

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 3

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 1877

NO. 26

## THE GLEANER

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

Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....\$1.00  
Three Months.....\$0.50

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C. S. Brown, Proprietor.

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Please note: Two of the best Tables in N. C. for the use of guests, free of charge. Dec. 12th. 1875.

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### JEWELLER

DEALER IN  
FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
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FINE SPECTACLES.

and everything else in my line.

Special attention given to the repairing and tuning of Fine Watches and Regulators. I offer you every possible guarantee that whatever you may buy of me shall be genuine and just as represented, and you shall pay no more for it than a fair advance on the wholesale cost. Goods ordered shall be furnished as low as if purchased in person at my counter. I have made in the handsomest manner.

Hair Chains, Hair Jewelry, Diamond and Wedding Rings, all kinds of Fine Jewelry, Gold and Silver Watch Cases, etc., etc.

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

I guarantee that my work will compare favorably in efficiency and finish with any in the land.

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

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed County Examiner for Alamance county, he notices all teachers of public schools that he will attend to the examination of applicants for teachers certificates, on the 2nd Thursday of August and October, as the amended law requires.

A. CURRIE,  
County Examiner.

## Poetry.

### HOWARD'S LATEST.

To the Adjutant General,  
I write with feelings sadly mixed;  
My men are full of pluck,  
But since I started after Joe  
I've had the devil's luck.

I've done my very level best  
His travelling to retard  
Yet every time that I hit him,  
He hits me twice as hard.

He won't stay still in any spot,  
He cannot be beguiled,  
And has a way of bobbing round  
That drives the nearly wild.

If he against a fox we catch'd  
For cunning tricks and low,  
Against a weasel's sleeplessness,  
I think I'd bet on Joe.

Therefore I feel no great desire  
This charge I have to keep,  
And, if you can my place supply,  
I'll let the job out cheap.

New York Sun.

### OVER-REACHING.

It was a grand and stately looking mansion; surrounded by extensive grounds. So fitting could be seen in the moonlight. But the entire front of the house was dark. At the back, only two windows in the upper part; beside the basement; showed a light. The room within was large and luxurious. An ample grate at one side held a bed of glowing coals, and upon a low couch near it an old man lay. By the gray pallor of his still handsome face, his sunken eyes, his stiffness, he was very ill, perhaps dying.

A woman was the only other occupant of the room, and she was young and very beautiful. She was in full evening dress, a violet velvet, made low and richly trimmed, and on her white neck and arms were jewels. The eyes of the sick man watched her as she slowly paced the room, her velvet dress trailing the carpet, a look in her face that he could not read.

It was a strange sight—the woman in her gala attire, brilliant with beauty, glittering with gems; the man with his pinched and sunken face, on which death's gray shadow seemed already set, watching her. She never looked at him, and, in spite of her youth and loveliness, there was something harsh and forbidding in her countenance.

The sick man moved uneasily on his couch. "It is very strange, Virginia, that James does not return," he said. "I am sure he has been long enough to go to town and back twice."

"I should think so," the woman answered, still without looking at him; "but perhaps he did not find either of the lawyers at their office, and he may be waiting to see Mr. Judd."

In a moment more some one knocked softly upon the door of the sick room. "If it is James I want to see him," said the man on the couch.

"Why don't you answer, James?" she said impatiently. Have you told your master the truth or not?" "The truth, of course. Why would I tell him anything else, and him a-dying?" "You can go," said Mr. Aubrey. "Send Rufus here."

As James departed the sick man turned to his wife. "I don't know why he should; but Janes looked as if he was lying. It can't be that any one here wants to keep me from seeing a lawyer?" A strange whiteness crossed Virginia Aubrey's beautiful face. "I should hope not, dear. What object could they have?"

The sick man was silent. Fifteen minutes passed. Suddenly Mr. Aubrey spoke again. "Virginia, why doesn't Rufus come?" "I will see," said his wife calmly; and rang the bell.

"It was James who answered it." "Where is Rufus?" she asked him. "I dunno. It's like he forgot. I told him."

"Go at once and tell him again." James departed, and returned in about ten minutes. "Rufus," he said, "has been drinking—says he will come when he gets ready, not afore."

"The truth, sir?" questioned the man in a stammering voice, while he stole a furtive glance at his mistress.

secretly—and gave everything to Blanche, I wish I hadn't. I want to alter it now. Send for the lawyers again. Virginia, do send!" "But Virginia had already flown to the bell at the intimation of this terrible truth which she never guessed.

The ready James, her own tool made his appearance once more. "Mrs. Aubrey stepped out and put her hands upon him. "Take the fastest horse in the stables and ride for your life for the first lawyer you can find. If you get here in time you shall have a hundred pounds yourself."

James stared at her. "Do you mean it this time?" "I mean I have made an awful mistake. I shall be a beggar if the lawyer doesn't get here in time to make a will. Fly!"

"I will see," said his wife calmly; and rang the bell. "It was James who answered it." "Where is Rufus?" she asked him. "I dunno. It's like he forgot. I told him."

"Go at once and tell him again." James departed, and returned in about ten minutes. "Rufus," he said, "has been drinking—says he will come when he gets ready, not afore."

"The truth, sir?" questioned the man in a stammering voice, while he stole a furtive glance at his mistress.

### MISS WILSON'S LEG.

(From the New York Times, Aug. 20.)  
Twenty-seven years ago Miss Wilson of Pineville, N. C. lost her right leg. She was then young and pretty, and had she merely mislaid her leg every chivalrous Carolinian in the county would have joined in the search for it.

Unfortunately, her loss was an irrevocable one. Having unintentionally inserted her leg under the wheel or heavily loaded wagon, she found that the once shapely limb was so completely ruined that she consented to have it cut off and thrown away. Its place was in time supplied with a cork leg, and Miss Wilson sorrowfully resigned herself through a loveless life into a solitary grave.

There never has been any active demand for women with a wooden leg. A man with a wooden leg suffers a certain amount of inconvenience, but he loses nothing in character or popularity whereas wooden-legged woman is, whether justly or unjustly, under a social ban.

In fact, for a woman to lose a leg is ordinarily to lose all hope of marriage. A man who is about to marry cannot be blamed for preferring a whole wife to one partially made of cork—especially as the former costs no more than the latter. A superficial thinker might, perhaps, fancy that a husband whose wife had but one original leg would save fifty per cent. in the price of striped stockings and kid shoes; but a little reflection will show that a cork-leg requires just as much clothing as the usual style of leg, and hence it is not an economical contrivance.

Of course it is mean and selfish in a man to permit the absence of a more trifle of leg to affect his feelings toward estimable women; but human nature is weak and he would be a bold man who could calmly look forward to marrying a woman who might some morning interrupt him while slaving by asking—"James, would you mind handing me my leg? I think you'll find it behind that rocking-chair."

It is alleged by Miss Wilson's neighbors that as she grew older she grew hard and cynical. This was, perhaps to have been expected. She saw herself ignored by marrying men, while girls with half her beauty, and whose sole superiority consisted in a larger number of legs, captured husbands without any difficulty.

Gradually she became embittered against her bipedal fellow-creatures, and the local Baptist minister was probably right when he characterized her as a hard-hearted worldly woman. One day, however, Miss Wilson attended a camp-meeting, and was softened by the eloquence of the preacher and the shouts of the worshipers, and soon after Pineville was surprised and pleased by the announcement that on next Sunday Sister Wilson would be baptized.

Now, the public performance of the rite of baptism by Rev. Mr. Waters, of Pineville Eleventh Day Baptist Church, always drew a large audience. That powerful and agile preacher was admitted to be without a rival as a rapid and effective baptizer. On one occasion, when a Presbyterian minister preaching against baptism by immersion showed that St. John the Baptist had once baptized a multitude of persons at the rates of two men and a half per minute, and that hence he could not have immersed them, Mr. Waters publicly baptized twenty-five persons in eight minutes, thus beating St. John's best time by two full minutes and completely overthrowing the Presbyterian's argument.

With all his unequal rapidity of execution, he was never careless or inconsiderate. There was a rival Baptist minister in the next county who would sometimes become carried away by his emotions, and would sing an entire verse of a long metro hymn while holding a convert under the water; and although a stalwart teamster who was thus treated once fell from grace, and upsetting his minister in the water held him under till he was nearly drowned, the reverend enthusiast was not cured of his careless habit. When, therefore, Miss Wilson consented to be baptized by the Pineville minister, she knew that she would be treated in a considerate and skillful manner; and the public knew that the spectacle would be well worth witnessing.

It is very easy to say, now that the affair is over, that Miss Wilson ought to have left her cork leg at home. In that case, however, she would have been compelled either to limp to the water on crutches, or to be carried thither by self-sacrificing deacons. Moreover, her appearance in public without her customary leg would have excited a great deal of remark, which would not only have shocked her sensitive feelings but would have detracted from the solemnity of the scene.

When, in addition to these facts, we remember that she was a woman residing in a country town, to which champagne baskets rarely penetrated, and was hence presumably ignorant of the scientific fact that cork is light and buoyant, her neglect to remove her cork leg prior to baptism seems entirely excusable.

So long as the water was only two feet deep, Miss Wilson, who weighed fully two hundred pounds, managed to wade toward the minister, but so soon as the latter took her hand and led her into deeper water the cork asserted its buoyancy and Miss Wilson was suddenly reversed. The minister, with much difficulty, placed her on her feet again, and rather surlily requesting her not to do that again, began to make a brief and formal address. Before he had spoken ten words Miss Wilson, with a wild shriek, fell backward, and her cork leg shot swiftly upon the surface.

Perhaps this is the point where a veil should be dropped. To finish the narrative in as few words as possible, it may be said that after half a dozen futile efforts, the attempt to baptize Miss Wilson was abandoned. With all his skill and strength, the minister could not counteract the effort of the cork leg, and could not keep the convert right side up long enough to baptize her. She bore it with patience until the minister called for a fifty-six pound weight with a view to ballasting her, when she indignantly scrambled ashore, hasted home, and subsequently joined the Presbyterians.

We thus learn that there are times when cork legs conflict with the most important duties. The leg-makers should take a hint from this suggestive incident, and devise a light metallic leg wherewith to supply the Baptist market.

### MEN'S MANNERS.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first "action," the second "action," and the third "action"—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and can say it in his manner.

The successful medical man, on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favorable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that juriesmen are scarcely personifications unmixéd with passions or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock in trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the "survival of the fittest" in tournaments for a lady's hand is it not a "natural selection" when the old motto "Manners maketh man" decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best mannered but ugliest man in his day, thought so.

"I am," he said, "the ugliest man in three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest."

If kindness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill), always endeavored to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feeling, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended even to the greatest of sinners.