

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 2.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1876.

NO. 24.

THE GLEANER.

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

Rates of Subscription. Postage Paid:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months30

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.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$10.00
1 line	30 cts	40 cts	50 cts	1.00	1.50

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.

All advertisements considered due from first insertion.

One inch to constitute a square. For larger advertisements than two squares, terms as reasonable as can be afforded, according to special contract, based upon the rates above specially set forth.

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 25 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 this 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, when not professionally engaged.

R. W. GLENN, M. D.

R. W. Glenn & Son

Keep constantly on hand at their store in the Benbow 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

Notice.



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.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Sewing Machines, and pistols repaired cheap and on short notice. In assorted stock of Guns, Shotguns, Cartridges, &c., always on hand.

Apr 30-17

GREAT TASK MADE EASY

By the use of the
GIGANTIC WISKEY IMPORT
ED

Hay Rake,

Manufactured by
JOHN DODDS & CO.,
Dayton, Ohio.

It is the only Perfect Self-Oper-
ating

offered to the public. Any little girl or boy can drive a gentle horse, can rake hay as well as the strongest man.

For more particulars, send for a circular.

GEO. A. CURTIS, Agent

Graham, N. C.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

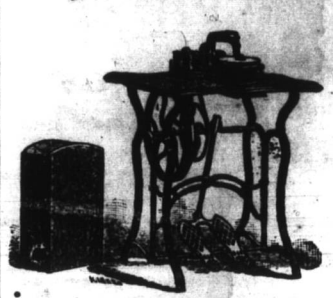
Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A FLORENCE



Sewing Machine

Will make a stitch alike on both sides. It has a reversible feed. It is made of fine case hardened steel. It has no cogs, 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 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 fine work. This machine will make 2832 stitches per minute. Manufacturers will do 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 agent for the

BICKFORD

Family Knitting 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 heel and toe.

Hoods, Gloves, Shawls, Scarfs, Headings, &c., may be knit upon the "Woman's Help," and the price is less than half the common knitters, only \$30.

Correspondence solicited in relation to either the Knitter or Sewing Machine and samples of work sent when requested. 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.

FURNITURE.

—:—:—

W. R. FORBIS & 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

CHAMBER SETS,

range in price from \$25.00, to \$500.00.

Sofas, Dining-Rooms, Parlor & Book-
ing Chairs, Bureaus, Wardrobes,
Business Desks, Ranges, Cribs, Cradles
and Trunk-Stands for the
little folks. Mattresses and
Spring Beds of every va-
riety and style.

Hat-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.

THE SUNNY SOUTH

The Largest and Most Complete Literary Paper in America.

BRILLIANT ANNOUNCEMENT

OF SPECIMENS FREE.

The following new stories will soon be commenced, and will be the most intensely thrilling of any romances yet published in an American journal.

MILWAUKEE

ON NORTH AND SOUTH.

A Thrilling National Romance, Based Upon the Administration of President Lincoln and Johnson, and the Execution of Mrs. Surratt in 1865.

WRITTEN BY A DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

ON THE MID-NIGHT PLEDGE

A Story of the Last Napoleon's Reign.

BY M. QUAD OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

FIGHTING AGAINST FATE

OR ALONE IN THE WORLD.

A Brilliant Serial, now running by Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who is the First Story

Writer of the Age.

EDITH HAWTHORNE:

or The Temptations of a Factory Girl

BY A POPULAR NOVELIST.

REMINISCENCES OF THE

CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT

By Col. H. D. Capers, Chief Clerk of Treasury under Mr. Memminger.

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

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

Subscription, \$3.00 a Year.

Clubs of 4 and upwards, \$2.50 each.

Extra copy FREE, one year, for a club of 5 at \$3.00.

Address

J. H. SEALS,

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Atlanta, Ga.

Poetry.

GEORGE A. CUSTER.

The following touching lines upon the death of a brave man we clip from the Daily News of the 17th. The gallant Custer seems to have been universally beloved.

I

A cloud sweeping down on the breast of the plain,
With lances of lightning and pater of hail,
And a cry that the mountain answered again;
The shout was of triumph, its echo a wail.

And soldier and Sioux
Were woven together in one ghastly hue.

II

No flinching, no falling, each man at his best,
With sabre uplifted and carbine aimed low,
These men would have charged all the reds of the West,
Without stopping to count the cost or the foe.

Thy art to take heed!
Thy art to follow where Custer might lead.

III

A captain of legions, denuded of power,
His blood turned to lava at thought of the slight,
But his not the soul of the craven to cower;
With many a few, he must lead in the fight.

And prove to them all
He knew how to fight as he knew how to fall.

IV

As the hot breath of battle fanned his brown cheek
Bronzed with the kisses of south wind and sun,
His long swinging sabre with red blood did rock,
He knew he was charging a hundred to ten.

Yet what cared he then?
He often won victory a thousand to ten.

V

They fled far and fast, but like tigers at bay
And knowing their strength and his weakness fell well,
They turned like a tide and bare-armed to the fray,
As demons might charge from the centre of hell.

Fought all the day through,
Fought only as fight the savage and Sioux.

VI

He knew he was doomed, that no aid was near,
Yet of all his soldiers not one turned to fly,
In hearts of such heroes there's no room for fear,
Room only for courage to struggle and die!

When night came, the pall
Of death and of silence had settled o'er all.

VII

There's a sob in the Platte, there's a sigh o'er the plain,
For the heart of the west is pulseless and dead,
There's a patter of tears in the soft-falling rain—
Soft tears that the angels in pity have shed.

But no tears have we!
The barb that brought death gave immortality.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL.

A CENTENNIAL RAMBLE.

At the close of our last letter, we left our readers standing, in imagination, on the summit of Mitchell's peak, wrapped in the sublimity and grandeur of a mountain sunrise. At taking a final view of the whole scene; the several river valleys that make off from the foot of this great mountain; the beautiful lakes of fog that had settled in the valley of Toe river, looking almost as smooth as a mirror, and dotted around the margin with mountain tops, resembling islands; after looking at these and hundreds of other beautiful things, and trying to fix them indelibly in our mind, and doubting that we should ever see as much sublime grandeur again, we slowly turned to follow our guide down the mountain side.

We found that this mountain, is the summer house of the little snowbird. We also learned that the mocking-bird is never found wild in this mountain section. We descended on the Yancey side of the peak, going down Cany river towards Burnsville. We reached this pleasant little mountain village in the evening, and spent the night there. It is said to be the highest town in the State, being nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. There is not much else that can be said about it. Any one wishing quietude and mountain scenery, can find it at this place.

From Burnsville we went to Bakersville, a distance of sixteen miles. Here we found a thriving town, and a pleasant place on the banks of Cane Creek. At Bakersville we were in the midst of the mica mining section. We visited the mica shop at this place, and secured some fine specimens to bring home with us. We also learned something of its value, and the manner of working it. It ranges in value from one to six or seven dollars per pound, according to the quality, and size of the pattern. Some men have grown rich in the business, while others have entirely failed. We were informed that, although the mica had not attracted any attention until since war, there were indications, in the growth of trees on old works, and

other things, of its having been worked previous to the discovery of America by Columbus. We were informed of this, by a gentleman of the legal profession, who had made some investigations into the matter. His opinion was that the mound builders, along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, had in time sent exploring parties up the Tennessee and other rivers in search of minerals and that these mines had been worked by them. You can see traces of mica almost everywhere, in the road, in the fields, and in the woods. While at Bakersville, we had the pleasure of meeting with the Lodge of I. O. G. T's. at that place. It was the appointed time for the district convention; but, for some reason, it had been postponed.

Seven miles Northwest from Bakersville, is the great Roan mountain. With Master Bobbie Prestwood, as a guide, we went to the top of this mountain. It stands just on this side of the Tennessee line, and is, if possible, a better place to take a view of the surrounding country than Mitchell's peak. I would advise all who may have the opportunity to visit the Roan. We were told could be seen in five different States from the top of the Roan. There are hundreds of acres of bald land around the top of the Roan. Large numbers of stock are feeding on the fine grass that grows where there is no timber. We could see, looking over a broad valley, the great Cumberland mountains of Tennessee. We will not attempt a description of what we saw from the top of the Roan. It was enough to repay us for the labor and time lost in going to see it. We never felt so small in all our lives as when looking over such an extent of country at one view. We looked, we meditated, and we wrote. But we could not stay until we were fully satisfied. We returned by Bakersville; thence we went up Cane Creek, and crossed over to the valley of the North Toe river, which is a tributary of the Nolichucky, and finds its way to the Mississippi.

We were, at one time, not very far from the head waters of the Kanawha, a tributary of the Ohio, and a river of West Virginia. We visited Linville falls, and spent some time in looking at the rugged scenery about the falls. At two leaps the water plunges about eighty feet into, what looked to be almost a bottomless pool. The cliffs and heights around the falls, were grandly beautiful with blooming ivy. But if we attempt to describe the wild scenery about the falls, we shall trespass upon somebody's patience. From the falls we crossed over the East side of the mountains. In passing over, a distance of twelve miles, we saw only one house.

On the morning of the 19th of June we reached Morganton ready to take the train for Happy Home. We had traveled in rambling about 175 miles, that too on foot. If any of our friends wish to ramble among the mountains, we would advise them to travel either on foot or on horseback. We have given but very few of the many things that we saw and enjoyed in our ramble. After stopping one day at Happy Home, we came to the city of Salisbury. Here we visited the National Cemetery, and spent some time in looking at the splendid monument, which has been recently erected in honor of the Union soldiers, who died there during the war. It is a beautiful work of art. It stands about thirty feet high. A marble wreath hangs over the top of the column. About the middle of the column a mantle is represented as overhanging something, but revealing the number 117,000. A sheathed sword and helmet, with the broken bands and chains of a tyrant, lie at the bottom. The only inscription that marks the column, is, "Pro Patria." But that is enough. What a place for reflection! What a place to bury sectional feeling! What a place to awaken patriotic sympathy! It might be called weakness; but we could not restrain the tear that dropped, scalding hot, from our eyes, as we looked up and read "Pro Patria."

What a noble sentiment! It was immortalized by Socrates long years ago. We felt prouder of the fragments of our once glorious Union, than ever before. Go, to the grave of those, "who sacrificed their lives upon the altar of their country"—Go, ye who have fallen from the Godlike love of your country and your fellow-men. Go, as we did, before the close of the centennial year, and fire your hearts with a patriotic devotion to "The fair land of ours." No more fine place could be suggested to our mind, for closing the observations of a Centennial Ramble, than in a National Cemetery.

We returned to Alamance, on the 21st ult. to find things very much as we left them eight months ago, and to realize more fully than ever, that we live in a fine level country.

J. W. H.

July 5th, 1876.

Lawrence Barret has given \$250 to the Custer monument fund.

Portrait of Sitting Bull.

A reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat has interviewed a Mr. Keller, who thus describes Sitting Bull:

Tatanka Otahka (Sitting Bull), who led the savages in the fight against Custer, belongs to the Unkasapas (dried beef eaters). Mr. Keller knows him well. He has a large head, eyes and nose, high cheek bones; one of his legs is shorter than the other, from a gun shot wound in the left knee. His countenance is of an extremely savage type, betraying that bloodthirstiness and brutality for which he has been so long notorious. He has the name of being one of the most successful scalpers in the Indian country. There has been a standing reward of \$1,000 offered for his head for the last eight years, by the Montana people, who have special cause to know his ferocious nature; some of his worst deeds having been perpetrated in that Territory. The Sioux when on the war path, black their faces from the eyes down, the forehead being colored a bright red. When in mourning, or very eager to revenge the death of friends or relations, they cut their hair short and dash their faces with white earth. Their feats of horsemanship are wonderful. They consider the greatest act of valor to be the striking of their enemy with some hand instrument while alive, and whether alive or dead it is the first one that strikes the fallen foe that "counts the coup," and not the one that shoots. They do not always scalp. Their object in scalping is to furnish a proof of their deed, and give them to their women to dance over. They always attack in a sweeping, circling line, eagle-like, give a volley, pass on, circle, and return on a different angle. When they kill one of the enemy there is always a rush to get the first crack at him, so as to "count the coup," and then some Indian who was disappointed in getting a cut at the victim while alive, scalps him. The Sioux always camp with tipis (lodges) in a circle, making, as it were, a stockade, and when on dangerous ground they picket their ponies in the centre. Mr. Keller is familiar with the ground where the disastrous engagement of Custer occurred. Concerning this he said: "My idea of Custer's slaughter is that the Indians had no women and children in their lodges, and had paraded under the lodges out of sight, Custer, thinking it was a family camp rushed in the centre of their fort, where resistance would necessarily prove fatal. His only means of escape was, after finding himself in this fix, to run right through and out, and not to stop to fight, but join Reno's command and retreat."

Don't Know Except by Hearsay.

Tabitha Sargent—"Aunt Tabitha," we all called her—was a spinster of an uncertain age, residing in the upper part of Oxford county, Maine. She might have been fifty—she might have been less—no one save herself could tell, and she wouldn't. She had been repeatedly asked how old she was, and had as often informed the inquirer that it was nobody's business but her own.

Once upon a time Aunt Tabitha was summoned as a witness in a case on trial at the fall term of the Supreme Court held at Paris—and an important witness she was. She was a testily for the plaintiff, Charles B. Cummings, was counsel for the defence (I think it was Charles); and said Charles—

"Now I'll make Aunt Tabitha tell us her age. Wait, and see."

We waited.

Tabitha had given her testimony, direct, terse and strong, and was turned over for cross examination.

"What is your name?" asked Cummings, with severe dignity.

"I told it to Mr. Hastings," answered the witness, with a snap.

"To be sure—but I wish to know that I have it right."

"My name is Tabitha Sargent!"

"Mrs Sargent, you will not forget you are under oath. Where do you now reside?"

"In Andover."

"How old are you?"

"Eh?—What, sir?"

"I don't know—sir!"

"Don't know your own age?"

No, sir, Tabitha replied, firmly but with a sharp twinkle of her keen grey eyes. "I have not the least recollection of the circumstances of my birth, and consequently could not swear to its date. I may have heard other people speak of it, but I don't suppose I'm here to tell what other folks say about things that haven't got nothing whatsoever to do with this case. So Mr. Cummings, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I tell you, once more—I don't know!"

While Judge Kent ducked his head for a few moments, Tabitha gathered herself for the next onslaught. But there was no need. She had vanquished Charles C. as he had never been vanquished before.

N. Y. Ledger.

FORTUNE TELLING.

The following are some of the rules by which fortune tellers seem to be guided in the practice of astrology.

January—He that is born in January will be laborious and a lover of good wine, be very subject to infidelity, yet he will be complacent, and a fine singer.—The woman born in this month will make a good housewife, rather melancholy, but yet good natured.

February—The man born in the month of February will love money much, but ladies more. He will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be passionate, jealous and a chatterbox.

March—The man born in March will be rather handsome; but he will be bines and prudent. He will die poor.—The lady will be passionate, jealous and a chatterbox.

April—The man who has the misfortune to be born in April will be subject to maladies, he will travel to his disadvantage; he will marry a rich heiress, who will make him miserable. The lady born in this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

May—The man born in the month of May will be handsome and amiable, he will make his wife happy. The woman will be equally blest in every respect.

June—The man born in the month of June will be of small stature, and passionately fond of children. The lady will be a personage fond of flattery, and will marry young.

July—The man born in the month of July will be fat, and suffer death for the woman he loves. The female of this month will be handsome, with a sulky temper.

August—The man born in the month of August will be ambitious and courageous; he will have two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married, but her second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September—He who is born in the month of September will be strong and prudent; but will be too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady will be round-faced and fair-haired, witty, discreet, and loved by her friends.

October—The man born in this month will be addicted to drink, but good tempered, generous and kind hearted. He will be comfortable in circumstances. The woman will be good humored, stout and handsome.

November—The man will be of miserly and crabby disposition. The woman a vixen.

December—The man will be steady quiet and religious, well-to-do in life, but no general favorite. The lady will be beautiful, amiable and virtuous.