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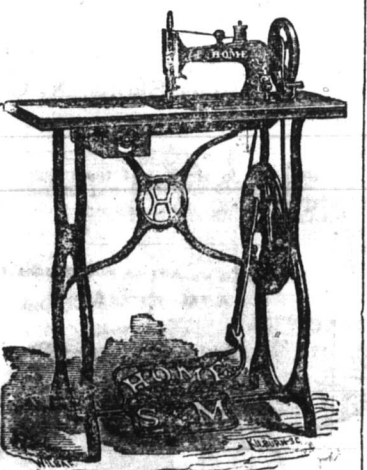
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OF THE COUNTRY.

ENGLISH AND CLAL SCHOOL.
GRAHAM, N. C.
The next session of this school taught by the undersigned will commence on the 17th of July next. Terms as heretofore, \$2.00 \$3.00 and \$4.00 per month.
The object of this school is to prepare pupils for ordinary business, teaching in the free schools, or for the Freshman class in College.

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Cutting and making done in the latest fashion and most desirable manner.
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At the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, and has always carried off the highest honors wherever exhibited.

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17 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Only a Country Girl.

BY JAMES LESTER.

"You are mistaken; I would rather die than to marry a mere country girl."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a guileless, simple, loving creature?"

"O," said Fred, laughing, "choice selection of virtue and grace. Country beauties are always sweet, and so are country cows. No, I tell you if she wa as lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still it unskilled in literature and music, with no soul above chums, and knitting needles I would not marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving. Hidden by the trunk of a tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young lady came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard me?"

"No," rejoined the other audibly, "She has not even looked from her book. You are safe."

Leaning on one white arm, the old oak tree in the background, flowers strewn around her, she sat quite at ease apparently unconscious that two handsome young men were near her.

Approaching with a low bow, upon which his mirror had set the stamp of faultless elegance, Fredric Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would inform him where Mr. Irving lived?

With an innocent smile the young lady looked up. "Mr. Irving, the only one living in the village, is my father," she said, rising in a graceful and charming manner. "The large house on high ground, half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery, there is where we live."

Fred replied with a very graceful bow.

"Tell your father that I will do myself the honor to call on him tomorrow. He will remember me—Fredric Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I will tell him," said Helen, tucking her sleeves around her pretty arms, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then, catching up her books and gathering the scattered flowers she hurried home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding into the room where the family were at supper, so sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you spoke so much about is in the village. He will call here tomorrow, the finest specimen of a city beau, as of course, he will be all sentiment, faultless in kid and dicky important and self assured as one of the kind can possibly be.— Promise me, all of you, that you will not lip one word about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. Father will not, I know, and if you, sis, will be quiet and ask no questions, I will give you that workbox you have coveted so long."

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse, but what's the reason?"

"Oh, that's my own business," said Helen, dancing out of the room.

Helen sat at the open window, where roses thrust their blushing buds, making both shade and sweet fragrance. The canary overhead burst forth every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on long blue stockings, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

"You knit most admirably, are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite; I like it better than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn well."

"And do you read much?"—Fred's glance had traveled from the corners of his eyes to every table, shelf and corner, in search of books and papers, but not a page, yellow or red, repaid his search.

"Oh, yes," said Helen, with a sanctified air.

"What books? permit me to ask."

"I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All of course not—yet what do you not find in the Bible? History, poetry, eloquence, romance, the most

thrilling pathos; blushing and recoiling herself, she added in a manner as childish as it had before been dignified: "As for other books, let me see what I have got in my library; there's the Primmer, counting on her fingers, Second Class Reader Robinson Crusoe, Nursery Tales, two or three elements of something, Biography of some person or other, Mother's Magazine, and King William III. There, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I do not know as much as those who have been to school more, she added, as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be outdone."

The young man felt more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction, and he mainly attributed it to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweetness and artless character, engaging manner and disposition, quite won the city bred aristocrat, Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said or did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often, as he was wondering how some homely expression would be received in society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl from her lips, as remarkable for originality as for brilliancy.

"If I should fall into the snare," thought he. "I can educate her; it will be worth trying."

It is useless to combat the tender passion; so at last he fell at Helen's feet figuratively speaking and confessed his love for her.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her declaration of unworthiness, "how you would appear in society."

They were married, had returned from their wedding tour, as yet at the expiration of their honeymoon Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by the relatives of the bridegroom, Helen looked still more beautiful. Her husband did not insist that she should depart from simplicity, and indeed in the absence of all jewelry in her simple white robe she was by far the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon blazing with light, her heart faltered.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, if I find he is ashamed of me? I can't bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband to be honored and he shall be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled and drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied Fred and wondered how he had martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

The young bride stood near her husband talking in a low tone when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature with haughty features.—Illicoconcoiled scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced at Helen.

Once she had held away over the heart of Fred and he had married, she fancied her time had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice.

Helen's eyes sparkled her face flashed indignantly. He was gone at a distance with a friend.

"Do you play Mrs.——?" asked the haughty belle. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers looking askance at her companions. "Come I myself will lead you to the piano."

Hark! whose masterly touch?—Instantly was the half spoken sentence arrested the cold ear and head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! such breadth depth and vigorous tones! Who is she? She plays like an angel!

"Who can she—"

"She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife.

"How well she talks! Who would have thought it? He has found a treasure," was whispered all around the room.

"Tell-me," said he when they were alone, "what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen? then folded in her husband's arms, she added, "I am that little rustic that you rather die than wed."

OUR SCHOOLS.

By your permission, I wish to address a few words to the teachers, and friends of education in this county, who read your paper.

There is nothing of more vital importance to us, as a people, than the education of the boys and girls of our land. It is an imperative necessity that we educate them. We cannot hope for permanent prosperity, so long as we regard the cultivation of the mind a matter of secondary importance. We cannot keep pace with others, in marking the progress of the age, if we neglect the mental culture of our people. We shall continue to struggle with our own impotency, in striving after position and distinction among the learned of the world.

The election is over, and we trust the excitement connected therewith, will soon subside, and the minds of the people return to subjects of very great interest to our rapid future development. Thorough organization is necessary to political success and triumph, and it is of equal importance, that we have thorough organization among the friends of education in this, and every other county, in order to secure the nobler success of an educated youth.

Alamance county is not wanting in the number of friends of education in the county; but there exists a sad want of system, or organization. We refer particularly to the common school teachers in this county. Perhaps no teacher in the county, has an acquaintance with more than half the other teachers in his own township, much less, has he any knowledge of the plan of teaching followed by them.

Every step he has taken in the art of teaching, has been advanced by a course of tedious experience. If we wish to keep up with the spirit of progress, we must inaugurate some movement, looking to a reformation in our school work. Among the many advantages that might arise from an organization of the teachers and friends of education in this county, would be a uniformity in the text books used, besides improved plans of giving instruction, and better furniture in all our school houses.

We call the attention of yourself, Mr. Editor, and the teachers of the county, both male and female, to the subject, and hope an expression of opinion may be had through the columns of your paper from any one, who feels any concern in the educational interests of the county.

Why could we not have a Teachers Association, a Normal Convention of Teachers, or an educational body of some kind, organized in the county? Such a body might be organized, and meet once or twice a year at some central point in the county, and spend one, two, three, four, or more weeks in session, much to the advantage of every teacher who would attend. A few weeks spent in such a body every year, reviewing first principles, illustrating the various plans of teaching, and exchanging views on the subject, would work quite a reformation in our schools.

It was our privilege to spend three weeks the past summer, in attendance upon the exercises of the "Teachers Normal Association of Guilford," held at Greensboro, and we were convinced that such a body should be organized in every county. The information received from experienced teachers, richly compensated us for the time and money spent in attending the Association.

We hope such a meeting will be

held in our own county before another year has passed away. But if the subject shall claim the attention of any of your readers, and meet with favor at their hands, we shall have more to say on the subject hereafter. We therefore desist for the present.

Dec. 7th. 1876.

J. W. H.

A SMALL HELL GATE.—They were in the back yard. One was a boy of twelve and the other had seen only halt as many years. The younger one sat on a barrel, and the older one had two ounces of powder in one hand and a burning stick in the other.

"I don't want to be blown up," whined the boy on the barrel, trying to get down.

"Keep right still, bub," commanded the other. "This has been figured right down to science. If 45,000 pounds of explosive raised Hell Gate twelve feet, two ounces of powder will raise you just exactly the fiftieth part of an inch. Don't make an alarmist of yourself."

"But it'll hurt," persisted the small boy.

"It can't, I say. Haven't I figured on it? You may unbutton your coat and keep your mouth shut, but that's safeguard enough. Now, then, keep quiet and listen for rumbling noises."

The powder was well confined under the barrel. Figures were at fault. The head of the barrel went up, the big boy went endways, and when the smoke cleared away things were badly mixed up. The big boy had sore legs, the little boy was black as coal and choking with the odor, and a woman ran out and shouted.

"I'll blow you, you good-for-nothing! There's a shilling barrel all split to pieces, two pairs of pants to be patched; one coat tail on the roof and the other just kanging, and poor dog is wedged under the house so that he will have to be drilled out by a machinist.—Boston Sunday Times.

A GUESSING STORY.—"I am the child of the night and the child of the day. Some dread me, some hate me, some find me a good companion. I have walked for many a mile, but not one ever heard my footfall. Sometimes my master sends me on before him, but as he travels as fast as I do, he sends me back sometimes and I have to follow in the rear. I have hands and feet, head and shoulders, but no body. It is impossible to estimate my exact height. Nobody has ever looked into my eyes; no body has ever incurred my anger. Sometimes in my haste, I run over people, and am sometimes trampled under foot by them. When my master writes, I always hold a pen by his side; and when he shaves, I generally take a razor too. I have travelled a good deal and I am very old. When Adam walked in Eden, I, too, was there; and when any new member of Congress goes to the House of Representatives, I nearly always accompany him. Robeson Crusoe was disturbed by my approach when I visited him on the island of Juan Fernandez; on one occasion I was the means of defeating an army. Although I have no eyes, I could not live without light. I am of very active habits, although I have not in myself either the will or ability to move. Tell me my name."

Like most garments, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

Forty gallons varnish Copal, Coach, Japan and Shellac at new drug Store Company Shops. Prices lower than any where else in the county.

Dr. Murphy will keep at the New Drug Store Company Shops, pure Eye Whiskey also pure French Brandy, Black-berry cordial, Catawba Grape Wine, Scuppernon, Black-berry and other wines for medicinal uses only.

One Question Settled.

That is that we have the LARGEST and CHEAPEST stock of goods we ever offered to the people of Alamance.

Our Mr. Gant, in person selected these goods, and from his thorough acquaintance with the wants of our people, we can safely say that we have on hand

EVERYTHING

which the trade of this, and adjoining counties demand, in the way of

DRY-GOODS, GROCERIES, HARD-WARE

HOLLOW-WARE, QUEENS-WARE CUTTLERY, BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS,

CARRIAGE, FIN DINGS, &c., &c., and a large stock of

Ready-made Clothing

We buy all kinds of country produce.

We thank the public for the generous patronage heretofore extended to us, and we can and will make it the interest of our customers to trade with us. Don't take our word, but come and see for yourself.

We charge nothing for showing goods.

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Saloon and Billiards

in basement. Two of the best Tables in the City, for the use of guests, free of charge. Dec. 12th, 1876.

Dr. W. F. Bason

DENTIST.

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N. B. Those who wish the best condition of their Own or Children's TEETH should let it be known without delay.

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GEORGE W. LONG, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Graham, N. C.