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A DOCTORS STORY.

I am a doctor. I live in London and in one of the most crowded lo-

I had been in my present abode two years, and had never had a patient from the more aristocratic circles, when one night, about half past eleven, I was startled by a violent ringing at my bell, and having just got to bed after a hard day's work, I can't say the summons was very agreea-

However, I ran to my window at once, and thrusting my head out into the rain, cried, "Who is there?"

A voice answered "Only I, Doctor. It's an urgent case, Please come down to the door."

I hurried on some clothes, and sped down stairs and opened the door. There stood in full light of the hall lamp, an elderly lady dressed in mourning.

She put out the smallest of hands in fine black kid glove, and said pits ecusly, "Are you the doctor?"

"Yes," I said. "Then come with me," said she.

Don't delay. It's life or death. I hurried on my overcoat, caught

up my umbrella and, offering my arm to the old lady, walked down the street with her. "You must be my guide, madam,"

I said. "I do not know where you She instantly gave me a street and number that surprised me still more. It was a tolerably aristocratic quarter

"Who is ill, madam?" I inquired,

"a grown person or a child?" "A young lady—my daughter,"

"Suddenly?"

'Yes, suddenly,' she answered. Do you keep a brougham? We would have been able to go much faster'

'I keep no conveyance,' I said. 'Perhaps you are poor?' she said eagerly.

'Cer tainly not rich,' I said.

'Cure her and I'll make you rich,' she said. in a sort of suppressed shriek. Cure her, and I'll give you anything you ask. I don't care for money. I'm rolling in gold. Cure her, and I'll shower it on von.'

'You are excited, madam,' I said, Pray be calm.'

'Calm!' she said-'calm! but you don't know a mothers heart?'

We had reached the street she had indicated, and were at the door of one of its houses. The old lady as cended the steps, and opened the door. with a latch key. A light burned in the hall; another one in one of the parlors, the furniture of which was

draped and shrouded in white linen. 'Wait here, sir, if you please,' she said, as she led me into one of these.

I waited what I thought a most nnreasonable time in that gloomy parlor. I began to grow a little nervous, when a stout, short red-taced woman buss tled into the room.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' she said in a singular tone, such as one who had committed a speech to memory might use; 'but my missus-the lady who brought you here—is very nervous, and needlessly alarmed. She begs your acceptance of the customary fee, and there is no need of your service's.

Thus speaking, she handed me a guinea, courtesied, and opened the door for me. I bowed, express pleasure that the patient was better, and departed.

It was a queer sort of adventure, but rather amusing, than otherwise, besides I had a good fee.

I arose early next morning, and paid a couple of visits before breakfast. Returning, to my astonishment I found sitting in my consulting room the lady of the night before. She rose as I entered.

"What must you think of me?" she said. "But no matter. My daughter is very dear to me, and I have heard of your skill. She is worse again. Can you call some time to-day, as early as possible, at my

"I will be there in an hour," I

The lady took out her purse. "I am an old fashioned wom she said, "I retain old fashioned habits. In my days the doctor re-

ceived his tee on the spot. It was in ordinary cases a guinea. Will you receive it now?"

I did not know what to say, but

departed.

I ate my breakfast, and having dressed myself carefully, made my way to the old lady's house. I knocked The door was opened by the stout female who had dismissed me the night

"The doctor," I said by the way of explanation.

"Ah!" said she. "Has missus called on you again?"

'Yes," I answered.

."There is no need, I assure you, sir," she said. I can't really ask you in. There's no one ill here. Its a whim of missus'. I am a better judge of illness than she. No need of a

I left the house, of course, partly in dudgeon, and partly in amazement.

Three weeks passed by, when, lo! the old lady came again.

She walked into my consulting-room dressed as before, as greatly agitated, as carefully polite.

"Sir," she said "again I trouble you. My poor daughter! Come at

"Madam," I answered, "it is a doctor's duty, as it should be his pleasure, to obey such calls; but you are aware that I have been sent from your door twice without seeing the patient. Allow me to ask you a question are you the mistress of the house?"

"Heaven knows I am," said the old lady. "I have lived there for forty years. I own it. I am the only person under that roof who has a right to give an order."

"And the person who sent me way?"

"My old servant Margaret."

"Did she do it at your order?" "No sir; it was a piece of presumption. But Margaret means well; she loves us."

"Then, Madam, if I accompany you I shall see the patient!" "Assuredly, sir."

I put on my hat again, and we went out of the house together. We exa changed very few words as we walked the streets. At the door of the house the old lady paused..

"Don't mind Margaret," she whispered. "She means well."

Then she ascended the steps. At the last one the door opened to us by seen twice before.

"The doctor must see my child, Margaret replied the old lady. Margaret stepped back.

"Walk in sir." was all she said. The old lady beckoned me to follow her. I did so. She went up stairs

and opened the first door we came to. She closed it with a sigh. The next room into which she led me was also empty. So were all the others. In effect we visited six apartment, only one of which seeme to be regularly occupied as a sleeping chamber; and at last the old lady turned to me with a stange glitter in her eyes.

"Stolen she said, "stolen, somebody has stolen my girl. Sir, do you know, I think it must be Satan!"

Then a steady step crossed the sill, Margarct came in, and the old lady bursting into tears, suffered her to take her away.

As I made my way down stairs, Margaret rejoined me,

"You understand it now," she replied.

'I do, indeed,' I said. 'She had a daughter once,' said Margaret, 'and the girl—a presty creature of sixteen—ran away with a bad man. She came home one day and begged forgiveness. Her mother turned her from the door in fury. It was night; the rain and hail beat down upon the poor thing and the wind buffeted her. There is no knowing what happened to her that night; but next morning, she lay dead in the police station. Her mothers address was pinned to her baby's clothing, and they brought her home. From that day, sir, my mistress-who, in her remorse and delirium, called in twenty doctors to bring her dead daughter to life-has always been doing what she has done to you. I try to keep the secret

she laid the money on the table and truth, If she coutrives to call again accustomed to meet their counsellors, to you, you can always promise to at any rate, and vou'll excuse her conduct.

I bowed. I could say nothing. Margaret opened the door for me and walked out into the fresh air.

As I looked back upon the house, with all its elegance, it seemed to have a haunted air, as though the ghost of the poor girl still hovered about.

"God only knows how many fearful secrets such handsome houses may at times shut in, I said to myself, as I turned my back upon it gladly.

I have never seen the poor old lady since that hour. Probably Margaret has kept too close a watch upon her.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

(From New York Sun.)

The moon was shining into the South windows of the White House when Mr. Hayes got up from his bed in order to look at the clock. It was nearly three in the morning. and he had not yet slept. The bed was comfortable enough, but what long drea-

ry hours since eleven! "God bless me," said Mr. Hayes passing his hand wearily over his forehead. I used to go to sleep like

a top at Columbus.

He sat down in a chair and tried to think of his approaching journey through the Southern States, and of the speeches to be made along the way. He would take Schurz along this time, but not Key. It would not be politic to take Key. Key's peculiar humor would not be appreciated in Tennessee and in Virginia. And introducing Schurz to audiences in the Southern States, he would speak of him as a man who had fought on the wrong side at Gettysburg and elsewhere, but who had seen the error of his ways, and was now prepared to acknowledge his mistake in the presence of his ex-Contederate brethren. "I will quote Scripture," thought Mr. Hayes, "when I introduce Schurz, I will say-" But his mind was not in trim for continuous thinking. It wandered back to Evarts and the Green Mountains, and to Stoughton, and to Judge Jerry Black, and then to the unwelcome memory of the Electoral Com mission. And the clock on the mantel, its rapid pendulum strokes ops pressively loud in the perfect stillness of the night, seemed to say, and to keep saying, "Eight-to-sev-en, Eightto-sev-en, Eight-to-sev-en, Eight-tosev-en, Eigh-to sev-en." Try as he

did, his ears could make it say nothing else. Mr. Hayes went to a window, drew the curtain, and looked up at the broad face of the moon. For the first time in his life he noticed that the moon's face bore a weird likeness to the face of Gen. Butler. As he re marked this strange resemblance with amazement, the outer corners of the eves seemed to draw themselves still further down, and the mouth lines to take on an expression of sardonic glee, as if the face said plainly, "Congress meets on the 15th of Octos ber, Mr. Hayes, and I shall be

there." He was turning away disgusted from a spectacle that afforded him no satisfaction, when he was startled by a deep, ringing voice, apparently close to his ear, uttering with solemn em phasis this word of reproach:

"Fraud!" And again, almost before he could recover his suspended breath:

"Fraud!" "Nonsense," thought Mr. Hayes, my nerves are getting the better of

my senses. I am a-"Fraud!" said the voice for the third and last time. It was only the bell of a church cleck, striking the hour, but if it had been the voice of doom pronouncing judgement, its effect upon Mr. Haye's ears could not have been more terrifying. He left the window and began to walk the floor, keeping time unconciously with monotonous Esght-to-seven of the mantel clock, and drawing the palm of his hand to and fro across his forehead a gesture that had become habicual

with him of late. In this restless mood Mr. Hayes passed out of the apartment consecrated to a deity who resused to bless his pillow, and paced the long corrigenerally but some find it out and dor for a time. The door of the Exothers think odd things of us. I coutive room, where he and his predethought I would let you know the cessors in the White House have been Monroe doctrine." thers think odd things of us. I ecutive room, where he and his prede-

was ajar. He pushed it open and encall, and so be rid of her. Poor soul! tered. It was not the first time that his hand groped about in the darkness until it had found a wineglass and a

dreams are bad enough, but not so bad as wakefulness."

The drowsmess of the brown liquid came over him as he sat in the great easy chair at the head of the long tabie. It was hardly sleep, for he was conscious of the objects surrounding him, conscious of the moonlight, and conscious of his own accute wretched.

While Mr. Hayes sat in the easy close his heavy eyelids, an astonishing thing happened. The door of the Executive room swung on its hinges, and a procession of dim figures. en. tered, marching gravely two by two. A dozen, fourteen, sixteen he counted and last of all came one alone, taller, graver, and more noble in form and carriage than any of the rest. Mr. Hayes started up from his chair to question his dim visitors rather than attention to him or to his movements and he shrunk back into a corner of the room unnoticed. Some of the strange figures seated themselves around the table. Others stood up in groups, conversing in low, earnest tones. He who had entered last took the chair which Mr. Hayes had occus pied. Just then the moon came out from behind a cloud, and by the better light Mr. Haves saw that he was in the presence of the Presidents of the

United States. "Since we were here," last said courtly old gentleman with a big head and broad forehead and stout legs in knee breeches-"since we were here last there has been perpetrated in the name of Government a crime so atrocious that I am unable to find words to express my indignation. Gentleman perhaps my tongue is sometime o'er hasty to condemn, but when my blood boils it were folly for me to attempt to restrain utterance," and the speaker brought down his heavy cane with a vehemence that shook the room and caused Mr. Hayes to shrink closer

into the shadow that sheltered him. "Right, father, right!" exclaimed a rather pompons personage who stood a little apart from the others. "Macte virtute, O parens libertatis. You may well say that! There never yet was one of our line that could

such to dishonor the name of Adams." "I came into this mansion" tinued the old gentleman, "in the year 1800. I was the first President of the United States to occupy it. Nearly every four years since I have revisited the home of the Chief Magistrates, either in flesh or as I now come, and always with generous confidence in the bonosty of purpose of its occupant, howsoever I might question the wisdom of his administrative measures. Nearly every four years, I say, for I must except the unfortunate period during which I was on terms of non-intercourse with Jefferson here—the old qui rrel happily long since reconciled,

is it not so, your Excellency?" "Long since forgotten John Adams," replied he who was addressed; but vex me not with 'your Excellencies.' I am plain Tom Jefferson, and I hold that in true democracy a man is no more than a man, though he be President, and fine phrases and obsequious address can add nothing to the dignity of the office. Let him borrow titles who lacks the sole title a President should claim—the title conferred by honest vote of the several Com wealths.

"I am a rough fellow," said anoth a stout gentleman with an awkward manner but a good-humored face and keen eyes, that snapped fire as he spoke, "and not handy in turning sentences or speechifying: but d-n me it it isn't an outrage that a knave should find shelter under the roof that has covered good soldiers and gentlemen for nigh a century."

"Aye, old Rough and Rea said simple blue-eyed James Mo "a knave there is no denying it. Forgery, fraud, and the robbery of priceless rights, to get to this White House; this cannot be torgiven, and

"And the hands that take the prize are as black as the hands that do the crimes," put in a venerable figure she has nobody in the world but me he had visited the apartment at this dressed in sable, with thin gray now. She's punished for her hardness, hour. He unlocked a cabinet, and hair carefully powdered; eh John Quincy?"

"Qui facit per allium, facit per se," small vial. "It will bring me sleep," promptly suggested the erudite said Mr. Hayes to himself. "The President to whom Madisou had

appealed. "But what can be done about it?" inquired Buchanan, coming forward to the table and poking his pears shaped head over the shoulder of James Polk and Andy Johnson. "It seems to me that we are in a position

to remonstrate and not to coerce.". "Do about it?" shouted an irascible old gentleman jumping from his chair and running his bony fingers through chair, waiting for the laudanum to a head of bristling hair. "We can cut off this false-hearted knaves ears. By the Eternal, it ought to be done

and I'm the man to do it!" Mr. Hayes had never trembled as he trembled now before the honest indignation of this stern chieftain. For a moment he quite forgot his forehead in anxicty about his ears. He rushed for the door, his two hands pressed close over the appendages which Audrew Jackson had threatened. to welcome them. But they paid no No one stopped him; no one heeded him. The first Fraudulent President of the United States passed at a cowards pace from out the presence of his seventeen honestly-elected predecessors: In the faces of all he had read contempt. In the faces of some he had seen auger. In the grave faces of Washington and Abraham Lincoln he saw no anger, but deep sorrow and profound apprension for the future of the Government which one had establish-

ed and the other saved. When Mr. Haves, haggard and still trembling, found himself in the corridor, the sunlight was peuring in from the east. This gave him courage to look back into the room from which he had fled, but the room was empty.

The Fing of the Prophet,

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.] CONSTANTINOPLE, August 20.-There have been many rumors here that the holy flag of the Prophet would be brought out as a rallying point for the whole nation, in view of the aspect of affairs. In fact, it is said that the Sultan has so long resisted the pressure of the people for this, that the venerable flag has three times undertaken to shame him by going torth of its own accord by a flight from the window. For ten days the Christians of this city have I hope to heaven there never will be as they believe that the appearance of the flag would be the signal for a general attack on Christians. Three times my servants have come to me with white faces to say that such a day had been fixed for the massacre-the breadman said so-aud every time they put unshaken faith in new computation of dates, like the Adventists in matters of the end of the world. The Turks. also are in terror much of the time lest the Christians rise and massacre them. Thus many of the people of this city lead lives that are wretched from fear. The flag which has caused such terror in the kitchens of Constantinople the Sanjak-i-Sherif it is called is an innocent piece of rotten and faded silk, which used to be covered with sacred writings, and once was green in color. The only legible word remaining upon it is "Aleni" (world), which appears in a secluded fold near the staff. The flag is never unfurled-nor, indeed can be, from rottenness-a ch istic which moralists may use as a basis of a simple connected with the nation to whom the flag belongs. The flag is kept rolled on its staff and covered with a green satin cover, the whole packed away in a gold or gilded box. When the holy standard is to be brought out, it is carried in its green cover through the streets of stantinople, and, after the city wall are passed, it is "in the field." then stowed away in the gilded box once more, and this is carried with the army, much as the Jews used to

be an abrogation of the vention for the amelion ing on the battle-field.