

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 3

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 15 1877

NO. 11

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
K. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months .75
Three Months .50

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.

No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements per line in advance

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
per square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$10.00
per line	3 00	4 50	6 00	10 00	15 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made

Prime enjoyment for a year.

Less than 4 Cents a Week.

ASK HOME ATTRACTIVE BY INTRODUCING

The Saturday Evening Post.

Which for More than 55 Years has been the best

story, sketch and Family

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 Reviews; News Notes; Boys' and Girls' Columns; and strong and sparkling Editorials etc., etc. It is just such a paper as everybody loves to read, and he price is 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, it is the most convenient, attractive and pleasant headquarters for members of the Legislature in the city. Rooms are low to suit the times, fare unsurpassed, attention and accommodations the best.

Saloon and Billiards

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

MAXWELL'S GOOD FAIRY.

It would have been difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by two women who were conversing together in a small cottage house at Pendleton, one summer day. One was pale and sickly looking, with a woe-begone face, wearing close mourning, and speaking with a lugubrious whine.

The other and much the younger, a girl of eighteen, was a brilliant blonde, neatly and becomingly dressed in a chintz suit of blue and white, with a coquettish clip hat with blue flowers. Her lips and cheeks bloomed with health, and her eyes were radiant with youth's happiness. Yet, as her companion spoke, a shadow came over the love y face, faint, but clouding the radiance there.

"I am sure I can never be thankful enough to dear Maxwell," the older lady was saying, "but it breaks my heart to think how I've ruined his prospects."

"Ruined his prospects?"

"Yes. I will tell you about it. You know he has been with Drewitt & Co. for ten years, and they have agreed to take him into partnership, but they require a thousand dollars from him. Young Newbold is very anxious to buy a partnership, but they gave the preference to Maxwell. But oh my dear, when he had the thousand dollars saved, and would have been in the firm next week, only next week, my trouble came. Just as soon as he got the telegram that my poor husband was dead, he came to Omaha at once, and my dear, I had not one dollar to put upon another, and he paid for everything, and brought me here with all three children, and I never knew until day that he had taken so much of his savings that he must give up the partnership and go on working as book-keeper."

"And you?"

"I do not mean to be a burden on him. I have secured a situation at the seminary to teach German and music, and the children will be educated, in part payment. I can easily meet my expenses in the future. But Maxwell has furnished this house for me, and paid a month's rent. There never was such a brother, never, and to think I have taken all that money. He never told me, but Mr. Drewitt told me about the partnership, and when I congratulated Maxwell the truth had to come out."

"But it is only a delay," said the pretty blonde, Ida Hunt, "he will soon save again."

"Not for this Old Mr. Drewitt retires next week, and if Maxwell is not prepared to go in, Frank Newbold will take the place. Oh, if only some good fairy would drop a thousand dollars in Maxwell's hands."

"Good fairies are out of date," said Ida, softly, with a little quiver in her voice. "But I must go. I will come in again very soon."

She wanted to be alone. She wanted to think over the story Maxwell Burt's sister had told her, the story that drew her heart closer than ever to him, and yet which set him so much further away from her.

She knew that he loved her. He had wooed her frankly, in straightforward manly earnestness, and she knew too, that he had waited to secure this partnership before speaking the words she scarcely needed to hear to read his heart. And she had given him love for love, without unaimed-only boldness, but sweetly and shyly from the womanly tenderness of her nature.

"And now, now," she thought, hurrying along the village streets, "he will never ask me. He is right. I cannot love him less for being so good to poor Laura, but oh, Maxwell! Maxwell!"

She was at home nearly an hour when her uncle and guardian came in. He found Ida at her sewing in the sitting room, but after she had brought his slippers and dressing gown, she sat close beside him, laying her cheek carelessly upon his arm.

"Uncle John," she said coaxingly, "how much money have I got of my very own?"

"About five thousand dollars, if it was all gathered in."

"Could I get a thousand of it?"

"A thousand dollars. Bless my heart, what do you want of a thousand dollars?"

"Please don't ask me. I'll tell you some day. Can I have it?"

"Certainly you can, but really, Ida, it is all securely invested; and it is

not a large sum, my dear, altogether. To take out one fifth for some piece of extravagance—"

"But I want it so much, so very much. Please, Uncle John, and I want it in money."

"Very well. It is your own to keep or waste. When do you want it?"

"To-morrow."

"I'll give you a check then, and we will settle the matter after I sell some of your securities."

"Thank you! Some day I will tell you about it."

"H'm! Very well."

But, while Ida fully intended to make a free confession, Mr. Hunt more than suspected the destination of the money, and in his heart, approved of it.

The next day was a dull one, and Maxwell Burt, coming into the little cottage home he had fitted up for his widowed sister, had a weary, despondent air, that went to her heart. He was a cheery, light-hearted young fellow, and seldom depressed, but within twenty-four hours, he knew there must be a downfall of the hopes he had cherished for three years, the hope of gaining a partnership in the firm of Drewitt & Co., and the hope of winning Ida Hunt to share his life and prosperity.

"Are you sick, Max?" Laura asked after a long, dreary silence, "you have scarcely spoken since you came in."

He roused himself then, with a feeling of self reproach for bringing his troubles to add to his sister's burdens.

"I am only tired," he said, "There were but few customers to-day, and we have been very busy winding up the business for old Mr. Drewitt to retire."

"Do—do you stay there?"

"Oh, yes!" and Max battled with a lump in his throat, to speak cheerfully. "I shall keep my old place. No," he added, taking Laura's face between his hands, to kiss her lips, "you are not to cry! I won't have it!"

"But if it had not been for me," Laura faltered.

"It is best as it is. I love you, dear, far, far better than my business prospects."

But down in his heart, a sharp pang reminded him of one he loved better than either business or sister.

"It breaks my heart," said Laura: "oh if those were only fairy tale times!"

And as she spoke there was a rap upon the door. A ragged urchin stood there with a letter.

"Is Mr. Burt here! They said to his boarding house he was over here."

"Come in! I'm here!" cried Maxwell.

"I was to put this in your hand sir, and to say your good fairy sent it."

"Who gave it to you?"

"I don't know sir. It were an old woman I never seed before, all muffled up in a waterproof with a calico hood on an green glasses, and spoke thick like and sez she, you give this here to Mr. Maxwell Burt, and say good fairy sent it."

"It's all right then. Here is a quarter for you."

"That's two. She gave me one."

He shuffled off then with the step peculiar to boys who wear cast off boots too large for them, and Laura closed the door after him.

"Why don't you open it, Max?" she asked, seeing the envelope the boy had given him still unsealed in his hand. Why it was not directed.

It was indeed a blank envelope, and as Maxwell slowly broke the seal, two bank notes fluttered out, for five hundred dollars each.

"Oh, Max."

And then Laura did cry happy tears and Max, putting his arm around her did not try to check the outburst of grateful affection.

"Some rich man who knows how good you have been to me has taken this way to give you the partnership," she said. "Perhaps old Mr. Drewitt. Perhaps," said Maxwell. "God bless my good fairy."

The partnership was an established fact, and the new firm well inaugurated when Maxwell Burt, seeking Ida in her own home, pressed his suit and won a promise from her to be his wife. He told her very frankly of the wondrous windfall that had so brightened his business prospects and his sister's belief that old Mr. Drew-

itt had sent the mysterious letter and Ida gently said:

"It would show he appreciated your long service in his store, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," was the dry reply, "and he about the first recognition he ever made of it."

Mr. Hunt gave a gracious consent to the wedding, and Laura was in a state of great delight. But it was not until the young people returned from their wedding tour, and were settled in their own home, that Uncle John came over one morning to talk business.

"I have a small sum of money in trust for my niece," he said very gravely, "and it is time I gave an account of it."

Then he explained all his investments of Ida's fortune, adding:

"That accounts for four thousand dollars. The remaining thousand Ida drew out about three months ago."

A little soft hand fell over his lips but Max lifted it away.

"My guess was right, then," he said, kissing the trembling prisoner in his clasp. "I always suspected that hooded female was not so old as her messenger supposed. But, Ida, had I not hoped to repay you a thousand, I never should have accepted your gift."

"Nor should I have sent it," was the frank blushing reply, "had I not hoped for my part, to be for life most truly your good fairy."

A SOUL THAT MUSIC WOULD NOT CHASE.

[from the Detroit Free Press.]

A hand-organ man was making his way up Adams avenue yesterday, when a boy met him and asked:

"How many tunes do you play?"

"Sixteen shuffles—nice, sweet shuffles," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat make no difference—I make a him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit on his hand and began on the crank. He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath and sighed.

"Play noar muzek—make a him hear soon."

He ran out eight times and then threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even wock its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence and loudly sang:

"Oh! who shall dinks of me some moar, when I am far a-w-a-y?"

The seven other tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence and encouraged a dog-fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street corner.

The grinder secured a brace for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eyes open on the bust and gave no heed to the crowd, and the organ box was smoking hot when he let up on the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he leaped over the fence and got a square look at his victim.

His quiet grin faded into a look of woe and misery and murder, and getting his eyes on the boy with the red necktie, he ran him four blocks and under a carpenter shop before a still, small voice whispered, that he had better hold on.

The commentary of a severe friend is better than the embellishment of a sweet-lipped flatterer.

Two things a man should never be angry at what he can and what he cannot help.

Many a man has ruined his eye sight by sitting in a bar-room looking for work.

How Tight They Wear Them.

The extremities to which fashion has advanced in London in female attire are really deplorable. A lady on whose truthfulness I can depend, confides to me the following particulars: She was asked the other day to inspect the wedding trousseau of a young lady of high rank. The dresses were very numerous and beautiful, and every accessory of attire was in the height of fashion, if not of good taste. "But where," inquired my friend, "is the under-clothing?"

"Oh," said the milliner, with a smile of pity, "ladies wear none nowadays. They wear these instead." And she pointed to three complete suits, not of armor, but of chamois leather.

It is only over chamois leather that the skirts from Worth can be strained tight enough. At Bristol, the other day, the Mayor gave an entertainment to the Lord Mayor of London, and the occasion seemed so important that one lady guest sent to Paris for her dinner dress. It was so tight when it came that she had to take off garment after garment before she could get into it at all. And then she had to sit down at the table. I am told that her sufferings were considerable during the repast; but her worst misery was the reflection, "How shall I get up again?" Eventually she did get up, thanks to the gentlemen on each side of her, who pulled down the refractory garment by main force.

At the very last drawing room in Buckingham Palace a similar catastrophe took place. A lady made her bow to the Queen a little too low for her "kicking strap," (as a man would call it, but I dare say Mr. Worth has some prettier name,) and it slipped down so far that she could not get up again. The Lord High Chamberlain himself had to come forward and set her straight.—*English Gossip in Harper's Bazar.*

Bonnie Against Worms and Insects.

The insect question is a very important one; they destroy us if we don't destroy them. The following modes I use as occasion demands and never fail:

Melon and cucumber bugs like radish leaves better than any other kind. I sow a few radish seeds in each hill and never lose a plant. Earth worms, cut-worms, white-grubs, and, in fact, all soft-bodied worms are easily driven out by salt sown broadcast. You can do no harm with ten bushels to the acre, but a half bushel is ample. Dry slacked lime is also effectual. Potato-bugs find their "anti" in Paris green—one tablespoonful, flour ten spoonfuls; water, one bucket; mix and keep mixed, as the Paris green settles, apply with a watering-pot.

For cabbage-worms apply dry salt if the plants are wet, or strong lime if they are dry.

Turnip flies are destroyed by fine slacked lime, dusted over the field.

But the whole tribe of depredators are wonderfully kept down by making friends with the birds. They are the natural enemies of all insects, worms, grubs, &c.

In fighting vermin, we must not try to oppose nature; but to rather follow her plans, and assist her if she fails.

A LADY OF TRUE LOVE.

As a young man was looking over a barrel of eggs received at a grocery on Newark avenue, Jersey City, about a month ago, he found the following inscription upon one of the eggs:

"If this you see, young man, Write just as soon as you can, And let me hear from my favorite egg; This great boon I humbly beg."

JULIA BRIERSON,
Westfield, Ohio.

The youth immediately wrote to the address, inclosing his photograph, and received a reply and picture from the writer of the lines. The correspondence was continued to the satisfaction of both persons, who are to be married next month. It is said the young lady is a daughter of a wealthy farmer, and wrote the lines in jest, never expecting to hear from them.

Treatment of Horses.

Always cultivate an acquaintance with your horse, and be on friendly terms with him. Never swear at or scold him, nor allow others to do so, for he is a sensitive animal, and has the spirit of resentment as well as man, and there is no necessity for shouting or yelling at him. The fact is, if more kind and gentle treatment were given to these noble animals, we should find their docility greatly increased. Just imagine a gee or haw given in so loud a tone as to be heard half a mile off, when the animal is less than five feet from you. Where is the necessity for it? Why not speak to him in more gentle and pleasing terms? Rather talk to him in a kindly tone of voice, pat him on his neck, and even sing or whistle to him, for he is fond of music, and those little attentions are sagaciously appreciated by him. He is an intelligent animal, and will obey a command if given in a gentle tone, quite as readily as if given in tones of thunder. The very best managed teams in the country are those whose drivers rarely speak above their ordinary tone of voice, and horses always lay to their work with a great deal more apparent willingness than when driven to it by fearful shoutings and blows. None of the brute creation more readily appreciates kind words or treatment than the horse, and that fact should ever be borne in mind by those under whose care these noble animals are placed.

THE DEATHBED OF GOV. BRAGG

I was at the bedside, and witnessed the last of earth with the late Gov. Thomas Bragg, and holding his hand with that feeling of affection and gratitude, known only to me, I saw the last evidences of life slowly pass away. Never shall I forget the calmness and composure with which, but a few moments before he died, he uttered these words: "I have no doubt that I have sins and transgressions to account for. All men must so account. I have endeavored to lead an exemplary life. I have never seen the time that I felt I could be induced, through fear, favor, affection, reward or the hope of reward, to do otherwise than my conscience would dictate to me as right and proper. The future has been and is now to me a deep, dark mystery." But Gov. Bragg needs no eulogy from me. The people of North Carolina hold his memory in respectful reverence.—*TRAVELLER.*

Several of our orchardists are setting out tomato plants under their fine, smaller fruit trees, as scientific growers say that the insect—the curculio—that stings the tender, young fruit just as it is forming, causing it to fall off, is driven off from the tree by the strong [and to them noxious] odor of the tomato vines. They say they will drive the insects out of the orchard if enough are planted. Planting these along with tobacco is noticed also.—*Winston Sentinel.*

One of the severest penalties to which criminals in Holland were in ancient times condemned, was to be deprived of the use of salt.

Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is that they cannot find thoughts for their words.

A sure sign of a wasteful wife is her lighting the candle by sticking it into the fire, instead of using a match or a little paper.

Four things are required in a wife—virtue in her heart, modesty in her face, gentleness on her lips and industry in her hands.

The worst education which teaches self denial is better than the best which teaches everything else, and not that.

Industry is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you get through it.