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THE GLEANER

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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. Terms are low to suit the times, fare unobscured, 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.

Poetry.

CONVERSATIONAL.

"How's your father?" came the whisper,
Bashful Ned the silence breaking;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment;
Hopeless Ned essayed another;
"Annie, I—then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother?"

"Mother! Oh, she's doing finely!"
Flecting fast was all forbearance,
When in low, despairing accents,
Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

New York Sun.

BRIDE AND IT'S FALL.

"It's a fine prospect in life for Mary Moreau," said Patty Dexter with a sigh.

"Oh! I dare say," said Mrs. Pendaset, brusquely. "But I've no patience with a girl who allows herself to be so foolishly elated by a mere piece of good luck."

Mrs. Pendaset was a white locked old lady, with black eyebrows, a suspicion of a beard and a deep bass voice, and when she said anything, it sounded very much in earnest indeed.

"I think Mary is a little conceited," said Patty.

"Think!" echoed Mrs. Pendaset. "There's no sort of doubt about it. A good deal conceited, you had better say. Never mind, Patty, she's engaged to a fine gentleman, with white hands and broadcloth clothes, and your young man works in a carpenter's shop" (Patty winced a little at this, for she was in the habit of calling Mark Robinson, her affianced lover, "a builder"); "but I'd give a deal more for your chance of happiness in married life than for Mary Moreau's. And to think how recklessly she flung James Bennett over for this fine new lover of hers. Well, with a long breath, and a slight elevation of the Roman nose, "she'll live to be sorry for it yet, or I'm no prophet."

Patty Dexter went on with her sewing in silence.

She was making up a pretty dove-colored cashmere dress to be married in, for Patty was not one of the gilded daughters of luxury who can afford a different toilet for every occasion. In her case the bridal dress would have to officiate as a travelling dress also and best dress for a year afterwards.

There was only a black silk and a blue alpaca besides, in her simple trousseau, and she could not help remembering, with a transitory pang of envy, the exquisite white silk, thick and soft as a magnolia leaf, which Mary Moreau had shown her, as the dress she was to be married in.

Mark Robinson was very nice; until within a month Patty had imagined him perfection. But why could't Mark have been a gentleman, like Mary's lover?

Mrs. Moreau kept boarders, and Mary earned her own living in Mme. Poulon's millinery.

At least she had done so until her blue eyes and dimples attracted the attention of Mr. Guy St. Clair, who had temporarily engaged her mother's best rooms—and now the pretty milliner's girl was lifted out of her sphere at once.

"Mary, you'd never give me up?" said poor James Bennett, who was unable to believe his own ears when he heard of Mary's engagement.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Bennett," said Mary, with dignity.

"But you promised me, Mary. And you've been wearing my ring for a year," pleaded the young man.

"Oh, that was all nonsense," said Mary, tossing her pretty little head.

"There's your trumpy ring back again if you want it! And of course no one attaches any importance to a boy-and-girl flirtation."

"I meant it, Mary!"

"The more fool you!" retorted saucy Mary.

And that was all the consolation James Bennett could obtain from his fickle lady-love.

Mrs. Moreau was hardly less delighted than her daughter with this unexpected dawn of good luck.

She was a silly, soft hearted matron, who had read a good many novels and acquired, in spite of her fifty years of poverty and struggling privation, very little actual knowledge of the world that was around her.

"I always knew that you was made for a lady, Mary," said Mrs. Moreau. "And you shall have that hundred pounds Uncle John left us, for your outfit. I intended it to furnish the house, but it ain't likely I shall go on having boarders after you're married to a rich gentleman like Mr. St. Clair."

And Mary, unconsciously selfish in her great happiness, took the family fortune without once thinking of the three younger girls who were badly off for shoes, and wore decidedly shabby shawls to and from school.

"Of course, when I am rich, I can give them plenty of things," said Mary to herself. "And mamma shall come and live with me, and the girls shall go to a regular boarding-school."

And Mr. St. Clair was certainly, as Mrs. Moreau delightedly declared, "a real gentleman, as though nothing of a fresh pair of kid gloves every week, and used Cologne water!"

He talked vaguely about taking Mary on the Continent for the winter, and alluded to his villa at Brighton and the house he meant to buy in Belgravia, asked Mary whether she would prefer a basket-phaeton, with cream-colored ponies, or a landau, and expressed his opinion that no lady should ever be without two India shawls at the very least.

And, to cap the climax, he came home one day with a velvet case in his hand and tossed it, debonnairely, into his fiancée's lap.

"For you, Mary," said he.

She opened it with varying color and lips all wreathed with smiles.

"Oh, Guy!" cried she. "Diamonds!"

"I hope you'll like them," said he carelessly. "They suit my taste."

"I will wear them to be married in," said Mary, radiantly. Oh, Guy! how can I ever thank you enough?"

And she remembered poor James Bennett's inexpensive little garnet ring with a thrill of indescribable contempt.

Yet how beautiful she had thought it at the time.

They were sitting together in the back parlor the next day, when a boy brought a note for Mr. St. Clair.

"How provoking!" exclaimed the bridegroom-elect, knitting his brows.

"What is it, Guy?" said Mary.

"The bill for those diamonds. I told the blockheads not to send it until my remittance came from London, but they must have misunderstood."

"They'll wait won't they?" said innocent Mary.

"Oh yes, they'll wait he said, but I should like to send the money at once. One doesn't want to be under obligation to that sort of people. But it don't signify. I'll just step in and borrow of a fellow at the bank. Anybody will let me have a thousand."

He took up his hat.

Mary, who had glanced at the open bill, put her hand on his arm to detain him.

"Wait, Guy," said she; "I can lend you the money. Mamma's lawyer paid in Uncle John's bequest this morning—don't you remember? You were in the dining room when the check came."

"All right," said Mr. St. Clair carelessly, to the lad; "go back to Dudley and tell 'em I'll call and settle in a half an hour."

"A hundred pounds is nothing to you, Guy," said Mary admiringly.

"Not such a great deal," said Mr. St. Clair, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I may as well go and settle the bill. I shall never buy anything there again, if they're in such a confounded hurry for their money. You'll be ready for the opera when I come back, will you, Mary."

"Shall you be long?"

"Oh, not more than an hour."

Mary was all ready at the hours end in a little lace hat she had tacked together herself with clasp of crushed roses and a fall of Spanish blonde, while on her shoulders she wore a white shawl she had borrowed from Mrs. Pepperhill, the parlor boarder.

The jeweller put on his spectacles, peered at the glittering stones and shook his head.

"Paste," was all he said.

"Not real! Surely you do not mean that they are not real!" gasped poor Mrs. Moreau.

"Not worth 5 shillings," said the jeweller, turning to attend to another customer.

"Well," said Mrs. Pendaset, "and so the Moreaus have found their level again have they? But it was a pretty costly experiment for 'em, poor things! Only think Mary's £100 and all that bill he owed to Mrs. Moreau for three months board."

And Nelly Bennett tells me Mary is to marry James, after all," said Patty Dexter. "If I were James, I would not put up with any other man second-hand sweetheart."

"Nonsense, Patty, nonsense!" said Mrs. Pendaset. "Never hit a foe that is down. James Bennett has sufficient common sense to see that Mary Moreau will make all the better wife for this little bit of experience that has seasoned her life."

And perhaps old Mrs. Pendaset's philosophy was correct.

AN UNMARKED SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Persons traveling along the Holloman road a short distance from the southeastern boundary line of the city, can see the opening of an old well, a few feet from the road side, at present ten or twelve feet deep.

This well is the grave of a gallant Confederate cavalry soldier. The circumstances of the case are these:

On the night of the 12th of April, 1865, Wheeler's cavalry command encamped around Raleigh—one regiment in the field where this well is situated. On the morning of the 13th, the troops struck their tents and left bright and early. But the spirit of this one, sad to relate, had gone to its long rest during the night, unknown to his companions. After the troops had left some person searching through the camp discovered that something had fallen into the well.

Upon close examination it was found that a man and horse lay dead at the bottom. Strange rumors went the rounds as to how they came there. It is generally supposed that the rider intended to hitch his horse to the fence; then only about five feet from the well, and, not knowing it was there, rode into it. Be that as it may, the soldier went in first and the horse fell on him, so mangling him that it was found impossible to identify him.

The Federal army arriving on the same morning encamped in the field. An officer learning of the sad affair had the carcass of the animal removed and, for want of time and convenience, had the well partly filled with earth, thus making a grave. There, to-day, repose the remains of a brave Confederate who fought through the whole war, doomed to die by accident as the star of the Confederacy was setting. His name will never be known until that Great Day when the earth shall give up its dead.

We do not know that this has ever been published, but some of our citizens who have forgotten will probably remember the circumstance. At that time all was excitement and the matter was soon forgotten.

There were more Democrats elected to Congress than has been thought.

Mr. Randal has over a hundred pledged to him; Mr. Cox has ninety or a hundred; Mr. Morrison has about the same number. Mr. Saylor has eighty-five that he knows of; Mr. Blackburn has all the Southwest supporting him, while the remainder are scattered. This is doing pretty well all around—Philadelphia Times.

I mean to keep on in this good work for twenty or thirty years, until I am eighty or ninety, if the Lord don't interfere. You can't hurt me. If I live I work; if I don't live I go to heaven, and you can't stop it, it's God's will.—Beecher. No gloomy caverns about that.

Beecher on Hayes.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial, May 2.]

The reporter asked Mr. Beecher what he thought of President Hayes' Southern Policy.

Mr. Beecher—I think the President has hit upon the wise course. I have confidence that his great common sense will be met by corresponding common sense on the part of both the North and the South. Of course no legislation, no political action is going to take the place of that slow recuperation which the change in the industrial institutions and the customs and social relations of these fifteen States produced. The war overthrew slavery and elevated the African to the dignity of citizenship. His elevation to that rank created many political and social complications, and it was not possible that a settlement of our difficulties should come without a great deal of disturbance and a good deal of time. I think the South, comprehensively, has behaved wonderfully well. I cannot conceive of a more total overthrow, a more complete revolution than she has suffered from prosperity to adversity, from riches to poverty, from proud domination to abject control. She experienced disappointment in every respect—commercial, social and political—and yet after the war she submitted to her fate and began to build up again. I think that in after times, while many individual things will be blamed, the men who judge calmly and dispassionately of events will admit that there is no such instance of a proud people's submission to fate in the history of the world. I think the good sense that has shone out in spite of all that has occasioned violence and misdemeanors will continue, and that the South is destined to enjoy in the near future a prosperity she does not dream of, nor men for her. I like the whole manner in which President Hayes goes to work. It is really bringing good sound business habits to the conduct of government affairs, without rhetoric, without any of those guises or any of that crassness which are supposed to be necessary in political management. It is plain, straightforward, careful conduct, the very genius of good sense.

The reporter asked Mr. Beecher if he thought the colored people of the South would in any manner suffer in consequence of the lenient policy of the President toward the Southern States.

Mr. Beecher—The colored people will suffer some, and when we find children being born into the world without pain then we may look to see a hitherto oppressed race rise up into civilization without suffering. The price of all advance is labor three. It is the condition of all elevation. I think the Southern people are, on the whole, taking it through a period of twenty-five years, with all the limitations of their misdeeds, better adapted to take care of the colored people of the South than the North, and ten thousand times better adapted to do it than the Federal government. An armed force in the South is like a surgeon's knife in a man's body. It may be necessary to put it in for a short time, but to hold it there is to torment the man and make health impossible.

That stupid fashion among ladies of wearing high heeled shoes causes almost as many incidents as crinoline. Lately, in London, a lady of rank, after giving a grand dinner a day or two before her daughter's wedding that was to be, accompanied the young lady to her room. After remaining there some time she left to go to her own apartment, by a rather steep private staircase, and her heel catching in the stair she was precipitated to the foot, broke her arm, and sustained so severe a concussion of the brain that the intended marriage was indefinitely postponed.

The shops in St. Petersburg have projecting sign-boards, on which are represented the principal articles sold. This is a proof of the general ignorance, for if the masses could read, such notices would not be necessary. The same custom was practiced in other European countries in former times for the same reason.

Three ladies were put up at a raffish in Kansas City, but when their photographs were exhibited it put a stop to the sale of tickets.

THE DOG SHOW.

The dog show which opened at Gilmore's Garden, New York, on Tuesday last, is an interesting affair.

A large number of high-bred canine pets are exhibited, and a number have been imported from abroad for exhibition. Five mastiffs are valued at \$5,000. They are magnificent animals, fawn-colored, black muzzled, and average in weight 120 pounds. No such lot of these animals has ever been seen in America. A great variety of pet dogs is shown. One scribe, valued at a fabulous price, is placed in a glass case. The exhibition is not gotten up by dog-fighters, rat-killers or fanciers, and more interest is taken in it by Fifth Avenue than Baxter street. A person ignorant of dogs or their uses will interest himself in the deer-hounds bred from her Majesty Victoria's kennel, which are worth \$500 each. So with the high price mastiffs, one is worth \$2,500; so with Rover, the typical Irish setter, the property of the Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald, who fixed his price at \$50,000 in order to avoid a purchaser, as his stock is rare. Such a dog as Rover has a pedigree as long as that of Vere de Vere, and in him every excellence and trait of the breed are centred. Sleazford and Sensation, pointers; Pride of the Border, Low, Leicester, Pimkett, setters, among others, are similar types, and are equally valuable. Dog-breeding is just getting out of its infancy in this country, and it is not often, except in the case of imported dogs, that more than \$1,000 are paid for an animal for either sporting or breeding purposes; but in England a fair price for a sporting dog is \$500, and the price often runs up to \$1,200 even for a sporting purpose alone, as it costs from \$100 to \$200 to "break" a dog to suit a first class English sportsman; while instances are not rare in which as high as \$5,000 have been paid for a dog; and in the case of the greyhound Master McGrath, a Waterloo cup winner, Lord Lurgan refused \$12,000 for him.

THE DELINQUENT COLORED WITNESS.

Yesterday an old negro who had been subpoenaed in the case of Rice, who was on trial for murder, did not put in an appearance at the appointed time, and an officer was sent after him. In about three hours the old fellow was brought into court, and his comical appearance caused a smile to spread over the audience. He was brought up the rail and holding his hat in his hand, stood trembling from head to foot.

The court—Can you give any explanation of your absence at this courtroom?

Witness—Fore God, Judge, I didn't git no su-pe-ra.

The court—Did not the sheriff serve the papers?

Witness—Well, ye see Judge, whenever I've been subpoenaed dey allers gib me a paper, Dis time de sheriff reads de paper, but didn't gib it up. Guess I knows de law on su-pe-nyas.

The court—The law does not require the subpoena to be delivered.

Witness—Fore de Lord, Judge, I s'posed it did. Nebber meant no disrespect for de court. Down in Louisiana de sheriff always handed me de su-pe-nyas personally. 'Fore de Lord, Judge, I'm tellin' you de truff.

The court—What were you doing all this time.

Witness—Judge, I wouldn't tell ye a lie for twenty dollars. I was playin' poker. I had four queens wid de ace high and sixteen dollars in de pot. I was just agoin' to quit when de sheriff come in. 'Fore de Lord, Judge, I was jus' thinkin' about comin' up.

A general laugh went up, the Judge's face relaxed into a smile, and after giving the witness a sharp reprimand he let him off without the fine.—Virginia Chronicle.

While bartenders are closing up their drinking saloons in the East, they are encouraging the tipplers to further activity in the West. A Santa Barbara, Cal., saloon keeper offers to every one who takes a drink a numbered ticket. Every time a drink is taken a new number is given. At the end of the month the numbers are put into a lottery wheel, and the lucky number draws \$25. Of course the tippler who has the largest number of tickets is supposed to have the best chance for the \$25.