

**RECENT POLITICAL NEWS.**

(Philadelphia, November 1.) This morning the "Western" expresses was nearing Philadelphia, a long-nosed man undertook to ascertain the political proclivities of the passengers. Armed with paper and pencil, his first onslaught was directed at the smoking car. Here the vote stood six for Hayes, six for Tilden and twenty-two for "None of your damn business." Slightly disengaged he tackled the next car. Eight men voted for "Dry up," two for "Go bag your head," an old lady threatened to call the conductor when he spoke to her, and a cross-eyed individual recorded for Ben Butler. The vote still stood six for Hayes and six for Tilden. In the third car, the first one he addressed was an old gentleman, muffled up in a shawl.

"Hayes or Tilden?"

"Eh?"

"Hayes or Tilden?"

"Speak a little louder, please I'm awful hard of hearing."

"Hayes or Tilden?" again shouted long-nose, growling purple in the face.

"What's that a ten?"

"No, no, Hayes or Tilden. How do you vote?" roared long-nose.

"What's that a ten?" Got an overcoat?"

That vote was not recorded, and long-nose passed to the next seat. Here a gentleman snapped out "Hayes," and an intoxicated individual, who was interviewing a black bottle, growled, "Whiskey, by thunder." As the next gentleman recorded for Tilden, the old lady, who was seated by his side, rose up as if in horror, and grasping the arm of the collector of straws, she excitedly exclaimed:

"Mr. if that man wants that horrid Tilden for President I want you to know that I ain't hot for Beecher."

The vote for Beecher was duly recorded. The next man addressed was a woman. She was dressed in gray hair and a pair of gold spectacles, and in a sharp tone announced her candidate as Victoria Woodhull. Then three giggling girls avowed their preference for any good-looking young man, and things went along swimmingly in this car, everybody recording their votes, although neither Hayes nor Tilden appeared to be the popular candidate. As the conductor was passing through he recorded in favor of Tom Scott, and sent long-nose east on the platform to interview a couple of brakemen.

"Are you for Hayes?" he mildly inquired.

They looked at each other a moment, exchanged winks, and then one solemnly said:

"Who's Hayes?"

"Oh, I see you are for Tilden," laughed long-nose.

"Who's Tilden?" solemnly asked the other.

"Come, come, boys; you know who they are. Who do you vote for?"

"Which one sets out a free lunch?" was the solemn reply.

"Free lunch!" exclaimed long-nose. "Why neither of them. They are running for President you know."

"Running for President?" said both in chorus.

"Yes."

"Well, don't stop there. Let me run, I may be mortally interested, then we'll see the temper, and counting his pencil and paper into his pocket, he signed off, laimed, "I might have known you to be of boys' couldn't vote." Then those wicked brakemen arose in their might, twisting their horny hands in long-nose's collar, jammed him against the door, knocked a set of false teeth down his throat and when they had grown tired of jamming him, his face resembled the rough-hewn of a hash house beefsteak. Then, seizing him by the heels, they dragged him into a corner, and after emptying a bucket of cold water over his head, to arouse his thirst for political information, they left him to ponder on the ingratitude of republics.

A SOLEMN CONCLAVE,  
A DECIDEDLY BLUE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.  
REPORTED AT MONDAY'S MEET-  
ING.

SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.  
WASHINGTON, October 17.—It is now known that the special call of the Cabinet in session yesterday was mainly for the purpose of considering the general political situation. There was a very brief adjournment of affairs recited by Tait, who was the only political being in the building present. Tait will be considered in this regard as somewhat of a novelty. Tait is going to New York to take part in the trials, but does so in fear in trembling, as he states the apprehensions of his friends to the best, who report to him that the official indications are very distressing. Tait is not working as hard as he was four years ago, but is still to be referred to the shades of private life, no matter how the election may result. In fact, the conduct of the Administration in the southern field has led either to Tait, Chamberlain, and Cramer, whose lease of office is due to expire together upon the 1st of January.

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