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## THE GLEANER.

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Graham N. C.

## Whose was the guilt.

Ellis Tremayne laid his fork down with a gesture half of impatience, half of discouragement, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem to have not the slightest appreciation of affairs, Effie. I have explained time and again that I am living up to my income—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more discursively than Effie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him horribly cross, and parted her lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

And yet it was lovely. Mr. Tremayne thought to that same moment as he looked at the delicate pink-and-snow complexion, and the large dark blue eyes that had played such mad havoc with his heart a year ago—and the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly consummating their task of discovering the clay feet of his idol—that now were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! What's the use of living at all if you can't have what you want—if you can't have things like other people? Tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading enough to give entire credence to her assertions. "I am almost tempted to say that cannot be true, Effie, since it was only a week ago today I handed you twenty-five pounds—a sum simply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier or on which to keep a family or two."

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's forehead, but Effie only answered with a sneer: "Twenty-five pounds! You speak as if it were a fortune. I tell you, Effie, I must have things like—like other people. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Beilburne calls for me to drive wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in in the street or at church?"

Tremayne smiled contemptuously. "So you hope to rival the wife of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you?—you, the wife of a cashier at Wingfield & Sons, on seven hundred a year? Effie has nothing to do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seeds of discontent and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Effie—you shall not say so. But I must have some money to get a new suit. Oh, Effie, such a heavenly shade of purple, and you know I can wear so well one particular shade. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Mrs. Laurar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg with very little show of satisfaction, and his silence thoughtful thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Effie as a sign of consent.

"She was not slow in pressing her advantage. "It won't cost over twenty pounds Effie—very reasonable indeed, for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I am sure you can't be displeased at that. Then say 'yes,' won't you, Effie dear?"

A settled, white look came around his handsome mouth. "If you care more for my respect and fine clothes than for my pocket and the consciousness that you are an economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost loading him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy. She had accomplished her desire, and his cold, yet touching words had fallen unheeded before that—

"You can have the money." She sprang from her chair behind the coffee urn, and threw her arms around his neck kissing his handsome worried forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'No' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Effie, when you see how lovely I shall look

in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? You like to see me look as pretty as I used to before we were married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me?"

Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers—of course Ellis laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain-brook, and he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he had won her, thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, as anxious to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power—only, Effie, was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dress and style that were beyond the capabilities of the well-salaried man that he was.

So now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his purse and laid a bank-note on the table cloth. "There's your new silk, dear,—may you enjoy it."

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared, that Effie's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan. So as she demurely folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russia pocket-book, she began, so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm—

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hastings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost staggering Tremayne. "Oh, Effie, no. It would involve a larger expense, ten times, than it costs at home."

Then seeing that well-known, martyr-like expression settling on her face that always drove him to desperation, he added, lastly—

"If you can manage it, go yourself. I dare say some of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, may I, may I, really? Indeed I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and with a little more, I can easily get what I absolutely need. Effie, you are a darling."

He laughed—not very joyously. "I am glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later, Mrs. Effie Tremayne, dressed in an unexceptionably elegant walking costume, started out on her shopping tour, to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon, or the pearl-blue, or this stunner pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hastings."

Hastings! Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed. "I hope to see you at the store, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink."

"So you will be there? Do join our party—only Godfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Beilburne and I—for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get now?"

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as, very gradually, she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach.

There was folded away in a seldom used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocket-book an unrecipited bill for fifty pounds, made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Ellie's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was let down with her parcels from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

Such had time and to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner to look over her purchases, that after all, seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocket-book, that she decided to show her husband for all the flushed gavity of her manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her walking suit, and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the house money."

So she quieted her conscience with the help of the precious promise, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to employ the services of a high priced dress-maker, whose bill for her work she tucked away in her pocket-book also, and thus swelled the indebtedness of her husband to be paid when she returned.

And who shall say whose was the guilt? Ah, when she returned, if she had only known, as she kissed her daintily-kidned hand to her husband, as he stood watching her off with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, sternness, pride, annoyance and harassing worry.

One of the prettiest women at the seaside, and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood the matter was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eye-glasses as Mrs. Tremayne passed by, and to see as a lady, in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her face covered, a pink-lined parasol making faint rosy shades on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is a Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, from London, with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the Parade. A regular beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eye-glasses slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriage.

"Mrs. Ellis Tremayne? I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard you Beilburne say he was unable to leave his business—a bookkeeper or something I believe for a firm in the city."

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair with an odd smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways or else—"

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the arm.

"Oh a telegram from my son, I presume. Write a minute."

He deliberately adjusted his glasses and then opened the dispatch.

Then something very like an oath came from his set of teeth. "My temptation be on her head—my—"

He sprang suddenly to his feet as the door bell pealed impudently and listened with no ordinary curiosity as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne and he led the servant usher his company into the drawing-room.

Then he went slowly, slowly down stairs into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and a officer.

"Mr. Tremayne you are discovered in your neat system of embezzlement. Officer—"

Effie stepped laughingly back. "One moment, gentlemen if you please. Mr. Wingfield I am discovered. Twenty four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit as it is what is the difference between a hunted life abroad or—this?"

Quick as a flash the pistol gleamed in the gas light.

A report as heavy as a doom, and the husband of a woman that was too womanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the stilt ocean shore—the woman who had it in her power as all who are wives to have too good distraction in some form or another this husband who was less wicked than weak went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt? Hers or not who knelt and sobbed over his dead face and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still.

Sister wives be you careful lest although your hearts are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's hand and heart are thus redeemed to day—be careful always that I lay not at your door that your husband lose all their faith and trust in woman's sacred vow as well as blessed privilege to share eagerly in their economies and many petty grievances that troubles is not accepted in the spirit of patience love and forbearance are the little vexes that destroy the vine beyond the hope of recovery.

ONE COW A MINE OF WEALTH.—The history of the short horn cow, Duchess 66th, which was sold in 1863, at Earl Ducie's sale in England, to Colonel Morris, of Forham, for 700 guineas, or \$3,675, is remarkable as showing the actual value of one good breeding animal. From this cow, which was calved in November, 1858, there may be traced in direct descent a number of animals which have sold for about \$500,000. Let it be admitted that as much of this value as may be is depending on fancy or rich breeders, and is not the intrinsic value of the beef and milk produced yet no one can help admitting that an immense value, estimated in these alone, has accrued to the world from this cow; and in proportion this value may be estimated the profit to a breeder from any superior animal he may produce. A line of breeding animals is brought into existence which spreads out far like, and diverges year by year wider and wider, until we can no longer reach the bounds of the beneficial influence. It is in this that lies the value of any good animal, and it is unfair disparagement to confine its value to the weight of meat upon its carcass, or its produce in milk and butter. The breeder who produces a superior animal sets in motion an impulse which must in time, spread and increase enormously, and far beyond computation.—American Agriculture.

THE CHAMPION LIAR OF TEXAS.—The champion liar of the State is in our county jail. A kind hearted clergyman asked him how he came to be in there. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built the jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer refused to let him out. There are indictments against him in every county west of the Guadalupe, and he has already served out one term at Huntsville.

PROFANITY.—A correspondent of a medical journal in Skull, Arizona, mentions a case that occurred in a village in Illinois, where dwells a night-traveler named Helzer.

The minister of that village one day received a call from a soldier and a blushing maid, who wished to be married at once.

On being asked for the marriage license, the "boy in blue" declared he had none, and, moreover, that he needed none, as he had known the girl for four years and they liked each other, and didn't want license or permission from any one.

The clergyman assured him that without a license he could not perform the ceremony. The lover entreated without avail, when the parson rather impatiently remarked: "You had better take the girl and go to Hell."

"Go to hell yourself, sir!" was the reply. And the couple indignantly "evaled the premises," with the conviction that profanity was not by any means confined to the army.

THE LONGEST DAYS.—At London and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours; at Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours; at Hamburg, in Germany, and Danzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours, and the shortest seven hours; at St. Petersburg, in Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Warahus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22nd of July, without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day is thirty and a half months; at New York, the longest day, June the 19th, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes, and at Montreal fifteen and a half hours.

WAITING FOR THE RESULT.—The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* says: "When the agony is over what a tremendous lot of homeless men will be welcomed to the bosom of their families. There is one lone Burlington woman who hasn't seen her husband since Tuesday morning and she sits all day long and dozes all night in a camp chair behind the hall door, taking her meals in her lap and holding a base ball club between her knees. Two reporters and a policeman, in ambush behind the brush fence, await the return of the prodigal with more emotion and anxiety than that absent man waits for the election returns."

Old Mr. Thorp went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of a quarter to twelve o'clock and found the room unlighted and every dear friend one of dual form of garment variety, occupying the tete-a-tete in the corner. "Evangelene," the old man said sternly, "this is scandalous. 'Yes papa,' she answered sweetly its candleless because times are so hard and lights costs so much that Ferdinand and I said we would try and get along with just the stat-light. And the old gentleman turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper."

A party of belated gentlemen, about a certain hour, began think of home and wives' displeasure, and urged a departure. "Never mind," said one of the guests; "fifteen minutes will make no difference—my wife now is as mad as she can be."

Rome Sentinel:—"This Louisiana business is perverting the morals and humanity of the nation. A Rome cat last week returned a count of seven kittens, and then the lady of the house assumed ministerial and clerical powers, and threw six of them out."