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Poetry.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE.

I stood upon the Ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote upon the sand—
"Agnes, I love thee!"

The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression.
Faint reed and cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
The tallest pine, and dip it top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And up in the high air I'll bushel heaven,
I'll

Write—"Agnes, I love thee,"
And I would like to see any
Dog-gone'd wave wash that out.

Rutger's College Yargian.

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS.

BY BEDFORD.

[From the Sunny South.]

After eleven years we meet again,
Were the words of greeting that came
To-night from the lips of one from whom
I separated once under circumstances
of peculiar interest.

By nature, I am not in the least
romantic, yet in my life-wool there
have been inwoven some bright
threads of romance. One of these
memory unravels for me to-night,
bright with the hues of hope and love,
those words, "After eleven years,"
bring up a panorama of the past, that
I shall briefly attempt to outline white
in its freshness.

To be separated from the friend of
one's youth and then to meet again
after eleven years, would naturally
call up many reminiscences of the
past; but when that one was the
sweetheart of childhood, and beloved
of boyhood, and the wondrous beam
of maturer years, the emotions must
be too intense to be expressed in
words. This woman, whom I have
met to-night after so long a separation,
is one that first influenced my life—
one that I came to Georgia from an-
other State to claim for my bride eleven
years ago. Seeing her to-night
recalls our first meeting.

We were children, and had gathered
at a public hall in my native town.
It was my first party, so far as I can
now remember. The older ones had
assembled the children in one part of
the hall, and, to amuse the "little
folks," inaugurated play. The name I
have forgotten, but there was kissing
in it, Jennie, whose bright eyes had
first met mine that night, was called
out on the floor and a circle formed
around her of the children present
from among whom she was to choose
one for a kiss. The choice fell upon
me, and I well remember the sport my
bashfulness occasioned the older ones
standing around us. Not without a
struggle did I yield to being kissed
by a pretty girl. But I can see to-day
before a play ended, and I confess
that I imbibed then and there a fondness
for that kind of sport (?) which
time has not cured me of. From this
night dates the beginning of my love
for the owner of those bright eyes.
It always seemed nearer to me and
from school by her house, though in reality
it was nearly half a mile farther; yet
the flutter of a handkerchief, or bright
eyes at the window, or better still,
a kiss blushing brown and fondly
returned, repaid for my longer walk.
I often grew jealous at the attention
Jennie occasionally gave to others,
though proving now and then a very
myself, for it was one of my weak-
nesses to be pleased with every pretty
face I met; yet Jennie was the one
upon whom was centered my affection,
and my love for her seemed intensified
by these little wanderings—mere rip-
ples on the current, as they were.
This child-love was a very sweet and
pure feeling, and its memory now
sheds a halo over those early years.

Years passed, and the war came on
bringing about a separation between us.
It was hard, and my heart cried
out against it, but the calls of honor
and duty stifled the pleadings of love.
I volunteered, took my Jennie and
good-bye, and went away to the hard-
ships and dangers of the soldier's life.
During three years of change and
sorrow and disaster, that now seem a
never-dream, I met Jennie only once.
It was at her new home, to which she
had removed from the town in which
we first met. She had grown prettier
and more attractive since our last
meeting, and though I knew that I

was in the enemy's territory, and far
from my command, I could not resist
the plea she urged for me to remain
with them till morning. I felt flattered
as I detected anxiety in her looks
and words when I spoke of riding
that night, and gladly did I yield to
her command. "I positively forbid
it." What cared I then for enemies?
Was I not with her I loved? Why,
I felt as though I could have vanquished
a score of Yankees that night, had
my quarters been a surrounded and my
capture attempted.

That was in December, 1862, and I
did not meet her again until after the
war ended. She had returned to her
former home, and of course I hastened
to make her a call. I found myself,
speculating on the changes likely for
love occurred, but I was not prepared
for the surprise that was in store for
me. From girlhood she had bloomed
into womanhood. Tall and graceful,
with full and perfect figure, she ap-
peared regal in her beauty as she came
into the parlor to greet me. It was
the 25th of May, 1865. She was
dressed in a flowing white robe, a
single flower—a large white rose—
in her hair, and a beautiful pink bud
upon her bosom. With both hands
extended and eyes that spoke more
than the lips, she said:
"I am so delighted to see you
again!"

All the toils and dangers of war
were forgotten in that happy moment.
Oh! only those who have known such
reunions can understand their sweet-
ness.

For a brief season there was nothing
but picnics, parties, tees and
entertainments, given in honor of
the returned soldiers, at all of which
I met Jennie, and frequently was
her escort. This season was in its
height when my trials began. Her
father forbid our meetings, for some
reason, never fully explained. It
was the old story: "Love laughs, etc."
We met and sighed our troth.
Another separation then came, as her
father moved to Georgia. I ac-
companied her to Chattanooga, and
in parting we exchanged vows of
fidelity.

In the months that followed, we
corresponded constantly. Oh, those
dear letters, what a source of hap-
piness they were! Honestly, I
think there is more pleasure in
a genuine love letter or a love letter
when one is young and true,
than anything else in the world. But
mine, Jennie's letters ceased coming
altogether. I endured her silence
a long while, and then determined to
relieve my suspense by sending her
again. I did so. I found barriers
that I had not anticipated. She was
the promised wife of another.

I had cared but little for parental
objections so long as I felt secure
in her affection, but after all the
sweet hopes of the past, to give her
up to another was more than I
could bear. No! no! I felt that her
heart was still mine, so I sought and
obtained an interview. Explaining
my love and the affectionate
disappeared from her finger.
Yet I was in suspense. I had
assurances of her love, but no promise
of marriage, and for this I was
urgent. I spent a week without having
accomplished my purpose, and in
despair, was preparing to return
home. The family except the father
were all my friends and warm abet-
ters. The father, however, remained
sternly obdurate. His will had always
been law to Jennie. She found it
hard to break through her habit of
implicit obedience. She hesitated
she pleaded with him but with no
result.

The morning appointed for me to
have arrived. I went to learn my
fate. I was told that she could not
see me. In vain I begged for only
a brief interview. "It cannot be,"
was the answer. Pride and resent-
ment struggled in my breast, with
love and bitter disappointment I
turned from the house as from the
grave of my hopes. As I was leaving
the door a lady friend, Mrs. C.,
came down stairs saying that it was
a message from Jennie, but I must
not pass it until on the cars and that
a letter would come explaining it.
When I opened the note these words
were before me: "I am yours for life."
Jennie, the treasure was to be mine.
The treasure was to be mine! The
transition from despair to hope was
such that I recall it now as one of
the brightest moments of my life.
The hope of soon clasping my
whom I had loved so long and fondly to
my bosom for life, made me indeed a

happy being. But to-night is the
first time I have seen her since the
reception of the message.

"After eleven years," we met again
to-night. It seemed but yesterday
since I had waited in the parlor to
meet her as I did to-night, and to-
night seemed equally as short since I
had heard the well known foot fall
coming, and that voice, so strangely
familiar in greeting—and here she is
"after eleven years we have met
again!" The same voice, the same
soul-full eyes, but yet how changed!
The cheeks are less softly rounded
the color far less vivid. There is an
indiscreet something that tells she
lapses of eleven years, and yet I can
ly her side once more! Yes it is the
one I kissed when a little girl, it is
the being I loved in my boyhood, and
my promised wife in my manhood
and yet eleven years has passed since
last we met.

"Then," says some romantic girl to
whom love is *alpha omega*, "then you
may marry her still."

Not so fast my dear, there is still
an obstacle to our marriage.

"What that old ogre of a papa
still?"

Well; no; the obstacle is no ogre,
but a dear sweet little woman "That
Wife of Mine," who (I will bet high
upon it) is thinking of me and longing
to see me. Side by side, she has
walked life's journey with me for
years—a true brave loving little
wife. She knows that no other can
rival her in my love. Moreover, my
old sweet heart has one whom, for
nearly as many years, she has called
"That Husband of Mine," and our
meeting to-night, though it stirs
old memories strangely with thought
of what might have been, wakes no
thought of disloyalty to those who
love and trust us, and to whom fate
has joined us while life shall last.

**RELIEF PLAN FOR GETTING
THE PAPERS.**

BY FANSIE PERT.

[From the Sunny South.]

"Nellie," said I, with the freedom
of an old acquaintance, "how is it
you have so many periodicals this
year, while last you had none?"

She gave a satisfied little laugh, as
she replied, "Ah! *mon ami*, thereby
hangs a tale; you shall have it, how-
ever, and then you may put it in
readable shape for some of my sisters
in tribulation. You must know in
the first place, papa—good soul last
year began to think, talk, and dream
hard times; yes, he had that dreadful
epidemic very hard, and the most ag-
gravating way in which it showed
itself was in the stoppage of the in-
flux of reading matter into our home.
Our evenings had always been de-
lightful; the boys stayed at home
perfectly lamblike, and in the long
winter evenings the curtains were
drawn, a nice cozy fire blazing on the
hearth, (papa would have a fire plac-
ing in our new house,) then we would
make a circle around the centre table,
papa in his large chair, busily at
work, but as bright and interested
as any of us, and then Fred, Frank,
Lizzie, and your humble servant.
We children read aloud for the gen-
eral edification, in turns. Oh! it
was just solid comfort! We had a
number of papers, magazines, and oc-
casionally a new book. You may
well know I was aghast at the
thought of giving up our beloved
'readings,' as we called them; but pa-
pa was perfectly sure that he would
be utterly ruined if we did not re-
trench, so for the year eight-een hun-
dred and seventy-six—peace be to its
ashes we managed to survive with
but little reading, but I decided that
the next year should behold our
reading survived again; but how I
had to manage! First, I called a coun-
cil of war, and said to my brothers:

"You degenerated urchins, how
many cigars do you smoke in the
course of a day; on an average?"

They declare they were very tem-
perate and did not exceed two a day.
Well, I coaxed them, teased them,
scolded them, called them great
darlings and great bears, till they
promised—I suspect to get rid of me
—to content themselves with one a
day and gave me the ten cents extra,
or sixty cents a week. Only think!

happy being. But to-night is the
first time I have seen her since the
reception of the message.

a dollar and twenty cents every Sat-
urday night! I put away the amount
every week into a work box, and
such a miser I made myself all that
blessed year. I levied tax on papa
occasionally, bought fiver neckties,
got only eighteen yards of cloth for
my new suit when I ought to have
had twenty-one, and economized gen-
erally, aided and abetted by Lizzie
and mamma. At the end of the year
there was a counting of the hoarded
treasure, and you may believe I felt
as wealthy as—well, he said his
name was 'Capt. Kidd as he sailed,'
so I do not know what it was on
terra firma—Lizzie danced until ev-
ery curl on her head was horizontal
instead of perpendicular. The little
work box had just eighty dollars, and
my experiment was a triumph. Such
a list of literary goodies as I made
out would have made your mouth
water; all the first class magazines
and papers, and then quite a nice lit-
tle sum was left, so we bought a
Webster's unabridged dictionary, and
some beautiful volumes of poems.
Mamma was delighted with the suc-
cess of my little plan, papa beamed with
satisfaction, and the boys declared in
their awful slang that I was a "per-
fect brick." Now I have given you
my experience and you must be my
scribe, and send it to our dear pub-
lisher, Mr. Seal's.

Here it is, with the "scribe's" best
bow to all the boys and girls, and the
prayer of the "Finy Tin."

WHAT DID GEORGE WASHINGTON
KNOW?—We don't like to be irrever-
ent, but would like to ask, What did
our forefathers know? What, for in-
stance, did George Washington know?
He never saw a steamboat. He never
held his ear to a telephone. He never
sat for his picture in a photograph
gallery. He never received a tele-
graph dispatch. He never sighted a
Krupp gun. He never listened to
the "fizz" of an electric pen. He
never saw a pretty girl run a sewing
machine. He never saw a self-propel-
ling engine go down the street to
a fire. He never heard of evolution.
He never took laughing gas. He never
had a set of store teeth. He never
attended an International ex-
position. He never owned a banana-
cane. He never knew "Old Prob."

He—but why go on? No; when he
took an excursion it was on a flat
boat. When he went off on a train
it was on a mule train. When he
wanted to talk with a man in Mil-
waukee he had to go there. When
he had his picture taken it was done
in profile with a piece of black paper
and sneers. When he got the return
from back countries, they had to be
brought in by a man with an ox cart.
When he took aim at the enemy he
had to trust to a crooked barreled old
flint lock. When he wrote it was
with a goose quill. When he had
anything to mend his grandmother
did it with a darning needle. When
he went to a fire he stood in line and
passed pocket. When he looked at
a claim he never dreamed it was any
relation of his. When he went to a
concert he heard a crackle fiddle and
an insane clarinet. When he had a
tooth pulled he sat down and never
let off yelling. When he got out of
teeth he mumbled his victrols. When
he wanted an international show he
sent for Lafayette and ordered his
friends up from Old Virginia with
the specimens carefully labelled in
bottles. When he once got hold of a
snegg of gold from an Indian chief
he felt rich. When he wanted to
know anything about the weather he
consulted the ground hog or goose-
bone. When—but why go on?
What did such a man know? Who
was he, anyway?—*Exchange.*

PRO-PHECING.—"Mamma, where
do people go when they die?" "My
dear, I can't tell you just where," "But
don't you know?" "How can I know,
Nellie? Mamma has never died."
"Of course not; but haven't you stud-
ied geograp?"

If your furs ever get worn down
short, whip them with forty rods, for
forty rods is said to make a fur-long.

WOUNDS' SPECIFIC WITNESS.—The
Eureka Nev. *Standard* tells this story:
"The plaintiff in a case before a re-
cent term of the District Court was
somewhat disturbed on learning that
a certain individual whose reputation
for veracity was none of the best was
to be a witness for the defendant.
The fellow's capacity for false swear-
ing was notorious, and unless his in-
tegrity was shaken, plaintiff's case
was a 'gone goose.' He hid himself
to a brother litigant, and asked him
if he would believe the witness under
oath. "No," was the reply. "You
know he is a liar?" "Yes." "A thief?"
"Yes." "Disreputable in every par-
ticular?" "Yes." "Well; I want you
to go on the stand and swear to your
beliefs. The friend's countenance be-
came troubled, and he replied: "My
dear fellow, I would do you almost
any favor, but you see, I have got
him employed as a witness for my-
self next week."

New York Graphic: A countryman
whose most striking articles of ap-
parel were a beaver of the rebellion
decade and a red knitted tippet tied
around his neck, got up on a bench
at the baby show, yesterday, and be-
tween the crowsing and crying he
caught a breath of silence, and asked:
"Ladies and gentlemen, why is a—
what is a flowerist like a wise child?"
"I think, perhaps," said a timid
maiden lady, "it's when he goes to
bed early." "No!" exclaimed the
questioner triumphantly. "When he
re-poses early and late," suggested
a bright young man. "Nah! 'nuthin'
like it!" said the counterm buck-
ster. Then they all gave it up, and
the man in the red tippet shouted:
"Now listen, and I'll tell you. A
flowerist is like a wise child when he
knows his own poppy!" And the an-
swer was received by a chorus of in-
dignant screams from the circumam-
biat orchestra.

HERE IT THROUGH.—There are
many people who can never hear an-
other tell anything without interrupt-
ing them, and such persons often make
unpleasant and awkward interrup-
tions. For example:

A young gentleman undertook to
relate a circumstance one Sunday
evening in the presence of some young
ladies, and he commenced as fol-
lows:

"A lady friend and myself, last
evening, went to bed—"

With a sudden spring the old lady
bounced him out of the house. The
next day the old gentleman met him
on the street and asked for an apolo-
gy.

"I was about to say," commenced
the young man, "that a lady friend
and myself went to bed—"

When a
thrust from the old man's cane start-
ed him back several feet, upon which
he exclaimed, at the top of his voice:

"A lady friend and myself went to
Bedford street church, you old fool!"

**QUEEN VICTORIA'S INFLU-
ENCE.**

Cor. Philadelphia Press,

Victoria always is a good deal
spoken about. It is said that she,
and none other, untraged the ravaged
skin between the Prince and Princess
of Wales, who are now so much
together and apparently so well con-
tent with each other that lady must
have relinquished (if she ever enter-
tained) the intention of going to
Copenhagen for an indefinite period.
The Queen regulates and disciplines
her own dress, just as if they still were
boys and girls. Here is a recent
instance—Prince Leopold, who is
over twenty-four years old,
has been spending the autumn in
Scotland. His slightest movements
and upuses were telegraphic to Bal-
morloch, one of his suite. On Sunday
week, being in a country town in
Argyllshire, which he had not visited
previously, he accepted the polite
offer of a gentleman of the locality to
sit in his pew, in the Episcopal
church. Just as he was about enter-
ing the sacred edifice, a telegram
from his Royal mother was put into
his hand, positively ordering him
to attend divine worship in the
Presbyterian church and the poor
young man had to obey orders by
making a lame apology to the gen-
tleman whose courtesy he was forced
to abandon.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, is forty
six years old; his grandfather was a
Revolutionary soldier; at the battle of
Sharpsburg a bullet went through the
Senator's left cheek; altogether he
was hit by seven bullets; he is the
political hero of Georgia, and, accord-
ing to Redfield, "Gordon has a war
record and lots of it, so much so that
a little more would have been all re-
cord and no Gordon."