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THE GLEANER.

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PARKER & JOHNSON
Graham, N. C.

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.

Transient advertisements payable in advance yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

1 square	1 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m.
1 year	\$3 00 \$5 00 \$8 00 \$10 00
1 square	\$2 00 \$4 00 \$6 00 \$8 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements not specified as to time published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEDICAL CARD.

The undersigned would announce to his friends and patients, whom he has served for the past 35 years in the practice of his profession, that he has during the past fall and winter, taken a

B. W. Glenn & Son

Keep constantly on hand at their store in the Beahm 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. FARRAR,

OPTICIAN, WATCH-MAKER,

AND JEWELER, AND

ENGRAVER,

AND DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

Silver Ware; Bridal Presents, Solid Rings, Walking Canes, Gold Pens, &c.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Which will be sold cheap for Cash.

A GREAT TASK MADE EASY

By the use of the

VICTORIAN WAREHOUSE

Hay Rake,

Manufactured by

JOHN DODDS & CO.,

Dayton, Ohio.

This is the only machine self-operating

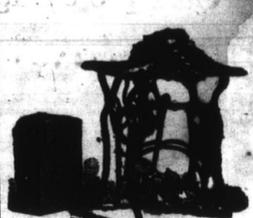
ever offered to the public. Any little girl or boy that can drive a horse home, can make the hay as well as the strongest man.

Circulars sent free on application.

GEO. A. CURTIS, Agent, Graham, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A FLORENCE



Sewing Machine

Will make a stitch alike on both sides it has a reversible foot. It is made of fine case hardened steel. It has no cog, cane 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—almost noiseless, and is just what every housekeeper ought to have. The use of it can be learned from the book accompanying each machine. And it can be had on monthly installments if desired. We also have a new.

MANUFACTURING MACHINE

for very heavy work,

which can also be used on the work. This machine will make 2800 stitches per minute. Manufacturers will do well to order a Florence B. at once.

BICKFORD

Family Sewing Machine

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

F. G. CARTLAND,

General Agent, Greensboro, N. C.

FURNITURE.

W. R. FORBIS & BROTHER

(under the Beahm 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,

ranging in price from \$25.00 to \$500.00;

Office, Dining-Room, Parlor & Bed-Room

Chairs, Sofas, Wardrobes, Washstands, Bedsteads, Cradles and Trundle-Beds for the little folks. Mattresses and Springs made of every variety.

HAIR-CRACKS 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.

THE SUNNY SOUTH

The Largest and Most Complete Literary Paper in America.

REMARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS

SPECIMENS FREE.

SHELLA ROSCO;

OR NORTH AND SOUTH.

A Thrilling National Romance, Based Upon the Administrations of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and the Execution of Mrs. Burritt in 1865.

WRITTEN BY A Distinguished Statesman.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD; OR THE MID-NIGHT FLEDGERS.

Story of the Last Napoleon's Wife

By M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

FIGHTING AGAINST FATE;

OR ALONE IN THE WORLD.

A Brilliant Serial, now Running by Mrs. Mary E. Ryan, who is the Finest Story Writer of the Age.

EDITH MATTHEWS;

or The Temptations of a Factory Girl

By A POPULAR NOVELIST.

MEMORANDUMS OF THE

CONGRESSIONAL GOVERNMENT

By Oct. H. D. Casper, Chief Clerk of Treasury under Mr. Menzies.

This will be a deeply interesting series of articles giving the early trials, disadvantages, and many amusing incidents of our country in their efforts to establish an independent Government.

A number of unusually brilliant short stories appear in each issue, with a great variety of interesting subjects.

Subscription, \$2.00 a Year.

Copies of 4 sent upwards, \$2.50 each.

Extra copy FREE, one year, for a club of 5 at \$2.00.

J. H. SEALS, Adams, Ga.

GEORGE W. LONG, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Graham, N. C.,

offers his professional services to the public. Office and residence at the "Graham High School" buildings where he may be found, nights or day, ready to attend all calls, unless professionally engaged.

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Poetry.

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field

Tolled on from day to day;

Both had the same hard labor,

Both had the same small pay.

With the same blue sky above,

The same green earth below,

One soul was full of love,

The other full of hate.

One leaped up with the light,

With the soaring of the lark;

One felt it ever night,

For his soul was ever dark.

One heart was hard as stone,

One heart was ever gay,

One worked with many a groan,

One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot

Beside a merry mill,

Wife and children near the spot

Made it sweeter, fairer still;

One a wretched hovel had,

Full of discord, dirt and din,—

No wonder he seemed mad.

Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,

Tolled on from day to day;

Both had the same hard labor,

Both had the same small pay;

But they worked not with one will,

The reason let me tell.—

Lo! the one drank at the still,

And the other at the well.

[From the Sunny South.]

THE OLD RED TAVERN.

BY CLAUDE.

After a lapse of fifteen years, I visited

the town where the old red tavern

stood; but it was not there. In large,

gilded letters there stood a sign,

"Pequod Institute."

"Where," I involuntarily exclaimed,

"is the old inn-keeper?"

"Over in that three-story house,"

was the reply.

"How came he there?"

"Why, he got rich keeping tavern

and mortgaging property. You see,

the old loafers used to sit there in the

bar-room, and drink until their senses

were benumbed; and when their

farms grew empty, first the tavern-keeper

would take a few acres of

mowing land for security for liquor

drank, then the pasture lot, and

finally the homestead. Oh!" said my

informant, "your heart would ache

were I to enumerate all the doings of

the past fifteen years. You remember

Joe Ashton?"

"Yes; a likely man. At the time I

left, overseer of the poor."

"Well, the poor-house took him in

at last. Every cent he had went for

liquor. You knew Frank Donald?"

"Certainly—he was town clerk."

"Well, he died of delirium tremens."

"And his brother Ned—what became

of him?"

"He perished in the snow with a

jug under his arm."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed;

"has everybody died drunk since I

left? Where is my old Uncle Joe?"

Gone the same, I suppose."

"Why, no; to save him, a guardian

was placed over him, and he reformed

when the temperance question was so

agitating. Friend Joe was nearly

dead from his violent excess—not that

he was a habitual drinker, but one

who, in vulgar phrase, would have

his 'prees." Soon after he was put

under guardianship, a temperance

lecturer came along, and Joe took the

pledge. He never violated it, was

appointed president of the society,

and is now one of our best citizens—

very watchful of the habits of young

men, and a most worthy advocate of

the cause. He is a great lecturer, and

speaks from experience."

And so Jack Connor lives over the

tavern, and was a boy with me? I

will give him a call. Jack has a

splendid house—three stories high.

His grounds are laid out with great

taste, and just see what an aping for

city fashions! He has put a bell at

the side of his front door—the only

one in town. I gave it a twitch; it

pulled hard. None of the villagers

ever rang it, I suppose.

"Is Mr. Connors at home?" I in-

quired of a lean, gray-headed old man,

who had on a pair of green spectacles,

and seemed debilitated and enfeebled

in his gait.

"Yes, sir; I am Mr. Connors."

"I mean Mr. John Connors, former-

ly inn-keeper in this village."

A pale face came over his counte-

nance.

"Do you remember your old school-

mate, George Powell?"

"George—George! I reckon I do!"

he gave me a hearty shake of the

hand seated me in the great arm-chair.

"I am glad to see you, George. I am

terribly 'blus' this morning, and am

glad to be cheered with the presence

of an old friend. Come, come George;

you must pass the day with me."

"Well, Mr. Connors, if I must, I

will. I am rambling a day or two in

these parts to hunt up old genealogical

remembrances of my ancestry. I

will avail myself, therefore, of your

invitation. Had you kept the old

'red tavern,' however, I should have

taken lodging uninformed."

The mention of the tavern seemed

to throw a deadly pallor again over

my friend's countenance. I began to

interrogate him about the people in the

neighborhood.

"Let us walk out," said I, "and see

the place I have not looked upon for

fifteen years; and point out to me

changes and removals which time

has made."

"Then we had better go in the

graveyard to find your old friends.

They are nearly all dead. This place

has been famed for its mortality. The

fact is, people lived too fast, Mr.

Powell; they ate too much and drank

too much."

"But," interrupted I, "who lives

opposite in that vine-covered cot-

tage."

"The widow Barton. You remem-

ber Tony, her husband—a shoemak-

er."

"Perfectly. What become of him?"

"Oh! he is dead—died a drunkard.

I have a mortgage on that property."

"Who has estate is that by the river-

side, where Peter Morton lived?"

"That is mine. Peter died an in-

ebriate. His widow survived a year

or two, and both lie there," pointing

to the graveyard.

"Who keeps the grocery store

now?"

"I have a man; that estate belongs

to me likewise. The fact is Mr. Pow-

ell, everybody drank formerly, and I

was the only man who kept liquor,

and of course, when they could not

pay, I was obliged to take a mortgage

for security, just to keep the families

along; but few ever redeemed their

property. But since I broke up, and

some raving temperance man came

along, things was on a little better.

The old drunkards have died off, and

their children don't follow the foot-

steps of their fathers—and some

mothers, I am sorry to say."

"But this liquor-selling has brought

you a great estate, Mr. Connors. I

suppose it wakes up your conscience

now and then, and leads you to con-

sider whether some of the doings in

that old red tavern were right, ad-

mitting they were legal at the time?"