## The Alamánce Gleaner.

$\frac{\text { VOL } 3}{\text { THE GLEANER }}$ verat

doun ohamberlay
wastren © (i)
JEWELLER
PiNE WATCHES, JEWELKY : Serting Siverer, and Phated Ware,



## 

## The Dead

I deal in American and Italian

## Marble Tonaments

 and Headstones| wolld intorm the pabie that |
| :--- |
| pared it o o o work as |

Cheap as any yard in the State,
and efarantee pfrfec satisfaction.

5
Most liberal induce ments,

Any kind of marketabte
8. C. TROBERTSON, OREENSBORO, N

GRAHAM, N.C.
WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 71877
NO,35


and this? ingafred. the magician, as
he delicately pulled a

pence, and the poninds will take co
of ffiemselves., A penny saved is
peniey encine
 Whelmed by this cataract of proverbs,
eeased her naanailing remonstrances.
After all, whatt good wouth the

Poor little Sylvia was beginning to
comprebend dhat marrying a rich old
corew xerevr was not the shortest way to
pertect happiness.
But a womand defied beconnes a wo
mand dangerouns, and Mrs. Peter Pen
sico determined that stric wuitt not sico determined that stro wuitf not
be sonquered.
Four days fter the appearance of
tbe advertisement which cost so muck
ibe advertisement which cost s se much
time and pains, three youtg geutle men applied for board.
Mr. Pensico assumed as
Mr. Pensico assumed a magesterial
aspect.
'Ten dollars a ween is my fixed
price,' said he; but as there are three
of you, 1 don't mind saying twenty-
five dollars.
And cn these terms Messrs. Smith,
Brown and Jones became pdsessors of
 age
wife to
parlor.
'Are 'One shopled Mrst paind a little incot
'Onsico. plaiuvenience. my dear, when a matter of
twenty five dollars a week is at stake, said Mr. Pensico, with an air of s
perior wisdotic. But as the days wore on, and
Messrss, Joues, Brown and Smith began to feel themselves more at home,
matters began io be less pleasant to
Mr. Peter Pensico.

|  |  |  |
| :--- | :--- | :--- |

id
$\qquad$
$\qquad$ ove died into a nore steady and niny
even flame, Mr, Peusico's thrif arose within him. Love in a
cottage was all very charming; bu the wages of cook, chambermaid and
hindy nan counted up a anazi.igly at the end of a month. A cowngly a the end of a nonth. A cow graziug
in the meadow was picturesque, to be sure, but the feed bills were some
thing to shanderi/at. Sylvia in white muslin was an adorable object ; but it sometimes occarred to Mr. Pensico
perturbed brain that calicoes would
beve bed have been more economical. vie
rom the laundresses' standpoit. short, Love and Economy were at
daggers drawn li. the noble sonl or the ex-krocery map.
'Don't you thinkit 'Don't you thinkit's a good idea,
my love? persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the cireu
ar bald spot on the top of his head. 'No, I don't said Mrs. Pensico.
'I don't like the idea of keeping tavern,' retorted the bride.
'My dear,' Eaid Mr. Pensico. exagerate. A few select boarder A few select fiddlesticks ${ }^{1}$ interflinging the lima bean pods all over the floor.
Mc. Pe With a calmin and speculative eye.
'She don't like boarders pond he. "And she don't like to submit, as a Whe should, to her hueband's author tions, or Ill know the reason why And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down glowing periods had been floating in fragmentary radiance through his braio for five or ten minutes.
'I won't take boarderal'
'I won't take boarders!' said Syl
via. My dear's saiid' Peter, 'you will do
'My just-prociseely $\rightarrow$ as I think best.'
'We'll seel' cried out Mrs. Pensi-
-A womar ought to be prond to have an opportunity of helping he
busband on in the Torla, oracularly observed Mr. Pevsico. 'I believe the richest people in the World are atways the meanest,' said
Sylvia, with a jerk of her pretty
curls,


## 

## [From the Southern Husbandman.]

You are right, mistor, athd it ain hard to do nor long a doin'. Just gha

## with badeompany, push the pis from the word go, and always p

 twenty months old. 1 bought me on the place-and I riised to spare o raise the wo the man that trie 'em for the buzzards.""Do you raise sheep!"

## raisio' is what I call killin' a whole

 drove of birds with one stone. I rais sheep for the wool; I raise slieep fothe mntton; I raise sheep for the crease; I raise sheep to spade up the
turf wich their sharp hoofs; I turf wich their sharp hoofs; I rais sheep to tat hushes and yerbh that
no other brute beast would totich, and uanufacture eris into fertiizers eha
hotd their ricllness'spite of the rain tud susshine.
"A dog on Punkinvine, mister
"A Puse or soes with his owne

"We're dog law unto ourselve
"I reekon you follow the advice
"We're pretty much in the hab of follerin' our own advice on Pan
kinvine, mister. Not that we sligh kinvine, mister. Not that we sligh
what we sen in the papers, if its sen sible and we can see the reason of it But I plant corn, mister; I plant po
totoes; and I plant oats and whea a

| g |
| :--- |
| p | the pigs tond $£$ plant artichoketrs for and short branch bends; and it plant peas everywhere, Some of these

crops is shore to hit, and so I never make a elean mits. When they all
lin it will be like a land flowin' with litit will be like
"I see you still raise cotton."
"Till sumething else is bring Mississippi farmers money, reg ular and shore, 1 expect to raise cot
ton, mister. We're bound to have noney, mister-its money that make the mar go. An F aint goin to raise
cotton to buy corn, and flour an
meat, and hosess and fertilizers," "And mules?"
"Don't talk of mules, mister. The
ules was twin brother to the ni ger slaves when congress abolished one it ought to've, abolished t'other
too.--but speaking of cotton: I've too.--but speaking of cotton, I've
changed my plang of raiving cotton. "How?".


## g

${ }^{1}$ m toping to get four.". This year
"How do you manage that?"
"It would be win lin It would be a longe story, mister j


some goo
failure?
"I
 on a wrong plan; and the yeariy,
frosts don't tech the bottom crap.
work for the bottom crap, mister, work for the bottom erap, mister,
from the word go Coton ts like
vi, it wants pushigh Pig, it wants pushith while its young.
"Do you patronize the Pittsburg
smithanand the St. Louis mills yet?"
"Not to speals of, we don't mister.
St Stat to speak of, we don't mister.
vine, zain, Jack over on Pumkin:
clubbed together Smith, and we vine, zaain, Jack Smith, and we
clabbed together and sot Billy Bob-
kins up with a baacksmth shop right kins up with a backsmmth shop right
there so that we coold go to the shop and mill at the same timee, Billy al
ways had snch a hankerin' for wotk-
in' in' iron; and Ja'ck, he never could
stand the sunshine well; poor fellow/ - and didn't like to work on cloudy
days. He makes a splendid miller,
thongl. 'To keep Billy agoin' we all hands agreed not to buy a yankee
tool that could be niade at hoon, no
matter how cheap it was, nor how matter
good."
"Doe

## "It makes good flourr; mister, and that s better. It got good rooks and goo power, and Jake hasn't pot

 and good power, and Juke hasn't gotno bolt to sifft the lite outn it. We
have it ground, a few but have it ground, a few bushels at the
time, and take thome and sifter,
aud when we, again through a finer siftor. sift ann't
as white as snow, mister, but made as white as snow, mister, but made
with fat and butterwik, it makes
biscuits-none of your teith make iscuits - none of your starch cakes,
but biscuits you can taste, and bis?
cuits you can feel all through your muscles and boenes when you've fed
on 'em a week or two . My road
ond Murns off right here. Come over to
Punkingine after Harvest nnd spend
a few wreks with us, and ent some of a few wreks wilh Has, and ent some of
them biscoitu, and the thousand and fix up for you.. If Id dont talk you
to death, it will put some flash them slium shanks- gee, Beck!-an
sone color in


## THE

Whan Rellen in the city on Friday last he directed the hackman to drive hin to the Parker House. Renching the hotel, degk, was soon surrounded by a host of old friends, neludiug Dr. Tompe Chense of the Boston Theatre, Avthu Cheuey, Henry C. Jarret. Frank
Franfran and a dozen others. Arrid the hearty greeting came a rongh voice,, which soon attracted general
uentiou II appears the hackman had'nt been
"What is it my dear friend, what Mr. Heller.
If wamt mi finco. I saw zou skip
away. Two dollars for you and the
This answer created a laigh amo the mas ician's riends.
"I know 1 paid you, you rascal,"
'Divil a cint.'
'You put it in your hat. Hand it
me?' and to the const Jehe ' and to the we consteriation o ehu there, was a bright clean two
dollar note taken from the "in!ug of his cody and held up to the gaze of
the rapidly increasing crowd. Cabby the rapidly increasing crowd. Cabibl
stood transfixed with wouler. I am arraid of your fature my
with worler ppor fellow, and advise you to

aher your conrse, fiterposed mpt | aher yot |
| :--- |
| Jarrote |
| -Be vir |

we virtuous and you'll be happ
was the adrice of Mr. Cheney.
This after alt our. boastod Now
ngland divilization and moral
advancement $V$ " said Mr Chanfrau.
"I this than shond
Was Dr. Tompkine' alarming exclainn.
was br
fiont
Thiulk
apent ere it be too late, whas th
naly toned propesition of Mr. Hell
$\qquad$
good enough, and yez hov me tanks.
But may I never see a sixpence again

did not have a cint about mbe"' and
'Yor-have no other money on your
pertoh?
'INoP' sadd the diriver, unhesitating "What's this, and this, and this
 anothrr from his patutaloons noekeot. contineed Mr. Heellet, in a friend,' softened by sivelling emotions, the whlle the crowd around moaned with xtess of sorrovi $\rho$ ter tha saded exlibibTost, bat humian depiatity, frou are oti the not We all feel for you, the brink of ruin:
we temen? Aud groans. came fin res sonse. "top here, मive frienda, ortien the hackman; 'this here thing's played
out. Im not the arrid - when, to whis man intter horror: he migigician interupted bim to taked nd boot tops poekets, hat, trousers and plenty of silver ouly, greenbacki:

 Marrect, as hè strfock an atitindéd
My name is Nogral, rephed Mr
Heller.
$\qquad$ I am thy father's spinitit, groanied Mr. Chapfrai. And hy this time the perturbed driver had deached the his car, and with auother surprise a $\$ 5$ note fin the man'e vest had pocket.
 an old botile, hand when warefry came to deen-
ted by John amd passed to th dee toosty
Taking the bottle he poured



## 





## Fill it up again as quick as yout can, for I want to stop that cont founded intercst.

## A hentitivg brntiment.


apon teir errors in sorrow not in.
aniger. hh hen I take the history of
oue opor hear that has shned and
suftered. and repre hat


has little charity, the desolatious of
the eoulf siaituaryo and thratenting
voice withit, henifi gone, happiness
goues-I when voices within, heailh gone, happliness
goue I wruld tain Jeave, the errizg
sonlor my Jellow -man with Hiul
from whose tand it

## The pisít tanhezitixy

 Richmond State,The frst umbrella ever scen in
Eugland was carried by a England wis carried by a rootman.
named Jonn McDoont, in 177 , and
is sa vemurknble fast inat it belong
 Pre


 $\mathrm{s}_{\text {said }}$ Mr. Pensico. 'Take care of the

