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#### THE GLEANER

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Any kind of marketable produc taken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON. GREENSBORO, N. C.

# I FEW BOARDERS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"My dear," said Mr. Peter, Pensico, to his wire, "don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a tew boarders?"

"Boarders!' echoed Mrs. Peter Pensico. What for?

'To turn an honest penny, my dear,' said Mr. Pensico.

'Pshaw!' said Mrs. Pensico. "Times are hard,' said Mr. Pensi-

'But you've got money enough,' retorted his wife, with a toss of her curly head.

'Sylvia.' said Mr. Pensico, gravely do you know that nobody ever has

money enough? 'No,' said Mrs. Pensico, shelling way with great vigor at the pan of lima beans in her lap. I don't know

anything of the sort.' 'Just think how nice it' would sound, said Mr. Peter Pensico. with his eyes half closed and his head on one side. Select board for a few genlemen, in a cottage on the Hudsonfine view-excellent boating-plenty of shade-milk and vegetableserms moderate. I think I see it

now in the columns of the paper. I thought you rented this cottag to please mel' said Mrs. Pensico raining down the emerald showe of time beans at a double quiel

'So I did, my dear—so I did,' responded her husband. 'But who shouldn't we please a few boarders

'Mr. Pensico was a retired grocer, fat and forty,' if not 'fair.' Mrs. Pensico had been a pretty ward school toacher, full twenty years younger then her husband, who had boarded at the same house with the dealer in nuts, spices and moist sugar.

Love is like the hooping cough, more dangerous disease the older you grow- Mr. Pensico took it very hard —so hard, indeed, that he married Sylvia Smith at the end of a fortnight's acquaintance, and took her to live in a pretty little cottage on the

'You are a jewel, my dear,' said Mr. Peter Pensico; and I mean to place you in an appropriate setting' But as the conflagration of his young love died into a more steady and uns even flame, Mr, Peusico's old spirit of thrift arose within him. Love in a cottage was all very charming; but the wages of cook, chambermaid and handy man counted up amazingly at the end of a month. A cow grazing in the meadow was picturesque, to be sure, but the feed bills were somemuslin was an adorable object; but it sometimes occurred to Mr. Pensico's have been more economical. viewed rom the laundresses' standpoint. In

the ex-grocery man. 'Don't you think it's a good idea, ny love? persisted Mr. Pensico, brushing a fly away from the circus ar bald spot on the top of his head.

'No. I don't said Mrs. Pensico. 'But why not?' 'I don't like the idea of keeping

avern,' retorted the bride. 'My dear,' said Mr. Pensico. 'you

A few select fiddlesticks!' interrupted Mrs. Pensico, as she rose up, flinging the lima bean pods all over

Mr. Pensico looked at his wife with a calm and speculative eye. 'She don't like boarders pondered

"And she don't like to submit, as wite should, to her husband's authority. Good! I'll enforce both questions, or I'll know the reason why!' And Mr. Peter Pensico sat down to write the advertisement whose

glowing periods had been floating in fragmentary radiance through his brain for five or ten minutes. 'I won't take boarders!' said Syl

'My dear,' said Peter, 'you will do just-pre-cisely-as I think best. 'We'll see!' cried out Mrs. Pensi-

'A woman ought to be proud to have an opportunity of helping her co with sparkling eyes. husband on in the world,' oracularly observed Mr. Pensico.

'I believe the richest people in the world are always the meanest,' said Sylvia, with a jerk of her pretty

curls emises in Land tout Bus Louis

'Economy, my dear-economy!' 'In that case,' said Mrs. Pensico, 'I said Mr. Pensico. 'Take care of the may as well tell you now, as any time

pence, and the pounds will take care that John Brown and Ferdinand of themselves.' A penny saved is a Jones are my consins, and penny carned.' Money makes mons lie Smith is my brother.'

And Mrs, Pensico. fairly overwhelmed by this cataract of proverbs, ceased her unavailing remonstrances. After all, what good would they

Poor little Sylvia was beginning to comprehend that marrying a rich old screw was not the shortest way to pertect happiness.

But a woman defied becomes a woman dangerous, and Mrs. Peter Pensico determined that she would not be sonquered.

Four days after the appearance of be advertisement which cost so much time and pains, three young gentlemen applied for board.

Mr. Pensico assumed a magesterial spect.

Ten dollars a week is my fixed price,' said he; but as there are three of you, I don't mind saying twenty five dollars.

And on these terms Messrs. Smith, Brown and Jones became passessors of the three best bedsrooms of the cots tage, driving Mr. Pensico and his wife to a sofa beadstead in the back

'Are we always to live so?' plaintively demanded Mrs. Pensico.

"One showldn't mind a little inconft venience, my dear, when a matter of twenty five dollars a week is at stake.' said Mr. Pensico, with an air of superior wisdom.

But as the days wore on, and Messrs. Jones, Brown and Smith began to feel themselves more at home. matters began to be less pleasant to Mr. Peter Pensico.

'My dear,' said the pater familias to his young wife, one day, 'do you think it is quite dignified for you to be comping out on the lawn with those three young men?'

'I wasn't romping,' retorted Sylvia, with a pout, that showed the coral curve of her lip to the very best advantage, 'I was only playing cros quet. You charge i me especially to try and make things agreeable to the boarders, didn't you?"

This was on Monday. On Tuesday, Mrs. Pensico went fishing with the three boarders. Pensico might have gone too -perhaps-only that the boat was capable of holding but

On Wednesday there was a pienic up the river, to which Mrs. Smith invited Mrs. Pensico. On Thursday Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown had a 'camp out' in the woods, of which Mrs. Pensico and one Miss Tomlinson, of the neighborhood, formed an accompaniament.

On Friday Mr. Brown undertook to lay out Mrs. Pensico's verbena bed perturbed brain that calicoes would in true landscape gardening style On Saturday it rained, and Mr. Jones who was considerable of an elecutionshort, Love and Economy were at list, read poetry alone to Mrs. Pensico, pumkins; and I plant articholeers for daggers drawn in the noble soul of while she darned the family hose. On the pigs to root in the fence corners Sunday, Mr. Smith drove Mrs. Pensico to a church ten miles away, in an elegant little buggy, with a long tailed

'This is getting intolerable,' said Mr. Pensico. And he wished he hadn't written

that advertisement. But this was nothing to his chagrin on the next day, when he found Mr. Smith sitting out under the apple trees with his arm around Sylvia's

waist. 'Sir!' thundered Mr. Pensico. 'Eh?' said the boarder.

'Leave my premises!' said the gro-'I've just paid a week's board in

dvance,' suggested Mr. Smith. Take back your wretched dross!

bellowed Mr. Pensico, flinging a roll of bills on the grass. 'Go! Depart! Lose no time, and take those other two young men with yon. I'm sick of boarders!

And so the three young men de parted. When once the garden gate was closed behind them, Mr. Pensico elevated his right arm theatrically in

'Never-never will I receive another boarder into my family,' said he 'As for you, false wife-'

'No; but is it 'honor bright' about the boarders? interrupted Mr. Pensi-

'I swear it by yonder cerulean blue? said Mr. Pensico, who had just been reading 'St. Elmo.' 'Certain sure!' said Mrs. Pensi

'Certain sure!' said her busband.

Jones are my consins, and that Chars

'Eh!' gasped Mr. Pensico. 'What it-was it a conspiracy? They wanted board in the country, said Mrs. Pensico, 'and you wanted boarders

A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from Mr. Pensico's heart as he remembered the arm around Sylvia's waist. So it was only her brother! And little Sylvia hadn't played the married flirt, after all!

> He took his wife in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss.

'My Dear, said he, you're a mischevious little girl, but I forgive , on. And I guess we'll give up the boards er business.

"I was determined to conquer him, thought she, and I've done it.

HOW A PRACTICAL SOUTHERN FARMER MANAGED TO GET

[From the Southern Husbandman, ]

"You are right, mister, and it ain't hard to do nor long a doin'. Just get one or two good sows, keep 'em ins with bad company, push the pigs from the word go, and always put 'em in the scaldin' barrel fore they're twenty months old. I bought me a number one sow—had'nt another bog and when we've a mind to we sift it again through a finer sifter. It am't the first year. The man that tries with fat and buttermilk, it makes to raise the woods full of hogs, raises 'em for the buzzards."

"Do you raise sheep!" "I raise sheep, mister, and sheep raisin' is what I call killin' a whole drove of birds with one stone. I raise sheep for the wool; I raise sheep for the mutton; I raise sheep for the increase; I raise sheep to spade up the turf with their sharp hoofs; I raise sheep to eat bushes and yerbs that no other brute beast would touch, and manufacture 'en into fertilizers' that hold their rickness spite of the rain and sunshine."

"How about the dogs?"

"A dog on Punkinvine, mister; otes a pass, or goes with his owner. else he don's travel fur."

"You don't need a dog law then?" "We're dog law unto ourselves,

"I reckon you follow the advice of

the newspapers and plant corn?" "We're pretty much in the habit sible and we can see the reason of it. But I plant corn, mister; I plant pototoes; and I plant oats and wheat; and I plant soghum; and I plant goobers; and I plant turnips and and short branch bends; and I plant peas everywhere. Some of these crops is shore to hit, and so I never make a clean miss. When they all bit it will be like a land flowin' with

milk and honey."

"I see you still raise cotton." "Till something else is started to oring Mississippi farmers money, rega ular and shore, I expect to raise cot ton, mister. We're bound to have money, mister-its money that makes the mar go. An I ain't goin' to raise cotton to buy corn, and flour and meat, and hosses and fertilizers."

"And mules?" "Don't talk of mules, mister. The ules was twin brother to the nigger slave; when congress abolished one it ought to've abolished t'other

too .- but speaking of cotton. I've changed my plan of raising cotton. "How?" "I used to plant ten acres and

gather two bales, now I plant four cres and gather three. This year I'm hoping to get four." "How do you manage that?"
"It would be a long story, mister,

ers. Did you ever know a man's

brag acre of cotton-the one he plant-

ed for a bring acre all to itself on

ome good spot—to make a cl

and as my road will soon turn off, I'll just tell it in two or three words: I manure and plow, and hoe, and don't "But what if it is a bad crop year."
"There ain't so many bad crap
years, mister, as there is crap raishe i ndignant backman slapped his

hands on his coat pockets. \*You have no other money on your person? demanded Mr. Heller. 'No!' said the driver, unhesitating

"Just so. Well, the way is to plant few, and make them all brag

"But if the worms take it?"

"Worms ain't apt to take bottom crap, mister, if its well up to time; the bottom crap don't shed much generally speakin', 'thout you work it on a wrong plan; and the yearly frosts don't tech the bottom crap. I work for the bottom crap, mister, from the word go. Cotton is like pig, it wants pushin while its young. "Do you patronize the Pittsburg smiths and the St. Louis mills yet?

"Not to speak of, we don't mister. -Started a mill over on Pumkin-vine, again, Jack Smith, and we clubbed together and sot Billy Bobkins up with a blacksmith shop right there so that we could go to the shop and mill at the same time. Billy al-ways had such a hankerin' for workin' iron; and Jack, he never could stand the sunshine well, poor fellow/ -and didn't like to work on cloudy days. He makes a splendid miller, though. To keep Billy agoin' we all hands agreed not to buy a yankee tool that could be made at home, no matter how cheap it was, nor how good."

"Does it make nice flour." biscuits—none of your starch cakes, but biscuits you can taste, and bis-cuits you can feel all through your muscles and bones when you've fed on 'em a week or two. My road turns off right here. Come over te Punkinvine after Harvest and spend a few weeks with us, and eat some of them biscuits, and the thousand and the other things the old woman will fix up for you. If I don't talk you to death, it will put some flesh on them slim shanks—gee, Beck!—and some color in them cheeks—good-bye mister—get up hosses—get along— I'd like to 'ave torgot to tell you mis-ter, but I reckon you've cotch it from my gab—me and the old woman has jined the Grangers."

# THE JUGGLER AND THE MACK

When Reller, the magician, arrived n the city on Friday last he directed the hackman to drive him to the Parker House. Reaching the hotel. he stepped briskly up to the Clerk's desk, was soon surrounded by a host of old friends, including Dr. Tomps of follerin' our own advice on Pun- kins, of the Boston Theatre. Arthur kinvine, mister. Not that we slight Chency, Henry C. Jarret, Frank what we see in the papers, if its sen. Franfran and a dozen others. Arrid the hearty greeting came a rong! voice,, which soon attracted general

It appears the hackman had nt been

"What is it my dear friend, what ire you yelling about?" demanded

'I wants me fare. I saw you skip away. Two dollars for you and the lady."

This answer created a laugh among the masician's rriends. "I know I paid you, you rascal,"

claimed Mr. Heller.

Mr. Heller.

'Divil a cint.' 'You put it in your hat. Hand it to me!' and to the consternation of Jehn there was a bright clean two dollar note taken from the lining of his cady and held up to the gaze of the rapidly increasing crowd. Cabby

stood transfixed with wonder. 'I am atraid of your future my poor fellow, and advise you to alter your course,' interposed Mr.

Jarrett Be virtuous and you'll be happy, was the advice of Mr. Cheney. This after all our boasted N England civilization and mera

advancement!" said Mr Chanfrau. "If this thing should get abroad ! was Dr. Tompkins' alarming exclains Think of your wife and children nent ere it be too late,' was the

kindly toned proposition of Mr. Hellgood enough, and yez hev me tanks . But may I never see a sixpence again but I wasn't paid, and that bill I niver saw in all me born days. I did not have a cint about me," and

'What's this, and this, and this,

and this? inquired the magician, ashe delicately pulled a bank-note first from the poor cabman's side coatocket then one from his content, another from his pantaloons pocket. another from a boot top. 'My friend,' continued Mr. Heller, in a voice softened by swelling emotions, the while the crowd around mouned with excess of sorrow ever the sad exhibition of human depravity, fyou are not lest, but you are off the brink of ruin : We all feel for you, don't we genfemen? And grouns came in re-

Look here, me friends,' cried the hackman, 'this here thing's played out. I'm not the worst man in the wurrld-when, to his utter horror, he migician interupted him to take from his coat pockets, hat, trousers and boot tops not only greenbacks and plenty of silver coin, but pensy blotting paper, matches blank cards and the general invoice usually to be found on a hotel desk.

Man who are you, any how? cried

the poor fellow, as he crossed himself and commenced to back out.

'Hawkshaw, the detective!' shouted Jarrett, as he struck an attitude.

'My name is Norval,' replied Mr.

Heller. 'Tis Clifford's voice, if ever Clifford

spoke, added Mr. Cheney. 'I am thy father's spirit,' grouned Mr. Chanfran. And by this time the perturbed driver had reached the street shouts of laughter falling on his car, and with another surprise awaiting him. Mr. Heller had placed a \$5 note in the man's vest pocket.

Stopping the Interest — Daniel Websier once dused with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to an old bottle that was carefully decanau old bottle that was carefully decanted by John and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Websters glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another glass for

'How do you like it, Mr. Web-'I think it is a fine specimen of old

Now, can you guess what it cost me?"

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster, 'P only know that it is excellent. 'Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it costs me the sum of just one dollar-and twenty cents.

per glass!,

'Good gracious! you'don't say so,'
said Mr. Webster; and then draining
his glass he presented it again with 'Fill it up again as quick as your can, for I want to stop that cone' founded interest.'

# A BEAUTIFUL SENTEMENT.

Beautifully said by Dr. Chalmers. The Little that I have seen of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptation it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy the tears of the sorror than fachlaness of purpose the scorn of the world, that has little charity, the desolations of the souls sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with thur from whose hands it came. 'The Little that I have seen of the

### THE BIRT SHREELES.

Richmond State, The first umbrella ever seen in

England was carried by a rootman named Jonu McDowal, in 1777, and it is a remarkable fast that it belonged to somebody else, and was taken by mistake for his own, and that has been its fortune ever since. President Hayes ought to have known better than to haye allowed that extremely young man, Evarts, to ask the rabble from Pennsylvania to choose who should be Minister to England. He might have known they would shout for Barabas.—Cincinnatti Enquirer.

Senator Simon to Pennsylvania' representatives in the Legisture: 'This is son Don; you will elect him to the Senate.' Senator Don to Pennsylvania representative in Congress; 'This is my father, Simon; you will present him to be Minister to England.'—Philadelphia Times Ind.