

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 2

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NO. 4.

## THE GLEANER.

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PARKER & JOHNSON  
Graham, N. C.

**Rules of Subscription, Postage Paid:**  
One Year \$1.50  
Six Months .75  
Three Months .50  
Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices.

**No Departure from the Cash System**

**Rates of Advertising:**  
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1 square \$2.00 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$6.00 \$10.00  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**J. P. GULLEY,**  
RETAILER AND JOBBER OF

## dry-Goods, Clothing

NOTIONS.  
BURT'S HAND-MADE

## Boots & Gaiters

HATS AND CAPS, VALISES.  
TRUNKS, WHITE GOODS.

&c., &c.  
South Cor. Fayetteville St., and Exchange Place

RALEIGH, N. C.

## IT WON'T PAY!

You know it won't pay to make your purchases from old stock, already picked over. Our Mr. Gant has just returned from the No. 10, where he personally selected and purchased a large stock of

**Dry-Goods, Groceries, Queens-Ware, Hollow-Ware, Willow-Ware, Hardware,**

together with a well assorted stock of

**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**

and the most complete line of

## NOTIONS

ever offered to the people of this county.

## Boots and Shoes

of every variety, including the best hand made. We make a specialty of Boots and Shoes, and we ask an examination of our stock. Look and judge for yourself. We defy competition in prices or quality. We will sell you the best calicoes, for 10 cents. We can sell you a good suit of clothes for \$10. We wish, especially, to call your attention to the great decline in prices in the Northern markets. We bought at these reduced prices. Our customers will have all the advantage of the good bargains we made. Highest prices paid for all kinds of produce. Come to see us!

J. Q. GANT, & CO.  
Company Shops, Nov. 2nd, 1875, nov. 24

## Drugs, Paints,

GLASS & C.

We keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

## FRESH 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 & country 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 Secretary 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.

## Poetry.

### DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,  
Come near I would whisper it low—  
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,  
Don't be in a hurry to go.  
The city has many attractions,  
But think of the vices and sin,  
When you're in the vortex of fashion,  
How soon the course downward begins.

You're sick of the mines of Aust. I,  
I'm rich in the gold, without doubt,  
But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,  
If you'll shovel it out.  
The merchants life is a hazard,  
The goods are first high and then low;  
Better risk the old farm a while longer,  
Don't be in a hurry to go.

### THE MUTE WITNESS.

One cold, raw morning in February,  
Byrd Du Peyster, a detective, received  
the intelligence of a fearful deed of  
crime which had been committed  
during the silent hours of the night  
just departed. The account of the  
deed was read by a boarder while the  
detective quietly sipped his coffee, and  
the man remarked as he put the paper  
on the chair beside him,

"There's another entry for the book  
of mysteries. I am willing to bet one  
hundred dollars that the proverbial  
acumen of our best detectives will fail  
to discover the perpetrator of the  
crime on Cherry street. Gentleman,"  
and here the speaker fixed his eyes on  
Du Peyster, "gentlemen, just think of  
it! A villain enters the abode of a  
poor sewing woman, whose only child  
is a mute, five years old. He comes  
to do a bloody deed, and his struggles  
with the widow evidently frightens  
the child, who runs away, and is  
found in the attic among the rags.  
The murderer committed, the man takes  
his departure. The widow's meagre  
savings are untouched, her bureau  
and stands untrifled. Nothing has  
been taken save life. That man, who  
ever he is, laughs at the detectives,  
and dares them to hunt him down,  
and tell why he took the life of a poor  
sewing woman. I declare, gentlemen,  
that muter in this case will not  
out."

The man's words, directed at Du  
Peyster, did not elicit a sentence in  
reply. The detective continued to sip  
his coffee with an air that seemed to  
say to the man, "You can't make me  
deliver an opinion."

The other boarder, more communi-  
cative than the man-hunter, discussed  
the case until a general conclusion  
was reached, to wit: That the mur-  
derer of the needle-woman would for-  
ever remain undiscovered. The first  
speaker left proud of the conclusion  
reached, and passed the cigars around  
before the company left the table.

"I would suggest that we watch  
the developments in this case," he said  
to the company at large. "It will  
suffice to amuse our curiosity, as well  
as to stimulate research into the mys-  
terious."

Byrd Du Peyster walked from the  
dining-room to his little chamber on  
the second floor, where he picked up  
hat and cane and immediately left the  
house.

He walked straight to the unpre-  
tentious frame building on Cherry  
street, wherein the murder of the night  
before had been committed. He found  
a swarm of the denizens of that  
quarter in front of the house, but two  
policemen stationed at the door kept  
them from rushing up stairs to the  
scene of the tragedy.

The detective, after pushing his  
way through the crowd, easily ob-  
tained admittance, and entered the  
death chamber, where he found a  
surgeon, two police constables, and a  
newspaper reporter. The surgeon  
was examining the victim's wound,  
which consisted of a knife thrust in the  
left breast. The keen steel had pene-  
trated the left ventricle of the heart,  
rendering death instantaneous. But  
there were evidences of a struggle in  
the room. A chair which had seem-  
ingly been thrown backward was  
broken, and pieces of woman's work  
lay about the room.

Mrs. Nolan, the victim, was a woman  
about five-and-thirty years of  
age. Her husband had been dead  
near six years, and her mute son,  
Henry, was a pos humous child. She  
was a woman against whose fair name  
nothing had ever been alleged, and  
she pined the needle industriously  
night and day that her little family  
should not want for the blessings that  
she, despite her poverty, enjoyed. Her  
unfortunate son was the love of  
her life, and all of her motherly affec-  
tion was centered upon him. A mute

from his birth, Mrs. Nolan could not  
expect to hear him speak her name,  
and the neighbors said she loathed  
for the time when he might go to  
the proper school and learn to writ, that  
they might converse together.

Byrd Du Peyster, the detective ex-  
amined the apartment without ob-  
taining any clue to the murder, and  
the evidence of the denizens of the  
neighborhood did not enlighten him  
to a satisfactory degree. A man was  
seen to enter Mrs. Nolan's house about  
eleven o'clock on the night of the  
crime. The witness to this was a  
man named John Starry, who did not  
bear a very good reputation for verac-  
ity, and his word did not go far with  
the detective. No one knew of any  
enemies that the widow possessed  
while the circumstances of the crime  
clearly proved that booty was not the  
murderer's object.

For perhaps the first time in his de-  
tective life, the little Huguenot was  
completely at fault. He returned to  
his room, and, with a cigar between  
his teeth, threw himself upon a couch.  
There he conjectured, and built the-  
ories which he destroyed, till he lit a  
second cigar, and watched the smoke  
float ceilingward and vanish like his  
ideas.

For one hour he did not rise, and he  
looked like a dozing man, for his eyes  
were half shut; but he was far from  
asleep.

All at once he sprang from the  
couch.  
"It is my only hope!" he cried. "It  
may take years but I can do nothing  
else. Something tells me that the  
dumb boy knows his mother's slayer,  
and he must be educated till he can  
write. I will do this, father, have it  
done. The great aim of my life now  
is the discovery of the murderer of  
Martha Nolan. The dumb shall speak,  
and it shall not be my fault if the  
boy's words do not hang him."

Du Peyster left his room somewhat  
excited, and learned that Mrs. N-  
olan's son was already the ward of the  
city.

"I want that boy," the detective  
said to the commis ioner of public  
charity. "I am interested in his case,  
and will furnish him with a teacher  
who has had twenty years experience  
teaching the deaf and dumb. Sir, that  
boy has a mission to perform, and in my  
hands only can he perform it."

The commissioner listened with pa-  
tience to the detective, and the result  
of the interview was that Henry N-  
olan was placed under the care of a new  
guardian.

Having accomplished his object, Du  
Peyster placed the little mute in the  
care of a lady who had lately retired  
from the position of teacher in a school  
for the deaf and dumb. This lady was  
the detective's friend, and she prom-  
ised to bestow great care upon the boy  
committed to her charge.

The boy was a bright, little fellow  
for one so unfortunately situated, and  
took quite readily to his change of  
life. The detective visited him quite  
often, and bought him many toys that  
helped to expand his mind.

After all Henry Nolan might not be  
able to throw any light upon his  
mother's murder; for he may have  
been frightened from the room by the  
murderer's first appearance. Du  
Peyster thought of this, but did not  
despair, and told his tutor to pro-  
ceed her task with vigor.

By and by it was discovered that  
the boy possessed a remarkable mem-  
ory—that he seemed to forget nothing  
—and the detective, when told this,  
exclaimed:

"That boy is going to hang the man  
who killed his mother!"

At the end of a year Henry Nolan  
had made some progress in the, to  
him, silent language, he had mastered  
the alphabet and was in the easy  
words.

writing, and Du Peyster brought a  
magnificent little engine, with ears  
attached, to the house.

One night he entered the house and  
discovered that Miss Hurley had  
stepped out for a few moments, leav-  
ing the boy alone. The present just  
spoken of had stimulated the mute's  
ambition, and he showed the detective  
some fair copies. Then, with his  
heart in his throat, Du Peyster began  
to question him about that one terri-  
ble night in his history. At the  
second question in which was spelled  
his mother's name, the boy started,  
and the detective saw that he was  
recalling events connected with her.

He seemed to be waking from a  
dream, but was unable to put his  
thoughts together, and Du Peyster  
said:

"I must wait awhile. The boy  
knows something. It will pay me to  
wait!"

And so another year rolled away,  
and Henry Nolan was eight years  
old.

But when the detective again  
thought of questioning the boy, a  
malarious disease interfered, and he  
saw 'the mute hovering between life  
and death.

For weeks the boy suffered, and the  
detective saw that in the end death  
would gain the victory. The attend-  
ing physician told him that medical  
skill could not save his protegee; and  
he felt his hopes one by one fly  
away.

In a small room sat Byrd Du Pey-  
ster and Nettie Hurley. On a bed at  
their side lay the pale emaciated  
form of Henry Nolan. A strange  
light sparkled in his eyes, and he  
looked like a person very near the  
gates of death. And they were not  
far away; for he knew that he would  
not see the dawn of "another  
day."

At last his eyes became fastened on  
the detective, who, seeing the "strange  
stare, rose to his feet and looked down  
upon the sufferer.

This action seemed to satisfy the  
mute, and the next moment he was  
speaking with his fingers:

"I will tell now," his fingers said,  
and in a hasty voice the detec-  
ive summoned Nettie to his side.

"It is coming, Nettie—coming at  
last!" he exclaimed, and the pair  
watched the mute's skeleton fingers  
as they said:

"A tall man did it. I saw him be-  
fore I ran away. He had a red mark  
over his right eye, like a scar. He  
turned the light down before he struck  
mother, and knocked her from the  
chair. This is all I know."

With the last word falling from his  
fingers, the mute sank back exhaust-  
ed, and Du Peyster looked at the  
teacher.

"Poor boy! he's told enough!" he  
said. "What he has said is sufficient  
to hang a certain man in this city."

silence in the counting-room. At the  
end of that time the druggist dropped  
it to his chair and said:

"She knew me in Ohio—knew my  
crime committed there. I was afraid  
of her—knew that she would not take  
my money, and so I did the deed that  
night. I write you my confession."

"The druggist wheeled his chair and  
opened his writing-desk.  
"I knew that it would come to this,"  
he murmured. "I had almost forgot-  
ten her boy!"

Byrd Du Peyster saw him open  
the desk, but did not watch him close  
it.

All at once something touched his  
arm. He started, and saw the druggist's  
hand clutched a yail, while his face  
had assumed a color almost indes-  
cribable. The detective sprang to his  
feet and sounded alarm.

A moment later several white-face  
clerks entered the counting-room,  
and listened to the head of the firm  
from whose nerveless hands the half-  
empty vial of prussic acid had fallen.

The tragedy was finished, for Tur-  
y's Smiley was dead!

On his desk lay his brief but 'er-  
ible confession, which started all  
who read it in the evening papers.

Byrd Du Peyster at once became  
recognized as a great detective; but  
his career was brief. He is dead now,  
and, strange to say, not one who was  
personally interested in the fate of  
Martha Nolan is living to day.

The detective, prior to the mute's  
death-bed communication, had not  
suspected the suicide; but had recent-  
ly encountered him, and noticed the  
scar over his eye.

Du Peyster's waiting, and Nettie  
Hurley's tolling, had avenged a  
mother's death.

THIS IS LEAP YEAR.—Married.—On  
Wednesday, at the residence of Mr.  
Wayman Clark, by E. A. Williams,  
Esq., Mrs. Peggy Glover to Tommy  
Barret. Said Peggy is of the tender  
age of fifty. Growing weary of single  
blessedness, she set out last  
Sunday morning on a leap year court-  
ing excursion. After visiting several  
eligible single men, and having to  
take "No" for an answer, she at last  
called at the house of Mrs. Barret,  
mother of her intended victim. He is  
nineteen years old, and has lived in  
this wicked world long enough to  
experience all the inconvenience and  
desolation of the boy who is too big  
for his manny to spank, and yet he  
has no one to sew on his buttons.

She made her proposal with true  
bissexite boldness, and he, overcome  
with modesty and confusion, at first  
blushed, sighed, and hung down his  
head. But, after tantalizing her for  
some time with his coyness, he finally  
sank upon her breast, and was en-  
closed in her loving arms. You may  
guess the rest.—Sparta (Tenn) In-  
dex.

Female suffrage is not popular even  
in Wyoming—the "city of refuge" for  
aspiring womanhood. A letter in the  
Omaha Herald says:

## BRAINS AND METHOD IN FARMING.

The editor of the Southern Cultiva-  
tor in a trenchant article under the  
above caption has the following to  
say:

"With the light of past experience  
before us, what crops shall we plant?  
A part of the answer is as plain as the  
noontday sun: provision crops of some  
kind, sufficient at least to run the farm.  
Everybody sees, and admits that. In  
this connection, we would urge again  
the manuring of all corn lands, not  
likely to suffer from drought to a very  
high degree. Very much is to be  
gained by pushing such lands to a  
yield of 75 to a 100 bushels per acre.  
On dry uplands the benefits of high  
manuring may be lost through  
drought. Not so with valley lands.  
Seventy-five to one hundred bushels  
cotton seed and three to four hundred  
pounds acid phosphate per acre, may  
be very safely and profitably applied.  
The cost will be from \$15 to \$20 per  
acre—the gain (with same hoing and  
plowing) 60 to 75 bushels of corn.  
Will not those who doubt try the ex-  
periment on one acre this year—or if  
their faith is very weak, on a half or  
quarter acre? We wait, friends, to  
get out of the old ruts—the draft is  
too heavy and you are about to stall.  
There is no wisdom, no common sense  
in pursuing the same course year after  
year, when the end is nothing but failure  
—utter failure.

Another proposition, palpable to  
every one's operations should be  
brought sharply within the limits of  
his means. Credit at all times is  
hazardous—during periods of great  
financial disturbance it is almost in-  
variably disastrous. Creditors then  
become unusually clamorous, and  
property brings little when forced to  
sale. But what should be done if one  
is already in debt, it may be asked.  
Sell if need be everything over and  
above what is needed to run a one  
horse farm, and start from the bottom.  
Show yourselves honest and you will  
not need homestead or other laws to  
protect you. Creditors are exacting  
because they fear dishonesty. When  
one firmly and cheerfully resolves to  
pursue a course like this, it is surpris-  
ing how little is required to run a farm  
and support a family till a crop is  
made. A cow and a garden will keep  
stomation a long way off. Just think  
of the quantity of Irish potatoes that  
can be raised on a little patch of  
ground—how early in the season they  
are available—and how nearly this  
fuber can supply the place of bread.  
Whilst urging this heroic treatment,  
we hope few will need it. We are  
sure, however, that very nearly all  
our farmers would be bettered by  
more or less contraction of business,  
selling enough to pay off old debts  
and then adhering firmly and inflex-  
ibly to the maxim, "pay as you go."

THE LIMITS OF GOVERNMENT.—EX-  
Gov. Jno. T. Hoffman delivered a lec-  
ture in New York on Monday even-  
ing, his subject being "Liberty and  
Order—The Limits of Government." While  
basing his general principal of govern-  
ment on the ones enunciated by  
Gaiuzot, Balmez and other eminent  
jurists, he maintained that the princi-  
ples of preservation of liberty and  
order as forming the limits of the pow-  
ers of a good general government is  
better understood in the United  
States than they have been in any  
other country.

Somech for being a hero: John  
Fitzpatrick, one of the famous "Six  
Hundred" who participated in that  
"rash and fatal charge on the battle's  
bloody margin" at Balaklava, has  
died of starvation at Manchester  
England. He had for some unexplai-  
ed reason received no pension for  
years; was too old to earn his living,  
as he did for a time by circus riding;  
refused to go to the work-house, and  
so starved to death. The verdict of the  
coroner's jury was: "Died of star-  
vation, and the case a disgrace to the  
War Office."

Pull backs have their drawbacks,  
as a young woman of Des Moines,  
Iowa, found when she went to a  
masquerade entertainment last week.  
She looked at the banquet tables with  
horror, ejaculating to her escort,  
"Goodness gracious! Are they going  
to sit down? I didn't expect that—  
I ain't fixed to sit down." He found  
a place for her alongside the unwait-  
er, where she could take her sup-  
per standing.

He came home very late one night  
and after fumbling with his latch key  
a good while, muttered to himself, as  
he at length opened the door, "I  
mishmakeny noib, caush tholoman's  
asleep." He divested himself of his  
garments with some trouble and was  
congratulating himself on his success  
as he was getting into bed, when a  
calm, clear, cold voice sent a chill  
down his spinal column: "Why,  
my dear, you ain't going to sleep in  
your hat, are you?"

She wouldn't be jilted: Miss Belle  
Harper, of Fairhaven, West Virginia  
was paid attention by a young man,  
who finally said he would not have  
her. Then Miss Belle armed herself  
with her father's shot gun, and step-  
ping out of her door as her lover was  
passing on the opposite side of the  
street, aimed the gun, and she says,  
"I got aim, prayed to the Lord, and  
fired." The young man fell, Miss  
Harper stepped back into the house  
and said to her father, "Pap, I've  
shot him," and then sat down and  
ate a hearty dinner. She is out on  
bail, and she will soon be out on  
epitaphs.

"What is the matter, sir?" said a  
surgeon to his patient.

"Well, I have eaten some oysters,  
and I suppose they have disagreed  
with me."

"Have you eaten anything else?"

"Well, no—why yes, I did too;  
that is, I took for my tea a mince-pie,  
four bottles of ale, and two glasses of  
gin, and I have eaten the oysters  
since, and I really believe the oysters  
were not good for me."

How do I look, Pompey?" said a  
young New York dandy to his negro  
servant, as he finished dressing. "El-  
egant, massa; you look bold as a lion."

Bold as a lion, Pompey? How do you  
know? You never saw a lion." Oh!  
yes, massa, I seed one down at Massa  
Jenk's, in his stable." Down at Jenk's  
Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenk's  
has not got a lion; that's a juckass."

"Can't help it, massa; you look just  
like him."

THE LAWYER'S TRADE.—A day or  
two ago, when a young man entered a  
Detroit lawyer's office to study law  
as the Free Press, the practitioner  
sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here; I have no time to  
fool away and if you don't pan out  
well I won't keep you thirty days. Do  
you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now listen. Be polite to  
old people, because they have cash.  
Be good to the boys, because they are  
growing up to a cash base. Work  
with reporters and get puffs. Go  
to church for the sake of example.  
Don't fool any time away on poetry  
and don't even look at a girl until you  
can plead a case. If you can follow  
the instructions you will succeed. If  
you cannot, go and learn to be a doctor  
and kill your best friends."

The Brooklyn Board of Education  
has ordered that any female teacher,  
in Brooklyn who marries shall there-  
by lose her place, and there is said to be  
"much indignation" in consequence.  
It does seem a little hard that a woman  
incapable of supporting a man and  
seven children should thus be deprived  
of so clear a right. But there  
never was and never will be any  
justice in this world!

A commercial traveler in a Western  
city handed a merchant, upon whom  
he had called a portrait of his betroth-  
ed, instead of his business card, say-  
ing that he represented that establish-  
ment. The merchant examined it  
carefully, remarked that it was a fine  
establishment, and returned it to the  
blushing traveler with a hope that he  
would soon be admitted into partner-  
ship.

Baltimore Gazette: "Mr. Blaine  
is not a great financier, and his views  
are not entitled to any more weight or  
consideration than those of a hundred  
other men in Congress." The speech  
he made yesterday is not calculated to  
increase his reputation either for ability  
or common honesty."

It is better to yield a little," says  
some cheap philosopher. "Than to  
quarrel a great deal." He should  
have said, and would have said had  
been a true philosopher, that it is  
better to yield a great deal than to  
quarrel a little. The husband and  
wife who hear this constantly in night  
may be happy even without a baby.

Bismark is baldheaded, but you  
don't catch any German newspaper  
saying that Mrs. Bismark is a high-  
tempered woman or making any jokes  
about baldheads generally. The bald-  
headed man in that country is looked  
up to.

New York World: "Conkling  
may as well give it up. No one can  
be President. Think of Crawford,  
Clinton, Calhoun, Clay, and Cass.  
People don't 'C' it."

Raleigh Sentinel: Four years more  
of Ulyssian usurpation and delandery;  
and this county will not be worth  
saving."

Springfield Republican: "The fact  
is, too many candidates for the Presi-  
dency about this year for harmonious  
Cabinets or peaceful Congresses."

A milkman accounted for the weak-  
ness of his milk by saying that the  
cows got caught in the rain.