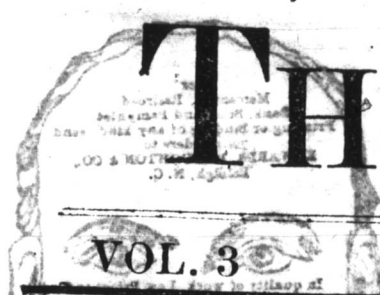


THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, APRIL 10 1877

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THE GLEANER
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Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices.

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The Saturday Evening Post

Which for More than 55 Years
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Paper.

as is well known all over the United States it is published weekly, contains eight large pages, clearly printed on good paper, filled with the choicest stories and sketches, by the best writers; not sensational trash, but such as a mother is willing to have her children read. The whole tone of the paper is pure and elevating.

It also contains historical and Biographical articles; Scientific, Agricultural and Household Departments; Fashion Article weekly, fresh and unexcelled; Humorous Notes; Literary Columns; News Notes; Boys' and Girls' Columns; and Strong and Working Editorials, etc. etc. It is just such a paper as every body loves to read, and he will be only.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Sample copy containing club rates, etc., sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address,
No 862 BENNETT & FITCH,
726 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

N.B.—Be sure and affix the number 862 before BENNETT & FITCH, so that we may know through what paper the subscription comes.

National Hotel
Raleigh N. C.

BOARD
\$2.50 PER DAY

C. S. Brown, Proprietor.

The table is surpassed by no house in the State. If you wish to be pleasantly and comfortably located, stop at the National, fronting the Capitol Square.

The National is located within fifty yards of the State House, is the most convenient, attractive and pleasant headquarters for members of the Legislature in the city. Terms are low to suit the times, fare-unpassed, attention and accommodations the best.

Saloon and Billiards
In basement. Two of the best tables in the city, for the use of guests, free of charge. Dec. 15th, 1876.

Poetry.

Why Biddy and Pat Married.

BY R. H. STODDARD.
"Oh, why did you marry him Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for a spouse?
Sure he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!

You might have had your pick had you
waited,
You'd ne a dale better with Tim
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better nor him—
You said of us young people courtin'—
Fray tell how our courtin' began—
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

Tim and Pat, miss, ye see, was acquaint-
ed
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a courtin' me.

She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of some one,
But to one had them told him that,
But he soon found it out for himself;
For life at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be—
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him,
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was Widdy Woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, savour-
ness,
Thought neither, perhaps, was to blame,
And we both knew by this what we wanted
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had
flown
We had made up our minds it were better
Not to live any longer alone—
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and master Dan—
For I was widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

A PIECE OF MORAL REVENUE.
BY THE HERMIT.
The widow Huntington was one
of the most stylish, as well as the
richest widows in Huntsville. Her
husband had left large estates and
abundant means, and had died quite
early enough to leave his sorrowing
spouse a very charming widow with
a fair chance of marrying again as
soon as she might wish.

The widow Huntington was quite
noted for her sweet smile—"angelic"
her admirers phrased it—a smile that
displayed, as the coral lips parted, a
beautiful set of teeth, so even, so
small and pearl-like that they were in
themselves a rare beauty. That the
widow was vain of them, and smiled
angelically very often, could not be
denied; but as she was rich and fash-
ionable, nobody made the observation
in public. She dressed scrupulously
in black, though Col. Huntington had
slept peacefully in his grave for more
than three years; but her black was
becoming to her; it heightened the
purity of her complexion and made
her so fair, frail looking and interest-
ing. It is quite likely had she been
dark sallow, so that the deep lines
would have been deepened and hard-
ened, she might have found deep
mourning very unheathy. The widow
drove about in a handsome car-
riage drawn by two fine black horses,
and her colored coachman was also
clad in black, face and clothes; so
that the whole turnout might be said
to be in the most correct state of
mourning. No one will wonder that
she was an acknowledged leader in
society, with a half-dozen admirers
at her feet.

Misfortune comes to every one and
it came to the beautiful widow in
this wise. One day a procession came
down the street, drums beating, flags
flying, and some of the military ar-
ranged in gorgeous scarlet. The widow
had just stepped into her carriage
The horses were fringed, reared,
plunged and ran; a dozen more ran
after the horses, and in the tumult,
they turned a corner sharply, catch-
ing the wheels, overturning the carriage,
pitching the charming widow out on
a heap of stones. Of course, every-
thing was ruined, the horses broken
loose and running up the street, and
the coachman—well, people could not
be expected to look after the fate of
a colored coachman when a charming
widow lay half dead among the

stones. It was a problem how she
was ever picked up alive, there were
so many to do it. Stunned and bleed-
ing she was carried home. A physi-
cian came and found her mouth
dreadfully injured; some of the pearl-
like teeth knocked out, some broken,
and the mouth in such a sad state
that it was quite evident that the
widow would never smile again.

There were other hurtful injuries,
but the loss of her teeth was the
hardest pang of all. She would see
none of her friends that called to con-
dole with her. "What!" she said to
her confidential maid, old black Mam-
my. "What let any of those crea-
tures see me without my teeth? Nev-
er! I will see no one but the doctor
and Guy!"

"Guy" was her brother-in-law,
younger by several years than her-
self, so that to her he was "only
Guy."
When the dentist had taken out
the broken teeth, and the pain had
passed away, she sent for Guy.

"Here, Mammy, give me a fresh
handkerchief, and make the room as
dark as possible, then send Guy to
me." The moment he was inside the
door, she said, "Sit over there, Guy,
I am too ugly for even you to see."
"Oh, no, Mabel, I am sure you look
very well."
"Never mind compliments, Guy. I
want you to do something for me. I
will not wear false teeth. I have al-
ways sworn I would not. Go to
Dent's—I did want to talk to him
about it—and see if he can get me a
natural set."

"Why, Mabel, would you wear
teeth from a dead body?"
"From the dead?" she screamed.
"You horrid boy! Who said I wanted
dead people's teeth? Tell Dent to ad-
vertise for a fine set of teeth; offer any
price; I will pay it. Go now!"
"But, Mabel—"
"Now, Guy, no objections. Do as
I tell you, that's a good fellow."
The following advertisement ap-
peared in the dailies the next day:
\$500 OFFERED!

The above price will be paid cash
for a beautiful set of natural upper
teeth, the same to be extracted at my
office. A new set also furnished.
GRINDER A. DENT.

Two evenings afterward a poor em-
aciated woman, with, apparently, but
a few days to live, lay on a bed in
the front room of a shabby little
cottage. The furniture was scanty,
the fire burned low and there were
neither comforts or luxuries about
the place. She was cared for by a
young and beautiful girl, who had
just come in with a bundle of work.
She bent over the sufferer saying,
"Don't you feel better, mother, dar-
ling? It is such a lovely day."
"No, Bessie, I don't think I ever
shall."

"Oh, don't say that! Yes you will!
See, I am going to hurry with this
work, and then you shall have some
wine and that will strengthen you."
The mother smiled and kissed the
tearful face bent down to hers.
Bessie drew a chair near the bed
and unraveled her work. It was wrap-
ped in part of yesterday's *Gazette*.
She glanced over it; her eye caught
the advertisement, "\$500 offered."
She seemed fascinated by it and sat
looking at it, reading it again and
again. "How much it would do,"
she thought; "and it might save
mother, too. If I can only do it."
"What is it, Bessie, that interests
you in the paper?"
"I was just looking over the adver-
tisements, just the same old thing,
Shall I sing to you while I sew? Per-
haps you can sleep."
"I will try."

Bessie was so nervous she could
scarcely work but she sang sweet and
low; the old-fashioned songs her moth-
er loved, until the weary lids closed
and the poor sufferer slept. Then
she put her work down and went into
the little room adjoining and closed
the door. She went to the little mir-
ror and looked at herself long and
earnestly. "Oh, can I do it? Yet it
may save mother. I must." She
dropped down on her knees and
prayed for strength. The struggle
was short but terrible. She opened
the door, her mother still asleep. "If
I wait I can never do it. It is not
four yet, I'll go now." She dressed
herself neatly, but quickly; put a
thick veil on, then with beating heart
set forth bravely and courageously,
had she but known it, more of a hero
than many a soldier who has died at

the post of honor. She stepped up
the stairs and opening a door said,
"M. S. Strong I am obliged to go out.
Will you sit with mother until I come
back?"
"Certainly, I'll go this minute."
"Thank you, I will be back as soon
as I can."
The walk was several blocks, but
seemed a short one to Bessie, when
she found herself in front of Dr.
Dent's office. With another prayer
for strength she rang the bell, and
was shown into the office. She held
out the advertisement simply saying;
"Doctor, I accept the offer if my teeth
will do."
The old dentist looked at the beau-
tiful girl with pity. "But my dear
young lady, you are so young."
"I know it, but please don't give
me time for my courage to fail. It
will save my mother's life."
Sadly Dr. Dent placed her in the
chair and examined her teeth, they
were small, even and beautiful. Again
he remonstrated, "It will be very
painful. Can you bear it?"
"Give me one minute," she an-
swered and putting both hands to
her face, bowed her head. Dr. Dent
stood by with tears in his eyes.

In a moment Bessie looked up pale
as death. "Go on, please, and be
quick."
He began the painful work. After
extracting several teeth, he begged
her to wait another day. "All now?"
she said firmly. He took them
all out; then she faintly. "Poor girl
it has been too much for her." He
applied restoratives quickly. In half
an hour she sat up.

"I must try and go now. Mother
is very ill."
"Poor child, are you sure you feel
strong enough?"
"Yes, it is growing dark; I
must."
"Shall I give a check this even-
ing?"
"I would like part this evening.
My mother is dying for want of im-
provement."
He went out, was gone a few mo-
ments, then came back with the mon-
ey.

"Here is fifty dollars and a check
for the rest. This bottle of wine is
older than you are. Take it to your
mother and tell that her daughter is
the bravest woman in the nation.
Now my child come to-morrow, and
have your month measured for a
temporary set. You must have them
immediately. Take this wash and
use it frequently; it is healing and will
help the gums to shrink." Then he
opened the door for her. "Be care-
ful not to take cold. Good night!"

It was not until Bessie was on the
way that she remembered the neces-
sity of deceiving her mother, and she
began to plan to that effect. When
she got home she found that her
mother had been awake but had again
fallen asleep. She was glad the room
was dark, but kept her veil down
while she thanked Mrs. Strong and
gave her money to get oysters, crack-
ers, butter and some good tea for her
mother.

Once in her own little room the
ears felt thick and fast. Still she was
glad she had been brave enough to do
it. The comforting thought came,
"Mother will live now." She tied
up her face making up her mind to
pretend desperate neuralgia, and
indeed she was suffering. She went
in when she heard her mother stirring,
but put off lighting the candle as long
as possible.

"Mrs. Strong came back with her
purchases. Let Mrs. Bessie get the
regularly? It's dreadful! I had it two
weeks out. Just let me chop off
an onion and clap it on, and it'll get
well in no time."
"Thank you," she murmured; but
she knew it was not prudent to talk
much lest her mother should dis-
cover the change in her voice and detect the
cause.

"Keep your face tied up warm,
dear, and try to talk. Maybe it will
be well by morning," said her moth-
er.
Bessie lit the candle, then cooked
the oysters, poured a little of the wine
into a glass and carried the dainty
supper to her mother.
"Oysters! Oh my child, how good
you get; it Bessie!"
"It was a present from the doctor,"
she said. "How good of him! Be
sure you thank him, Bessie, if you
see him to-morrow."
Mrs. Harrison enjoyed her supper
as if an invalid can who has been
deprived of everything a delicate ap-

petite can relish.
"Here, Mrs. Strong, you must have
some oysters, too."
"Oh, Miss Bessie, you're too good!
Ain't ye going to take none your-
self?"
"I'm too sick to eat."
Bessie was glad when bed time
came. The oysters and wine seemed
already to have done her mother
good.
"It was hard, but I'm glad I did
it," was her last thought before she
fell asleep, which was not until
almost daylight.

After Bessie had left Dr. Dent's
office he addressed the following note
to the widow Huntington:
"DEAR MADAM—I have the teeth
—a beautiful set. Come at 12 to-
morrow.
Respectfully
G. A. DENT."

At twelve the next day the widow
closely veiled, and attended by Guy,
presented herself at the office.
"Oh, doctor, where did you get
them?"
"They were Miss Bessie Harri-
son's."
"A young girl, I know her; the
daughter of the dressmaker, I am so
glad, for they are nice, clean peo-
ple."
"A young girl!" spoke up Guy,
"How could she make up her mind
to spoil her beauty and bear the
pain?"
"To save her mother's life," an-
swered Dr. Dent. "I tell you Mr.
Huntington she is the bravest woman
in this county, and very beauti-
ful! Poor child, she stood it all at
once, and then she fainted."
"I should think so! Mabel, how
could you inflict such torture on an-
other?"
"Mrs. Huntington did not do it
sir. She merely offered the money
and Mrs. Harrison accepted the offer.
She did not ask who they were for.
She did it to save her mother's life.
Sit down, Mrs. Huntington, and let
me attend to your mouth."

As Guy Huntington walked up and
down the outer room awaiting his
sister it seemed to him, the most
heroic self-denial he had ever heard
of, and he found himself wishing to
see the young girl who had made
such a sacrifice for her mother.
When his sister came out he said
"Doctor, I would like to see that girl.
She is the bravest woman I ever heard
of."
"Don't go into heroics, Guy."
"Wait until she gets her teeth in,"
laughingly said the doctor.

Bessie Harrison, with her face tied
up, was rather a prosaic sort of a
heroine, one must confess, but a
sister covered with honorable
wounds is not a pleasant sight either.
Dr. Dent exerted his skill to make the
false ones look as natural as possible.
At the end of the year the permanent
set made her mouth look almost as
pretty as her own had done. That
the battle was fought and done, when
she made up her mind to the sacrifice,
could not be. She was conscious
it none else was, of the change it
made in her face, then, there was the
shade she felt in wearing false ones.
But the \$500 had done much for them.
If Mrs. Harrison had been less ill and
the room lighter, Bessie could have
never deceived her mother, as it was
she only discovered the change when
she began to sit up and the discovery
very nearly sent her to bed again.
But her mother's safe work coming in,
and a surplus of funds in bank, made
it easier for Bessie to feel that she
done right. Lately too, life had
seemed brighter for her and a happy
light shone in her eyes.

About this time Guy Huntington
informed his sister that he was going
to be married.
"Who is the lady Guy?" "Miss
Bessie Harrison!" "Good gracious,
I've got her teeth!" "Yes," he said
quietly, "those teeth have found my
wife!"
"When will you be married Guy?"
"On the 27th. And, Mabel, I wish
to fit up the old home for my wife.
I would like to have your taste in
furnishing."
"Certainly; we will make it the
sweetest home in the country."
"And, Mabel, you will see that
she is received as she should be?"
"I shall see to it at I can control
society here. I shall give you a large
reception as soon as you return, and
I shall bring Mrs. Harrison home
with me after the marriage. Bessie
is a lady by birth, Guy. Her mother
was an Anberby of the great Ambery

family, and she had great ancestors
who was very beautiful and did
something wonderful during the Rev-
olution. I forget what, but that's
where Bessie got her beauty and
courage. I'll call this afternoon.
They are nice people. Lined all
about them."
"Thank you, Mabel. I was afraid
—well."
"Yes, I know but never fear, when
she is your wife people will simply
give her the place in society to which
her birth entitles her."
The day was delightful for the
chief wedding. After a happy
honeymoon spent in traveling Bessie
Huntington came to her new home,
finding everything elegantly and
beautifully arranged down to the dainty
supper and dainty widow wait-
ing to give her a real sisterly wel-
come.

At the reception no other ladies
could vie in beauty with the charming
widow and Mrs. Guy Huntington.
PRETTY TOLEVABLY MEAN.

A Detroit doctor recently met an
ex-patient of his own State street and
called the man's attention to the fact
that he had a bill against him for
medical services.
"Can't pay," replied the man.
"Do you want to pay?" sternly de-
manded the M. D.

"Of course I do, but I'd like a little
time."
"How much?"
"About twenty years."
"I'll sue this bill!" exclaimed the
doctor.
"Sue away, for I ain't worth but a
shirt and a half, and am growing poorer
every day."
"Well, sir, you're a blamed, mean
man!" continued the doctor, getting a
little red.

"How mean am I Doctor? Please
state what grade of meanness you
mean?"
"I mean," said the doctor, as he
got more color in his ears, "I mean
that you are mean enough to pretend
to die to spite your creditors and
make your wife, the partner of your
bosom, trouble. You are mean
enough to let them bury you in due
form. Then, if I came at night, dug
you up and carried your endeavor on
my back for a mile and a half, you'd
be mean enough to come to life, pick
my pockets, and want me to hire you
to fill up the grave again."
"Is that your candid opinion, Doc-
tor?"
"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Well, Doctor, you may drive on.
—If you have any time during the day,
please write me out a chart, for you
beat Fowler by a length and a half.
—Good-bye, Doc, seems like spring,
don't it?"

Last Sabbath morning a Burlington
minister was earnestly discoursing
about Peter and Paul, and said they
were a "good pair." "Good hand,"
sleepily murmured a half-awakened
sport in the back pew, "take the pot;
nothing here but ace high."

A Federal street man had just said
to a friend "Let's take another—"
when his wife turned the corner, but
his duty to his wife was not forgotten.
"View of the situation," he added—
Camden Post.

The Philadelphia papers are agi-
tating for the introduction of "the
needle in the public schools. The
boys who practice with bent pins
have been preparing the way for this
innovation.
"It's proof of the singular opera-
tion of the human mind," says a men-
tal philosopher, "that when two men
accidentally change hats the man who
gets the worst tile is always first to
discover the mistake."
Many a boy has lost his grip on
his father's affections by being able
to treat the old gentleman at a friend-
ly game of cards. *Turner's Falls
Reporter*
Some hygienic writer says: "Let
your children eat all the salt they
want." "Bless you, it isn't salt—it's
sugar."