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## THE GLEANER

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GREENSBORO, N. C.



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 fitting 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 most honest manner.

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

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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 me for PRICE LIST and DRAWINGS. To persons making up a club of six or more, I offer the

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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.

## Poetry.

### MY GIRL.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

I  
A little corner with its crib,  
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,  
A little tooth so pearly white,  
A little rubber ring to bite.

II  
A little plate all lettered round,  
A little rattle to resound,  
A little creeping—see! she stands!  
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

III  
A little doll with flaxen hair,  
A little will rocking-chair,  
A little dress of richest blue,  
A little pair of gaiters blue.

IV  
A little school day after day,  
A "little schoolman" to obey,  
A little study—soon 'tis past,  
A little graduate at last.

V  
A little muff for winter weather,  
A little jockey-hat and feather,  
A little sack with funny pockets,  
A little chain, a ring, and socket.

VI  
A little while to dance and bow,  
A little escort onward now,  
A little party, somewhat late,  
A little lingering at the gate.

VII  
A little walk in leafy June,  
A little talk while shines the moon,  
A little reference to papa,  
A little planning with mamma.

VIII  
A little ceremony grave,  
A little struggle to be brave,  
A little cottage on a lawn,  
A little kiss—my girl was gone!

### HESTER DARE'S TRIAL.

A Story of Love and Duty.

[From the Sunny South]

Yesterday she had been a gay, romping young girl, without a care or a trouble. Now there was a sorrowful thoughtfulness on the sweet face, a line of anguish drawn about the pretty, firm looking mouth.

Oh! I wish I had never met Ernest, she cried, burying her face in her hands and throwing herself down on the lounge in the cold moon-light. Edgely, sweet with honey-stuckles and multiflora roses. The words had scarcely escaped her lips, when a step sounded on the walk and a cheer-voice said:

"Good evening, little Hester," then in a lower tone, as the dark face bent over hers, and the handsome, stalwart man took both the little hands in his: "My little Hester, isn't she?" She shook her head in weary dejection.

"Not mine, not my promised wife? Have you forgotten your promise, Hester?"

She lifted her white, tear stained face and sad gray eyes to his.

"You have forgotten yours, Ernest," she said, her voice resolute and solemn, despite its thrill of pain and tenderness. "No, I am not yours. I cannot be. Do not ask me why—you know. Oh, Ernest, God knows I love you, and have been true to you; but our dream is over. I will give you back your ring, and to night we may say good-bye forever to dear old days, I will never marry any one more; I will always love you, and pray for you, but we must meet no more, and then she closed her eyes to keep out the sight of his pained face—the face of the man she loved above everything on earth, but could no longer trust him. He stood silent and thoughtful, leaning against the vine wreathed portico, his features blanched with despair, his dark, eloquent eyes full of anguish, as he gazed down on the drooping face. For a long time he did not speak, but when he did, there was a world of tenderness and prayer like entreaty in the low, rich voice.

"Hester, darling, don't drive me from you. Don't drive me to desperation. If you desert me, I'll go to the bad without hope. Look up; let me see your sweet eyes; you can't care for me as I do for you. Oh, Hester, Hester, I love you so devotedly; how can I give you up? Won't you trust me a little longer? I do try to resist temptation, God knows I do, but I believe last night God's hand was against me. Darling, can't you trust me once more?"

He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face close to his own, so handsome and eloquent with its deep earnest pleading; but she put off the caress gently, almost lovingly, and

said in a wifely but resolute tone: "Ernest, I have trusted you, I have believed in you since I was child; have always been looking forward to the time when you would stand up before the world, a sober, reformed man, as the happiest, proudest moment of my life. I would not care to give up my own happiness for yours, but I cannot think of leaving my own grey-haired father, and helpless little brothers, for a man who does not esteem my love above the wine cup and card table. Ernest, if you try you can do what is right. God has placed your destiny into your own hands—it is with you whether you will be a man or a—Oh! Ernest, it is hard, but we must part."

She put out her hand and touched his, cold as marble; for a moment he held it in a vice like grip, then dropped it and said in a voice husky with emotion and cold despair:

"You are right, Hester. I am wretched for your lover. I will go away and never trouble you again."

He turned off, but her pleading eyes disarmed his anger. "Hester, darling, forgive me; pray for me; I am going away to try to be a man. Say God bless you, and that you won't forget me."

"God bless and help you, my best love. I will never forget you; I will pray for you every hour," she said in a passionate whisper with her arm about his neck. Then she withdrew from his embrace and turned away. The next moment she was alone with her cruel heart, kneeling there in the moonlight—too wretched for the relief of tears.

She felt that her gay, happy girlhood had slipped away from her forever; that she was a woman with a woman's grief upon her—and a woman's strength gathering and growing to combat it. That night as she prayed in the silence of her room, an electric current of strength seemed to flow into her being; life seemed suddenly to broaden before; selfish aims and hopes dropped from her and a new impulse was born within her soul. Before the crumbling altar of her fallen idol, she consecrated her life anew—father, brothers and God, she would live now for them. So she began her new life, the life of duty, sweetened by the feeling of being of use to others—the life of work, of self-forgetting. None of the loved ones at home knew, or even thought of the weary, aching heart she carried about with her in her every day work. No one dreamed that the sweetest hope of all had faded out of her life. She was to them always "an ever present help," ready, painstaking, even cheerful; filling their lives with happiness, their home with sunshine. Her mother had died two years ago, since which time all her cares and responsibilities had fallen upon Hester's young shoulders. They had weighed heavily too, but she had hitherto been buoyed with the thought of Ernest's love. She had had his pleasant visits to look forward to, to make her troubles brighter, her hard monotonous life less barren. Now this was all gone, but because it was gone, because this bright dream had faded, must she sit down with folded hands and say, "there's nothing for me to do; no hope, no goal in the future; my life-dream is over, my heart is broken?" No, no, her brave, loving heart did not break. There was father, and there were brothers, Rex, Lester, Eugene and Jamie; she would do all in her power to make them happy and good.

So, with the tenderest care she studied the four bright young faces around her, and tried with all a woman's skill to make them contented in their humble little home. She instituted little games of amusement, little home reading clubs; sweet, simple attentions about the fireside; thus making home more attractive to restless, wayward little hearts.

Her great ambition was to make her father happy, her next that her brothers should grow up good, useful, intelligent men, and her last that she might earn something with her pen, to assist her father and educate the boys. Their little home and farm was mortgaged, her father was growing old, too old to work; the boys were young. Hester saw that she was needed and felt that something must be done, so she went to work earnestly, applied herself with energy to her studies, tried and tried, and tried again; did no stop for one fallure, nor two, nor three, but kept right on and would not give up.

Owing to her limited education she

experienced many difficulties, some of which seemed almost insurmountable, but to Hester Dare's countless spirit there was no such word as fail. One day when wearied and almost exhausted by her many cares and trials, there came a letter from Judge Lindron, offering his heart and hand. He was rich—he could help her father; he could assist in educating the boys.

He-ter did not write that night, but sat in earnest thought. It was a great temptation, greater than one can imagine who has not felt the stings of poverty; and looked helplessly into the troubled, anxious face of a dear grey-haired father, watching the furrows growing deeper day by day on his brow. That night she had seen him turn from the coarse food that was all they could afford, with a disrelish he could not hide. Then morning she had heard Rex say, with his sweet thoughtfulness, looking away from his old patched clothes: "Father, you must take my money; these clothes will do me this winter." She felt that she would do anything then to save them from this bitter galling poverty; but now, when she had it in her power to sweeten the bitter drugs, she stopped, and with a woman's conscientious scruples, asked, "Is it right? Is it right to barter my soul for gold, my heart's purity and freedom for such pleasures as the world can give?"

When she thought of her father free from trouble and hard work; thought of her little brothers graduating with honors at highest institutions in the land, making proud the heart of her fond old father, she felt that this was worth the sacrifice of herself; but conscience pleaded no, and woman's delicate sense of right and honor revolted at the idea of doing such wrong even though good might come of it; so she put away the strong temptation and sat down and wrote Judge Lindron, declining with thanks his proposal. Then she turned back to her own gray life of duty.

And so time went by, until ten years had passed since the girl of seventeen put away her love-dream and parted from her lover in the moonlight, and felt out of the ashes of her desolation new hopes and aims spring to life. And the woman, Hester, has at last realized some of the hopes that were born in that hour. Her father sits in an easy chair, free from anxiety; the boys have all received good educations and bid fair to be useful men. Each has now his work that he is doing well. They have come out from the hard life of toil into the brighter broader paths of work, unclouded by anxiety or goaded by necessity. Debt no longer hangs over. They can enjoy the luxuries of rest and reading, music and occasional life a trip into world of chance and progress. Their home has many comforts and some luxuries. And it is all due to Hester. She has the joy of knowing that her hand has brought the blessings. By the energy and strength of her own mind, she has lifted herself and those she loves up from the depths to which poverty and misfortune had sunk them. It was a long, weary struggle, but at last light came. She succeeded in getting her book published. It chanced to strike the mood of the hour and brought her money and fame. But her famous book is not her best glory; her pure, unselfish life has been keyed to a higher note than the finest page she has ever written; her best story is that she has lived out in her own home.

Do not think I have overdone her character, or made Hester Dare more of a heroine than you or I can be. She was simply a woman, and had a woman's heart, a woman's faith, trials, and proneness to stray sometimes into bright and flowery but for hidden ways—was just as liable to make wrong steps, and had to struggle just as hard and as often against temptation as any one.

It is in the power of every one to find and use the key to her success, for diligent application was that key, and we believe that God has given every sensible man and woman a work to perform, and has put it in the hand of each to live grand, beautiful, useful lives.

But Hester's story is not yet ended.

One summer's evening, when the air was heavy with the perfume of roses, and the glow of a golden sunset bathed the earth, Hester Dare came from out of her pretty home to watch the changing cloud-shapes.

She stood, her delicate face flushed

with admiration, her gray eyes full of beautiful thoughts, until the wreathing clouds had faded into sombre masses and she was alone with the deepening twilight.

The spell of the past came over her, tears gathered unconsciously in the eyes that still looked out to the darkening west.

From seventeen to twenty-seven had been a long, long time, but through it she had silently borne her life's cross; had put away the woman's yearning tenderness, and sought to fill its place with strength for work and duty. No other love has taken the place of that she had veiled out of sight. But of late, when her duty to others seemed in a measure fulfilled, the old dull aching had begun. The tender reverting of the past, the memory of tones and looks that had filled her young life with sweetness. It came over her now with overwhelming power, and all her soul was filled with longing. Useless now to her seemed the crown of success she had won.

"Oh Ernest, Ernest," she cried in low thrilling tones of yearning and tenderness, as she stretched her arms out towards the purple distance.

The passionate invocation had been heard a step that had been approaching on the velvet sward paused, and a tall man trembled with emotion as he caught his name breathed by the woman he loved and revered. Then he stepped forward eagerly.

"My darling, I am here; you have redeemed my life. It belongs to you, will you take it?"

He held out his arms entreatingly; a moment after she was clasped in their embrace and was listening with grateful joy to the words that told her of his long struggle with himself in a far western land how fierce had been the trial, and only the memory of her face, as he had seen it last; her parting words, had enabled him to gain the victory over evil tendencies. But he had conquered at last, and then he had gone on in the true way and made a reputation—a name for honor and industry and ability. He had achieved a competence too, and he had come back, bearing the highest credentials from the best men among whom he had lived and who were glad to testify to his high standing, his stainless integrity and his business capacity.

"I owe it all to you, my darling," he said, as they sat in the light of the rising moon. "Had you taken me as I was, I would have ruined both our lives. Until I found that you or mine would be without you, I didn't realize the dangerous gulf I stood upon, and I could not have struggled as I have done to free myself from the enslaving habit. Your resolute calm refusal woke me up from my charmed sleep. I thank God, my darling that you were so firm and brave that alone has given me strength to redeem my manhood."

And we repeat thank God, that a firm, brave woman can stand up amid the rains of her heart, the jeers of the world, and be true to herself her conscience and her God.

LEAH MOORE

### JEALOUSY.

A young man of extremely jealous disposition, recently visited one of the most famous clairvoyants in the city. Being far from home, he wanted to know what his wife was doing.

"She is looking out of the window, evidently expecting some one."

"That is strange," said Benedict, "who can she expect?"

"Some one enters the door, and she caresses him loudly," went on the clairvoyant.

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now he lays his head in her lap and looks tenderly in her eyes."

"It's false! I'll make you pay dearly for this," yelled the jealous husband.

"Now he wags his tail," said the medium.

The green-eyed monster subsided, and the young husband cheerfully paid his five dollars.

"Poor boy!" said the lady, as she took out her purse to give the little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy," said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eyes, "and have three sick mothers to support." The lady put back her purse, shook her head, and walked sadly away.

The following is hardly an exaggeration of the want of determination and wisdom displayed by some persons in giving alms: The late Mrs. Jane W.—was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose personal appearance startled her into a momentary doubt of the necessities of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well able to work." "Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man! what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W.—, at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home she mentioned the fact remarking, "What a dread-ful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so."

### A GIRL WHO WOULD NOT TAKE A BAKE.

The Olean (N. Y.) Record tells this story:

"I will marry any girl in the room that will have me," said a half tipsy young fellow. "I'll take you," said a fresh, clear-eyed girl of seventeen. And in half an hour the two were married and being congratulated by their friends. This actually occurred only a few weeks ago in the near vicinity of Franklinville, in this county. The occasion was a country dance; the participants were a farmer's son and a farmer's daughter, neither of whom had exchanged a word with each other until the above scene had occurred. The young fellow had been drinking, and thought he would say something "smart," and astonish the girls with his audacity. The girl, however, had heard that he was a "good fellow," and being annoyed by that spirit which "will not take a dare if death come," took him at his word. They are now living with the young fellow's parents, and are studying each other's characters at their leisure.

The other day a New York teamster was brutally beating a lay male with a point brush tail when Henry Bergh, President A. S. P. C. A., rushed in and caught the fellows upturned arm and cried, "Stay! H. H. H.!" Just then the male who reser-ed his face until some one came in range, too ed back, and fired a ninety-four pound shot, that caught Mr. Bergh about midships, and scored all the milk of human kindness in his hold quicker than a thunderstorm. Kill him! hissed the philanthropist between his set teeth, as he bowed himself over his clasp'd hands and sought the nearest drug store, crying: "Kill him! Pound the hair of him! Tear his heart out with a nail! grab the long-legged, iron-jawed son of iniquity!"

### Old Mr. Meriden had been married

forty-three years when his wife died last week. He didn't appear to miss her very much until bedtime, when he sat down and stuck out his foot for somebody to come and pull off his boot. And then, when his son-in-law boldly hauled him the boot off, the toll weight of the irreparable loss he had sustained broke upon the old man and he gave way to a flood of tears. As for the bootjack, it had been so long since he had seen one, he didn't know how to use it.

Cause and effect. A sixteen year old girl on Columbia street has a but on spring four yards long, containing 1,973 buttons. And that girl's father fastens his suspenders on his trousers with a shawl pin, a piece of twine and a sharp stick.

Cork is coming into use in Germany as a filling for winter bed coverlets, in place of feathers. It is said to be not only lighter and cheaper, but decidedly warmer.

Stewart's Hotel in New York, for women exclusively, will be thrown open January 1st. It has cost two millions of dollars to build, finish and appoint. It will lodge comfortably 2,000 girls.

Nobody can tell how many disputes for the front side of the bed have been settled by moving the bedstead into the centre of the room.

A correspondent wants to know the definition of the word "dealer" and whether it means any person who sells goods. No it doesn't. The dealer is one who shuffles turns Jack and plays it alone.