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Rescued.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"I don't like it at all," said Miss Estcott. "The flowers are vulgarly massed; the feathers are hot-looking, and that rope of Roman pearls stretched across the crown is dowdy in the extreme."

Madame Bassompierre, the fashionable French milliner, gave a little deprecating smile and courtesy at each one of these emphatically announced opinions.

"But, Miss Estcott—" she ventured to insinuate, as the spoiled beauty paused for breath.

"There are no *buts* about it!" pronounced Victoria Estcott, dominantly. "The bonnet is perfectly horrid, and I shall not take it. Pray, who trimmed it?"

At this question, Madame Bassompierre looked inquiringly at the tall, slender girl who had brought the box into the room.

She colored deeply; the tears sparkled out under her long lashes.

"I trimmed it, madam," she faltered, in a tone that was almost inaudible.

"Take it back again into the work-room!" said Madame Bassompierre, savagely. "Miss Estcott is not suited with it; and let Mrs. Farley bring in some of those exquisite hats that we imported from Paris in the Belle Helene, last week."

But, apparently, Miss Estcott was determined not to be pleased with anything that morning, and finally swept out of the show-room without having made a choice.

Madam Bassompierre followed her to the door, with the sweetest and most engaging smiles; but the instant Miss Estcott was gone she frowned darkly.

"Spoiled, arrogant thing!" muttered she, setting her teeth close together. "One need have the patience of Job to cope with a New York heiress! Farley, send Miss Wynde here!"

Once more the tall, slender girl, with the hazel-brown eyes, that were heavy with tears, and the pale cheeks, came into Madame Bassompierre's presence.

"You are discharged," said Madam, sharply. "No, don't attempt to argue the question—indeed, it isn't worth while. A girl who can't trim a hat to suit my best customer, cannot expect to be retained in my employment. Mrs. Farley will settle with you up to date."

"But, madam—" gasped the poor girl, looking like a frightened fawn, into whose heart an arrow had entered.

Madam Bassompierre lifted a warning finger.

"Pray spare my poor nerves," said she. "I am compelled to discharge you. Be so obliging as to leave the room!"

And Coral Wynde obeyed.

Miss Estcott's claret-colored brougham rolled up to the door next day, and Miss Estcott came in all smiles. "I'll look at that hat again, madam," said she. "Upon second thought, I've come to the conclusion that it was really very pretty. Only I was cross and out of temper yesterday, and nothing looked right to me."

Madam Bassompierre was very sorry—very sorry—but the hat had been taken to pieces, having been so unfortunate as to meet with Miss Estcott's disapproval, and—

"Then let it be trimmed again. By the same hand," said the imperious young beauty, "and as nearly as possible in the same style. That rope of Roman pearls has haunted me all night."

"I regret that it is quite impossible," said madam, with a puzzled look. "I have discharged the young person who—"

"That tall, pretty girl, with the shining brown hair and the dove-like eyes?"

"Miss Coral Wynde—yes."

"Discharged her? And only because I was capricious enough to find fault with her work?" cried Victoria impetuously.

"Was not that reason, enough?"

obsequiously smiled Madame Bassompierre.

"No," said Victoria, "I don't think it was. Be so good as to give me her address. If I've lost her her place, it's only fair that I should do something to help her. And to think all this came from one careless word!"

"I am very sorry," said Madame Bassompierre; "but is quite out of my power to give you her address. I have not got it myself. I never had. We have so many young persons in our employ that—"

"And can none of your people obtain it for me?" interrupted Miss Estcott.

Madam did not think that they could; and Victoria went away with a troubled ache at her heart.

"Why can't I learn to hold my tongue?" she asked herself, clasping her small, plump hands so vengefully together that the sparkling rings made red, angry dents on the fair, pink flesh. "Why can't I control my temper? I shall never forget the 'tears in that poor girl's eyes, the quiver on her lip! And I—to call myself a Christian woman!"

Victoria Estcott went home in no enviable mood that night.

It was scarcely a week afterward that Miss Estcott was crossing the Brooklyn Ferry, toward twelve o'clock at night.

Miss Estcott on a Brooklyn Ferry-boat was rather an unusual sight, but she had been spending the evening there, and in consequence of some misunderstanding between her own maid and the coachman, her carriage had not been sent, as ordered, and St. George Fawcett, the brother of the young friend she had visited, had volunteered to escort her safe home.

Victoria didn't at all dislike this idea of his companionship. The night early in April, was soft and balmy, and altogether, Miss Estcott regarded it in the light of a gipsy like adventure.

"Isn't it lovely?" said she, looking brightly around—"the lights reflected in the river, and the salt air rushing against one's cheek? One never sees this cooped up in a carriage; and—Good heavens! who is that?"

It was a face—the face of a tall, slight young girl, wrapped in some dark, pall-like garment, who leaned upon the guards of the boat, and looking intently down into the narrow flight of the waves, Victoria never would have seen her pale cheek, and the troubled, dark eyes had it not been for the illumination cast on it by the lantern of a deck hand.

The deck hand himself stopped, and looked irresolutely back.

"Beg pardon, Miss," said he, "but you're in an unsafe place there. The boards is slippery, and there ain't much to hold by, and if you should get a jostle—"

The girl drew back into herself with a petulant jerk, as if the words irritated her, and at that moment Victoria Estcott recognized Coral Wynde's pale face and large, glittering eyes.

She rose nervously to her feet. Just then, the boat crashed against the floating piles of the pier, and the light, slender figure made a rush toward and caught Coral Wynde in her arms, although the unpremeditated spring nearly precipitated her, too, into the boiling depths of the black tides.

"Don't!" she cried. "For God's sake, don't throw away your life!"

Coral struggled frantically with her rescuer for a second or two.

"Let me go," she cried—"oh, let me go! I am alone; I am starving! Why do you not let me go?"

And then she fell fainting into Victoria Estcott's arms.

All this happened when the April showers were dimpling the waves, and the soft April green was smiling up in all the parks; and when Victoria Estcott was married, in June—married to St. George Fawcett, of course—a tall, pale girl was helping her with her wedding trunks and "marriage garments."

"And mind you're in the house to welcome us, dear, when we come back from Niagara," says Victoria.

"Because you are my sister now, and home won't seem home without you!"

And Coral Wynde smiled back, with shy, sweet eyes, wondering to herself how it can possibly be that she is so radiantly happy—she who was

all alone in the world but a few weeks since.

"It must be because God is good!" ponders, she to herself.

But when Victoria looks at the sweet, calm face, and thinks what *might have been*, all through her careless words, she shudders and grows pale.

HOME CONVERSATION.

There is no nation more fluent in conversation than the American. The French are more voluble, perhaps, their language permitting greater rapidity of pronunciation than the English. Our best conversationalists are not rapid talkers. One trouble with us is, each one likes to do all the talking, therefore Americans are not good listeners. But mere talking is not conversation. In almost all home circles there is much talking done during the day, but we fear there are few who do not reserve their most brilliant conversational powers for other assemblages than the home group. Many a father comes home tired; he has worked hard and talked a great deal, told amusing anecdotes, and displayed much wit. He has come home to rest. He takes out his paper, and is soon oblivious to everything around him. Wife would like to tell him many of the harassing afflictions of the day, and would like to hear some of his interesting experiences, but if he were a deaf mute he could not be more silent, only an occasional grunt answering her many attempts at conversation; and the children, except the good night kiss, and often not even that, are not noticed. Such a home, whether the abode of wealth or otherwise, cannot be a healthy and happy one. As a parallel draw around the evening lamp of another home circle. The father tells the anecdotes from the papers as he reads them; in the laughs her sweet, low laugh, and the children burst into merry hal ha's!

To watch them as they ask questions, and listen to the answers and patient explanations, the wonderment, interest, and thought imprinted on their young faces, is a picture for an artist. This home education is a heritage more valuable than land or money; and one beautiful recompense in life is, that in making others happy, we bring happiness to ourselves. Parents who practice self-denial, and endeavor, by cheerful conversation and playful wit, to enliven home life will reap a rich reward in the better thoughts and nobler actions of their children, and will experience the truest and best contentment themselves.—*Exchange.*

The Great Cavalry Leader Weeping in Battle.

[Mobile Register.]

There was a stern side to the character of Forrest—but it was the result of an iron will which marks the born commander. He was cruel to the deserters, the coward and the sluggard. When the criminal was to be punished, and when the punisher served to save an army from defeat or treason, Forrest was implacable and unmerciful. But to those who did their duty as good soldiers, no man was more just and tolerant.

The gentler side of his nature showed itself to the captive and the distressed. At the battle of Okolona, when his brother, the gallant Col. Jefferson Forrest fell, mortally wounded in the charge, Gen. Forrest rushed to the spot, took him in his arms wept like a child, while the bullets of the enemy swept around him. This brother had been reared by the General, and had been given a liberal education at his expense. He died in the arms of the great leader, while the soldiers around uncovered their heads as the gallant soul took its departure, accompanied by the tears and prayers of the iron-headed chieftain. No man who saw that scene, and who saw a moment after the tearful-eyed Forrest leap into his saddle and dash upon the enemy until the lines were broken to fragments, and driven in tumultuous rout, can refuse to recognize the great nobility of our dead. Had he received the benefit of early culture, and of even an ordinary common school education, the harsher features of his character would have been attracted attention; but, such as he was, no truer knight ever led a squadron, and no purer patriot ever fought or bled for his native land.

The Chinese have now got quite a respectable navy, with many English officers, and the vessels are generally of European build.

WALKING FEATS.

[From the New York World.]

There is no reason to doubt that W. Gale, of Cardiff, has honestly performed, at Lullie-bridge Grounds, near London his feat of walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one and one twelfth miles at the beginning of each hour. The arrangements for observing and recording the walking were such as leave no possibility of fraud or collusion, the grounds, besides being thronged all day long, being thrown open free at night to facilitate investigation by the sceptical who availed themselves in great numbers of the privilege. The performance may therefore be set down as *bona fide*, and it commends itself as being as much superior as an exhibition of endurance to the famous feat of Captain Barclay as was the swimming of the Channel by Webb to the crossing of the Bosphorus by Bryon. When, in 1809, Captain Barclay performed his great pedestrian feat of Newmarket, he was allowed to walk his mile in any part of the hour he chose; consequently by walking one mile in the last quarter of one hour and the next in the first quarter of succeeding hour, and the next in the last quarter of the hour succeeding that, he had an opportunity to rest an hour and a half without interruption. Gale had to walk a mile and a half at a stretch and that at the beginning of each hour, so that for something over six weeks he has never had more than thirty five minutes at a time for rest or sleep. The trial was about as cruel as that Dickens imagined Silas Wegg undertaken—keeping 1,000 consecutive dog watches in 1,000 hours. When Barclay undertook his performance he was thirty nine, a man over six feet in height and weighing 186 pounds; he lost thirty-two pounds during the six weeks. Gale is forty two, stands 5 feet 3 1/2 inches and weighing 116 pounds. He lost ten pounds during the performance, ate freely, and paid no attention to the strict rules of dieting prescribed by old-time trainers. Aut-ton chops, eggs, tea, coffee, beer—whatever he fancied—he took, and on one occasion staggered the attendants by cracking and eating something like a quart of walnuts while walking one of his rounds. He had to be stimulated on the last day with brandy and eggs; but walked his last laps at the rate of fully six miles an hour. Medical examination showed that Gale was quite rational and calm at the conclusion of the walk; his face was neither haggard nor suffused nor were the pupils of the eyes dilated. There was a large varicose patch on the calf of one leg, but no swelling of the knees or ankle joints, and there was only one very small blister on one toe.

The report of Dr. Edward Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, show that the total commerce of the United States for nine months ending September 20, in merchandise, was \$796,000,000. In the same period in 1876 the commerce of the country only amounted to \$739,000,000, showing an increase of \$58,000,000 in nine months.

The manufacture of window glass is progressing in the United States and a check has been put upon European importations. There are in this country seventy-two factories of which twenty-seven are in New Jersey, in which State there is a capital of \$6,000,000 invested in the business.

The Champion Outrigger.

[From the Burlington Heralde.]

The other day a man out in Western Iowa went off into a quiet country place and died so quick that his wife got his insurance money before the company had time to fail. The President says he never felt so swindled and cut up since he has been in the business.

Twenty-six of the chairmanships of House committees, including a number of the most important of them, are given to Southern members, leaving only twelve for men from other sections.

The Detroit Free Press is not progressive. "The first great need of the country," it says, "is an obelisk. The second great need is to have it tip over and kill the man who first referred to the subject."

DUEL BETWEEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND GEN. SHIELDS.

[From the New York World.]

The St. Charles (Mo.) Cosmos tells the story of a duel which Abraham Lincoln went out to fight with Capt. Paddy Shields, in 1840, at Bloody Island, now known as East St. Louis, where some one hundred encounters had taken place. The Circuit Court was then in session for that county, and in attendance were some of the leading lawyers of the district, among whom were Lincoln's and Shields' personal and political friends, as soon as it was noised about—as it was immediately after breakfast—that they had gone to Bloody Island to fight, then it was that Stephen A. Douglas—who was at that time Prosecuting Attorney for our district—E. W. English, our member of Assembly, and A. W. Cavalry, our Senator, all three of whom were warm political friends of Captain Shields; Colonel John J. Hardin, afterwards killed at Buena Vista, and Col. Edwin D. Baker killed at Ball's Bluff, friends of Lincoln, started in hot pursuit to overtake the duelists. When they reached the ground they found them ready for the contest. Shields was persuaded to withdraw his challenge until Lincoln could explain that he was not the author of a newspaper article for which he had been challenged having simply fathered it to shield a young lady. The would be combatants shook hands and were afterwards good friends. But for years the question was who wrote the article? It is now an open secret in Springfield. It seems that Miss Jayne, who had recently graduated from Monticello Seminary, and was quite a belle at the capital, had three young lawyers as her admirers. Mr. Lincoln was one and Capt. Shields was another, and she had written the letter which the Irish soldier thought was a reflection upon his valour, he, he it known, was a very vain man, and considered himself handsome. Neither Shields nor Lincoln married the girl, but she became the loving and honored wife of Lyman Trumbull.

Philadelphia Times:

If you would keep respectability, And maintain a true gentility, Five things Observe with care; Of whom you steal, And what you steal.

And how, And when, And where.

When an enthusiastic editor describes a bride as bonny, and an envious compositor sets her up as bony, as was done at Jacksonville the other day, hope for a season bids the world farewell, and freedom shrieks as the compositor falls at his form, brained by the brother of the blooming bride.

A New York banker says that not one business man in four can tell a counterfeit bill from a good one. There seems to be little use in putting out good money if it isn't half appreciated.

New York Commercial Advertiser: Monkhar Pasha, the great Turkish commander, eats no meat. This is doubtless due to the fact that he has all along had so much at steak.

A maiden's heart is like a hotel bed, you can never discover the previous occupant, but you may be sure that there has been one.

An exchange says American girls outdress their British sisters by taste rather than by money. We notice it requires some money also.

Ten Broeck, musing in his stall: "Neigh, but—suppose I did have the stomach ache; I'm the first horse that ever made a Congress adjourn."—*Courier-Journal.*

Havege: The tramps in Iowa are beginning the winter in credible style. They represent that they are refugees from the famine-stricken district of India.

"I'm saddest when I sing," exclaimed a Sunday evening wabber. "And so is the neighborhood," sighed a voice on the street.

The New Herald: A speaker says there is no pure whiskey? What? haven't we any Bourbon among us?