

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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THE GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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One Year \$1.50
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Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to a 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.
Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

1 line	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2 00	\$3 00	\$4 00	\$6 00
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OUR SPECIAL RULES.

The names of non-primum and anonymous correspondents will not be revealed without their consent to be withheld.

All communications reflecting on the private character of any individual, or intended to retard or advance the private or political interests of any individual person, will be charged for, in every instance, at regular advertising rates.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made

ADVERTISEMENTS:

MEDICAL CARD.

The undersigned would announce to his friends and patrons, whom he has served for the past twenty years in the practice of his profession, that he has during the past fall and winter, taken a

Thorough Course in the Colleges and

Hospitals in the City of New York.

On the Pathology and treatment of diseases peculiar to females, and supplied himself with all the instruments and appliances necessary in the branch of his profession. He is also prepared to treat all diseases of the eye and ear.

He can always be found at the Drug Store of R. W. Glenn & Son, where not professionally engaged.

R. W. GLENN, M. D.

R. W. Glenn & Son

Keep constantly on hand at their store in the Rainbow House, a full stock of

Drugs, Toilet Articles,

Paints, Glass, Chemicals,

TRUSSES AND SUPPORTERS,

and everything found in a first class Drug Store.

FRESH AND CHEAP.

Village and Country Merchants Take Notice.

PALACE JEWELRY STORE



W. B. FARBER,

OPTICIAN, WATCH-MAKER,

AND JEWELER, AND

ENGRAVER.

AND REPAIRER OF
WATCHES, GOLD & SILVER
Silver Ware, Jewellery, Spectacles, Solid
Rings, Walking Sticks, Gold
Gold Pens, &c.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Work will be sold cheaply, Cash.

S. C. ROBERTSON,

DEALER IN

Grave Stones,

AND

MONUMENTS,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.

A FLORENCE



Sewing Machine

Will make a stitch alike on both sides. It has a reversible feed. It is made of the case hardened steel. It has no gears, cams or wire springs to get out of order, has a self-regulating tension. It will sew from light to heavy fabric, and is adapted to all family sewing. It is the prettiest machine made, and runs very light—is almost noiseless, and is just what every housekeeper ought to have. The use of it can be learned from the large accompanying catalog each machine. And it can be had on monthly installments if desired. We also have a new

MANUFACTURING MACHINES

for very heavy work.

which can also be used on fine work. This machine will make 2500 stitches per minute. Manufacturers will be well to order a Florence B. at once.

The hundreds of the Florence now in use in North Carolina prove its merits, and that our people appreciate a good thing. Needles, oil, thread and silk constantly on hand for all machines and sent by mail to any part of the State. We are also agents for the

BICKFORD

Family Sewing Machine

upon which 20,000 stitches may be knitted per minute, and from thirty to forty pairs of socks may be knitted per day, complete without seam, and perfect heel and toe.

Hoods, Gloves, Shawls, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, &c., may be knitted on the "Woman's Help," and the price is less than half the common knitters, only \$20.

Correspondence solicited in relation with either the Knitter or Sewing Machine and samples of work sent upon request. All orders by mail will receive prompt attention. And machines shipped to any part of the State. Agent wanted in every county. Address

F. G. CARTLAND,

General Agent,

Greensboro, N. C.

W. F. JONES,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Buggy and Carriage Makers,

Are prepared to fill at the shortest notice all orders in their line. Repairing promptly and neatly done, at

MODERATE RATES.

They also keep constantly on hand for sale at their shop, an assortment of

Iron Nails, Buggy Material, Prepares

ed Paints of all colors,

Ploughs, and Combs.

Any style of coffin furnished at two hours notice. All kinds of produce taken at market prices.

We are thankful for past patronage, and hope to merit its continuance.

Feb 6

FURNITURE.

W. R. FORBES & BROTHER

(under the Benbow 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

English, French, Italian, and American

styles of furniture. Repairing of every description, including

hats, caps, and any and everything in the furniture line. Their stock is the largest and most complete ever offered in this portion of the State. Their city competition unequalled.

at or

Poetry,

(From the Irish World)

"ONLY DRINK TO LIGHTEN

SORROW."

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

"Twas but a harmless act of mine,
My heart will lighter be to-morrow;
I do not love the tempting wine,
And only drink to lighten sorrow."

How vain the wine, delusive thought!
The wine cup can not banish sadness,
Nor can the heart's lost peace be bought
By reveling in its drunken madness.

The momentary joys that flame
Within our hearts at each libation,
Are tinged with remorse and shame,
And lead to sin and degradation.

Drink cannot soothe the wounded breast,
But lower to the earth degrade you;
The God—who knows your sorrows best,
If Him you ask,—will guide and aid you.

In vain you seek the tempting bowl,
Forgetfulness of grief to borrow;
It brings but danger to the soul,
And cannot chase or banish sorrow.

EXTRAORDINARY ELOPEMENT.

Grace Leighton was a beauty, and rich.

No one had such roguish brown eyes, with a sea of merriment in their clear depths; such glossy, luxuriant hair, with a purple gloss in the shadow, now rippling like gold in the sunlight; such bright cherry lips, curving half saucily as if daring you to kiss them, with the small, regular teeth that gleamed white as a cloven account whenever she spoke; and, last of all, such a chin, daintily rounded and love-dimpled, just as you might have imagined the Mother of Love to have been.

Then, with all this accumulation of feminine loveliness, she united what was considered by some far more eligible, a fortune that was said to be almost regal in its magnitude.

Grace was spending the season at a fashionable watering place. It was her first season, and she at once became the centre of attraction. Fortunate among her many admirers were Ragnor Van Roseval, by his own saying, of the purest blood of the Knickerbockers. It was like listening to one of the Scriptural genealogies to hear him trace back his lineage to the old Rip Van Rensselaer, one of the veritable old Rips who built the towns of New Amsterdam of bricks brought from the Hague, before it was known that bricks could be made of American clay; or thence from any but Dutch milk.

Ragnor was a regular coxcomb, wore a car load of galvanized jewelry; parted his hair in the middle, and was about as heavy a swell as could be found, unless we except his friend, Florian Kingsley.

The latter gentleman possessed great putative wealth and considerably more than average pretension. He traced his lineage back to the conquistador; had a cousin that possessed a baronetcy in England, and a brother whose name was on the pay roll of her majesty. He patronized the largest hotels, and he a creek of all American institutions generally and extolled British patriotism to the skies.

Between these two worthies the greatest rivalry existed. Which could wear the sleekest hat, display the most costly necktie, and dance in pumps of the highest kip, was the daily problem of their lives; and they put their whole mind to it till Grace Leighton appeared and had given them something else to think of.

Into the first rivalry the two swells entered with even more than their usual pertinacity, and they might any day have become personally embroiled had either known how great a coward the other was.

The truth is, in this, both were in deadly earnest. Mr. Van Roseval's fortunes were a little short of desperate, and Mr. Kingsley's, notwithstanding reports, chiefly of his own circulation—were in a condition not much better. Miss Leighton's cash would be a new lease of dissipated life to whichever of them could manage to get it.

Both laid their traps skillfully, knowing well that it was a case to be well engineered. Bouquets, books, and jewelry were first used as mediums of intercourse; then, as their courage waxed stronger, invitations to operas, balls and rides commenced, and by that time they took the first train for the metropolis, thus relieving Grace of a pair of unwelcome suitors, whose selfish designs her aunt's keen eyes had been quick to penetrate, and for whom she herself felt nothing but contempt.

If the two disgraced suitors, could have gazed on the face of the lady for whose money bags they had such an intolerable itching, at the very moment when they were paraded off to the lock-up, their anger and mortification would not in all probability have been materially decreased.

With her own fair face suffused with merry laughter, Grace was relating to a young man, who was laughing with tears in his eyes, the whole plot of elopement.

pressing mention of a few private motives which lay at the bottom of it.

His abrupt and eager confession somewhat startled Grace; but which she blushed and stammered some thing that didn't sound like "No," Ragnor was in the seventh heaven; and could have stood on his head for joy.

"But my aunt," said Grace.—(She was under the care of an aunt, with very sharp eyes and a sharper tongue in her head.) "My aunt, I fear will never consent."

Aunts have no authority to command the affections," was the lover's reply.

"True," she murmured.

"Then fly with me!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "I love you. We will find some congenial spot where we can live and be happy."

Grace paused, as if irresolute.

"Aunt Do. cks!" she said, already suspecting. "I can trust the coxcomb, however. Disguised in male attire,"—here she blushed a rosy red—"I can leave the hotel unobserved, and James will be in readiness to take me in the carriage to a rendezvous agreed upon. Meet me there; and in half an hour we can reach the house of a neighboring clergyman, Mr. Leroy, an old friend of my father's, whose hospitable aid we can invoke, and—aud—what a little plotter I am!"

"You're an angel!" cried Ragnor.

"But you must promise me one thing," said Grace, placing one hand upon his shoulder, and looking half tenderly, half piquantly into his face.

"Anything, darling!" said the happy Van Roseval.

"Not to speak a word when we meet, nor tell me are well away. Everything hereabouts has ears."

"I promise," he said, solemnly.

Time and place were fixed, and Ragnor roseval rose to take his leave. He already heard Grace's dollars jingling in his pockets.—Visions of fast horses, elegant barouches, and an aristocratic residence on Fifth Avenue, swept before his vision. He would live like a king. He already felt himself the envy and admiration of all the men of the fashionable world.

"One thing more," said Grace. Ragnor bowed obediently.

"It will be the right of the fairest ball. Let us both wear masks. If we're seen, it will excite remarks, and we will thus escape recognition."

"Capital!" he exclaimed, pressing her hand at parting.

At the hotel and place appointed Ragnor was waiting, closely masked, and peering through the darkness with all the watchful impatience of an anxious lover.

The sound of wheels was heard presently, and in a few moments a carriage stopped at the place agreed on.

The driver alighted and opened the door. Ragnor entered without speaking, and the coachman, who had evidently received his instructions, resumed his place and drove away.

In the darkness Ragnor could barely distinguish the outlines of a figure with masked face.

He could hardly refrain from clapping it in his arms, and giving vent to a torrent of tender eloquence; but remembering his promise, he restrained himself. His captivity to do so however, was at the point of giving out when in deep base, he heard the word:

"Dearest Grace!"

"Dearest thunder!" he shouted, "who in the mischief are you?"

"And who the fiend are you?" exclaimed the other.

"Florian Kingsley, by all that's amazing!" yelled Ragnor.

"Ragnor Van Roseval, by all that's infernal!" shrieked Florian.

"Villain! you shall pay for this!" roared Ragnor, springing on his rival with the ferocity of a tiger.

Cowards fight desperately when cornered, and here both were.

The uproar alarmed the coachman, who stopped and called a policeman.

The combatants were dragged out, fuming with rage and summarily marched off to the guard house. Next morning they were discharged, and by that time they took the first train for the metropolis, thus relieving Grace of a pair of unwelcome suitors, whose selfish designs her aunt's keen eyes had been quick to penetrate, and for whom she herself felt nothing but contempt.

With her own fair face suffused with merry laughter, Grace was relating to a young man, who was laughing with tears in his eyes, the whole plot of elopement.

"You see, Sidney," said the laughing girl, "I know they were both dead in love with me. Their attentions had for a long time been exclusive and demonstrative, and I had grown weary of their shallow admiration. Well this morning I received a call from Florian Kingsley, who was interrupted in the midst of a tedious declaration by an opportune visitor. He therefore made an appointment to return in the afternoon."

"Meanwhile, Ragnor Van Roseval came and laid bare his heart, and it occurred to me that I might rid myself of the two adventures by a little harmless strategy. So I agreed upon an elopement to be carried into execution this very evening. He was to wait for me at the corner of M—and H—streets; where I was to meet him with a carriage, masked, and in male attire; and together we were to flee to some place of security and enjoy our love. Then in the afternoon when Florian Kingsley returned, I lured him into a similar snare—the only difference being that he was to bring a carriage and find me awaiting; the condition as to silence and disguise being the same. Oh, I should like to have seen them when they discovered the self. It would be a treat to witness whatever was said or done on the occasion," and Grace Leighton threw herself on the sofa in a fit of unaccountable laughter.

Before the year was out Grace Leighton was married to the one who had known and loved her, and whom she had known and loved from childhood, Sydney, St. John; and the happy couple often laugh over the story of the elopement extraordinary.

The Execution of Women in France.

The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph writes as follows: Sophie Gauthier had been found guilty of a horrible crime; she killed all of her children by means of pins, which she had stuck into their brain. The death of the revolting criminal recalls a few interesting facts connected with the execution of women in France. Since 1840 more women have been executed, and they have all met their death with great firmness. Ten years ago a man and woman were executed at Chartres for having murdered their parents. To those days the guillotine was not the horrible neat and compact little instrument that it is now; there were steps to ascend before coming in to contact with the executioner. When the criminal couple reached the foot of the scaffold the woman said: "I should like to embrace my husband before dying. Pray untie my hands; you can tie them again immediately afterward." This supreme wish was reluctantly granted, for it was contrary to the regulations. Her hands were not soon free than she gathered up all her strength, and gave her husband a ringing box on the ear. According to custom, she was the first to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Before the man recovered from the stunning blow she had dealt him her head had fallen into the sawdust.

Another woman, who created great sensation at the time, was Virginia Dezon, who had murdered her husband and two children. She was only twenty-five years of age, wonderfully beautiful, and belonged to one of the best families of France. She had not the slightest fear of death, and the moment the sentence was passed she sent a letter to the Emperor, begging there might be no delay in carrying it out. Prison life and the loss of her long black hair produced a much more disagreeable impression upon this delicate woman than the sight of the hideous chopping block and knife. Many summary executions of women took place when the regular troops entered Paris during the insurrection. I remember seeing one of the advanced republican ladies placed against the wall behind the Great Northern railway station. She had just been taken with a recently fired rifle in her hand and standing by the side of a dying sentry. "Did you shoot this man?" inquired the officer, pointing to the writhing body of the sentry. "I did," was the reply, "and I am only sorry that I did not see you before, as you were better worth the trouble." Two minutes afterwards she was lying on her face with twelve bullets in her body. Death had been instantaneous; her victim, the soldier, lived two hours after her, and expired in horrible pain.

A gentleman conversing with a Brooklyn lady about the absurdity of female apparel and the frivolity of fashionable life, exclaimed: "Is there on earth a bigger fool than the most woman of fashion?" Her questioner considered himself shut up and put down, like a disagreeable book, when the lady answered, "Yes, the man who admires her."

Nearly every morning that Brother Colfax pines up his paper and glances over the Washington dispatches, he bursts out with the exclamation: "What! another statesman gone? Oh, 'tis sweeter, far sweeter than solitude."

THE FARMERS OPPORTUNITY TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.

Essay of Bro. Cobb, read before the last meeting of the Grange.

The following essay which was read before the Haywood county, Tennessee Grange, we clip from the Brownsville States, and commend it for its wholesome advice, and the truth it contains.

The farmers as a general rule will tell you that their occupation is such as to debar them from acquiring as much information as men engaged in mercantile pursuits, or in what are styled the learned professions; now in all due deference to this popular opinion, we take occasion to enter our protest against what we think a popular error, and when time will permit of it in the grange as a matter of Husbandry we think it a fit time to discuss this subject and address a few plain words to our farmer friends upon their opportunities to acquire information, it being one of the noblest principles of the grange; we speak from experience, as we have spent the larger portion of our life on the farm; we have also witnessed city life among the busy haunts of man; seen them laboring under the all absorbing pursuits of trade and we have watched closely the habits developed under both conditions and give it as our opinion that the farmer's chance to become a well informed man is far superior to that of the merchant, the doctor or the lawyer, for the simple reason that his occupation is not of that absorbing and distracting nature which unites the mind for general reading. My fellow grangers it is true his labor may be harder upon the muscle, but it does not so distract the brain and even while at work in the fields he can endeavor to train himself to serious thought, enjoy that meditation which gives strength to the intellect, and that calm undisturbed reflection which gives mastery to the subject under consideration.

It is true he may not have the opportunity of acquiring that polish which is only acquired by contact with society nor be up in all the details of so-called refinement but at this of minor importance and has little influence on a strong, vigorous intellect. He may not fit the language of the schools become in the true sense of the word a well educated man. If our farmers would see to it that they read more and provide sound literature for their families, feeling that it is as sacred a duty to provide food for their minds as for their bodies, and endeavor to interest their sons and daughters by conversing freely with them about what they read they would be astonished to find how soon they would become interested in the various subjects under discussion. Their intellectual power would be developed and they would acquire a habit of thought and an investigating turn of mind that would benefit them in all their pursuits. We want our granger friends to think seriously on this subject, for the elevation of the farming class depends upon their elevation to an intellectual standard that will compare with other pursuits. Let the patrons see to it that every grange shall go forward in the discharge of one of its noblest duties, that of education by encouraging every patron to select and read some good book, having in view profitable information as well as entertainment. And the subjects upon which they read should be discussed at the grange meetings; and in this way alone will the patrons of husbandry become a great power for good in the land. If the farmer tells you he has no time to read tell him it is all a mistake. Every farmer, even if he puts in every day eight to ten hours solid hard work, has still time to read if he only adopts some system in his work. The most of the little information we have acquired was got while we were working hard at manual labor from ten to twelve hours a day. The fact is, farmers, you must find time or be content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the end of time. The burdens put upon us at the present time impress us with the necessity of farmers, reading and thinking. Who are to drive the corrupt demagogues from our legislative halls? Our farmers. Who are to rise in their might and dethrone the men who have tampered with the liberties of this great republic? The farmers. On whom rests the responsibility of preserving our nation from utter ruin? Our farmers. If it be true that farmers have no time to read and think, become in fact well educated men, then we may put on our weeds of mourning and prepare to lay the republic that we love in the dust. In fact the most important requisite in a farmer's life is intelligence, upon which depends his success.

Submitted by yours fraternally,
W. T. COBB.

THE WHITE HOUSE AS IT WAS.

Mr. John Adams was the first mistress of the White House. The building was unfinished. It could hardly be warmed or lighted. The most graphic letters written by Mrs. Adams describe her suffering there. Her week's washing was hung in the east room. Her style of living adopted not from parsimony but from necessity, would disgust an ordinary Treasury clerk. Washington exacted the strictest economy at home, that he might save his country and not impair his private fortune. Jefferson was well off when he went into public life. He inherited 1,500 acres, which he increased to 3,000. His income, independent of his farm revenue, was \$3,000 a year. His wife's dowry was \$40,000 in cash. Had he left public life alone and attended to his estate, he would have been a rich man. His public career closed in 1809. For nineteen years he was absent from Monticello, and seven of these were passed abroad. He returned to his estate ruined, his property squandered, his fortune scattered. All attempts to retrieve his fortune were in vain; he was adjudged a bankrupt. New York sent him a donation of \$8,500, and other cities were alike generous. Jackson had a style of his own. Like a good soldier, he lived within his income. At Rio Raps in the summer in a low farm house, coat of feet in slippers, chair tipped back, a cob pipe in his mouth, he gave audience to ambassadors. Van Buren had a private fortune of his own. Pierce, by rigid economy carried \$50,000 out of the White House. No clerk in the Custom house lives in as economical a style as did the bachelor President, James Buchanan.

THE CHARGE OF WESTERN LIFE.

(From the Salt Lake Herald April 28.)

Last Saturday there was a little hemp machine near Dodge City, on the Santa Fe Railroad. A couple of horse thieves named Cole and Callahan who had been captured by the citizens—who are called "vigilantes" in Colorado, and Nevada—were blindfolded, their arms pinioned, and placed in the centre of a circle of "vigs." They one of the latter pulled a testament from one pocket and a bottle