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BADLY SOLD; —OR— A Handsome Fellow Taken Down.

BY H. A.
[From the Sunny South.]

'I am going to marry that girl.'
'Ate you, indeed?'
'Mark my word, Graham, she'll be Mrs. Fitzsimmons before next Christmas.'

'But you have made no advances.'
'Not as yet. I shall devote the coming few weeks to that. There can be no doubt about the result, you know. Ah, Graham, there's the advantage of being handsome.'

Charles Graham averted his face to hide the amused smile he could not wholly suppress.

They were strolling on the beach, these two men, filling up the time between breakfast and luncheon in an effort to be sociable. For only that morning they had met for the first time in their lives, and had sought each other's society for no other purpose than to kill the time that hung so heavily on their hands. Highbeach was a slow going sea side resort, with only one hotel, but the locality was simply superb, and those who desired to pass a quiet summer away from the annoyance and inspection of fashionable crowds, did well to cast anchor at Highbeach.

Augustus Fitzsimmons and Charles Graham had, on the preceding day, arrived from different directions, and being slightly in advance of everybody else, had taken it upon themselves to amuse one another.

They were unlike as night and day. Fitzsimmons was one of your lardy-lardy swells, who delight to "cut a dash" among the ladies, and display the latest styles in gentlemen's wearing apparel. He wore patent leather boots, a quizzing glass, Dundreary whiskers and lavender kids. He was undeniably handsome, but his was that type of the handsome face that expresses no character.

Graham, on the other hand, was a modest, unassuming, good natured sort of a fellow, who lacked much of being handsome. His features were irregular, almost to homeliness, but were so strikingly marked as to render them almost attractive, while the symmetry of his form was somewhat marred by a slight stoop of the shoulders. Yet he was every inch a man, and one who never wanted for friends of the right sort.

'This young lady must be very beautiful,' said Graham, continuing the conversation, 'since you are so determined to marry her.'

'Oh! she's a perfect angel!' exclaimed his enthusiastic companion. 'Venus herself could not have been more lovely.'

'You say her name is Edith Brandon?'
'Yes.'

'And that she is coming this very day to Highbeach?'
'The landlord told me she would certainly arrive this morning with her mother.'

'Humph! where did you first meet her, if I may ask?'
'At Newport last summer. She was the belle of the season.'

'You have not seen her since?'
'No. I think she has been traveling in Europe with her parents.'

'And yet you have made up your mind to marry her?'
'I have.'

'Probably she is already married. You do not know what might have occurred within a year.'

'Nonsense! If that had been the case the landlord would have told me. He simply informed me that among the guests who would arrive to-day were Mrs. Colonel Brandon and daughter of Boston.'

Graham bit his lip, and a close observer might have detected a merry twinkle in his eye.

'It is not quite clear to me,' he said, 'how you have decided so irrevocably to marry Miss Brandon, since you never spoke of love to her.'

Fitzsimmons laughed gaily, and stroked his flowing whiskers.

are not sensitive on that point—eh, old fellow?'
'Not in the least,' returned Graham, good-naturedly, yet wondering at the unexampled impudence of the man.

'Of course,' added his companion, 'there's a vast difference between—ahem!—your personal appearance and mine. Experience has taught me that a man, to be utterly irresistible in the eyes of a woman, must be blessed with handsome features, an elegant figure and plenty of money.'

'Such as you possess,' said Graham.

'I don't want to be guilty of boasting,' said Augustus, affecting a modest air, 'but I enjoyed the honor of being the handsomest man at Newport last season. So you see I have a pardonable confidence in my ability to win this young lady.'

'Oh, certainly; a man must be mad to doubt for an instant that she is yours for the asking,' said Graham, looking out over the sea. 'Then, after a brief silence, he added: "But come; let us return to the house. I dare say your Venus has arrived ere this, as the train is due at tea."

'I sincerely hope she has,' said Augustus, as they directed their steps to the hotel. 'I will introduce you to Graham, and let you judge for yourself whether she is the beauty I pictured her or not.'

'Thank you,' was the dry response.

'But you must promise not to cut me out,' laughed the conceited Adonis, jestingly.

'I am not handsome enough for that,' smiled Graham.

'A candid confession my dear fellow. Allow me to say I am confounded glad you are not handsome enough.'

On reaching the house they learned that Mrs. Colonel Brandon and daughter had indeed arrived but were in their respective rooms.

'I'll just go up and elaborate on my toilet a little,' said Fitzsimmons. 'This is an occasion that requires much precision in dress, you know.'

And with a wink and flourish of his cane, he ran upstairs to his room.

He spent more time in the rearrangement of his toilet than a girl of the period would have done; but it was an occasion demanding usual care, inasmuch as he had concluded to marry Miss Brandon, and must make a good impression at the outset. He turned and twisted himself in front of his full-length mirror won a victory over his cravat after a tiresome battle, assured himself that not a speck of dust or lint adhered to his clothes, smiled his sweetest smile and rehearsed his favorite bow. Then, satisfied that no feminine heart could withstand his charms, he went tripping down stairs to lay siege to the particular one he had resolved to capture.

A servant informed him that Miss Brandon had come down, and was walking in the garden. Ah! just the place to meet her—among the flowers. He would join her without delay.

He strolled out to the little flower garden that adorned the hotel ground, smiling complacently as he went. He glanced around, but did not see her. He sauntered down one of the gravel walks. As he neared the arbor, he heard voices within. Yes, she was there, but somebody was with her. Only her mother as a matter of course. There was no reason to hesitate on that account. With this thought in his mind he stepped boldly forward and stood in the entrance to the arbor.

Yes there was Edith Brandon, in all her glorious beauty, sitting on a rustic bench among the clustering roses. But she was not alone; a man sat beside her; and—could he believe his eyes?—that man was no other than Charles Graham.

Augustus stood and stared. Graham rose to his feet and with a pleasant smile said:

'Ah! Mr. Fitzsimmons, allow me to introduce you to my wife—formerly Miss Brandon, whom I believe you met at Newport last summer. My dear, I presume you will recognize an old acquaintance in Mr. Fitzsimmons.'

Augustus was speechless. He did not return the lady's graceful bow, but simply stood and stared.

'Perhaps I neglected to tell you that I was a married man,' continued Graham, with mischievous gravity.

'I came here in advance of my wife and mother-in-law, in order to procure suitable rooms for them before they arrived, and I—'

But Augustus Fitzsimmons, overwhelmed with confusion and mortification, turned on his heel and fled precipitately to the house.

He lost no time in packing his trunks and that very evening he departed from Highbeach, a wiser if not a happier man for the lesson he had learned.

LEGAL AND POLITICAL QUALIFICATIONS.

About a dozen years ago Governor Y— and Judge W— were candidates for Congress in the wildest of the Arkansas districts. They were both far-sighted, shrewd politicians—the Judge the better lawyer and debater; the Governor by far the more winning in his manners, as the sequel will fully establish. One hot day in July, while they were traveling together on the canvas, they came upon a party of twenty men or more assembled on the roadside for the purpose of having a shooting match. Thinking it a good time and place for presenting their respective claims the Governor proposed stopping. They halted, and the Governor soon made himself at home. He bought a number of chances in the "match" and, being a good marksman, succeeded well, winning quite a quantity of beef, which constituted the prize. The Judge had conscientious scruples as to shooting matches, and did not participate, but stood by conversing with the more sober of the crowd, while his friend, the Governor, was in high glee with his companions over their beef. When the beef was given out to the successful shooters our Governor ordered his to be divided among some poor widows, who he ascertained lived in the vicinity, and then asked the boys if they were not "dry." Of course they were, and the Governor generously ordered a plentiful supply of the "oh be joyful!" Here again the Judge had scruples, and did not participate; but, had it been otherwise, it would have availed nothing. The Governor was decidedly the man at the shooting match, while the Judge felt himself emphatically in the vocative. Leaving their friends, they proceeded on their way some twelve or fifteen miles, and halted at a camp ground where the annual camp-meeting was being held. They separated in the crowd, each electioneering with all his might with old and young, friends and strangers—making hay while the sun shone—for there was indeed a fine opening. Toward night the Judge began to look round for his distinguished opponent, but could find him nowhere. He waited patiently till evening services began, and concluded he would go to the large shed where the people had assembled for meeting, thinking perhaps he might meet his friend. On going out, what was his astonishment to find the gallant Governor, the hero of the shooting match, in front of the altar, surrounded by ministers and class-leaders, with a hymn book in his hand, head thrown back, singing as loud as lungs would permit, How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.

'From that moment,' said the Judge, 'I gave up all hopes. I tell you, a man that's good for a camp-meeting and a shooting match can't be beat for Congress; it can't be done, sir!'

And so it proved.

A circular addressed to the negroes of De Soto parish, La., closes thus: As the Egyptians took their journey from Egypt to the land of Canaan so we will take our journey from America to the land of Liberia.

A man without the fear of the "devil before his eyes" passed through Clarksville, Texas, the other day. He had written on his wagon "Dam Texas, bound for Arkansas."

A boarding house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak point being her coffee, and her strong point the butter.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It is useless for physicians to argue against short-sleeved dresses. The constitution of the United States says that "the right to bear arms shall not be interfered with."

HOW SOME OF ENGLAND'S RULERS DIED.

William the Conqueror died from his enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stag that he hunted.

Henry the First died of gluttony. Henry the Second died from a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Coeur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named by an arrow from an anchor.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another term for a dose of hellbore.

Henry the Third is said to have died a natural death.

Edward the First is likewise said to have died of natural "sickness," which it would puzzle all of the college of physicians to denominate.

Edward the Second was most barbarously murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother.

Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth.

Henry the Fourth is said to have died of fits, caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a country phrase for getting rid of a king.

Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his jailer, and known now only to Heaven.

Edward the Fifth was strangled in the tower, by his uncle, Richard the Third.

Richard the Third was killed in battle.

Henry the Seventh wasted away as a miser ought to do, and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury, while Edward the Sixth died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart, whereas she died of a surfeit, eating too much of a black-pudding.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from, having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James the First died of drinking.

Charles the First died on the scaffold and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said, of apoplexy.

William the Third died from consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong water," or in other words, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy.

George the First died of drunkenness, which his physicians as politely called an apoplectic fit.

George the Second died of rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. George the Third died as he lived—a mad-man. Throughout life he was at least a monarch.

George the Fourth died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William the fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects.

Tickle the public and make it grin! The more you tickle the more you'll win! But teach the public—you'll never grow rich, But live like a beggar and die in a ditch! [Belgravia.]

An agricultural correspondent writes to correct what he thought to be an erroneous statement that recently appeared in this column relative to cows giving buttermilk. We adhere to our original statement. We never saw a cow give anything else but her milk.—Hawkeye.

Spotted Tail and Little Big Man were in Pittsburgh the other day, on their way to Washington. The Dispatch says: "S. Fall, Esq., when he first caught sight of our ruins nudged Mr. L. B. Man, and then winked with both eyes, exclaiming under his breath. "White man raise much h—ll round here." And after that his face again assumed the expression of coolness that characterizes a cannon ball before it is fired.

Far be it from us to doubt the word of a brother editor. We believe them to be truthful men; but when the Durand Times says that the water is so low at the mouth of the Chipewa River that cat fish have to employ mud turtles to tow them over the bar, we feel as though the editor was away and some local minister filling his place.

Mrs. Hayes was sure that she locked up the White House wine and put the key in her pocket before she left Washington with the President; but here comes a telegram from the capital city saying that Rogers, the President's private secretary had fallen down stairs and dislocated his elbow.

Discussing the vacancy of the Federal Supreme bench General Toombs said that John A. Campbell, of Louisiana, should be restored to the position from which he retired at the beginning of the war. Toombs considers Campbell the greatest lawyer on the Continent, without an exception.

It is understood that one of questions put to all applicants for life assurance in Mississippi is as follows: "Are you ruptured, subject to heart disease, of an apoplectic habit, a Republican, or in any other manner likely to die suddenly."

TEXTS FROM THE TALMUD.
If thy wife be small, bend down to her, and speak to her: do nothing without her advice. Everything in life can be replaced: thy wife of early days is irreplaceable. An honorable man honors his wife; a contemptible one despiseth her. The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his lifetime.

The Iowa Methodist Conference resolved to entreat all ministers and members who use tobacco to desist for conscience's sake; and to vote for the admission of no one to the Conference who uses tobacco, without a pledge that he will abandon it.

When you kiss a Fulton girl she half-parts her rosy lips and moistens them with a gentle breath, and then silently presses them to yours, nor breaks the sweet bond until one of the party calls for a breathing spell.—Fulton Times.

Texas has 1,750,000 people, and Louisiana only about 750,500. When the war ended Louisiana was the more populous State of the two. Three years from now Texas expects to have twenty Congressmen.

It is rumored—and we publish it upon good authority, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat—that a prominent belle of this city is engaged, and will shortly be married to the Hon. S. J. Tilden, of New York.

Richard Grant White, in his "Every day English," says a man may make his own grammar but not his own pronunciation. For instance, he can say "them there potatoes," but not "those 'aters"—Norristown Herald.

The Mobile Register says the naval stores trade of that port supports fully twenty thousand people. The country which produces these naval stores is confined to that belt of pine woods that lies in the immediate vicinity of the city.

Since Postmaster-General Key swore off in New England and converted himself, President Hayes is the only Democratic member of the administration left.—Philadelphia Times.