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E. S. PARKER

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ting in price from \$25.00, to \$500.00, cc. Binding Beong, Parlor & Rocket Clanius. Burcans. Wavelrobes Clanius. Burcans. Wavelrobes Clanius. Burcans. Wavelrobes Clanius and Trandle-Beds for the Confession of Trandle-Beds for the Section of Trandle-Beds for the Section of the Complete of the Section of the Complete ever offered in the portion of State. They defy competition inquality of the Complete over offered in the portion of State. They defy competition inquality of the Complete over offered in the portion of State.

HE GREENSBORO PATRIOT

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Published weekly in Greensboro, N. C. by buffy & Albright, at \$2.10 per year in ad-vance—postage included. It is Democratic Conservative in politic-andiahors zealously for the material prospe-rity of the South generally and North Carol-ha particularly.

North Carolinians abroad should

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"My dear," said Mr. Crucible, "it a c tually gone.'

"It can't be, my dear," said Mrs. Crucible. "The thing is impossis

They were talking of Mr. Crucible's ermon, which, having been completed late on Saturday might, had been left on the desk, as usual, to be ready to his hand at church time on Sun-

Mr. Crucible was a very exact man and remembered precisely where he put the little pile of sheets fastened together at the top, and what he had afterwards done.

".Just here, my dear" he said to Mrs. Crucible- "on the left hand side, Transient advertisements \$1 per squae or the first, and fifty coats for each subsequent has been not specified as to time; ablished until ordered out, and charged dressed and went to bed. The door is locked still, Katherine. See!"

"Then no one can have entered the room," said Mrs. Crucible, "and the be af-based based

After this the good couple made search of which any detective might have been proud, but failed to discover the sermon. And, as the church bells began to ring, Mr. Crus cible hurried toward the church, in undignified haste, with one of his old to him, on his face-while Mrs. Crus cible, who had staid behind to make another search, actually reached her ermon was one on which Mr. Crulooked in vain for the manuscript, and at last making sure that he should not find it, wrote another from the ame text and conveying the same

It was, he considered even better than the first; and, having come to this satisfactory conclusion, he patted the spects into a little pile, fastened them together, rolled them up and Sewing Machine wrapped about them a little clastic band; after which he placed it in a prominent position on the desk, and retired, falling asleep at once, and as usual, sleeping heavily all night.

> The morning sun, shining through his window, awoke him to the realization of a fact that a new Sabbath had begun, and that he had a little overslept bimself. With the first gleam of memory the last Sundays ocs cured to his mind.

"I can't tell you how mortified I was by the loss of that eermon, my dear," he said to Mrs. Crucible, as he tied his cravat. "What could I have which can also be used on fine work. This machine will make 2852 stiches per minute. Manufacturers will do well to order a Fron- night that the same thing should, not occur again. I laid it where - Hallo! you put it away haven't you, Katha-

"My last night's sermon." said Mr. Crucible. "It laid just here. It was fastened with an elastic. Come, my dear, don't tease me. It's very well to joke, but-you've hidden it, haven t you?"

"How can you suppose such a thing?" said Mrs. Crucible. "I have neither seen or touched the sermon."

And again a search was begun again it was truitless. The doors were locked; the windows could not be entered from without. Neither monkey or magpie were about the prem. ises; but the second sermon had fold lowed the first.

Again Mr. Crucible preached a old sermon-again Mrs. Crucible was late at church-again the week was filled with conjecture-again on Saturday night Mr. Crucible wrote a still more earnest sermon on the same text, painting Satan even blacker than before; and this time locking the manuscript in a drawer when completed, and, to cut a long story short, the third time the sermon van ished- this time from a locked desk in a locked room, in which he himself slambered.

The third old sermon was preached and poor Mr. Crucible was nearly in a fever, until sitting alone one even ing in the twilight, the truth dawned

upon him. It was Satans work. The sermons had been written with a view to showing how terrible Satan was, how subtly he gained power over the human heart, and how one should guard against him. Perhaps they were the best sermons ever written on the subject, and Satan had resolved that they never should bey

The more Mr. Crucible thought of this theory, the more he felt assured of its truth. What agency had been used he did not know, but it was Satan' work, and, if Satan troubled Martin Luther by cracking nuts in his room why should he not be able to steal Calvin Crucible's sermons? He communicated his fancy to Mrs, Crucis figure glided out of the room

ble, who accepted it as a fact at once and then he sat down to waite on the har ged if Crucible isn't right. It is same subject more fiercely and earns the old boy." estly than before.

lay it on his desk. Instead he bound it together and slipped it under his

"My head shall rest upon it tos night," he said. "I will preach it on Sunday, despite all Satan can do. If as they passed the bed: but there was he takes it, he will wrestle for it with, no answer.

And both Mr. and Mrs. Crucible morning, in consequence of this de-

termination. At a late hour, however, they asleep.

The first thing Mr. Crucible did, when he awoke in the morning, was to slip his hand under the pillow. The sermon was gone, and he gave

loud cry, that awoke Mrs. Crucible poor Mr Crucible. in a terrible fright. "It is gone again, my dear," was all that the poor man could say. "It

is concacain." "Then it netually is Satan," said Mrs. Crucible.

Matters had now become serious. drajery slowly flopped. Mr. Crucible felt that be could not keep the matter to himself any longer. mons without explanation. This one, sermons in his pocket, and a look of indeed he must, for there were the dismay and perplexity, quite unusual church doors open, and he was not an extemporaneous sp aker.

Accordingly he proceeded to the old hair trunk, a legacy from his ; reat had crossed the stone floor, and was in solemn silence, and not a word pew after the first hymn begun. The grandfather, and opening it, looked now bent over some empty flour bars is spoken. Her Majesty usially in, fully expecting to see within the rels. and, at that instant, Deacon makes two or three remarks during cible prided himself. Some one in piles of folded sermons, which had Smith close on his heels, turned the the dinner, but no one speaks unless the congregation had professed to been gradually accumulating for light of the lantern full upon it, and the Queen speakes to him and the doubt the existence of Satan as an in- years. To his astonishment and hor- revealed neither ghost nor satan, but company it more like a Quakers meetdividual, and in his sermon Mr. Cius ror, the trunk was empty. Nothing a living mortal, No other than Mr. ing than anything else. Before the cible clearly proved his identity, and remained in it but the mysterious Crucible himself, draped in a white dessert Her Majesity generally rises. had spoken of him as he certainly dust which is always seen after the counterpane, wearing a tasseled bows and leaves the room, but the well deferved. All the week he temoyal of the cleanest books or panight cap upon his head, and wrap guests,—ladies and all,—remain.

pers from any receptacle. That day Mrs. Crucible did not go of the somnambulist. to church at all, and Mr. Crucible few hasty notes made while the fir-t mean?"

hymns were being sung. Atterward he communicated the deacons, old triends as well as mems angry at them. He explained over he accordingly did. and over again that the sermons were specially directed against Sa'an and and all his works, and that it was no n.ore than likely that the adversary desired to put an end to his crusade against him: but all that Deacon

Smith would say was: Well, well, no doubt he has a hand in most of the wicked things that are

Crucible.

and Martin Luther, you know-"Yes, Iknew," said brother Brown

tin Luther, was'nt it?"

crucible, inkignantly.

keep vigil in another room.

vants sent to bed.

gown and slippers, fully determined to pounds .- Scribner. emain wide awake

There is nothing more likely to lu!l even a constitutionally wakeful peron to repose than such a reso ution and Mr. Crucible was far from being constitutionally wakeful. After lying for a few moments watching the streaks of moonlight, and secretly hoping that Deacons Brown and mith would that night see enough of Satan to convince them of his persor ality, his eyes closed and he began

Five ...inutes afterwards Brown peeping out of the wardrobe, pinche Smith, and Smith pinched Brown.

"Something coming," said Smith. And at that moment both saw a strange figure with a pointed cap upon his head and a singular drapery upon his person, creep into the room, go to the dask and feel about it Then there

He's got it." said Brown, 'and

"Stop talking and come along." It was a thrilling sermon that he whispered Smith, as he grabbed a at last completed. And he did not dark lantern with which he had provided himself. Then they sped after the departing

figure, who crossed the clergyman's bed-room and unlocked the door. "Mr. Crucible." whispered Smith,

The shadewy figure sped down lay awake until two o'clock in the landing, the door of the spare bedroom opened, and out rushed Mrs. Crucible, wrapped, from the chillness fell of the midnight vigil, in a shawl.

Brown seized her hand. "Dont be frightened. Mrs. Crucible" he whispered. "I can't help it, Mr. Brown. What

"Asleep, I guess," said Brown.

On they crept. "It's going down the cellar," said Mrs. Crucible: and Smith was already is time to prepare for dinner. After on the cellar stairs with a lantern, dinner the ladies reads to her again down which the object in ghostly and she looks over pictures and

"Suppose he should do something dreadful to us!" said Mrs. Crucible. I suppose?" I said. "Well, stiff is He could not go on preaching old ser- But she had not the courage to return hardly the word for it," was the

and damp, and Smith was keeping a Her Majesty makes a bow and sits Satan on the other, as it might be. It seats. The footmen serve the dishes ped in the strange, open eved slumber The Princess Beatrice generally

preached as well as he could from a "Oh! what is it? What does it ter Her Majesty has lett, and at the end

in his sleep, and has hidden his own ladles leave the room, the gentlemen fact we have narrated to a couple of sermons." replied deacon Smith.

bers of his flock, who refused to bes shake Mr. Crucible awake. But dealieve Satan the robber, and so firmly con Smith, with better sense, sugges. Sometimes the Queen will go into insisted that human hands did the ted that he should be allowed to re the drawingsroom in the course of the work that Mr. Crucible actually grew turn to his pills w undisturbed, which evening, but not very often. And

The next morning Mr. Crucible was convinced of what had happened only by the sight of the sermons in the old barrel. And he has since written a pamphlet to-prove that sounambulis. has a diabolical origin,

# ANIAGARA INCIDENT.

In the Summer of 1816 three men done,' but he has worked through hus living about three miles above the man agents. You'll find it's that hired | Falls saw a bear swimming in the rivman of yours, or that man who does er. Thinking he would be a capital thought, how pleasant that courteous odd jobs. I never liked his looks, prize they started for him in a large, reply! How gratifying must it be You are not a Spiritualist, I hope Mr. substantial log canoe or dug-out. When they overtook him he seemed years' experience are ready enough "No, no. I abhor their doctrine,' quite obliged for their attention, and with the courtesis of politeness to the cried Mr. Crucible; "but 1 do be- quietly putting his paws on the side young ladies of their acquaintance, lieve, as you know, in a personal devil, of the canoe, drew himself into it notwithstanding that they vehemently belabored him with their paddles. who had not yet spoken; "but some. As he came in on one side two of the how it was kinder different with Mar- men went into the water on the other side. The third who may be called " I really can't see why," said Mr. Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embsrrassed. Then Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith Much to his relief the animal delibers consulted together, and formed a ately set down in the bow of the cas plan. On the following Saturday noe facing him, As the noise of the night a new sermon was to be laid rapids and roar of the Falls reminded upon the pastor's desk, and he was to him that they were omniously nearpretend to retire as usual, having be- Fisher resolved to take advantage ore hand secreted in the study, which of the trace and pull vigorously for opened out of the bedroom, and had the shore. But when he began to o other door, Messrs, Brown and paddle the bear began to growl his Smith, who, sheltered in a long ward- objections, erforcing them at the same robe, could burst out upon the cul- time with an omnious grin. Fisher prit and secure him. Of course Mr. desisted for a while, but feeling their Prucible was only to pretend to sleep constant and Insidious approach to and Mrs. Crucible had determined to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note Accordingly, prayers having been of disaprobation an octave higher, said on the night in question, the and made a motion as if he intended house was locked up, and the ser- to get down and "go for" him. The men who swam ashore soon, however The Crucibles then leigned to retire reappeared in another cause, with out Mrs. Crucible merely locked her- loaded musket, shot the bear, and selt into the square bed-room, and ended Fisher's terrib'e suspense Mr. Crucible lay down in his dressing Bruin weighed over three hundred

GRUMBLERS.-Don't be a grumbler Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run agar: st all the sharp corners, and to find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; trouble and bear it bravely. You away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone go to away the rough spots, and mish up brethren, one woman can draw a man there they are true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers, brethren way from the kingdom of heaven than five yoke of oxen."

Figaro has interviewed John Brown with the following result: "Her lieve?" I said. "Yes; it is generally the same, day after day," was the reply. 'She gets up about nine in the morning, and has breakfast in the apartments. Then she walks up and down the terrace until she comes to sign, with the corner turned down where she is to write. But Her Majstars, and they followed. On the esty, woman-like, will insist opon reading most of them, and of seeing what is inside.

However, she rare makes alteration After this, which often takes two or dealy said : three hours, she sees the Princess Beatrice (God bless her) and has lunch. Then she will, if it is fine, take a walk in the grounds with the an awful looking thing! Where is Princess Beatrice and Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, when he or she will drive out, and have to attend her. Then she comes home, and one of the ladies reads to her until its things, and goes lo bed very early. The dinner is rather a stiff affair reply, "The guests assemble, and They were now in the cellar, cold dinner is generally announced before. leave; with her mother. Then the "Oh!" shrieked Mrs. Crucible. conversation becomes more general arof dinner Lady Biddulph, or Miss Mr. Crucible has taken to walking Condogan, or somebody rises, the usually go to the smoking or billiard Then Deacon Brown desired to room and the ladies to the drawing-

room. the gentleman are all in Court dres wnich is usually very tightly fitting, so they can't enjoy the dinner much I dont envy them a bit."

# HOME COURTESIES,

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered, "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said the tone, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We to the wife! Many husbands of ten the wife, and do many rade little things without considering them

worth an apology. Though words seem little thing . and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it, they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and they see them respecting each other. - Many a boy takes advantage of the mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the teelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mether! Why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus the home becomes a seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstone fully prepared to render justice, benevolen and politeness to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glane the happy homestead, the sinfling wife and courteous children of the triend who said pleasantly, "Yes my dear with pleasure."

It is related of a certain New Eng and divine, who flourished not many cars ago, and whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the supbut you are to take your share of the per, in which occurs the passage "And another said, I have bought will be very sure to have burdens laid five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove will be very sure to have burdens isld they oke of oxen, and I go to prove upon you that belong to other I cople them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said I have married a doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up

# ROYATY AND COLD DINARR. How Mr. Butterwick Counted Him-

Mr. Butterwick, of Roxboro, had Majesty leads a very regular life, I be- a fit of skeeplessness one night, lately, and, after vainly trying to lose himself in slumber, he happened to remember that he once read in a almanac that a man could put himself to sleep by riment, and, closing his eyes, he fancied the sheep jumping, and began sheep, and was begining to dose off, when M.s. Butterwisck and demanded that he not only pull off

"Joseph!"

"O, what?"

wants to set."

"O'don't bother me with such nonence as that now. Do keep quiet and go to sleep."

take that fence, one of the twins be-

When Mrs. Butterwick had quieted ous and excited, concluded to try it Edward Caldwell, who was sheep had slid over that fence, when Butterwick's mother-in law knocked at the door and asked if he was awake When she learned he was, she said she believed he had forgotten to close the back shutters, and she thougt she heard burglars in the yard.

Then Butterwick arose in wrath and went down to see about it. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned to bed, he resolved that Mrs. Butterwick's mother would leave the house Settle or Hayes, avery radical paper for good in the morning or he would. in the land would have taken up the wick's mother would leave the house However, he thought he might as cry of intimidation and persecution; well give the almanac plan another the state of insurrection, and Grant trial, and setting the sheep in motion would have sent rederal soldiers to he began to count, This time he bring these intimidators to fustice. eached 240 and would probably have got to sleep before the 300th sheep Mecklenburg county, and was attendjumped, had not Mix's new dog in the ing to his on a business, and trespass-yard become suddenly homesick, and ing upon no one's rights. Yet sthese

Butterwick was indignant. Neglecting the sheep, he leaped from the bed and began to bombard Mix's new plaster bust of Daniel Webster, and nanced the dog to retreat to the stable and think about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous to re sume those sheep again, but he determined to give the glimanac mar one more chance, and so as they be learn to respect their parents and gan to jump the fence he began to count, after seeing the sheep safely over, he was gliding gently in the land of dreams, when Mr. Butterwick rolled out of bed and fel on the floor with such violence that she waked the twiss and started them erying, while Butterwisck's mother in-law came down stairs four steps at a time, to ask if they felt that earths quake.

> The situation was ton awful for words. Butterwick regarded it for a minute with speechless in liguation and then seizing a pillow he went over to the sofa in the back sitting room and lay down on the lounge. He fell asleep in ten minutes with

out the assistance of the almanac, bu he dreamed all night that he was being butted around the equator by a Cotswold ram, and he awoke in the morning with a terrible headache and conviction that sheep are good mough for wool and chops, Lut uo. orth a cent as a nare itie.

A minister's wife once asked the A minister's wife once asked the late Dr. Radio, of Glasgow, how he became attached to the Session Church when his father was a member of the Relief. "Oh," said the, doctor, "I can easily explain that! Some of the children went with my father and some with my mother; but the sufferer resolves. my father took nothing in his pocket the su for the 'in erval,' while my mother injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that always took bread and cheese,—so I will a should have been my nurcery and now shall be their hospital."

NEGRO MON LAW,

# THEY TATCH THE SPIRIT OF GRANTS WAR OBDER OF THE SOUTH,

[Charlotte Observer] On Sunday morning, John Henderson, a colored member of the Tilden and Vance club, of this city who lives: about five miles in the coustry. went imagining that he saw a flock of sheep out to Caldwell's colored church which indoors to sign her papers. The jumping a fence, and counting them, is situated at the fork of the Beattle s documents are all put ready for her and he determined to try the experiment of the country o from this city. When entering the door of the church he was accosted by to count. He had reached his 140th they had sworn to bill any ded need the badge, but leave the grounds im-mediately; both of which insolent demands he refused to comply with. He then pushed his way into the "I believe that yellow hen of ours church, and waited matif the morning

services were over.
When he left the church, he was surrounded by about a hundred see gross, who sgian threatened his life if he did not take off thebadge and leave Then Butterwick started his sheep the ground within tifteen minutesagain, and commenced to count. He They declared they ruled their race and got up to 120, and was feeling as if repeated they were sworn to kill any he would drop off at any moment, negro who voted the democratic ties when, just as his 121st sheep was to ket. He then left the mob, after being pulled by the coat, and lay downa short distace u der the shade of a tree when about 25 little were sent to "Hang that child!" he shouted at jeer and insut him. Meantime they Mrs. Butterwick; "why don't you became more demonstrative and sharp eye on the figure before them - down, and the guests resumes their tend to it and put it to sleep? Hush boisterous. He then went to the house up, you little imp, or I'll spank of a white republican named Hicks and asked him to witness the treatment and to see him safely from the crowd but as Hicks seemed indispose it, Butterwick, although a little ner- ed to shield him, he called upon Dr. again. Turning on the imaginary by at the time. Some of the older mutton he began. Only sixty-four negroes became violent, abused his mule, cut up the harness, and made after Henderson with grawn knifes and cocked pistols. Caldwell and others can substatiate every statement set forth in this article, and we call mon the officers of the county to arrest lawless negroes, who assaulted one of their own color with intent to kill, simply because he saw fit to differ with them on a mere question of politics.

Had such swentrage been committed by the whites upon one of their color because he wore a badge of

John Henderson is a peaceable and respectable colored cifizen of began to express his feelings in a se- assaults with intent to kill have been ries of prolonged and exasperating made upon him and his property want only damageth because of his political opinions. The negroes who committed the depredations must be taught that there are laws, and that they must obey there as other people. dog with boots, soap-cups, and every From their own statement, it appears loose article he could layhis hands on. that the negroes are banded tegether of their number who sees fit to vote the demorratic ticket.

# THE I DEARS, PARMER.

Rolph Waldo Emerson in his esays portrays the glory of the far-

The glory of the farmer is that, in the division of labor it in his part to create. All the trulers rest at least on his trimitive authority. He star de close to nature, he obtain troug the earth 'he bread and the ment. food which was not he causes to be The first farmer avas the first man, and all historic pobility rest on the posion and use of the hand.

Men do not like hard work, but ev-

ery man has an exceptional respect for fi lige and the feeling that is t' . original calling of his race, that he nimself is only excused from it be ome circumstances which made him delegate it for some time to other unids. It he time not some skill which recommended him to the tarmer, some product for which the farmer will give his corn, he must himself return auto his due place among the planters And the profession has in all eyes this ancient charm as If standing nearest to Gud. the first heauty of he first cause. The beauty of insture. the tranquility and finocence of the countryman, his I undependence and his pleasant arts—the care of bees, of politry, of sheep, of cows, the dairy the care of hav of fruits, of orchards and forests, and the reset on of these