

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## THE GLEANER.

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Graham, N. C.

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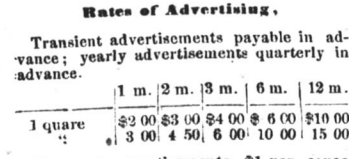
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### Sewing Machine

Will make a stitch alike on both sides. It has a reversible feed. It is made of the case hardened steel. It has no cogs, cams or wheels. It is self-regulating. 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 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 any terms and sent by mail to any part of the State. We are also agents for the

### MANUFACTURING MACHINE

For very heavy work.  
Which can also be used for work. This machine will make 2852 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 agents for the

**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 hook and toe.

Hoods, Gloves, Shawls, Scarfs, Headings, &c., may be knit upon the "Woman's Help," &c., and the price is less than half the common cutters, 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  
**E. G. CARTLAND,**  
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## FURNITURE.

**W. R. FORBIS & BROTHER**  
(under the Zenbow 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, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Business Desks, Sashes, Crises, Dressing and Travelling Cases for the little folks, Mattresses, etc.,**  
Spring Beds of every variety and style.

Hat-racks and any and everything in the furniture line. Their stocks in the largest and most complete ever offered in this portion of the State. They defy competition in quality or price.

## THE MASONIC JOURNAL

Greensboro, N. C.

The only Masonic weekly published in the United States. Eight pages, thirty two broad columns.

Triests of all topics of interest to the craft. Literature pure, and is a household companion of which every Mason in the country may justly feel proud.

Terms, one year, \$2; Six months, \$1.50; three months, \$1.00. Order or Registered Letter.

Send stamp for specimen and get club.

Address **E. H. WILSON**  
Greensboro, N. C.

### Poetry.

#### NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair;  
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter.  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.

Never give up! or the burden may sink you;  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;  
And in all trial or troubles betook you,  
The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! There are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;  
And, through the chaos, high Wisdom arranges  
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;  
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of, "Never give up!"

Never give up! Though the grape-shot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-rod over you burst;  
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up, if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of, "Never give up!"

#### A Plain recital of Facts.

[From the Charlotte News and Courier.]

1. A month ago the colored laborers in the Counties of Beaufort and Colleton struck for higher wages. Many of the hands were willing to work at the advanced rate given at the beginning of harvesting, but the ringleaders drove such laborers from the fields, set upon them, bruised them with clubs and brutally whipped them. To this hour the two Counties named are in a perturbed condition.

2. In Charleston on September 6th a mob of Radical negroes attacked two colored Democrats, who were defended by a party of white citizens. In the fight that ensued one man was killed and several persons were grievously wounded. For some hours the negro rioters held undisputed possession of the principal thoroughfare of the city.

3. At the beginning of this week a posse with a constable, bearing a warrant for the arrest of a negro charged with assault and robbery of an aggravated character, were fired upon, near Ellenton, by a crowd of negroes, with whom the fugitive from justice had taken refuge. These negroes have since burned two dwelling houses and a number of barns. They removed the rails on the Port Royal Railroad, threw a train from the track, and fired into the train. They threaten even now to burn the villages on the line of road.

4. In the quiet town of Aiken the white citizens on Friday night slept on their arms; the blacks having beaten the long roll and manifested an intention to use the torch as a surer weapon of defence than shotgun or bludgeon.

5. In Marion, the other day, a negro resisted arrest, and, with his companions, fired upon and wounded one of the sheriff's posse who attempted to arrest him.

6. The deputy sheriff of Barnwell a Republican, is ambuscaded and wounded by negroes, and the clothes of the officer with him were riddled with balls.

7. The facts we give, stripped to the bare truth, and capable of confirmation by a cloud of trust worthy witnesses, exhibit the situation of the low country of South Carolina, where the negroes predominate. For a month or more the white citizens have been in imminent danger. The assassin threatens them by day and the barn-burner by night.

8. The State government is in undisputed possession of the Republican party. What has been done by that State government, or by local officers to restore to the people, under the Constitution, the inalienable rights of "enjoying and defending their lives and liberties, of acquiring, possessing and protecting property, and of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness?"

9. In Beaufort nineteen of the Combabeer rioters were arrested. All save five were discharged. The remaining five were tried on Wednesday. Their guilt was admitted, no defence was made. They were promptly acquitted.

10. A show of authority was made in Colleton, but the rioters pursued the Deputy Sheriff and posse, rescued their prisoner, and drove the "minions of the law" in derision back to Walterboro'. The Sheriff of Colleton reports that he cannot execute the processes of the law in the lower part of the County.

11. In Charleston one solitary arrest has been made, and that was, after long delay, upon the affidavit of a citizen who had been assaulted. The City authorities hear nothing, say nothing, attempt nothing.

12. No arrests in Barnwell or Aiken! No arrests at Ellenton or Hat-

### ACLEGUNAN AND A BURGLAR.

**The Rev. Dr. Price's Remarkable Adventure with an Impresonable Robber.**  
[From the Sunday Mercury.]

The Rev. Mr. Price, formerly rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, lived until recently at 109 West Twenty-second street. Early in the Summer he went to Hempstead, leaving his furniture and silver locked in his dwelling. A week ago Friday the Doctor came to New York, unlocked the front door, and entered the parlor. Soon he heard footsteps coming softly down the stairs. He went into the hall, and there he discovered a burglar! What are you doing here? asked the Doctor. The burglar pointed a pistol at the clergyman's head and said: If you move I will blow your brains out, and dragged him into the parlor and told him to sit down. I began to talk to him, said the Doctor to a Mercury reporter. My good fellow said I, what induces you to commit this crime? You have committed burglary, and now you, are about to commit murder. It will do you no good to kill an old man like me. You have already run the risk of twenty years in the State prison, and to little purpose. If you kill me you will be found out, for I have many friends in the city and am well known here. The murder will cause great excitement, and you will be hanged for it. As a mere matter of policy it is folly to kill me. And, then, why do you want to add crime to crime? Well, you take the matter pretty coolly, said the burglar. Who are you anyhow? I am the Rev. Mr. Price, of the Episcopal Church, and have spent a portion of my time laboring among your class of people. The burglar's manner changed when I said this, and he took his pistol away from my head. Taking the burglar left hand in mine (the right held the pistol), I added: "My good fellow, what has induced you to lead this life of crime? Why do you do so? The hand containing the pistol dropped by the burglar's side. I am suffering he said, for food to eat, and without work and no one pities me. You are the first man, sir, that has spoken a kind word to me in a long time. I shall not harm you. I am surprised at our coolness. You are the most remarkable man I ever saw.

The Doctor had a very heavy gold chain hanging from his vest, and a gold watch attached to it. He also had money in his pockets. The burglar did not attempt to rob him. He said: You have destroyed all my desire to steal; and as for harming you, you need not fear that. But I must escape, and how to do it I don't know. I am afraid to go out for you will give an alarm and I shall be arrested. I cannot stay here, that's certain, and I cannot harm you, for you talk so kindly to me. I haven't the heart to injure you. I don't see any other way than to let you go. Is there a closet handy to put you in?

This is unnecessary, said the Doctor. I will allow you to escape. I will give you all the time you want. I will not make any alarm until you are out of laager. My life is in danger and I promise you that you shall have all the time you want.

Well, I guess I'll trust you.

He started for the door. As he was about to go out, the Doctor called to him: "My good fellow, you say you are in want. Here, take this dollar (handing him a silver dollar). I am willing to help you further if you will write me when you get away. You need not fear to do so for I will not trouble you if you really desire to reform.

The burglar stood leaning against the front door of the house with one hand on the knob, looking pensively at the floor. Drawing a long breath he raised himself full length, and changing his position to rest himself he said, slowly, and with much feeling: "Ah, thank you, thank you sir. I expected to have a fight with you when I heard you come in the door. You have conquered me without fighting. You shall hear from me again, sir; I will never forget this occurrence, I believe that there is one kind-hearted man left in the world. Good bye."

The burglar, casting a glance behind him, slid out upon the stoop, and shutting the door after him walked rapidly away toward Ninth avenue.

"By the Governor." It's hard work to keep your sons in check while they're young; it's harder still to keep 'em in check when they grow older.

What is more beautiful in this life than a sunburst girl of fourteen, in a calico dress, riding a rawboned horse to water?

The St. Lawrence is the only river in the world that enjoys the symmetry of having a head larger than its mouth.

### CENTENNIAL POLITICS.

BY AN. MADELER.

If we wish to find out if our friends are truly the noble characters we thought them, just nominate them for office, and we'll very soon find out we've been harboring a black-hearted lot of villains; our bosoms. I must confess I am idiot enough to want so honest a man in office once more. But I can't help it. I have read so many Sunday School books about G. Washington and other good and honest men that it has forever ruined me in my political desires. I know that is old fogyish in me to think men like Washington would suit these times; and, therefore I want any young people ever want to have anything to do with politics to let any books, such as I read, alone, and stick to our newspapers. When I saw Sam. J. Tilden's name as the Democratic nominee, I was rejoiced. For, you see, I believed that he was an honest, truthful man. I thought, "Ah! at last we have a man whom they cannot accuse of robbery, lying or murder." But, one day, I picked up a republican paper, and—well, I hoed S. J. T. would be hung, if one-half it said or 'him was true. Why, it went on to prove that he had exhibited remarkable signs of depravity in his early youth; and that his whole life had been one of unparalleled villainy.

The Republicans ran up the name of R. B. Hayes. "Here, then," I thought, "is a man whom the country must regard as the right one." Unhappily, though, I picked up a Democratic paper that day, and was perfectly dumb-founded at what my eyes saw. I couldn't be mistaken. There it was, that editor had known him even from his youth up. As a boy who was sneaking and sly. His mother would give him two nickels for Sunday school, and he'd make a false return to the teacher and give one. He put tar in his hat when sent to take up a collection, and kept what "stuck." He grew up to be a steward in the church, and was trustee. He'd then make false returns of property. During the war he "confiscated" \$400 belonging to a dead soldier's widow.

—And then it gave an account of the late discoveries of his false returns of property. I simply wanted to be emperor long enough to behold Mr. Hayes. Well I got hold of an Independent journal next. It proved very conclusively to my mind that both men were natural born pirates, and gave both their pictures, and asked an enlightened public if they were "going to elect such a cur-throat looking gang as that to the White House; any sensible person could see murder in Hayes' and robbery in Tilden's. I mentally resolved to vote for any one. The truth of the business is, we need honest men in office. But, if we take the views of the two parties as guides no sane man will vote for either candidate, for, according to both factions neither man is fit for any place of honor.

The fact is, Messrs. Editors, it has gotten to be a perfect farce the way the papers and parties make up and invent lies after lie upon the men who are opposed to their pet views. We need good, honest men, and if we place men before the people well known, without any such "record hunting," we will have good men in our high offices. The right man will never need a few newspapers to make his way clear. He'll certainly go through on his own merits. If he can't, we don't want him. I think, as far as any one knows, either one of the gentlemen now before us is good for the position. There are honest men in both parties.

**JAKE'S ABSENCE EXPLAINED.**—Jake has been quiet for several days. We inquired of Old Sil as to the absence:

"He's down dar at de house, sah, laborin' from a confusion ob de nose."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Dat's what de docker called de trouble wid his face, sah!"

"Well, what the thunder has happened to him?"

"Bree de, cihle, he got mix wid a he mule de odder night!"

"Oh! that's it. I thought he had been about mules long enough to keep out of danger?"

"Sho! You don't kno' a mule like I do. Dey's a mighty onhandy critter an' dere legs iz set on ha'r-triggers; dey goes off at de mos' unsartin times, and you can dodge lightning fuser dan you kin a mule's heels. Jest take Jake dar—de docker sez dat mule's foot' panted ter be trabin' fo'ten Jake's feet ways, when hit come agin Jake's nose! Dar's a zamble now ob what a mule ar!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

If every man's heart had a window, what a grand chorus would be sung of "pull down the blinds."

### KISSING FOR A WAGER.

[From the Fayetteville Express.]

An amusing incident occurred on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad the other day. A Tallahoma gentleman boarded the train at that place and met a Georgia friend whom he had not seen for some time. The two took a seat together and chatted pleasantly about politics, the crops, the weather, etc. Presently the Tallahoma gentleman saw a very handsome lady sitting on the opposite seat cutting the leaves of a new book.

By Jove, isn't that a pretty woman? he whispered to his friend.

Yes, she's passably good looking, was the guarded reply.

Passably good looking? was the indignant rejoinder; why, she's as lovely as a speckled trout in clear water, and as proud looking as a peacock with its tail spread.

Well, retorted the other, since you think her so charming and so proud I'll bet you a hat that I can step over there and kiss her without ruffling her temper.

I'll take that bet! said the Tallahoma gentleman with an incredulous stare, your stock of cheek is heavy, I admit, but I don't think you have enough for a job of that sort.

The gentleman from Georgia rose quietly from his seat, stepped over to the lady, put one hand gently on her shoulder, bent down gracefully and kissed her lightly on her ripe, rosy mouth. She blushed confusedly, but looked at him tenderly, nevertheless, and smiled.

Well, that beats the deuce! exclaimed the Tallahoma man as his friend returned to his seat. I never saw anything equal to your impudence in my life.

There was nothing impudent about it, was the calm reply; I simply kissed my wife, and I will take that hat when we get to Nashville.

He got it.

**A SENSIBLE DOG.**—Here is an anecdote that comes to us all the way from Australia; Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilkucum parish, says John Fraser, I was using whiskey bottles for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it, and gave it to the dog. He ate it up curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up into my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunk on man. The appearance of his eyes and face was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the press for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being closed, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass, to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—inflating surpassing foolish drinking men.

**TOUGHENED GLASS.**—The new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamps chimneys tumbler, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made have inspired further research in the same field and a number of new pieces, of more or less value are reported. In the original process glassware, raised to a red or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an entirely new character. Instead of breaking with a startle fracture under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and, besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before displays a toughness and cohesion many times to excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles resembling quartz sand.—*The World's Work; Scribner for October.*

**SHAKED UP.**

One night last week, William Brown son of the late Allen Brown, living two miles east of town, was attracted by a noise in the cellar of his house. He went down in the dark to ascertain the cause, and as he groped his out, (he was barefoot at this time) on the step of the cellar, he was sensible of two severe bites. Procuring a light he came back to the cellar, and found on the steps two large highland moccasins who had struck him. He dispatched them both and then betook himself to the care of his wounds. The immediate use of whiskey relieved him and though suffering considerably, he is now doing well.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

Prof Blackie in a recent lecture said: "A woman is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree. She will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin but not sooner."

### ON HER DOG.—They were kind of each other, very, and had been engaged. But they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up. He called a few days ago at her father's house—to see the old gentleman, on business, of course. He answered his ring at the door. Said he, "Ah! Miss—, I be 'ere, is your father within?" "No," sir, she replied, "Is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?" "Yes, Miss," was his bluff response, feeling that she was yielding to "on very particular personal business."—And he proudly turned to go away. "I beg your pardon," she called after him as he struck the lower step, but who shall I say called?" He never smiled again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### WHAT A HARD SHEET THE BAPTIST THOUGHT.

A Hardshell Baptist preached in Washington City lately and took for his text: "God made man in his own image." He then commenced: "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Then he made a long pause, and looking earnestly around the audience, exclaimed: "But I opine God Almighty hasn't had a job in this city for nigh unto fifteen years!"

A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horses running away; afraid to sail for fear of the boat being upset; afraid to run for fear they might fall; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more fearful than all the others put together.

Nothing will surprise a married man so much as to go home and see his wife limping round the house with her little leg bandaged, saying that she doesn't see why he has to keep such an internal edge on his razor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The editor who always "got his paper out on time" has been said by the sheriff. His creditors said they couldn't live on time.—*Norristown Herald.*

Wonder if Cousin Vanderbit remembers the time, when he was a poor man, that we predicted his career as a steam-boat and railroad king?—*Rochester Democrat.*

Clara Louise Kellogg recently at the commencement of the Maine Agricultural College asked whether best vines have to be trimmed in the spring.—*N. Y. Herald.*

It is said that yellow fever never prevails in the pine woods, and cases taken there lose their contagiousness. From this circumstance it is argued that resin is the best of all yellow fever disinfectants.

George Elliott says that a young man's eyes first open to the world when he is in love. This is not all ways so. Usually it is when he has gone away from home and had his washing sent out for the first time, and finds among it when it is returned an odd stocking with two red stripes added to the top and long enough to pull up around his neck.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

God has fixed upon earth two gates, which lead to heaven. He has placed them at the two extremities of life one at its beginning, the other at its end. The first is that of innocence, the second that of repentance.

The newest collar is called the "Safety." It is so named from the fact that it is high enough for a man who wears one to crawl up behind it and hide when his wife steps in at the office to inquire whether he mailed her letters.

The Whitehall Times asks: "If Necessity is the mother of invention, will some sharp paragonist please inform us who the father is? Why, the husband of Mrs. Necessity, of course. Isn't this a parent enough?"—*Norristown Herald.*

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