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## THE GLEANER

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### Saloon and Billiards

Incubation. Two of the best Tables in the City, for the use of guests, free of charge. Dec. 15th, 1876.

BY NANNIE SADLER.

"Here is the money, Mabel," Mabel Thorn took the fluttering bill from her mother's hand, deposited it in her little portmanteau, and, after giving her a final adjustment before the mirror, walked out into the street.

It was a beautiful morning—the last of the old year; and it seemed as if the receding monarch had determined to eclipse, on this last day of his reign, anything which should succeed him.

A few days before there had been a snow storm, followed by rain and sleet, which the piercing air had soon converted into ice, glittering and flashing in the radiant sunlight like jewels over a white mantle. Even the old church spire, pointing toward heaven, seemed to sparkle with the beauty of a thousand diamonds. Mabel herself looked very beautiful as she walked along the pavement, arrayed in a pretty costume of blue, so becoming to her soft blonde beauty, with tossing plumes, eyes dancing with happiness, the outgushing of an innocent heart, and cheeks aglow with the frosty air.

She, with her widowed mother, had resided in the goodly village of Elmdale for many years. They were not wealthy, though possessing a handsome income, which, by economy and good management, supported them in a cosy, comfortable even stylish manner. Possessing that true gentility which is of the heart, and which is the gift of nature, rather than of birth or education, they were welcomed into the first circles of society, which they were in every way fitted to adorn.

A few months before, Mabel had met Guy Harvey at a fashionable entertainment, and since then there had been a certain gentleman in the highest sense of the word; a whole-souled, true-hearted man; a man of keen intelligence, and his polished and agreeable manners seemed to emanate from the combination of these qualities, rather than from any special culture. Such a man would be a pleasant addition to any circumstances; but when the additional fact of his wealth became known, he was duly hailed by the female aspirants of Elmdale as the most eligible match of the season, and many were the blandishments spread for his entrapment by the marriageable belles and scheming mammae.

But in all these arts and wiles, Mabel Thorn had taken no part. Naturally modest and retiring, she had been her own sweet self as ever, neither shunning nor seeking his society. Frank and open by nature she had never been educated in those female wiles and maneuvers, which are so repugnant to every person of refined tastes and modesty. Consequently, it was a matter of no small annoyance in the social circle that Mabel should be singled out from among them all as the object of Mr. Harvey's most earnest attentions; and many were the jealous glances and remarks that followed them as they promenade the drawing-rooms or "trod the measures of the mazy dance." All this could not be without its effects upon a warm, impulsive nature, as was Mabel's.

New Year's day had been chosen by the young people of Elmdale for a sleighing excursion into the country and as there was a prospect of good sleighing and fine weather, every one was gay over the prospect of a merry time. Mabel's heart beat quicker as she thought of the morrow, for was she not to be the companion of Guy Harvey, the most sought after of any man in the village? Even her childish heart felt a little thrill of triumph at the thought, but it was soon checked.

It was this prospective excursion that had sent her out this frosty morning. In looking over her wardrobe, to be sure that every needed article was in readiness, she had said, in answer to her mother's inquiries if she needed anything:

"Nothing but a pair of gloves, mamma; my old ones are really quite shabby. Yes, I think I must have some new gloves;" and so, with the necessary money tucked snugly in her pocket, she had started on her errand.

But her colloquy was brought suddenly to a close. Coming slowly up the opposite side of the street, she

noticed a pale, thin old woman who looked ill and miserable; and just as she was opposite Mabel, a tall portmanteau-dressed gentleman, in passing her, jostled rudely against her, causing her to fall prostrate on the slippery pavement, and passed on without so much as inquiring the extent of her injuries. In an instant Mabel was at her side.

"Are you much hurt, my good woman?" she asked. "Let me assist you to rise," she added, as the woman made an effort to get upon her feet again.

"No, I think I am not hurt seriously, thank you," was the reply, as she once more regained her footing. "Perhaps I should not have fallen—at all—I am not strong. You are very kind, Miss," she added; and she looked longingly at Mabel's warm wraps and soft furs.

"You seem ill," said Mabel. "Are you so very poor that you must expose yourself on such a day as this?"

"I must work or starve," said the woman, bitterly. "I have no friends to appeal to, and I have nothing but a life of misery to look forward to."

In an instant Mabel thought of the crisp new billings she had tucked in her pocket, and the next moment she had it in the woman's hand.

"Take this," said she; "it will give you rest for a few days, when, I think, you will be better. Rest and nourishing food are the best restoratives," and Mabel passed on, the woman's thanks and blessings following her as she disappeared.

Never had Mabel Thorn felt as she did at that moment; perhaps she had never before had such an opportunity to sacrifice her own pleasure to the comfort and good of others, if she had been happy before, she was at peace now.

"I shall have to forego the luxury of new gloves," she said to herself, as she retraced her steps toward the house, "for mamma cannot afford to use any more money at present. Ah! well, my old ones are not so very bad after all; they will do very well in my soft, warm muff, besides that creature needed food and rest more than I needed gloves. I wish I could alleviate all the sufferings in the world."

When she reached home she went quietly up to her own room, laid aside her wraps, and then descended to the parlor, where her mother sat by the warm fire.

"Have you made your purchase, my dear," she asked, quietly, as Mabel came in.

"I did not buy the gloves mamma."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Thorn, amazed. "The tears that glistened in Mabel's eyes, as she related to her mother the story of her encounter with the poor woman; her pity for her, and lastly, her gift of her money with which she would have purchased the needed article, were caused partly from sympathy for the poor creature, and partly for disappointment."

"Did I do right, mamma?" she asked, as she finished her narrative.

"Yes my child," said Mrs. Thorn, kissing her tenderly, "you did; though I do not see how I can spare you the price of another pair just at present. You know the rents have not come in yet, and—"

"Oh mamma," said Mabel, eagerly, "I did not expect it; I can do very well without them. You know I have a nice new muff, and I dare say no one will scarcely notice my gloves at all."

"But what will Mr. Harvey think seeing you in shabby gloves on New Year's day?" asked Mrs. Thorn, who had something of an eye upon her daughter's future, as all good mammae are supposed to have.

"I don't know, mamma," said Mabel, shyly; "I think if he knew—"

Her sentence was not finished, however, for turning toward the door, she stood face to face with Mr. Harvey himself.

At his own request the servants had admitted him unannounced, as they had often done before, and so he had come in upon them without warning.

Never since her acquaintance with him had he greeted her so warmly or spoken to her so tenderly: a circumstance which, while it puzzled her, more than once he took her leave, with a tender allusion to the morrow, she had forgotten all about the incident of the morning, and quietly sought her own room, to dream over the excess of happiness that seemed in store for her.

New Year's day dawned bright and beautiful, and it was a merry party that left Elmdale that morning in handsome carriages, well-tucked up in fleece robes, with jingling bells jangling with their own lively conversation and ringing laughter.

Mabel herself looked lovely as she skinned over the sparkling snow, with Guy by her side. Happiness and excitement gave animation to her countenance, and when they came to the great woods that lay a few miles out of Elmdale, Mabel declared she had never before seen anything so beautiful. The ice of the previous day had not yet melted, and every tree and bush seemed laden with flashing crystals, while the sunlight danced over the snow-drifts and glistened in the eye with its effulgent brightness.

Mr. Harvey's tenderness of the previous day had not the least abated, and if he noticed the half-worn gloves that encased the dimpled hands by his side he never knew it, and Mabel herself forgot about it in her happiness.

But the day at last came to a close as all days must whether they are fraught with joy or woe; and when at last Guy left his precious charge at her mother's door, he for the first time pressed a kiss upon her rosy lips for Mabel Thorn was his promised wife.

Three months afterward, when the crocuses and violets began to peep out from their wintery beds, and nature made sweet music to the return of spring, Guy Harvey claimed his bride, and they, too, entered upon the springtime of their married happiness.

"Mabel, dear, would you like to know the exact time when I made up my mind that you were the one being necessary to my happiness?"

"Yes," said Mabel, expectantly.

"It was the evening when I wore my blue silk, with lace and pearls?"

"I dare say you will think me very unappreciative when I tell you it was not, for you really looked a warning, but, nevertheless, it was not."

"Darling," he continued, smoothing back the fair hair from the innocent brow, "it was the day you made that little sacrifice giving up the pleasure of the article you really needed, for the comfort of a poor woman."

"But—how did you know?" said Mabel, blushing.

"You remember I came in that day unannounced, and hearing so interesting a story in progress, I think I may be pardoned for standing quietly in the hall until it finished. I believe I came in while the tears were yet upon your cheeks."

Mabel laid her head upon her husband's shoulder and was content that that was so.

Years have passed since then, and amid all the storms of life Mr. and Mrs. Harvey have comfort and happiness in each other's love.

Mabel often thinks of her New Year's sacrifice, and Guy often whispers lovingly in her ear that he has never regretted the wise choice he made that day.

Young maid pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep loafers' company; don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand about corners with your hands in your pockets—better for your own health and prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world: "To him that hath shall be given." Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and mind your chances.

## HOW A PASTOR WAS MADE

In 1823, Talma, having only appeared in tragedy since 1796, engaged to give his support to Mlle. Mars in one of Cassini's Polytechnic comedies. This announcement created a wonderful sensation—the best actor and the best actress in France to appear together. One morning, about a week previous to the time of the announced appearance, while Mlle. Mars was in her private apartment, a manufacturer of Lyons asked for an audience. On entering he spread out before the actress a shimmering fold of costly yellow velvet.

"Will you deign to accept this, and make my fortune?" said the visitor. Expectations followed, and it was understood to be purely a business affair. The sagacious manufacturer knew very well that the superb woman who bore him out the fashion in female dress before all Paris. Yellow velvet was his specialty, but nobody wore it, and yet he was assured that it would be all the rage if once seen upon the queen of the stage. Mlle. Mars did not know. The color was very trying; she had dresses enough, but at length the pleading of the manufacturer overcame her scruples, and in the gladness of her heart she took the velvet and handed it over to her dressmaker, with the instructions for the making up. The eventful evening arrived, and Mlle. Mars was arrayed in her robes of yellow velvet. On beholding the reflection of herself in her dressing-room mirror her heart gave way. "It is too ridiculous!" she cried, almost shedding tears of vexation. "I look like an awfully exaggerated Canary bird. Really I cannot appear. Tell the manager he must postpone the play, or, at least, wait for me." Talma heard the word, and hurried from his dressing-room. "Is that all?" he said, when he had surveyed the queen and heard her story. "Upon my word, you never looked better in your life. The effect is superb. I am charmed with it." And the play went on. In less than two weeks thereafter the saloons of Paris were literally golden with yellow velvet.

A lady could not be in the fashion in anything else. Years after the wealthiest manufacturer of Lyons gave a grand fête in honor of Mlle. Mars, entertaining her sumptuously. The festival was held in a spacious and superb country house of the banks of the Seine, and the fortune upon which the estate had been raised had grown from yellow velvet.

—Whitaker's Journal.

Lately the Sultan refused an audience to the foreign Ambassadors because he had the toothache. That's very natural. He has been showing his teeth a good deal of late, you know.

An Irish M. P., who was afraid of new trick which was going the rounds, told his servant never to take in anonymous parcels "unless you know the quarter whence they emanate."

Violet-colored ink has suddenly gone out of fashion with lovers, who are returning to the old-fashioned blue. This latter ink doesn't stand out so big before a jury.

In these days when low necks and short sleeves are fashionable at parties it is telling the truth to say that the hostess of the evening welcome her guests with open arms.

The Egyptian Minister of Finance is Kamil, and in the present condition of the country they seem very near the last straw which breaks the Kamil's back.

A woman is very much like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and, when you least expect it, she boils over.

"I haven't another word to say, wife—I never dispute with fools." "No, husband, you are very sure to agree with them."

## INDIGNANT BOARDER TO HIS LANDLADY

"Madam, if you expect four bucks when asked to go into my persons and leave any remainder, allow me to say that you are decidedly out in your estimations. I am not a beggar, and I will not be treated as such. I will not do it. I'll trouble you for that plate of hot once you've got something better than this suggestion." He got on.

"And what would you do, if your good aunt were to die, and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

About the sickest typographical error we have seen for some time is the recent announcement that a certain gentleman would deliver a lecture "on the small pox, for the benefit of the poor." The editor wrote "on the sixth page," and the intelligent compositor will accompany a colony to Texas next month.

A young man in the city, who has just gone to his home near Philadelphia, was very much embarrassed by the large number of paw-tickets he was requested to redeem in that city for friends of his who were stranded there during the Summer. O, the delightful memories of the Centennial!

How a man wears his hat. At twenty, tipped sideways over one ear; at thirty, on the back of his head; at forty, drawn down over his eyes at fifty, sitting square on his cap, with the brim trying to rest on both shoulders.

Why monarchical? We say Senatorial, editorial, consular. Why not, O Grant White? Thus, excluding Senator Bowler, notwithstanding Webster's Unabridged is published within a stone's throw of his mansion.

The average American would gladly die defending the ran of Washington, but there isn't one in a hundred that would lend out a dollar to help complete the old hero's monument.

The passengers on a railroad train became so interested in an sloping couple that, when the father of the girl came aboard at a station to take her home, they forcibly ejected him.

The polar night extends over a period equal to 142 of our days. Couldn't a fellow get out a good morning paper there, though?

A French wis said of a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

Many doctors contend that the bite of a dog will often cause hydrophobia, whether the canine be mad or not. It is better not to get bitten by a dog at all.

If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself, out of everything which God sends you, you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

When a society young man falls in love with a young lady and calls to see her four nights a week, her sixteen year old brother can get all the cigars he wants free of cost as long as the true love runs smooth. There are occasions when a young man in love feels liberal enough to give a big brother \$2.50 to secure his absence from the parlor. So, at least, we've been informed.