THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 3

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THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. PARKER Graham, N. C.

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tor.

The table is surpassed by no house in the State. If you wish to be pleasantly and comfortable 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. Terms are low to suit the times, fare unsurpasseu, attention and accommodations the best.

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JOHN CHAMBERLAIN GREENSBORO, N. C.,



JEWELLER

DEALER IN

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, Sterling Silver, and Plated-Ware.

EINE SPECTACLES, and everything else in my line.

Special attention given to the repairing and timing of Fine Watches and Regulators. I offer you every possible guarantee that whatever you may buy of me shall be gonu ine and 'ust as represented, and you shall pay no more for it than a fair advance on the wholesale cost. Good ordered shall be further than the state of the state wholesale cost, Goods ordered shall be fur-nished as low as if parchased in person at my counter. I have made in the handsom

My machinery and other appliances for making the different parts of Watches, he perhaps the most extensive in the State, consequently I can guarantee that any part of a watch or clock can be replaced with the ut

most facility,

I guarantee that my work will com pare favorably in efficiency and finish wi any in the land.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, Watch Maker and Jeweler, Greensboro, N.,

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of Wan. G. Albright; I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to me, on or before the 1st day of July 1878, or thisnotice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All mirrons indebted to said estate will save All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and save

JOHN G. ALBRIHT,

Poetry.

SITTING AROUND,

They are sitting around upon barrel's n chairs.

Discussing their own and their neighbor's affairs,

And the rook of content that is seen on each face eems to say, 'I have found my appropriate place. Sitting around

In bar rooms and groceries calmly they sit. And serenely chew borrowed tobacco, and

While the stories they tell, and the jokes that they crack, Show their hearts have grown hard

undoubtedly black, While sitting around. The "sitter around" is a man of no means, And his face wouldn't pass for a quart of

white beans. he somehow or other contrives to exist, And is frequently seen with a drink in his

While sitting around.

The loungers they toll not, nor yet do they

Unless it be yarns, while enjoying their gin. They are people of leisure, yet often, 'tis They allude to the work they re intending

while sittle g around.

They've a habit of talking of other men's wives.

As they whittle up sticks with their hornhandled knives—
They're a scaly old set, and wherever you

You'll find them in groups or strung out in a row. While sitting around.

[Detroit Free Press.]

JACK BULLET'S BROKEN

A hundred men were digging for gold, and had named the place "Joe White's Dream."

Singular naire, but they were sins gular men-brawny, rough, grizzled. and some of them wicked. They were men from the East, digging, delving in a sort of frenzy, for the golden wealth of California.

On this day all work had ceased. The men formed in a circle on the grass, and in the center was Jack Bullet. His hands were tied behind

None of the men replied. Some of the men were pale, others ner vous; of Jack Bullet. By and by a mee

-there is the fimb-and we are all gathered to hang rou! You came to 'They ve had a revival up thar, a Joe White's dream weeks ago, poor they are the best chaps an' harde hungry, and ill. We ten and nursed workers on the slope."—M. Quad. you, and when you were well enough to work, a full claim was staked out for you. How have you repaid us, Jack Bullet? You have stolen dust from the boys, brought discord and jealousies among us, excited rows and riots, and last night you were detected when about to murder your partner and steal his few hundred dollars. We try to be white in this camp and use all men right, but we

some other party. The men are going to hang you!" "Let 'em hang- I can't die but once!" sulkily replied the prisoner. "Jack Bullet," said the Elder, "I am a praying man, and I want to pray with you before you swing. I am sorry, for you are a strong man, and you are to die like a dog. Maybe you have a mother in the East. or you may have wife and children. God help them!"

can not turn you loose to prey upon

The Elder sank down on his knees before the prisoner and prayed such a prayer as the rocks have never echoed again. Betore he had finished there were tears in the eyes of half the men, and Big Sam bent over to Curly Jim

"Now that's what I call religiumreal old bang up religion such as we used to git way back in New Hamp-

When the prayer had ended a new spirit came to the men. They scan ned Jack Bullet's face and saw it had him as he skeeted by. He was going softened, and as Elder Graves step too fast to answer. The shark turns

ped aside the president of the camp ed out of the Pamunky into the York side of a square mile would make two in this section of our State.

"We don't want your blood though ou sought ours. You are free to go, Jack Bullet, but den't you ever enter Joe White's Dream again."

The reprieved man moved away without a word, nor did he look back as long as he was in view. When he had disappeared from sight the miners returned to their work, each one so busy with his thoughts that but few words were spoken. That day two weeks a man came up from 'Cardboard City" and reported that Jack Bullet had been caten up by a grissily. Every man in camp felt glad that his town had escaped the disgrace of a hanging, and in the afternoon we saw Elder Graves shoulder a spade and turn down into a little valley. It was a beatiful spot, always full of the mellowest sanshine and the prettiest flowers. When the bcys had knocked off work for the day they all descended into the place, for what reason no one knew, but by a sort of common codsent. In the center of the valley the earth had been heaped up like a grave. At its head was a board-at its foot a wild rose. On the board Elder Graves had cut with his knite:

JACK BULLEY. AGED FORTY.

Men may not give him a chance, BUT GOD WILL!

You wouldn't think these rough men had sentiment in their hearts. but they saw through the Elder's mos tives in an instant, and the roughest men in the lot stooped down and carefully re-arranged one of the

sods.
Three weeks more went by, and one evening Jack Bullet came into Jue White's Dream, alive and well. He stood on the little square in the center of the town, and said not a word till the wondering men gathered about him. Then he pointed to the grave in the valley, his eyes filled with tears, and he chokingly said:

"Boys, I sneaked back here this morning to kill some one in revenge, but I cum across that-that grave down-thar, and-and---!"

He held out his hands to the men and the tears blinded him so that he could not see a face. Elder Graves him, there was an old blood stain on went down on his knees again, every his face, and from his wolfish eyes he man with him, and there were tears sent marderous glances from one and a prayer so beautiful and tender tace to another, and at last called and true that Jack Bullet sobbed like out : "I wish I had knifed some of a child. His heart was broken, and all the Satan in his nature was driven out in a moment.

Joe White's Dream was a mining and some seemed to relish the busi-uess on hand, which was the hanging Jack Bullet was one of the best men The headboard grew grav a and humble looking man named Elu-er Graves by the boys, entered the circle, and standing with one hand on the prisoner's shoulder he began:

"Jack Bullet, this is a solumn morning for us all! Here is the rope

sod. The grave was a sign—a beacon light, as it were, and perhaps the miners were right when they said of our town;

They ve had a revival up thar, an they are the best chaps an' hardest

FISH STORIES.

Bro. Lafferty, of the Richmond Advocate and his Presiding Elder. Peterson, on their way to a Sunday School celebration, "spun yarns" on Pamunky River boat. The former

"The Pamunky reminded me of a fish story. So I told it to Bro. Pe terson. It Went this way : A shark came up that River. A citizen saw it, took a sturgeon harpoon, went out in a canoe, sent the steel barb into the shark. The shark darted. The cord to the harpoon hung in the bow of the boat, and that end of the canoe started under the water. The man jumped to the storn and leaned back over the rudder to keep the boat front from dipping. The shark was doing his best, making (say roughly) 'No I sin't, either; you let me alone fifty miles an hour. The fisherman could not go forward to unhitch the cord, for the boat would go right under like a mole in a plowed field, butter eighty-four year old has but quicker. - So the man had to 'rare' back, like he was driving a fast norse in a sulkey before his sweet. heart's house. His neignbors hailed him from the banks, but he hadn't time to talk. They went home and told their wives, and wondered.
The boatmen on the river shouted at

wide, and a mad shark close by was an ugly thought. The man wished he had been from home the day the shark came by his house, and was fregrets ful generally. The shark made a wide circle in the York, and returned up the Pamunky, and, nearly opposite the starting point, suddenly and nothing really fixed in my mind stopped, rose to the top -dead. The yet, just because my wife would not man was glad.

Now, this is not a small story. It is of the Centennial Krupp Gun Calibre. I watched Bro. Peterson. He did'nt seem to give way under it as I liked. He took a fresh bite of tobacco, and said: 'I know a bigger one.' 'Tell it.' 'I will. . In Charles. ton harbor a fish swallowed the anchor of a schooner put out and dragged the vessel under.' 'Oh, said I, 'that's apochryphal, -Mine was a true story. Dr. Leroy M. Lee vouches for it.' Brc. Peterson chewed briskly a second or so, and said: 41 heard Bishop Wightman say that he knew mine was tiue.' A schooner against a canoe, a Bishop aginst a Presiding Elder, the odds were too great worse than the 8 to 7; it was no use 'to attempt Gibralter with a pocket pistol. As at appomattex yielding to superior numbers and overwhelming resources.' I quit."-Christian Advocate.

BILKING TRIES TO LEARN

The other day Bilkins was reading his paper, and he came across the fole lowing:

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING. A generation is thirty years. Two persons die every second.

There are 1,750 languages. Four thousand eight hundred and nine feet on each side make a square mile with an inch.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 lbs.; barrel of pork, 200; a barrel of powder, twenty five; a firkin of butter, fifty-six; a tub of butter, eightytous. A standing army in Prussia, in war

times, numbers 1,200,000 men; France 1,900,000 · Russia, 1,000,000; Austria, 825,000; Italy, 200.000; Spain, 100,s 000; Belgium, 95,000; Eugland, 75,000; United States, 25,000, 'Yes,' said Bilkins, 'those are facts

worth remembering, and. by Jove, I'll learn 'em, so I can say 'em as straight as a string it's high time I

began to learn something.' So Bilkins started in, his mind fills ed with golden visious of ultimately becoming a walking encyclopedia to whom every body would go whenever they wanted to find out any thing. About an hour later his wife happened into the room, and Bilkins said, 'My dear, I've been learning some facts worth remembering. Its very astonishing how much real knowledge one can acquire in a short time.

'I'm very glad you have,' she replied, 'you never did know much, tell me what you've learnt.'

'All right,' said Blkins, "I will. generation is thirty seconds; two persons die every year; 1,750 feet on each side, make a snare mile in 4,809 languages. A barrel of flour, in war times, numbers 1,200,000 pounds; a a tub of butter in the United States 25,000: in Austria, 825,000; a standing army in a barrel of pork is 1,000,000; in Italy, 200.000."

"Why, Bilkins, what do mean?"

"Well, perhaps that isn't exactly right, but it's near enough for all practical purposes; and, anyhow, 809 feet on a side make a standard army in Belgium, and a barrel of powder will kill two hersons in a second, and spread 'em over a square mile within an inch.'

Now, John, you stop; you're getting excited.

I'm all right now. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pound to the square mile; two persons die every second in England in war times, and a tub of generation every thirty second.' 'John, I'm going to send for the

police; you're crazy?" 'Well, you may; but I'm going to learn this straight, if I never learn anything again, before I go to my own funeral.

And the benighted man began over again and got as far as "Spain, 200,-

man wearing a brass coat with blue buttons, or something like it, so Bilkins jammed his hat down over of this meeting be published in the his ears and started for the office, muttering, "another half day gone, let me alone. I'll be eterally dingblasted it ever I try to learn any thing

HOW A CHICAGO GIRL FIXED

"Will you do something to oblige ne?,' shyly asked a beautiful young woman of a timed gentleman whose acquaintance she had just made at a small social gathering on West Adams street the other evening.

"Anything that I can in honor,

Miss," he replied, blushing. "Well," said she, "come into the back parlor, where it is dark, and sit on the sofa with me, and let me rest my head on your shoulder, and you pretend to whisper in my car-only don't blow because that tickles and I can't laugh, for this new dress is very tight-and when anybody looks you can draw your arm away-I for ot to say I wanted you to put it round my waist-and I'll pretend to blush."

"But, my gracious, honored Miss," stammered the young man, after has tily dividing 4 into 1874 and finding that it wasn't leap year; "iny goods ness, before all these people-and I am already engaged-and your father

must weigh ""
"Ilush, I know what I'm up to," replied the artless girl. "I am engaged, too, to that young man talking to the waxen-faced thing with somebody else's hair over there. I want to stir him up-to bring him down to business-make him come up

to his milk, that's all." The young man said that a load had been lifted from his bosom, and aided her to the best of his ability, so well indeed, that in three quarters of an hour the true betrothed got his girl into the library, demanded an explanation of her shameless conduct, was softened by her tears, called himrelt a brute, and asked if she could ever forgive him, and promised to behave better in the future. And how did the young girl reward the young man who had helped her to this happiness? Why, she never said a word to him all the evening. in fact never mentioned him except to say to her reconciled lover, "Alonzo, could you have been so stupid as to think I a mutton-headed clam as that?" women, in our hours of ease .- Chi-

RESOLUTIONS BEGARDING C. S.

GREENSRORO, N. C., June 23, 1877. To the Editor of the News:

SIR: At a meeting of the citizens of Greensboro, held in the court house on the 21st of June, 1877, Charles G. Yates, Esq., was called to the chair and Dr. R. K. Gregory

requested to act as secretary.

The chairman explained the object of the me meeting to be to give expression to our views and wishes in regard to Colonel C. S. Winstead, the collector of internal revenue in this the fith district, after which Mr. Jesse H. Lindsay moved that a committee of (5) he appointed to present suitable resolutions. The chairman appointed Jesse H. Lindsay, Thomas McMahon, Robert M. Sloan, John W. Payne and J. W. Scott, who through the chairman reported the following resolutions, viz:

WHEREAS, We the residents of Greensboro, have heard with regret that possibly a change of officers in this collection district may be made, therefore, be it

Resolved, I. That we, irrespective of party, regard the present incamp-bent, Colone! C. S. Winstead, as a gendleman of the highest character both as a citizen and officer,

II. That he has discharged the

III. That we pray his Excellency, the President of the United States, to continue Col. C. S. Winstead in his present position by so doing he will 000 firkins of butter, 4,809 on each and feelings of all parties and classes ville [S. C.] Medium.

-Capsized in a river three miles persons die overy thirty years within IV. That our worthy Representaan inch of 1,750 languages every tive, Gen. A. M. Scales, be requeste second, when he saw on his front to present to his Excellency, the walk, coming up with his wife, a

business community.

It was ordered that the proceedings Raleigh and Greensboro papers with the request that other papers copy.

C. G. YATES. President. R. K. GREGORY, Secretary .- Raleigh

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many & kiss has been given; now many a curse; how many a caress; how many a kind word; how many a promise has been broken; how many a heart has been wrecked; how many loved ones have been lows ered into the narrow chamber; how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven; how many a cradle or crib stands silent, which last Saturday night held the rarest of all the treasures of the heart.

A week is a life; a week is a history; a week makes sorrow or glad

Go home to thy family, man of business; go home heart-tearing wanderer; go home to cheer what awaits you, wronged waif of life's breaker: go home to those you love, and give one night to the joys and comfort fast flying by. Feave your books with complex figures. your dirty work-shop, your busy store; rest with those you love, for God only knows what the next Saturday night

may bring. Forget the world of care and the battle of life, which have furrowed the week, and draw close around the family hearth. Saturday night has awaited your coming with the bitterest tears and silence.

Go home to those whom you love; and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to po a better man, and to bless Gcd for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal Saturday night.

SAND.

ALIGATOR CHILDREN.

[Wilmington Review.] From a very reliable source we earn of one or rather two of the most singular phenomena of the age. Near Valdonta, Ga., are two chile dren, known as the "Alligator Children." The upper portion of their bodies is in every respect human, while the lower part has the could see anything to admire in such appearance of an alligator. They have never been known to upright position though they are between the ages of 22 and 26. Strange to say they are not twin children, and like the alligator their habits are amphibion The last time Robins was through that county saw them and offered ments to the parents to of showing them, but was the parents who are in very desti circumstances and ob The "Alligator Children" are and when seen by Robinson were

> lying in a pool of water. These facts have been furnished us by a gentleman in this city who was recently at Valdosta and who himself saw these strange creatures.

PLANTING WHITE SKIN ON A BLACK MAN, -There is a coal black negro man in our vicinty who will soon have a stomach covered with as white Democratic skin as ever grew in Edgefield. This is no doubt sounds ridiculous and alarming, but we will explain. Some weeks ago Dr. Walser Hill and Dr. Wallace Bland cut from the stomach of this negro a huge tumor weighing many pounds, and upon the large bare s left by the operation they have pla ed numberless little stars of a duties of his office impartially and nipped from their own arms. These satisfactorily to all concerned, and that he holds the confidence and esteem of all with whom he comes in that the black man will soon have n white stomach outside. Skin is about Il the radicals and negroes have left us, and to be thus generous with it is but express the seutiments and certainly very magnanimous.- Abbe-