

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 3

GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER
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Graham, N. C.

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No Departure from the Cash System
Bates of advertising
Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance

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Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH
THE ALAMANCE COUNTY CLERK

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GREENSBORO, N. C.



JEWELLER
DEALER IN
FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY,
Sterling Silver, and Plated Ware,

FINE SPECTACLES,
and everything else in my line.

Special attention given to the repairing and timing of Fine Watches and Regulators. I offer you every possible guarantee that whatever you may buy of me shall be genuine and just as represented, and you shall pay no more for it than a fair advance on the wholesale cost. Goods ordered shall be furnished as low as if purchased in person at my counter. I have made in the handsomest manner,
Hair Chains, Hair Jewelry, Diamond and Wedding Rings, all kinds of Fine Jewelry, Gold and Silver Watch Cases,
etc., etc.
My machinery and other appliances for making the different parts of Watches, is perhaps the most extensive in the State, consequently I can guarantee that any part of a watch or clock can be replaced with the utmost facility.
I guarantee that my work will compare favorably in efficiency and finish with any in the land.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN,
Watch Maker and Jeweler,
Greensboro, N. C.

REMEMBER

The Dead

I deal in American and Italian
Marble Monuments
and Headstones

I would inform the public that I am prepared to do work as

Cheap as any yard in the State,

AND GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Parties living at a distance will save money by sending to me for PRICE LIST and DRAWINGS. To persons making up a club of six or more, I offer the

Most liberal inducements,

and on application will forward designs, &c., or visit them in person.

Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

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

NEW GOODS IN
an old store.

Harden & Co at,
BIG FALLS,

have opened a general stock of goods, such as the trade of the surrounding country will demand. They intend to keep whatever their customers need, at exceedingly low prices. All kinds of barter taken in exchange for goods.
Octo 31 77 Sm.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
ALAMANCE COUNTY.

William Patterson, as Guardian of Martha J. Shoffner, and Dan. Isley and wife Elizabeth, Plaintiffs,
Vs
William Shoffner, Milton Isley and wife Barbara, Emily Isley and others. Defendants.

In the above entitled special proceeding an order has heretofore been made directing a sale of the lands described in the petition, for partition among the heirs at law of Dan. Shoffner dec'd., and the parties thereto a sale has been made, and the report of the Commissioner has been made, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Milton Isley and wife Barbara are non-residents of this State, and that said Barbara is a daughter of said Dan. Shoffner dec'd., and that Emily Isley, an other daughter of said dec'd., if living also a non-resident of the State, it is ordered that publication be made in The ALAMANCE GLEANER of notice to said Milton Isley and wife Barbara, and said Emily Isley, that a motion for the confirmation of said sale of said lands and for partition of the money arising therefrom, among the heirs at law of the said Dan. Shoffner, according to their interest therein, will be heard on the third day of January 1878. Done at office in Graham, N. C. this 22nd day of Oct. 1877.
A. TATE C. S. C.
Alamance County.

ONE YEAR
AGO

my new store house, west of the court house was completed and I moved into it. I have enjoyed a liberal share of patronage since, for which I beg leave to return my thanks.
I have just returned from the North, where I purchased a large stock of goods, consisting of as nearly everything my customers would want as my long acquaintance with our people would enable me to buy.

For the Ladies

I have an elegant line of dress goods of the latest styles, from calicoes up to the more beautiful and costly. HOSIERY, NOTIONS, HATS and especially an extensive lot of

For the Gentlemen

I have READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES
and the finest stock of PRIZE GOODS ever brought to this market, consisting of beautiful patterns for coats, vests, pants and for full suits.

FOR EVERYBODY

I have a full stock of GROCERIES, CONFECTIONARIES, HARDWARE, HOLLOWWARE, WILLOW-WARE, CROCKERY-WARE, TIN-WARE, CUT-GLASS, &c., &c., and in a word all that is wanted and needed by the trade.
This large and varied stock of goods I bought to sell, and I have priced them with that end in view. Remember my new store west of the court house,
Octo. 2. 17.
W. S. HARDEN.

Don't go Barefoot.

I have a fine stock of leather, embracing as fine French calf skins as can be bought to this country. Customers can examine my stock, and I warrant my work both as a fit and durability. All styles of
BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS
made promptly and cheaply. All I ask is a trial.
W. N. MURRAY.

BAGSHOT'S ASSISTANCE.

BY E. E. TEN EYCK.

Colonel Bagshot runs a weekly newspaper called the *Union* up in Chodunk. Recently the colonel was called away to New York on business leaving the *Union* in the hands of an assistant, who had been in his employ some little time.

Now the colonel knew that said assistant had the check of a brass statue, and the antiquity of a New England fly, both indispensable attributes of the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week, he began to get uneasy and telegraphed to Chodunk: "How's things?"

Back came the answer from the *Union's* whilom editor: "Butly! Circulation of the old thing's gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red hot paper, and there's a gang outside that are weeping because they can't hoist the shingles off the roof, and knock the whole concern to thunder. Stay away as long you like."

Bagshot didn't waste a moment after receiving this encouraging dispatch. He started home on the first train and reached Chodunk before daylight.

The first man that struck him was the ticket agent. "Look here, Colonel!" cried he, excitedly, "I've a darned good notion to put on your head; you brazen-faced old liar."

"Why?" asked Bagshot. "Read that, and the ticket agent shoved a crumpled *Union* into his hand.

There was a paragraph marked as follows: "Railroad News.—The bandy-legged idiot who robs the railroad company at this village has purchased a new pocket knife. More knocking down from the cash drawer."

Bagshot bit his lip. "Bill," said he, "that's a calumny, and I'll see it righted in our next. It's my cursed assistant's work."

"Don't care whose work it is," growled the agent, "but if it ain't contradicted somebody's got to die; that's all."

Bagshot didn't reply, but sailed down the street to the *Union* office.

He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh. The deacon seized him by the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"What do you mean, Bagshot, by inserting that scandalously untrue item about me?"

"Didn't insert any item," replied the colonel.

"Don't sneak out of it that way. You know you did. Why, I just cut it out of the *Union*—listen:

Religious Intelligence.—That whitened sepulcher, Deacon Marsh, was noticed, late Saturday night, trying to open the coal hole in front of his residence with his night key. The Deacon was as full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from a green cheese."

"Now that's nice, ain't it, saying that I was intoxicated Saturday night, when I went to bed at seven with a raging toothache?"

"It's that reckless fool who I left in charge," groaned the colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh," and Bagshot scurried on again, only to be confronted by Mayor Blim.

The Mayor caught him by the collar. "Colonel," uttered Blim, in his deepest voice, "this is villainous! It's my intention, sir, to call you out and shoot you through the heart. What the deuce do you mean by publishing this note in the *Union*?"

"*Military Jolting.*—Major Blim, the tattered old beggar, who hid in an over barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple."

"I can't help it, Blim," said Bagshot, wiping his forehead, "it's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red hot paper. Just wait, Major, and I'll fix things."

Then Bagshot started again. By the post office old Parker grabbed him.

"Oh, you unfelling ghoul!" wailed Parker, you ought to be rode on a rail. The idea of making fun of my poor, dead child!"

"How? How! Have you the cheek to ask how? Maybe you didn't shove this into the *Union*, did you, you heartless hypocrite?"

OBITUARY.

Little Benny Parker,
Had a stomach pain,
Rhubarb and ipecac,
Both were in vain;
He kicked the golden bucket.
His parents hearts are sore.
They'll plant him to-morrow,
At a quarter of four.

Of course Bagshot had to explain, and promise the bereaved father a two column notice of the dead Benny's many virtues.

He hadly had he done so before young Cooley appeared.

"Colonel Bagshot," announced he, "you're a lying scoundrel. This is a nice thing to put in your black and sheet about a young lady:"

"*Society Items.*—Miss Cooley, the old hag on South street, waltzes around in patent bustle in the hope of catching a few. But she can't not even if she lays the point on twice as thick as she does now."

But Bagshot didn't stop to hear it all. He flew across the square, and into the *Union* office like a flash.

No one was there. That able assistant editor, warned by friends unknown, had dusted forever. Lying on the desk was a *Union*, folded so that this notice caught Bagshot's eye:

Literary Mems.—The bald-headed old snipe who pretends to run this paper has gone to New York. We expect to hear every moment of his sentence to Sing Sing for arson and highway robbery. The citizens of Chodunk should congratulate themselves if the colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide!"

Bagshot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation, will find it healthy to keep away from him.

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement, it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for words of praise, the language of encouragement. Though summer's heat through winter's toll, they have trudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to the monotonous laborers that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an application of its holiness. You know if the floor is clean, manual labor performed to make it so. You know if you can take from a drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have acted in the toil of making it fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous.

Everything, that pleases the eye and the scene has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care and unremitting efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they don't come with a hearty—"Why how pleasant you make things look wife!" or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for their "fits;" they thank a man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank a young lady who moves along in a concert room—in short they thank everybody out of doors, because it is the custom; and come home tip their chairs back and their heels up, and pull out the newspaper; grumble if their wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if everything is all right, shut their mouths with a snarl of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you."

I tell you what man, young and old, if you show but ordinary civility to those common articles of household-keeping, your wives, if you would give the one hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife then for all her good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by your own.

Remarkable Escape of Eminent Sea

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward was requested him to fire it out of the window. It then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming: "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into a pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Jean Ingelow.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed up on the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; but she said in her heart, that while she lived, no more boats, should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighted a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor.

She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned, she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mist, deceptive moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only too keenly it constantly in view and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

THE SUN

1877. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and well wishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The Daily Sun is a four page-sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, post paid, 50 cents a month, or \$5.00 per year.
The Sunday Sun has met with great success. Post paid \$1.20 a year.

The Weekly Sun.
Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canada, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages, weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counselor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal for the family and the friends.
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ed had not a workman. Just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various devices were used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were unavailing; his would be rescuers had lost courage and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely upon the bed. On a subsequent occasion the water had well high quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

Doddrige, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world.

Many years have now elapsed since three saltwater might have been seen struggling in the water of St. Helena, one of them peculiarly helpless. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of unrelenting deliverances. As a youth, he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

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