartial, the customar musical instrument. It was not a harp, however. No, I slung him with a bass viol. The captain, when on earth, was an excellent fiddler, and therefore, with an eye to his progress in all things, I accredited him with a bass viol. I added a stanza of po-

"While here below the bottle was his love, So he should have a base viol when above." A week after, the captain called on me,

moking a brier-wood pipe. "What's to pay for that writing?" sked. "Mo and my wife and the girls took solid comfort with it. I want you to use it when the right time comes. I charged the captain regular cometery lot prices. Six feet by two one insertion. Some time ago, the venerable widow Wicks lost her son Phiness. , Last Fall she

tice for publication, with privilege of correction. I was as follows:

had his remains removed to Connecticut

for final burial. She sent me a brief no-

HOME AT LAST. We learn, with unfelt sorrow, that Mrs Mehitable Wicks has brought the remains of Phineas home for determent. She will put two (2) stones over his grave, with Phineas Wicks on one and P. W. on the other. Mrs. W. has been to great expense in these panicky times, but she trusts that the public will appreciate her efforts to make buckle and strap meet.

I published it as follows: P. W. WELL PIXED AT LAST.

Things come round right at last, if you only lay low and keep dark. Witness the case of Phineas Wicks. He died abroad, but now his doting friend has freighted his remains to the Nutmer State, which bears the appropriate motto of Qui sustenet transtulet. She will set up two stones above him-a headstone and a hindstone. On one will be carved "Phiner," and on the other "Finis," which is Latin for Finny. Mrs. W. has put out her stamps unspar ingly to do this, but she believes in 'letting

the tail go with the hide." Scriously, one thing is sure. A news paper man can never die. His name may go out, but the light of his little candle can never quite cease. What he writes in hot haste may cool into an eternal carving. His every-day paragraphs, like the lowly hollyhocks, may flower beautifully in a sec-

Ar a funeral at Madison, Me., lately, the man who was buried was placed beside two of his dead wives, while two living ones attended the funeral.

### SUNBEAM3.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Beuse the cat'll eat it.

Matchless misery—having a cigar and othing to light it with.

While witnessing a game of base ball out West a boy was struck on the back of his head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Why is a stationer a very wicked man? Because he makes people steel pens and then says they do write.

What did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went "The Sweet Summer Land of the Soul,"

is the title of a song just published. Won der if there are any mosquito bars to the A boy who will yelllike a tartar if a drop

of water gets on his shirt band when his neck is being washed, can crawl through a sewer after a ball, and think nothing of it. "Oh! I've loved before," said a Detroit woman to her fourth husband, as she took handful of hair from his head because

e objected to hang out the week's washing. A Green Bay couple walked four miles on snowshoes to get married, and it prob-ably won't be over a month before he will tell her to split her own wood if she wants

"Idiot!" exclaimed a lady coming out of the theatre recently as a gentleman ac-cidently stepped on her trailing skirt-"Which one of us?" blandly responded the

man. A good rhinosceros costs \$5,600, and unless there's a great decline in the market most of us must be satisfied with a five dol-lar parlor mat having a colored tiger stamp-

A Boston antiquarian says his eighteen-year-old wife is very affectionate, but it puzzles him to understand why she should insist daily on his getting his life

It cost Great Britain two thousand dol-lars to make the Shah a Knight of the Garter, but forty cents worth of London gin made him so drunk that he couldn't

A wealthy Philadelphian who died re-cently, stipulated in his will that his near-est relative should assassinate the obituary editor of the daily Ledger if he made any poetical remarks on the subject. A boy found a pocket-book, and returned it to its owner, who gave him a five cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handing it reluctantly back, audibly sighed, as he said, "I can't change it."

"From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?" "That de-pends on circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I would; if not, I wouldn't."

A Baltimore young woman skated herself through the ice; but as the water was only fourfeet deep, and she was five feet long, she stood up and informed a young man of what had happened, and he courageously passed her a board. The Columbia (Tenn.) Herald and Mail.

The Columbia (Tenn.) Herata and Mait.
tells of a negro man at that place who
weighs 228 pounds and wears a No. 17 brogan. If that negro should determine to
make a tour of New England, Rhode Island
would find her only safety in crawling under a fifty gallon sugar kettle. It is now reported that Ringtown is to have a newspaper. Torun a paper profita-bly at that place, it would require a man, who could eat dried apples for breakfast, who could eat dried apples for breakfast, dirnk warm water for dinner, and swell up for supper. No other sustemance would be afforded him.—Shenandoah Herald.

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking athim most benignly over her specks. "Leave them with your heels toward the house, if you please."

"Yes, sir," yelled a preacher in a Dakota

"tes, sir," yolied a preacher in a Darota church one Sunday morning, "there's more lying and swearing and stealing and general deviltry to the square inch is this here town than all the rest of the American country," and then the congregation got up and damped the preacher out of the mindow. A gentleman who had been indulging the great North American privilege of getting drunk, says he was holding to a lamp-post, and as soon as he let go the post fell down. That's the last thing he remembers. The truth is, this man hus been "bowed under

the penalties of genius. A Minnesota judge, in pronouncing the death sentence, tenderly observes: — "If guilty, you richly deserve the fate that awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for youto feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of the free to take a note for her to a friend of the family living in a near street. The

her mother to take a note for her to a friend, of the family living in a near street. The note when opened was found to read: "This is a little ruse of mine to get mother out of the house. Before she can get back I will be on the cars with dear Lorenzo, and before night will be married."

A Texas steer, animated with Cincinnati whiskey, visited a rolling mill in that city a few days ago, and after nosing: around a bit, concluded that a gigantic fly-wheel was the only thing about the place worthy of his attention. So he pranced into the fly-wheel, and his owner says that if he can recover a piece of one of his horns he will be satisfied.

The Newburyport Herald relates that recently a benevolent gentleman from Vermont applied to a Boston gedtleman for aid
in sending a Vermont missionary to Turkey. The reply was as follows:—"I have
invested much in Vermont securities and
lost many thousands by the acts of your
railroad men, sustained by the people and
the courts. I have also lived in Turkey,
and had much intercourse with her people;
I would far rather give my money to send
Turks as missionaries to Vermont."