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VOL 3

GRAHAM, N. C.,

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THE GLEANER

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

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OUR SUMMER BOARDER.

BY EMMA NORTH.

People who have had experience will agree with me that there is no position more trying than that of a woman that keeps boarders for a living, or for company, as some of them hypocritically declare.

There is the boarder who wants to sleep on a hard mattress, and the one whom nothing but a feather bed will satisfy; and the one who wants his steak just warmed through, and the one who wants his all fried up to rags; the one who must have butter instead of lard in his piecrust, and who will have oatmeal mush for his breakfast, and the one who declares that "it does him no more good to eat it than to lie on his back and have the moon shine down his throat."

The women who get you to ruin all their errands, and cut all their patterns, who want sponge-cake between meals, and a lemon before breakfast for the headache, and who pick at each other the rest of the time, and hate each other cordially.

I had all these varieties and more, at my house at Oakwood, when young Roy Ellery came to board with me.

He came in one bright June afternoon and left his valise, saying he would be back to supper. Old Uncle Labin Dorn, who was eating his lunch at a side table, peered at him curiously through his gold eyeglasses; old Miss Florida Dorn, his daughter, who had been twenty-five for the past fifteen years, skewed around to look at the address on his shining satchel, "Roy Ellery, Editor, N. Y. City," and said, "What a beautiful young man!"

And he was handsome. Much as I have disliked him since, there was no disputing the beauty of that wax-like face, with its large, long lashed eyes, that changed from blue to gray, from gray to violet—a color coming and going like a girl's—a sweet, Byronic mouth, shaded by an elegant amber mustache, and, strange to say, his hair was quite black, which, in this tall, fair youth, presented quite a striking combination.

He was the only young man in the house at that time, and he lit like a bombshell among our quiet party.

The only eligible single gentleman hitherto among us was Mr. Geasly, the widower, a pork-packer, and deputed to be worth a million and a half. He was fifty, bald-headed and bristling like his own porkers; but for all that he was considered a great catch, as Angie Barker, who sat next to him at table, said.

"When you thought how rich he was, he looked a great deal better to you?"

Angie was a young widow, pretty and shallow, yet with a sort of charming sprightliness about her that made you like her, in spite of her nonsense and frippery.

Then there was Mrs. Yetherby, a very fat lady, with a very lean income whose husband traveled most of the year; and, after you grew acquainted with her peculiar pomposity, you did not wonder he had a propensity to journey.

Then there was Uncle Dorn's daughter, Florida, who was gaunt and spiny, and who evidently considered herself the one virtuous woman in the world, as she had a spiteful word for every one, especially young Emily Mills.

If ever I pitied any one from the bottom of my heart, it was young Emily Mills. I kept a stylish boarding house, but I took her to fill up one of the chinks where a rich boarder would not go. She slept in the corner attic, under the roof, where the rain sounded so loud and the wind sung in the corners, and kept books in the cotton factory.

Her father was worse than none, and, as near as I could find out, that girl had done almost every kind of work to keep from starving.

At first I disliked her—she had such a way of twisting and turning everything, and making things out of nothing—but I grew to know there was not one in the house so ready to help everybody, or so liberal as she was with her limited means.

People talked about that girl cruelly, and I loved her because I pitied her, and knew her to be as pure as an angel.

She had pretty brown hair, and large, soft eyes, and a color in her cheeks like the heart of a May rose, and a mouth that made you think straightway of kisses; but such an old, old look in her face, that I have

often seen in girls into whose life too much work has been crowded.

I noticed a marked change in the toilets at supper on the arrival of this young Adonis. Angie had donned her blonde fichu, frilled profusely with the richest of creamy lace, and stuck full of little blue bows, over a silver colored silk, that rustled and shone like starlight. Her husband had left her a little property, which she privately declared she was going to work her fingers to the bone to save, but should use it as a means to get a second husband.

Miss Florida wore a purple silk, with dead white bows, that made her with her dark eyes and skin, look like a lemon, and a crazy fringe of curls upon her forehead, that made her look less than more cadaverous than ever.

Mrs. Yetherby wore sea-green, with a surplus amount of jewelry. Emily Mills who came late, and did not know of the new arrival, wore white calico, with a sprig in it, and the cotton factory not being an overly clean place, the sleeves were smutty. I saw young Ellery look at her with his lovely, dreamy eyes; and when I saw her look up at him, I knew it was all up with her, and I knew as well as I do now that she would fall in love with him, and I did hope she would take a fancy to my son Watson, who, though not a particularly brilliant boy, is honest and good principled.

I knew enough of the world to know that fine clothes and fine ways and a city-bred air would attract a girl where the sober, prudent ways of my son Watson would make no impression. If ever Lucifer came down in the form of an angel of light, it was young Roy Ellery. Whenever I saw him walking with Emily in the shady walks, I shuddered; I dreaded to have her under the charm of his magnetic eyes, and his dazzling ways; but I dared not say anything, being a widow and dependent on my boarders for a living, and Ellery was my best paying one.

"Beware of man, though he be your brother, Who has hair one color, and mustache of another," quoted Miss Florida sharply.

Yet, for all that, I noticed she did not take her own warning to heart; for if ever a woman threw herself at a man's head, it was Miss Florida Dorn.

In spite of the lack of so many front teeth, she smiled in his face constantly; did he try to flirt with willing Angie Barker, in the parlor, she would be sure to be sitting bolt upright there, and attempt to whisper some sweet things to shy Emily Mills in some twilight corner, she would contrive to wedge her knife-like blade of a figure between them.

So the summer crept away, and he had likewise crept into the hearts of all my womenkind. Angie had snubbed poor Mr. Geasly, and devoted herself entirely to Ellery. I knew of the two, the latter liked Emily the best, but I felt sure he would never marry her; the young men of to-day are too cool-headed and too cool-headed, too keenly alive to their own interests to marry so poor a girl.

So I watched her with dismay, growing slyer, and slyer and coloring like an Italian sunset whenever he spoke to her; and Mr. Geasly, growing daily more stolid and crabbed, and my son Watson, sadder and more awkward.

I had a summer-house built for the boarders out on the lawn—it was no part of the plan when it was built that almost everything that was said in that summer house could be heard almost anywhere near. To-night Angie and Ellery were sitting on the rustic seat within it, and Emily was leaning against my garden-wall, among the gossamer bushes. I was in the woods behind looking over my citrons when I heard Roy say:

"What could have made you suppose I loved Emily better than you? Why the girl is well enough in her way, but what man would wish to marry a girl who wore a sprigged calico and worked in the cotton factory?"

I saw Emily start and pull her bouquet of asters to pieces, then I saw her turn suddenly and walk down to the river edge. She stooped and looked down into the green, shady water—how pleasant it would be to lie there among the lily-pads and rushes for ever; no cruel world to face, no false lovers to wring one's heart.

If it were only right to put an end to one's self when sick of this world!

But we cannot die when we want to, or go off in oblivion, we must take our flowers or clanking chains, as the case may be and step along under our burden. Emily forced herself to turn from the shadowy water and kept on wearily; she had almost walked into the arms of a tall, gaunt woman, coming toward her, before she had realized she met any one. The woman, who seemed a mixture of brusqueness and cheap finery, asked her in a coarse voice if that was the way to Oakwood: "Yes," said startled Emily, "I board there."

"All right," responded this cadaverous female, "then you must have seen a man who calls himself Roy Ellery—a very handsome man with black hair and blue eyes, and a taking way with him."

"Is it possible you have met him?" faltered poor Emily.

"Possible I could have met him! mimicked the stranger—"he married me seven years ago, and a pretty life he has led me; I am no great thing to look at now, but I was handsome then. You marry a gambler and let him waste your property for you, and break your heart and see if in a few years you have such a sweet color in your cheeks and such pretty flesh on your bones!"

Poor Emily, blushing furiously, waited to hear no more, but, turning, home across the fields without another word.

The next day Roy Ellery was nowhere to be found neither was Miss Florida's diamond brooch nor five hundred dollars in bank-notes Angus Barker kept locked in a bureau-drawer.

Old Mr. Dorn said, "he must have found his proper level, and betaken himself to his Santanic majesty!" only he said it in an abbreviated form.

"I suspected he was a married man all the time," said Miss Florida, "She must have an affinity for married men, then whispered Mrs. Yetherby.

But, with all our surmises, forethought and searching, the diamonds and bills and Roy, with his false, fair face, were never found.

Angie having spent most of her money said "Yes," at last, to patient Mr. Geasly, and resigns over his big house graciously, and is a richly dressed proper society woman.

Miss Florida captured a judge at last, a man as tall and dark as herself. He wanted a housekeeper she wanted some one to rule over, so they both tolerate each other, and keep up a system of mild nagging the year through.

Emily is with me yet, with a pathetic gleam in her large eyes and a tender droop in her sweet mouth. Love goes where it is sent, and she does not love my son Watson and will not marry him under the circumstances. Still, I am hoping brighter days will come for them both sometime.

A LESSON OF DILIGENCE.

[From the Detroit Post.]

It is not strange that Mr. Everts doesn't make money off of his farm. Horace Greeley and H. W. Beecher failed because they were not content to let their workmen run the farm, but must needs put their own absurd ideas in practice. Mr. Everts fails because his manager is unable to understand him, and gets confused just as soon as Mr. Everts makes his appearance and begins to talk.

Last year, for instance, Mr. Everts said to his manager the very first morning of the summer vacation:—"Patsey, it becomes necessary, in view of the superabundance of foreign and deleterious elements among those green and waving uprights, to place the charger in front of the utensil with the branching and numerous supporters, and have the latter agitate the surface of the naturally productive soil."

Patsey said "sure!" "The astounding density of various species of the human head," continued Mr. Everts, after a start of vexation, succeeded by a period of profound thought, "is a something, I am free to confess, much beyond my comprehension. I have combated Lucy Stone singly and alone for three successive hours; I have even communed with the stolid and peculiarly happy idocy of Gideon Welles; but I

never saw the like of this. It is worse than the jury in the Beecher trial. By the ghost of William Tell, the man's a horse!"

"It is a horse you want, sur?" said Patsey, a happy light dawning upon him.

"The exact purpose of the creation of such beings," pursued Mr. Everts; heedless of the interruption, "is a something which will, perhaps, be revealed at some time in the far distant future. I should like to trace the theory of Darwin in this creature. I should like to compare him with the lower species; if, happily, there are any lower. I wish I had an ourangoutang here."

"We haven't one on this farm, sur," said Patsey, with some haste; "They—they were sold by mistake, sur, last winter along with the potatoes."

"Ceuse; barbarian!" said Mr. Everts, with towering scorn, evidently provoked beyond endurance. "Upon my soul, you have the little knowledge of farm work as the Hon. Benjamin Butler has of politics."

Mr. Everts rushed wildly into the house.

"I think," said Patsey, after waiting another precious half-hour in profound thought; "I think Mustier Everts wants me to harness the oxen to the carriage and put the coils to the hay wagon."

And all in the world that Mr. Everts wanted was that Patsey should cultivate the corn.

A Rhode Island Judge being challenged by a General in the State militia the following dialogue ensued: "Did you receive my note sir?" "Yes, sir," replied the judge. "Well, do you intend to fight me?" "No, sir."

"Then, sir, I consider you a pitiful coward."

"Right, sir; you knew that very well or you never would have challenged me," answered the judge.

An affidavit recently submitted in a Brooklyn court reads thus: "And deponent further says that the defendant drew a pistol and threatened deponent that, if he did not at once leave the premises, he the said defendant would blow him to hell, which deponent verily believeth said defendant would have done had he, the said deponent, not done as he was commanded."

In the Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, is a lot containing five stones, one at each corner and one in the centre. The latter is inscribed "Our Husband," and the others respectively bear "My I Wife," "My II Wife," "My III Wife," and "My IV Wife."

Two Frenchmen meet—one discovers a peculiar odor. Saprist!—"What is that?" "Superstitious friends, with penchant for gambling."—"Ah! I am going to St. Sebastian, and am taking a dead rat in my pocket. They tell me there is nothing brings luck like that."

Lyons Republican: We are not yet so hardened in editorial sin as to tell a \$100 lie (even though it be about a camp-meeting) for a fifty cent advertisement.

St. Louis Times: It is proposed in Indiana to change the marriage service so as it will read: "Who dare take this woman?" And the bridegroom shall answer, "I dare."

Greater resonance is obtained from hollow than from solid things. Musicians should remember this and not eat anything for several days before playing in public.—Oil City Call.

Hawkeye: Striped stockings are going out of style and the Sunday School picnic will no more be electrified by a brilliant display of the northern lights every time a girl falls out of the swing.

"I have a little poem here," The visitor observed, "On Bennington, a shot of a blind A dying groan!—a stream of blood. His fate was well deserved."

—Boston Traveler.

Six different colleges furnish the waiters for the Glen House, at the White Mountains, this summer.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
THE NATIONAL HOTEL
Raleigh, N. C.

National Hotel
Raleigh, N. C.
BOARD
\$2.50 PER DAY
S. Brown, Proprietor.

The table is unpassed 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. Terms are low to suit the times, fare unsurpassed, attention and accommodations the best.

Saloon and Billiards

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

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GREENSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER

DEALER IN FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, Sterling Silver, and Plated Ware,

FINE 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 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.

Make 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 town.

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

NOTICE

The undersigned, having been appointed county Examiner for Alamance county, will attend to the examination of applicants for teachers certificates, on the 2^d Thursday of August and October, as the mended law requires.

A CURRIE, County Examiner.