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THE GLEANER

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NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of Wm. 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 this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

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

JOHN G. ALBRIGHT,
Adms. of Wm. G. Albright
Graham N.C, June11th 1877

Poetry.

LAW AND WAR.

[From an old English paper,]

At a little meeting of gentlmen under a commission of bankruptcy at Andover, some disagreement arose between Mr. Fleet and Mr. Mann, both respectable solicitors, which produced a challenge from the former. The latter returned the following answer. The last stanza but one will be more perfectly understood when it is known that Mr. Mann has a wife and children and that Mr. Fleet is a bachelor:

TO KINGSTON FLEET, ESQ.

I am honored this day, sir, with challenges two,
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept his "engagement" and your's must decline.

Now in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudency, and done what was fit,
Since encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,
There's some little chance of *preserving* my life,
Whilst a bullet from you. sir, *might* take it away,
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.

If, however, you still should suppose I ill treat you,
By sternly rejecting this challenge to meet you,
Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons by way of excuse:

In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived;
I myself am in conscience the party aggrieved;
And therefore, good sir, if a challenge *must* be,
Pray wait till that challenge be tendered by *me*.

Again, sir, I think it by far the most sinful
To stand and be shot at than to sit for a skinful;
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you, indeed)
That fighting composes no part of my creed;
And my courage (which, though it was never disputed)
Is not, I imagine, too deeply rooted,
Would prefer that its Fruit, sir, whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at "*The table*," and not in "*The field*."

And lastly, *my life*, be it never forgot,
Possesses a value which *yours*, sir, does not;
So I mean *to* preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled "a Family *Man*"
With three or four children (I scarce know how many)
While you, sir, have not, or *ought* not to have, any.

Besides, that the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel;
For e'en you must acknowledge it would not be meet
That one small "*Mann* of War" should engage a whole *Fleet*.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

Behind Squire Hilton's house was a patch of cleared and well kept woodsland, known to all the neighborhood as "The Grove." Whenever the Sunday School desired a picnic, the squire was waited upon, and as a matter of course, consented to its being used. At other times, any one had the privilege of walking there, and the children came in the spring to gather wild flowers, or in the autumn to gather nuts. Therefore the boy who sat upon the rough wooden bench fitted between two trees, with his head upon his hands, was not trespassing.

He was a tall, gaunt boy, with his sixteenth birthday close before him. His clothes were threadbare, but he had a decent look. He was past the age at which boys generally indulge in tears, but he was crying. Indeed, he had come to that place for the express purpose of indulging his feelings unobserved. His hope of solitude proved a vain one however. Engrossed in his grief, he had not heard the sound of footsteps, when, looking up, he saw standing before him a girl of fifteen. Squire Hilton's only daughter, born when his days were on the very verge of winter—herself the perfect embodiment of spring.

She was a happy creature, who had never known care, who never thought it possible that she could wish for anything she might not have; one who knowing herself rich and beautiful, but without pride or vanity, loved her father and mother intensely, and with good will for a world in which she as yet knew not there was any harm. A girl who, in virtue of aristocratic position in that New England village, was as much under espionage as any French girl ever was. Yet with this advantage, she had no idea she was guarded or that there was anything not to be known by her or any one she might not show. Therefore, knowing no reason why she should not address any one, and knowing the boy by name, she stood looking at him a moment, and then said softly,—

"Why, Edward Burr! what is the matter? Oh, I know; I heard of it; your father is dead. I am very sorry."

"It's not very manly to cry, Miss Hilton," said the boy, standing up, and composing his feature as well as he could; "but I could not help it: he was all I had, and it was so sudden. I didn't mean any one should see me though."

"Boys and men must have feelings as well as girls and women," said Phemie Hilton. "I should break my heart if dear papa should die; and you haven't any mother, have you?"

"I have nobody," said the boy, "and I hate the place. I couldn't work here now, since I've seen father cut down by that horrible machine. I am going to the city—to New York Miss Hilton; I'm going to walk there. Do you know how long it will take?"

"How long!" cried Phemie; "why you could never walk there; it takes days by the cars and boat; and why do you go to New York?"

"I must." said the boy. "I can make my fortune there; father always said so."

"Yes, my father says New York is the place to make money," said Phemie; "but you must have some money to begin with. Have you any?"

"Twenty-five cents," said the boy.

"Then you'd starve to death where you had no friends," said the young girl, with an air of great wisdom and experience. "But papa knows everything. Come home with me and ask his advice; he'll tell you what to do. If anybody can tell you what to do, it is my papa."

"But I haven't any business to bother him about myself," said the boy. "I don't think he'll like it. He will think me forward."

"I'll tell him I made you come. You needn't be afraid of papa; he's as kind as kind can be. Come, now."

Much against his will, Edward Burr followed Miss Hilton through the woods and across the lawn that encircled the Squire's mansion. More against his will, he entered the broad hall and the study door.

"If the Squire kicks me out, I deserve it," he said. And with his hat in his hand he stood gazing in great confusion at the old white headed gentleman, who, to his simple mind, represented the wealth and aristocracy of the land. A king could not have awed his humblest subject more though Edward knew nothing of kings and would have declared, if questioned, that every man was equal.

The squire looked up; his wife laid down the embroidery at which she was at work. The unwilling visitor feared that he was expected to say something, and had no idea what words to utter which would fitly convey his comprehension of the impropriety of his intrusion on a strange household. But Phemie saved him further anxiety.

"Papa," she said, "this is poor Mr. Burr's son. and he is going to New York, to seek his fortune, without any money but twenty-five cents, and I made him come to you to get advice. I didn't think he could manage. What do you think?"

"After I have talked with the young man. I'll know better," said the squire.

The end of the talk was, that the squire said to Edward Burr,—

"I think you're a boy with a will, and where there's a will there's a way, I'll give you a start. Take this note to Mr. B——, No.— Street, and he will give you employment. I'll give you a ticket to New York and fit you out so that you won't starve for a week after that. Go ahead. You've every thing in your own hands, after asking God to bless you."

"Oh, papa, you are so kind!" said Phemie, as she watched the boy out of sight.

Now who knows what may come of that? The bread was cast upon the waters without a thought that it might return after many days.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed and Phemie Hilton sat in a shabby little room in New York city, wondering where she could find bread the next day. The old squire had been dead two years, and before he died he had been tempted into a speculation that had ruined him, and his wife and daughter had come to the city to earn their bread. There the mothers health broke down, and Phemie was forced to leave her position in school to nurse her. Private pupils had fallen off, and the last dollar was spent. And now Phemie turned the paper she had borrowed in her hand, and among the long columns of advertisements saw one for necktie makers.

"Perhaps I could get work at that to do at home," she said "I will try. "I am able to do anything with my needle."

An hour after the poor young lady found herself climbing the stairs of a large building in the business portion of New York in search of the establishment to which the advertisement directed her.

"We don't give work out," was the reply to her questions "and we want experienced hands."

She was turning away with the little hope that was in her heart chilled, when a gentleman who had been standing at some distance, advanced and adddressed her:

"I must be mistaken," he said. This is not Miss Hilton, of——?"

"It is," she said, looking in vain for a familiar feature in the bearded face before her. "But you have the advantage of me."

"Naturally, you are not likely to remember Edward Burr, whom your father helped so kindly years ago. But for your encouragement, however, and his liberal aid, my life would not not have been what it is now. I can never never forget either of you.

"You have prospered then? I am glad. And this is your place? Perhaps. then, *you* will not refuse to give me work to do at home, now that we are so poor." And then came the story.

Once more Phemie saw the tears stand in Edward's eyes as she told it and the promise that work should be given was accompanied by a request to call. Edward was a gentleman at heart, and Phemie never guessed that the other necktie makers would have opened their eyes in amazement at the enormous price she received for her unskilful performance.

And over he work the girl often sat smilling; and the mother grew well again; and one brown-bearded face was often seen in their parlor. add it was always welcome; and ere many months went by, that happened which every intelligent young lady reader has expected from the first. Phemie married Edward Burr, and in their elegant home, the good old 'squire's widow spent her last days in happiness and comfort.

BEAUX OF THE TIMES.

Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig in place of a button; his trunk of breeches, with his stocking and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white and buff shoes with white ribbon. On great court days his shoes were gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of £6,500 and he had a full suit of armor of solid silver, with a sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies and pearls.

King James' favorite the Duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on that whenever he chose to shake off a few on the ground he obtained all the fame desired from the picker-up for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped,

His cloaks were trimmed with diamond buttons. he wore diamond hat-bands, cockades and ear-rings yoked, with great ropes and knots of pearls. He had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk velvet, gold and gems could contribute, one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with the diamonds valued at four score thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat and spurs. When the difference in the value of the money is considered, the sum rediculously squandered in dress must have been prodigious.

In the sweet summer-time there is nothing that will stick closer to a man than a smaller brother's undershirt.

A BUSINESS MAN'S HABITS.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business.

He is strict in keeping his engagements.

Does nothing carelessly or in a hurry.

Employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself.

Keeps everything in its proper place.

Leaves nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do.

Keeps his designs and business from the view of others.

Is prompt and decisive in his dealings, and does not overtrade his capital.

Prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits in cases with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard.

He is clear and explicit in all his bargains.

Leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing.

Keeps copies of his important letters, invoice and business documents, puts away in an orderly manner, so that on occassion they may be easily referred to.

Is always at the head of his business. well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him.

Holds as a maxim, "that he whose credit is suspected is not one to be trusted."

Is constantly examining his books, and transmits all his accounts-current to his customers, both at home and abroad.

Avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodation in money matters, and law suits, where there is the least hazard.

He is economical in his expenditure, always living within his income.

Keeps his memorandum-book in his pocket, in which he notes every particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty cash matters.

Is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous, when urged by motives of humanity.

Let a man act strictly up to these habits; when once begun, they will be easy to continue in, and success will attend his efforts.

Take pleasure in your business, and it will become your recreation.

Hope for the best, think for the worst, and manfully bear whatever happens.—*The True Citizen.*

A NOVEL.

Missouri Brunswicker.

It was a fearful night, the howling winds, rumbling thunder, and the furious fast falling rain were enough to terrify the stoutest heart. The lightning, sometimes one continuous sheet, at others forked and jagged, flashed through the blackness, but to make it appear still darker.

A pale faced girl sat at the window of an up town residence gazing with yearning eyes out into the storm.

Her face grows paler as she listens for his step. Would he never come?

"Katie."

It was some one spoke her name. She knew it. She also knew the speaker.

"Billy, me darlint what the divil made yez so late. The missus is in bed this blissid two hours, shlapin' like a top, and the tay is cold, but the iligant lunch I have for yez will taste better wid wine. Come in, me b'hoy, and we'll make note of it. Bad cess to the creaking' door.'

COWARDICE.

You are a coward, if afraid to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward, when you insult the weak. You are a coward, if afraid to do right, if you shrink from defending your opinion, from maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself, and care not to own them to yourself.

MR. EVARTS PHYSICALLY.

[Washington cor. Chicago Inter-Ocean]

Evart's face is shaven. His hair is scanty and iron-gray. His ears are small, and look as if they had been closely trimmed. His eyes are gray and faded. They have a watery appearance while he is speaking, but every other part of his body is so dry that one expects him to crumble up when his great spirit goes out of him, and blow away at a breath. His mouth is small, his lips are colorless; his teeth are perfect in form and color. His nose and forehead are the marked features of his person. It isn't a Websterian forehead, broad and dome like, but it is bulging like, and hangs over his eyes like a bay window in the second story of a house. His skin is so pure and dry that you can see the currents of pale blood that run over his skull. The nose is big enough to carry all the brains an ordinary man would need, and maybe Evarts' surplus is situated there. It isn't an "inconsequent vestibule," as some call Morton's, but a peak majestic, and rises from the landscape of his face to give it dignity and consequence. It is not puggy or grisly, like some large noses, but it is of aristocratic material and artistic carving. The slopes and curves are all according to the lines of art—Grecian art. It is a thing of beauty magnified. Evarts' legs are pipe stems and his arms willow branches. His chest is less in diameter than his head, and the breadth of his shoulders is about as great as the distance from the tip of his nose to the base of his cerebellum. He has no bowels, and only stomach machinery enough to keep the brain supplied with food.

VALUE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.—A horrible accident was averted at the railroad crossing on Tuesday evening by the sudden and swift ingenuity of a gentleman who happened to be standing near the track when it was about to occur. A little child of about six years was attempting to cross the net work of tracks, when a train was seen sweeping down upon the track that he was about to cross. He saw, the train but was too frightened to turn back or to halt, and he pressed on with faltering steps to his certain destruction. There was not time to catch him, and little chance of warning him by a call, and his peril was extreme. At this crisis a gentleman on the opposite side of the track hastily threw a rock at the little fellow, striking him in the breast. The shock that came with the stroke of the rock stopped him suddenly, and just in time. The train went lumbering by, and he was saved.—*Atlanta Constitution, July 29.*

THE CREDIT BUSINESS.

After having inspected a pile of calico in one of Woodward Avenue stores yesterday, a somewhat rusty looking man blandly remarked to the clerk before him:

"Credit must be given——"

"No, sir—we don't trust," was the reply.

"I was going to remark that credit must be given me for ——."

"We couldn't do it, sir. The rule applies to every one."

"Couldn't do what?" asked the man.

"Couldn't give you credit."

"You are very uncivil, sir, very; but yet I will say before I go out of here that credit must be given me for being honest and impartial when I say that I never saw three hitching posts look nicer than them there. That's all, sir, and I wish I hadn't said that much.

"Fellow-sinners," said a preacher, "If you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there were a hundred sovereigns up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see.