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Poetry.

NO LETTER.

"No letter!" and the maiden sigh,
And low the jetty lashes bend,
To shield alike those dreamy eyes
From gaze of foe or gaze of friend,
The leaping pulse beats quicker time
To music of the falling tears,
And louder sounds the heart's low chime—
For love is ever full of fears.

Not that one thought deems him untrue,
Him loved with all a woman's love;
First love, as pure as morning dew,
As constant as its source above.
Heaven keep thee, maiden, if thou art
To taste of sorrow's poisoned cup;
To know man can betray the heart—
Heaven bear thee up—heaven bear thee

"No letter!" and the mother bends
To kiss her infant boy so fair,
While quick a single teardrop wends
To glitter in his sunny hair.
He smiles from out those eyes of blue,
A smile that wakes both joy and pain;
It tells of him, the loving, true,
Now far upon the treading main,

Fair Faith and Hope their garlands
wreaths
"Another kiss, my darling boy!"—
While from her heart the soft lips breathe
A prayer of mingled grief and joy.
Heaven help thee, mother, if the knell
Of death comes booming o'er the sea,
In low, deep heavy tones, to tell
The depth of woe prepared for thee!

"No letter!" and the father's brow,
O'er which the white locks thinly stray,
Grows paler, and the pulses slow
Within their hidden channels play.
"O God! preserve my dearest son,
To be my stay in life's decline!"
How closely round his absent one
The father's fond affections twine!

Through weal or woe, through cares and
tears,
That love has but the brighter shone,
Till, in the waning of his years,
The very soul of life it's grown.
Heaven save thee, father, if that love
Shall set in darkest, starless night,
And help thee home to Heaven above.
Where on the heart can fall no blight.

JENNY'S FAITH.

"You see," said the jailor, after looking the last door, and seeing his pretty niece in his own pleasant office, "the young man that's killed and this young man were cronies till Burgess saw Jenny Anderson, when he was silly enough to fall in love with her. Well, instead of acting like a man when he knew that Henry was engaged to her, he acted like a fool—tried to cut Henry out, you see. That naturally angered Henry, though he acted very well about it—for he's a generous fellow, and no doubt pitied him—until Burgess began to throw out hints that were unfavorable to the girl. Then Henry got mad, stinging mad, but still he kept his hands off. Burgess grew more and more insane, however. He visited Jenny at all times, still his strange conduct began to frighten her. He laid himself along places where she was going, and came out all of a passion-like, begging her to love him, giving out insinuations about Henry.

"Well, one day he carried this thing too far, and Jenny went and told it to Henry. I wish she'd come to me; I'd have stopped it. But women are imprudent sometimes, as well as men. Henry didn't take that very calmly—he had hard words with the fellow, and there came near being a fight. It was stopped in time, however, but not before Henry, in his anger, had said some very hard things, that will go agin him now."

"Well, 'twasn't more than a fortnight after that Burgess was found dead in his bed, struck through to the heart with a knife. He had been behaving singular for some days, but nobody had seen that Henry took any notice of it. On the day of the night of the murder, it seems, he had sent Jenny an insulting letter, which was read in evidence yesterday in court. Well, as I said, he was found murdered. Blood was tracked to the door of Henry's room—they boarded in the same house—blood was found on Henry's shirt, face and hands, and a knife was stuck in an old stove among the ashes that was covered with blood, and that knife had Henry Islington's initials on its handle, cut in deep. Another knife was found under the bed of the murdered man. That's the whole

story. A fine fellow roomed with Henry."

"He says he woke at the same time Henry did roused by his exclamation; 'My God! what is the matter with me?' He said he never saw such a horrified face, and you can't make him believe that poor Henry had any hand in it at all. In fact, they have tried hard to clear the poor fellow, but his threats—very unwise they were—the letter that Jenny had shown him, the knife, the tracks, all go against him, although it is thought that he must have done it in his sleep, to go back to bed in that fashion. It's six months now; the lawyers have put it off, and put it off, in hopes that something would turn up to clear him, but nothing has yet, and I'm afraid nothing will."

Eugenie sat and listened with tearful eyes, and when she went away, carried the impression of a sorrowful face home with her. Meantime Jenny stitched away in the dim cell, and Henry wrote. There had been a long silence. It was broken by Jenny, who said, in a light, cheerful tone:

"Wasn't that a pretty young lady, Henry?"

"Very," was the reply. Then, pausing suddenly, he laid down his pen, saying: "Jenny, can't you possibly realize the danger I am in?"

"Don't believe anything about it," said Jenny, quietly, and in the same cheerful tone.

"But my dear girl, you must. My lawyer told me this morning that I was as good as convicted. I love you for your faith in my innocence, your faith that it will be proved—but, alas, dear Jenny, there is—no hope!"

He bowed his head on his hands. Jenny looked at him once; all her face quivered with anguish, but with an almost superhuman effort she commanded her features again.

"There is hope!" she said, stoutly, "I wish you could feel it as I can. I wish you could see into the misty future as God has given me to see."

"Jenny, when I am gone you will copy this and send it round to those who loved me," he said, gathering up the manuscript.

"You will outlive me," she said, quietly.

"Strange you are so blind to my danger—strange you will not see where I stand. But, Jenny, if I do die—that horrible death—he shuddered—"there will come a time when my innocence shall be proved as clear as noonday."

"You will not die. Your innocence will be proved—even when you stand!"—Her lip quivered now, her chin trembled convulsively.

"Jenny—Jenny, my brave girl—my beautiful beloved, you do fear, but you would hide it from me. That is well," he said, as she fell sobbing into his arms. "Your heart would break, Jenny, if you did not weep."

She looked up, smiling even through the falling tears, as she exclaimed:

"My faith is just as strong as it ever was. God will interpose!"

Henry Islington was convicted. He sat in the condemned cell. By permission Jenny was with him sometimes. Her face was a shade paler, but her smile was just as sweet. She talked in a low, earnest voice—she sang to him, read to him. There were many visitors called to see him, among them several clergymen. To them he always said: "I am ready. An innocent man, who has feared his God and loved his neighbor as himself, need not tremble at the prospect of death." His calmness, his resignation, were the theme of all tongues. His spiritual advisers had no doubt of his genuine piety.

Jenny still said: "He will never be hung!" It seemed almost a mania born of despair, this desperate belief. It made stout men weep to see her shining eyes—to hear her quiet protestations.

"But to-morrow, my dear child, some one would say, as the time lessened, he will perish; nothing can save him. You had better prepare your mind for the worst."

"To which he replied was: 'To-morrow night he will be with me, his innocence proclaimed.'

"Will she kill herself?" they asked each other.

The fatal day came. How bright how beautiful the morning was!

Earth never seemed more regal. The birds sang, the sun read his luminous mantle over the green fields. The flowers gave their sweet and subtle odors of the breeze. Forth from the cell window looked the man who was condemned to die. He was still calm, still serene, thinking with wonder over his last interview with Jenny. How could she smile when he held her to his bursting heart for the last time? How could she leave him with that unclouded face? Well, Heaven was kind if it spared her one pang. Then he looked at himself, held out his strong right arm, corded with sinews, struck his feet boldly against the flags as he walked, and murmured:

"Young, healthy, strong—Oh, my God, what a fate! Tears and groans convulsed him—prayer calmed him.

The hour drew near. All the preliminaries were gone through with. Some superhuman strength was surely given him. The jailor gazed at him with awe and dashed away tear after tear.

"How is it, Harry?" he asked, when he could command his voice.

"Well, well," replied the young man, with slow, prolonged utterance. "My poor Jenny—see to her; the lip trembled. The jailor took his hand with almost a crushing pressure.

"I'll do it, Henry Islington!" he said; "I'll do it. My own daughter shan't have more care."

"Thank you; now I am ready. He stood out there in the bold sunlight—his face lofty, beaming with a strange light. They were adjusting the rope when orders were given to suspend the execution—to lead the condemned man back to his cell. There was great shouting. Henry Islington looked about him like a man lost to the things of this world. He was not prepared for life.

"God be thanked, boy," said the jailor, as he crushed his hand again—he could hardly speak—"there's a chance of your acquittal, after all—more than a chance."

"Tell Jenny!" cried Henry, as he fell fainting in the jailor's arms.

Only that morning had a good ship arrived from sea, after a six month's voyage. The first thing that the sail or calls for, it he is a good, industrious man, is the newspaper.

Jack Bunce was second mate of the Neptune. It was eleven o'clock before he had a chance at the daily paper, and there he had a summary of the trial, department of the prisoner up to nine o'clock, etc. No sooner had his eye gathered in the most important testimony, than he sprang into the cabin like one mad.

"Hold, Jack! What are you rummaging about?" asked the first-officer.

"Don't say a word to me, captain, for Heaven's sake," cried Jack; "they're hanging an innocent man! And out he dashed again, having donned a longshore hat and coat.

Up to the mayor's office ran Jack, out of breath, gasping, choking, as he cried: "I'm Jack Bunce, second mate of the Neptune—just got in. You're hanging the wrong man; he's as innocent as a baby. I'll prove it."

And while Jack told his story the messengers were sent to remand Henry Islington to jail.

Shall I tell you in Jack's own words?

"Jim Burgess was always a crazy fellow, I tell you, your honor; I ain't no manner of a doubt about it, not a mite. I board at Col. Springer's when I'm at home, cause you see I ain't one of them low sort of sailors as go anywhere. I knew all about the fun. Henry's sweet-heart was a pretty fair girl, worth a quarrel or two. But, well, there, be blessed if ever I thought he'd do it! Burgess came to me one night—I was getting ready to go to sea then. Yes, it was the fifteenth of February—squally weather—two days before I went. Says he:

"Jack, do you want to know how I'll have revenge out of Hen Islington?"

"Said I: 'No, Jim, you better let him alone. You had no right to bother him in the first place.'

"I don't care," says he, "I'll tell you I'll be revenged, and I'll do it in this way. I'll get bullock's blood—no, I won't; I'll draw my own, I know how to do it. Them's the exact language he used. 'I'll get his knife'—Lord, he swore infernally—and I'll track his floor, and dash his shirt and

bands, and then I'll stab here.' Then he laughed, with his hand on his heart. It almost made my hair raise to hear him; it sounded more like the yell of a mad dog.

"Says I: 'Burgess, you're a fool for telling it, never once supposing, you see, that the fellow was in earnest. Well, I went to my mother's that night, to say good-bye, and I told my cousin that was there courting Ann—that's my sister—and I told Ann too.

"Says I: 'Do you suppose he would ever attempt such a thing?'"

"Says Zeb: 'No—that's Zebulon, my cousin, a foremast hand on board the Neptune—he's always talking in that light-headed way.'

"There, there's my story. You can send for Zeb, who went to Taunton this morning, before he or I read the news about it; you can send for Ann, who's been gone six months to the West, and didn't get home till yesterday, to be in time for the Neptune. What I've told you is a fact. I'm second mate of the Neptune, and folks will tell you down our way what a character I bear for veracity—and any of my shipmates—ask 'em. I tell you Hen Islington is as innocent as the unborn baby. You'll hang one of the best men, your honor, God ever made, if you hang him."

The story was so coherent, the sailor's manner so truthful, his character so far above reproach, that every word carried weight in court. His sister, blushing like a peony, gave the same evidence, although there had been no collusion—so did his cousin. Indeed it was one of those cases where everybody was willing to be convinced, from the judge down to the shoe-black, who had heard the progress of the trial from an intelligent newsboy. The prisoner was dismissed with a verdict of not guilty in deed or intention.

How shall I describe the meeting between Jenny and her lover! She poor thing, who had kept herself so calm during the terrible ordeal, shrieked like one in delirium when she saw him, still pale, but restored to life and to honor. It was feared for some little time that her brain was shocked, her reason shattered. In the excess of her joy her life had nearly paid the forfeit.

"Was my faith in vain?" she asked, again and again. "Are you not sorry you doubted me? Did I not say God would be with us?"

Henry was fully remunerated by generous men for all he had lost. Jenny was presented with a beautiful silver pitcher, on which was wrought the form of a kneeling girl, smiling toward Heaven underneath, the inscription, "Jenny's Faith."

Henry was given a frame house complete, to carry with him to the West, and one bright summer's evening the two fond hearts were united at the residence of a gentleman who had taken a more than ordinary interest in the trial, and used great exertions to clear him. They are to-day citizens of a thriving town in the land toward the setting sun.

KISSING IN COURT.

[Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Sept. 17.—The dull monotony of our court proceedings was enlivened one day last week in the case of the Commonwealth against Dobson, in which the defendant was accused of assault upon a young lady named Hetler, by kissing her against her will. The plaintiff complained with Dobson, "by force of arms, malice aforethought and instigated by the devil, did then and there violently assault, way-lay," &c. She told her story in a plain, straightforward kind of way to the effect that she was enjoying the evening breezes while leaning over father's fence, and that William Dobson came along, seized her by the hands, and forcibly pulling her over the palisade, committed the assault for which she claimed redress at the hands of law. A sister of the complaint testified that she did not see the alleged impropriety, because of the darkness, and she being in another part of the yard, but she heard a kiss, or something that sounded like a kiss, and knew that something was going on.

Dobson claimed the privilege of being his own witness, and he told

the part of the story omitted by Miss Hetler and her sister. He is a jolly seaman of an Englishman. His narrative of the occurrence in which he had become involved runs as follows:

Dobson—Yer see, yer honor, I was walking along, singing, "What will the 'arvest be?"

General McCartney (counsel for plaintiff, disposed to have some fun while confusing the witness)—You were singing, "What shall the 'arvest be?" (closely imitating the intonation of the witness.)

Dobson (very composedly)—Yer, sir, "What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney—"What will the 'arvest be?"

Dobson [unruffled—"What will the 'arvest be?"

Gen. McCartney—Well go on, sir.

Dobson—Yer see yer honor I was going about singing "What will the 'arvest be?" when I heard Mary singing "What will the 'arvest be."

Gen. McCartney—She was singing "What will the 'arvest be."

By this time there were decided evidences of merriment all over the court room; but Dobson remained as imperturbable as though officiating at a funeral.

Dobson—Yes, sir. She was singing "What will the 'arvest be," but not so loud as I was, and I called out, "Hallo, Mary are that you?" and she said it be. I went up to the fence, and she said she were hall halone, has her father 'ad gone to "class."

Gen. McCartney—Gone to class! What did she mean by that?

Dobson—Wuv, any fool knows what "class" means. Her father had gone to class meeting, and left 'er hall halone. We chatted a little then—

Gen. McCartney—Well, you have heard her testimony. You seized her, pulled her over the fence and kissed her?

Dobson—No. That testimony is false. We talked awhile, and she sort of leaned over the fence—like as if she wanted me to—and just then Satan got the best of me and I kissed 'er right hon the mouth. I found out "What will the 'arvest be," and I think she was a heavy prey.

Here the gravity of the court, counsellors and spectators gave way, and seldom in a court of justice has there been such some of uncontrollable hilarity. Judge Harding fairly roared himself hoarse with laughter, and all business was suspended for several minutes to allow those in the court room to recover their equanimity. Dobson was acquitted of the charge of assault, but must pay half the costs of the suit as his share of the "arrest."

WOMAN'S FAITH AND MAN'S THOUGHTFULNESS.—A middle aged woman was called at the postoffice two or three times daily for the past week, to see if there was any mail to her address. Her anxiety finally became so great that she explained that she was expecting money from her husband, who was off on his annual vacation. Yesterday morning she was made glad by receiving a postal card from him. She retired to one of the windows and read aloud to herself:

"DEAR WIFE.—I'd send you \$20, with this, but you see I'd have to pin it on, and some one might take it off, put a counterfeit in its place, and then when I got home you'd be in jail."

She read it over again, and there were tears in her eyes as she mused: "He's the best man on earth. Few husbands would have been as thoughtful as that. I don't know good money from bad, and but for his thoughtfulness I might pass this very night in jail. I see now what a narrow escape I've had, and I'll take the children and go and board with my brother-in-law for the next two weeks.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the delegates to the recent Republican convention of Pennsylvania offered the following resolution, but it did not pass worth a cent:

Resolved, That this convention regards with admiration the President's faithful attention to his Christian duties, and we cordially recommend that to the morning and evening services at the White House be added the little hymn, "When I Can Read My Title Clear."