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## REMEMBER

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### A POOR RELATION.

Eveleen Blake was a school-teacher.

Rather a laborious and ill-paid life it was for a young girl of nineteen; but the little heroine knew she had her living to earn some how. There wasn't any tinking of romance in her life, except what she had unconsciously absorbed out of novels in the circulating library. Her two sisters were both married—Mrs. Simon Sykes and Mrs. John Smith—and each one of them looked out industriously for number one.

'Eveleen had had an education,' said Mrs. Sykes. 'Let her take care of herself. Of course one wants to be sisterly, and all that sort of thing, but when dear Simon married me he did not intend to marry the whole family.'

'Of course not,' said Mrs. Smith. 'She can't expect us to support her.'

Eveleen was mending a pair of gloves one October afternoon, by the window, when Mrs. Simon Sykes walked in with a great rustling, and smell of patchouli. Mrs. Simon Sykes—nee Blake—was tall, large and rosy. Eveleen was on the petite scale, large, limpid eyes, very little color, and straight brown hair which shone like stain, in the level rays of the setting sun.

'Dear me,' said Mrs. Sykes, 'how good that teapot smells. And I am tired out with my walk.'

'Would you like a cup of tea,' said Eveleen.

'Well, I don't mind,' said Mrs. Sykes, unpinning her shawl; 'that is, if you've a bun or a biscuit or something to nibble with it. Tea alone gives me the heart burn.'

So Eveleen went industriously to work and brewed a cup of tea, and brought out a plate of rusks, which were to have made her own frugal meal.

'But I can eat a biscuit or two,' thought self-denying little Eveleen, as she watched the rusks disappear before Mrs. Simon Sykes' appetite.

'I've had such a turn,' said Mrs. Sykes as she held out her cup for a second replenishing.

'A turn?' said Eveleen, enquiringly.

'Yes,' added Mrs. Sykes, 'a visit from a poor relation. I dare say she will be here next, but I advise you to send her a out her business, as I did.'

'Who is it?' asked Eveleen in surprise.

'It's Mary Ann Blake. Wants something to do, expects me to take her in, and give her a home until she can obtain a situation.'

'There's the little hall bedroom that you don't use,' hinted Eveleen, who had a sort of instinctive sympathy for the houseless and homeless.

'I want that for Mr. Sykes' relatives when they come to town,' said Mrs. Sykes. 'I've got a single brother with property, and a married sister, with no children, who is very well off indeed; and if I didn't want it, I don't propose to open a free asylum for every old maid that comes along.'

'But what will she do?'

'Do! Why do as other folks do. I suppose. Go to a lodging house. There's plenty of them I'm sure.'

'But she hasn't got any money.'

'Then she's no business here,' said aristocratic Mrs. Sykes. 'Why didn't she stay where her friends could take care of her?'

'Perhaps she hasn't any friends.'

'Then she certainly must be an undeserving character,' said Mrs. Sykes shaking the rusks down upon Eveleen's neatly swept carpet.

'Oh, here's Selina Smith, as true as the world.'

Mrs. John Smith came fluttering in—a thin, sharp-toothed little woman, with snapping black eyes, and a new hat all a quiver with artificial asters.

'Oh,' said Mrs. Smith, 'you're here are you, Debby? How do you do, Eveleen? Well, since you're taking tea, I will have a cup.'

'Heard the news?' as she sat herself down.

'About Mary Ann Blake?' 'Yes, of course,' answered Sykes with the toss of the head. 'She's been to see us; but I sent her about her business.'

'Well she certainly can't expect us to provide for her,' said Mrs. Smith, beginning to crumble up the reserve of the biscuit that Eveleen had brought with a sigh. 'Smith's salary ain't large, and I've a good

sized family of my own. I told her pretty plainly that that as far as I was concerned, she needn't expect anything. I do hate these genteel beggars! I hope you will give her the cold shoulder. Hush! There's a knock now. If it should be her!'

'It's a good thing we're here to advise her,' said Mrs. Sykes as Eveleen went to the door. 'Eveleen is so unsuspecting! Anybody could impose upon her.'

Both sisters nodded frigidly at the approach of a tall nervous-looking female, in poor black, followed by Eveleen, who drew out the softest easy chair for her accommodation, and gently untied her whispy bonnet-strings.

'Do sit down,' said Eveleen; 'I am sure you are tired. Let me give you a cup of tea at once.'

'Yes,' said Mary Ann Blake looking apprehensively from Mrs. Simon Sykes to Mr. John Smith, 'I am tired. I've been walking a good way.'

'I hope you've got a situation?' said Mrs. Smith, icily.

But Mary Ann shook her head.

'It was very foolish of your coming here at all, wasting your money on an expensive journey,' said Mrs. Sykes. 'Why couldn't you go to Aunt Pamela?'

Now Aunt Pamela was the rich old aunt who systematically ignored her nieces and kept money in bonds instead of investing it in Mr. Sykes' wholesale grocery, or Mr. Smith's insurance company.

'I did,' said Mary Ann, dejectedly, 'but she declined to assist me.'

'Stingy old harridan!' said Mrs. Sykes.

'She has a right to do as she pleases with her own, I suppose,' said Eveleen who was making some tea for the pale guest.

'No she hasn't,' said Mrs. Smith. 'People get so miserly.'

'Sykes thinks we might some day slap her into the lunatic asylum, and put the money into the hands of our trustees, for the use of her relatives,' said Mrs. Sykes.

'I don't know about that,' said Mary Ann Blake. 'I know she wouldn't give any thing. And I do not know what to do. You are my cousins. Perhaps—'

'Oh, indeed we can't do anything for you,' said Mrs. Sykes becoming more friendly in her demeanor, while Mrs. Smith drew herself up and set her thin lip together in a threat of carnage.

'Better go back as quick and as fast as you can,' added Mrs. Sykes. 'By all means,' said Mrs. Smith with a toss of the artificial a-tors.

'And do tell that old lady that she's a deal better able to provide for you than we are.'

'No,' said Eveleen gently. 'Consistently Mary Ann shall stay with me. There's plenty of room on my little bedstead for two, and I can go out with her to look for a situation, after school hours.'

'Eveleen, you're crazy!' said Mrs. Simon Sykes, uplifting both her hands.

'You're a fool!' politely added Mrs. John Smith.

But the strangers lips quivered.

'God bless you, child!' said she, rising up, and putting aside the veil of worn lace that dropped on her face. 'And now girls, I may as well tell you that I am Aunt Pamela.'

'You? Aunt Pamela?' shrieked Mrs. Sykes.

'Yes, I.'

'But—you are rich.'

'People say so.'

'Then gashed Mrs. Smith 'why do you come here in the guise of a beggar!'

'To try the hearts and natures of my three nieces,' said Aunt Pamela.

'Deborah calls me an old harridan; Selina refuses to help me by so much as a penny; but little Eveleen is willing to share her scanty all with me. What money the old woman has to leave shall be Eveleen Blake's.'

Mrs. Simon Sykes and Mrs. John Smith looked at each other in dismay, but it was too late to spoilize now. And little Eveleen was an heiress, after all.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous was correspondent of the London Daily News, has been invited to Baltimore Scotland, by Queen Victoria. The Czar has decorated Mr. Forbes with the cross of St. Stanislaus for the courage he displayed while attending the wounded under the fire of the enemy.

### TWO CLASSES OF WOMEN.

The streets of New York—and of almost any large city as well—at night present a spectacle more saddening, more pitiful, more fearful than any picture to be found in Dante's Inferno. Beneath the gas-lamp, from dark until long after midnight, wander unceasingly thousands of young girls. Their eyes are fixed. They stalk like shadows. There is no merriment in their gait; no joy, no peace, no happiness in their look. However well dressed it is the same whited sepulchre. For mile after mile these sad spectres hurry along. At each side-street they carry off their victims.

Who are these desolate ones that fill the cities with their ceaseless tramp? Do they come forth a night because they are not fit for the society of their mothers and fathers and sisters? Alas! no. These ones have no homes. They are alone in a great world, too busy to notice them or their misfortunes. Without a knowledge of the world, they are driven into the midst of its vices, and forced to earn a living by the only means that is within their power. They know not the horrible abyss of shame, the amplitude of suffering, the depth of the distress to which that first step leads. And so having begun, they are carried on by the swift current of crime about them. Do they ever seek to escape? They turn blindly for the means, but on every hand they seem shut in by a high wall separating them from the respectable world.

There is no recourse, and so, year after year, they fall lower and lower, and their despair grows deeper, until death takes them for his own, and their poor bones are laid away in the potter's field.

There is another class of women in our cities. They are not as numerous as their miserable sisters. They have wealth. They live in comfortable homes. They have husbands and happy children. Their time is almost a burden on their hands. With the arrival of each day, it is a question how shall the hours be passed. They look out into the night and behold the closely wrapped female figures hurrying by in the darkness. The sight means nothing to them. It does not even excite a shudder. They themselves are comfortable. Many of them are highly intelligent ladies, who long for a vocation. They do not know what to do with their time, they think of devoting themselves to art or to literature. Oh! women, who seek a higher sphere of life, who long for something to do, for some field of usefulness, for something higher and better than a life of idleness, entertainment, and novel reading. Oh! women, you have before you the opportunity. These are your poor erring sisters passing your doors at every hour. They need your assistance. If you have compassion, pity them. Do not condemn, but weep for them. You have the power to save. Your wealth and position give it to you. Go out among them. Gently, patiently labor to bring them to a better life. If you succeed in a whole life-time of labor in raising up but one such, you will have performed a grand charity. Do not complain that you have nothing to do. That you are dying of ennui. Here is your opportunity. Embrace it. Go. Save.

Saying smart things does not pay. It may gratify your spirit at first, but it is better to leave friends than enemies. If you cannot make people happy, at least refrain from adding to their misery. What if this woman is not your ideal of womanly perfection, or that man your model man? Your mission on earth is not to remind them of the fact. Each of us has faults of his own or her own; in correcting them we shall find ample occupation. A "sting" or a "dig" never did any good—never helped any one to be better. One who fell into the habit of giving them soon looks ill-natured. It is not always possible to join the Mutual Admiration Society and be a good member, but at least one can hold one's tongue.

### THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

[From the True Citizen.]

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the ninth of August, 1841, the Court House at Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried, George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, offered a gross insult to Mary Allison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Allison's house and shot him in the door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced great excitement, and Mr. Hopkins in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports about her character and she sued him for slander. Both suits were pending for murder and for slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees had been retained to defend Hopkins. Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was ready for trial and the throng of spectators grew in number, as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case came up, it was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

'Have you no counsel?' inquired Judge Mills, kindly, of the plaintiff. 'No, sir, they have all deserted me and I am too poor to employ any more,' replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears. 'In such a case will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?' said the Judge glancing around the bar. The thirty old lawyers were silent. 'I will, your honor,' said a voice from the crowd behind the bar. His clothes looked so shabby, that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management. 'Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?' demanded the Judge. 'It is immaterial,' answered the stranger. 'In this bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. 'Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America,' and he handed the judge a broad parchment. The trial went on. He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and allowed the defence to lead off. Ash spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought down the house in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near the wondering jury that he could touch the foreman with his long bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. Another came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to knit up, his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eyes; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without any allusions to Prentiss, he turned short round on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspen, and two of them fled the court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. The united life-veins seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger, and he inspired them with the power of passion. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He enclosed the wretch within a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemmas, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt about him with a circle about himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions, too, became as impetuous as the motions of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with whirlpools, deafening the ears with crashes of power and yet intermingled all the

while with the sweetest cadences. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms out high as if grasping after a thunders-bolt.

He drew a picture of murder in appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might look beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such a monster. And then, fixing both portraits on the striking rhapsodies, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his lofty height. His voice welled out to the murdered dead, and living—the beautiful Mary every moment as her tears flowed faster and faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strong exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; the panel, after they should bring a verdict for the plaintiff no to offer violence to the defendant however richly he might deserve it—in other words not to lynch the villain, but to leave his punishment to God. 'This was the awful trick or all and was calculated to insure vengeance.'

The jury rendered a verdict of fifty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by the henchmen and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned the stranger said: 'John Taylor will preach here at early candle light.'

He did preach and the house was crowded. We have listened to Clay, Webster and Beecher, but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor as massive as a mountain and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

Benjamin L. Frerjeon, the author who married Joe Jefferson's daughter, sometimes gets intensely wrought up in his books, and it is related that he fell in love with his heroine while he was engaged on 'Joshua Marvel,' and when she died, which became necessary in the finale of the story, as he finished the sentence he fainted away, and remained unconscious for an hour. When he awakened it was with the words, addressed to a brother who was standing beside him: 'I loved her.'

'Madam, said a polite traveller to a testy old landlady. 'If I see proper to help myself to the milk, is there any impropriety in it?'

'I don't understand what you mean; but if you mean that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house. There ain't the first hair in it, for as soon Dorothy Ann told me the kitten was drowned in the mild, I went right straight and strained it over.'

Yet another warning: Joseph Bates, of Vermont, falls dead while carrying in an armful of wood. Show this paragraph to your wife—say, cut it out and pin it to the wood-shed door.

A drunken legislator said that he was a "self made man."

'That fact' said Mr. Greeley "relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

A Man's wife is his best lawyer, his best counsel, his best judge, his best adviser, and also the cheapest and most reasonable.

The most joyous and glad some natures are those most keenly alive to impressions of reverence, wonder and awe.

The other day a train on the Canada Southern Railroad ran 111 miles in 109 minutes. One mile was run in 55 seconds.

Although a girl may be as proud as Lucifer it doesn't always follow that she makes a good match.—New York Weekly.

And now they call it the "Infallibility" Savings Bank.

Cornell University has 400,000 acres of land in Wisconsin.

A pleasant peal of Bellas is a peal of laughter.

France offers \$300,000 in premiums at her Exposition next year.

It is stated that 10 members of the United States Senate are printers by trade.