

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 3

GRAHAM, N. C.,

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 5 1878

NO. 47

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
K. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Subscription Postage Paid:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months .75
Three Months .50

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I deal in American and Italian

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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

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

SOME ONE IN THE ROOM.

Elijah Crowley, my husband, was owner and captain of a coasting vessel, doing a good trade; and we occupied an old fashioned and some what dreary house at Steppay. Elijah liked the place more than I did, and it was on his account that we staved there so long. I thought it could make very little difference to him where we lived, for he was at home only two or three weeks out of every ten. I was often alone two months at a time; and lonely enough it was sometimes.

"Get some one whom you like to stay with you my dear," the captain said, when I told him one day how unpleasant I felt to be alone so much. "Get any one you please, and before long I hope I shall be able to stay at home with you myself."

I took his advice, and after some inquiry, I found a woman who I thought would suit me. Her name was Emily Sands, and she was a pleasant faced woman of about forty. She told me she had been left a widow with no means, and had since earned her living by needle work, and although I intended that the woman who came every morning to do my house work should still come, I found Emily so handy and so willing that I soon discontinued the service of the other. She was so amiable and so virtuous, that I was satisfied that I had done the best that I could do in the matter.

"I hope so," he said doubtfully. "And don't you think so? I asked."

"Well, no," he replied.

"Now, I'd like to know why, Elijah. Do you see anything wrong about her?"

"I can't say that I do; I presume it is only a notion; but I have in some way conceived a kind of distrust of her face. I can't explain it, and you had better not be prejudiced by it."

"You may be very sure I shall not," I rejoined, "it has no more foundation than this."

And this was all that was said between us on the subject. I was too well acquainted with the captain's sudden whims, to attach much importance to this one.

The captain remained at home this time barely two weeks. On the morning that he left to take his vessel for another trip, just after he had taken up his hat to go, he called me into his chamber, and shut the door.

"Here is something, Fanny," he said, "that I want you to keep safe for me till I come back." And he took a paper package from his breast pocket as he spoke. "There are ten fifty pound notes in it—five hundred pounds in all. I will lock it up here in this bureau drawer, and give you the key." And he did so. "No one would think of coming here for money."

"Do you think you had better leave it here, Elijah?" I asked. "Why not put it in the bank?"

"I mean to; but I shall not have time. The money was paid me last night. But no matter the money will be safe where it is, and there will be no danger about it; or if you don't think so, you may deposit it yourself."

My husband took little thought of possibilities, and I presume that he never once thought of money from the time he left the house until he returned. As for myself, I was not so easily satisfied. I had heard enough of house plunderings and outrages of that kind to make me afraid to keep this large amount with me. My uneasiness increased as the day wore on; and about three o'clock the same afternoon, I took the money and went to the bank determined to deposit it. The bank was closed; all the banks were closed, for it was Saturday.

I took the package home again, replaced it in the bureau drawer, locked it, replaced the key in my pocket, and resolved that I would not worry any more about it. Emily called me to tea in a little while, and though not hungry, I went into the dining room and sat with her while she drank her tea and laughed and chatted in her vivacious way.

The evening wore rather long, and Emily and I sat together in the dining room after the table was cleared, she reading aloud, and I listening as was our custom. When the clock struck ten she hid down her book; and I took my lamp, and bidding her good night, went up to my room.

My chamber occupied the whole front of the second story, and Emily

had a back room upon the same floor. A bell wire ran from my room to hers, so that I could summon her at pleasure.

I placed a lamp upon the bureau, shaded it, returned and closed the door. Then I drew my easy chair to the middle of the room, put on my slippers, and sat down for a few minutes before retiring. And immediately I became vexed at myself to find that I was looking at the drawer that held the money, and that I was feeling in my pocket to see that the key was safe. I felt no alarm; I had almost cured myself of my uneasiness; but it seemed as if that money, and the danger of its custody, would obrute upon me. In the impetuosity of the moment I turned my chair half round, and looked towards the opposite wall. The shade that I placed over the lamp confused its rays within a small circle, beyond which the bed, the furniture, the wall paper were obscure. In the corner, to the right of the door, was an antique, high backed chair, a favorite piece of furniture. As I turned my own chair from the bureau, my eyes rested on this object; and I saw by the same glance that a human figure was sitting in it.

I could not at first make out whether it was a man or a woman; I only became conscious, as I sat in bewilderment, dumb, terror, that I was confronted by a stranger there in that semi-darkness—by some one who had hidden in the room for some object; and what that object was I well knew. No person who has never been placed in such a terrifying situation as that can describe the sickening feeling which for a moment takes possession of the heart; and I can only say for myself that I sat motionless for a time—I knew not how long thinking of my helpless situation. There I was locked up in a room with a ruffian, waiting, trembling, and expecting to hear him speak, or become the object of some violence. For although, as I have said, I could not distinguish whether it was a man or a woman, I did not doubt that it was the former, and one of the most desperate of his kind. And presently, as my eyes fell to the floor, I saw a great pair of boots thrust out upon the carpet within the radius of the light.

I do not know how long we sat there in the semi-darkness of the room, facing each other, but motionless and silent; it might have been three minutes or thirty. The thought of alarming Emily suddenly occurred to me, and I reached out for the bell cord. It should have been within easy reach of the spot where I sat; but my hand failed to find it.

A low chuckle came from the occupant of the old chair.

"That was a clever thought of you, missus," came forth in a deep, rough voice, and in a tone of easy insolence. "Clever though, marm; but bless your simple soul, do you think I was going to leave that ere cord there for you to make a noise with? Not by no means. It's well to be careful when you're at this kind of business, marm; and when you left me alone here before—I then being under the bed you see—I crawled out and took a survey of the place."

My strength was returning; I became reassured as I saw that the man intended no violence to myself.

"What do you want?" I asked.

He chuckled again and replied: "Now that's good; you're a business woman, marm; you come right to the point without any nonsense. I'm going to tell you what I want."

He rose from the chair as he spoke and crossed the room to the bureau, passed so close to me that his boots brushed the skirts of my dress. I shuddered and drew my chair back—I could not help betraying my fear.

"Be quiet marm," he said "I don't mean to hurt you, if I can help it. Keep still and I won't. Let's have a look at each other."

He removed the shade, and looked at me for full half a minute as I sat in the glare of the lamp. He was a large, brawny fellow, full six feet high and dressed in an old suit of offuscian clothes. His face was entirely concealed by a crape mask; not a feature could I see, from his neck to the crown of his head. He leaned one arm upon the bureau, and regarded me attentively.

"You don't know me be remarked in an ordinary tone. 'No, of course not; it's best for you that you shouldn't. I thought at first there

was something familiar in your face but I fancy I was mistaken. Well, to business, marm." And he assumed a sharp tone, and looked carefully at the bureau. "I've got a pistol here missus"—and he slapped his pocket; "but you're too sensible a woman, I take it, to make me use it on you. I want that money. There's five hundred pounds of it in this drawer; you have the key—give it to me!"

I handed it to him without a word.

"I'll leave you now in a minute missus," he said rapidly inserting the key, turning it and opening the drawer, with many thanks for your good behavior. Is this it?"

He took out the package, and held it up.

"That is the money," I said.

"She might deceive me after all," I heard him mutter; and thrusting his fore finger into the end of the envelope, he ripped it open, and pulled the end of the notes out into sight.

"Yes, here it is. Now—"

He had thrust the package into his pocket, and was about to close the drawer, when his eye was caught by something within it. He started to shut his hand into the drawer, and taking out an object that I was well acquainted with he bent over and scrutinized it, holding it closer to the lamp. How I did wish that I could see the expression of his face at that moment! He held in his hand an ivory miniature of my husband's face, a faithful picture, made by an artist years before at my request.

"Whose face is this?" the robber demanded, in a voice that trembled with eagerness.

"My husband's," I replied.

"Your husband's. Yes, yes—but his name?"

"Elijah Crowley," he demanded, in the same tone.

"Yes."

"The same who commanded the barque Calvert, that used to run out of Liverpool?"

I nodded my head. I knew that the vessel named was the last one that my husband had sailed on the ocean before he bought his own coaster; in fact, it was the same in which I came to England.

"And this is Captain Crowley's money?—this is his house?—you are his wife?" he asked giving me no time to answer his questions. "Yes, yes—I see it all Great God!—to think what I was just about to do!"

He dropped into the nearest chair apparently faint with emotion; but while I sat in deep surprise at the unexpected turn this affair had taken he said, "You have no reason to fear now; I will not harm you. Only don't make a noise. Please open the door, and you will find Jane—you woman, I mean—waiting in the passage."

I obeyed; I did not know what else to do. I unlocked and opened the door; and there to my astonishment, stood Emily Sands arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, with a bundle in her hand—waiting I have no doubt for a signal from within. She started upon seeing me; but the man immediately called to her by the name of Jane, telling her to come in.

She passed by me as she did so; and I whispered, "Oh, Emily, how could you betray me?"

She manifested no shame or sorrow though I know she must have heard the whispered words; her face was hard and unwomanly, and its expression was sullen. I could not doubt that she had played the spy on my husband and myself, and had betrayed us to this man.

"I've a few words to say to you marm," said the man; and all the boldness and insolence had gone out of his voice, leaving it gentle and sorrowful. Just a few words to ask you to forgive us for what we meant to do, and to tell you what has happened to charge my mind so suddenly and why we can't rob you, as we meant to do."

He took the package from his pocket with the words, and tossed it into my lap.

"That money belongs to the man that I love and honor more than any other on earth. I'm a hard customer, marm, we live by dark ways and doings, Jane and I; and I wouldn't have believed when she let me in here to-day and bid me, that I could leave the house without that money; but if I'd known whom it belonged to, I'd sooner have held out my right hand to be cut off than come here as I have, and for what I cause

I used to be a sailor, and was with Capt. Croley in the Calvert. He was the very kindest and best master that ever handled a speaking trumpet, and there wasn't a man aboard the bark but loved him. One night off Hatteras all hands were sent aloft to reef in a heavy gale; and when they came down again I was missing. 'Where is he?' the captain asked, but none of them knew. They hadn't noticed me since we all sprang into the shrouds together. 'Overboard, I'm afraid,' said the mate; and the men all seemed fearful that I was lost. The captain hailed me through his speaking trumpet; and there came back a faint despairing cry, only just heard above the piping of the storm. Captain Croley never ordered any one else up; he cast off his coat and threw down his trumpet and went aloft before any one could get ahead of him. He found me hanging with one elbow over the foreward and just about ready to fall from weakness and pain; for my other arm was twisted out of joint at the elbow by a turn of the ropes. He caught me, and held me there till help came up from below, and then they carried me down. I was Captain Croley that saved me from a grave in the sea; and I would have robbed him on sight. Forgive us marm, if you can. We will leave you in peace. Come, Jane!"

SOME OLD PROPHECIES,

[From the Augusta Chronical.]

It will not come amiss, at this time, to reproduce some curious prophecies. The following lines are said to have been published before the Crimean war of 1853, some authorities dating them as far back as 1452:

"Twice two hundred years the Bear. The crescent shall assail; From the cook and the bull unite, The bear shall not prevail. But look! in twice ten years again— Let Islam know and fear— The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane, Grow pale and disappear."

"Twice two hundred years," from 1453, brings us to 1853. This was the beginning of the "Crimean war," France (the "cock") and England (the "bull") declared war in alliance with Turkey [Islam] against Russia [the "bear"]. In March, 1854, in 1856 peace was concluded by Congress at Paris. "The bear did not prevail." "Twice ten years" from this period brings us to 1876, during which year disturbances commenced in Herzegovina, Bosnia and Bulgaria, Montenegro and Serbia, which finally involved the Porte in a war with the last two named provinces, and through attempts at compromise and mediation were made by Congress which resulted at Constantinople in the Fall of 1876, Serbia some yielded to Turkish authority, Montenegro refused all overtures looking to submission, and Russia, having completed preparations for the war, made haste to take such action as has already given assurance that

The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane, Grow pale and disappear.

There seems to be little doubt that Mother Shipton's famous prophecy was published in 1488 and revived in 1644. It runs thus:

"Carriages without horses shall go. And accidents all the world with woe. From the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye, A Jew's water shall yet more wonders do, Now strange, yet shall be true. The world upside down shall be, And gold be taken at root of tree, Through all the man shall ride, And no horse or ass shall be at his side. In a few years men shall walk, The air shall be as water, The air men shall be seen, In white, in black, in green, Iron in the water shall float As easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found and grown In a land that's not yet known. Fire and water shall wonders do, England at last shall be a Jew, The world to an end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Here we have the distinct announcement of the discovery of steam, telegraphy, the Keely motor, the Copernican system, the Mont Cenis and other tunnels, California gold mines, diving apparatus, balloons, iron shipbuilding, the marvels of modern chemistry and natural science, and the political enfranchisement of the Jewish people in England, culminating in the present dominant power of Disraeli. Mother Shipton has surely brought matters to a fine point. She may fail in locating the day of Judgment in 1881, but who will feel easy until that fateful year shall have come and gone without a grand finale?

It is said that at three years old we love our mothers, at six our fathers, at ten our holidays, at six our dress at twenty our sweethearts, at twenty five our wives, at forty our children and at sixty ourselves.

ON THE SUBJECT OF SPOONS.

The Germans have been experimenting to ascertain the wear and tear of spoons. These have been subjected to constant use and washing for a year, and the results tabulated. The aluminium spoons lost their whiteness and became of a bluish gray; German silver acquired an oxenous tint of a yellowish gray; genuine silver alone kept its color. At the rate of destruction with the steady usage, it was found that two hundred and forty-eight years would be required to wear out a silver spoon completely; Aluminium would last one hundred and fifty-eight years; German silver nearly one hundred. These results are regarded as favorable to the substitution of aluminium for silver in spoons.

Whitelaw Reid has been unanimously re-elected editor of the Tribune by the stockholders for another term of five years ending January, 1883.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOBACCO.

The undersigned is now manufacturing all grades of chewing tobacco, at his factory, at Company Shops, which he will sell to Dealers and Consumers, cheap. He is putting up in small packages especially for Consumers. His

Sitting Bull

brand he thinks defies competition in both quality and price.

W. F. IRELAND.

Aug 21, 4 m.

DR. W. F. BASON,

Dentist,

Would be pleased to attend the calls of all who appreciate the best condition of their own or CHILDREN'S TEETH. N. B. Communications through P. O. at Haw River, N. C., or otherwise will be attended the first opportunity. **TEETH** extracted without pain (if best) and **DR. BASON'S** on short notice. Charges, very moderate.

Land Sale.

By virtue of the powers in me vested by a mortgage executed on the 5th day of September 1876, by R. W. Hamlet and wife, I will sell at the Court House door in Hillsboro Chatham county, on

MONDAY 4th FEB. 1878.

the following real property:

One tract of land situated in Chatham county, about four miles from Hillsboro adjoining the land of Riley Brown Candis Smith, Jack McClellan, and others containing

50 ACRES,

one other tract in the same locality, adjoining Ellis Straun, William Poe, Candis Smith and others, containing

97 ACRES.

Terms: Cash. **J. M. ELDER.**

Jan'y. 1st 1878.

VICK'S

FLOWERS AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.

ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE

Vicks Catalogue,—800 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

Vicks Illustrated Monthly Magazine,—32 pages of Illustrations, and Colored Plate in each number. Price \$1.25 a year; Five copies 50c.

Vicks Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers 25c.

All my publications are printed in English and German.

Address **JAMES VICK, Rochester N. Y.**

SUPERIOR COURT,

ALAMANCE COUNTY.

G. M. Maszall, Nancy Weeden, Harriett Buck and Etiza J. Weeden.

VS.

D. W. Watson and wife Mary A. And drew T. Leath, Freeman Leath, William Roney and wife Fannie D. and Agnes Leath.

This is an action brought for the correction of a deed from Freeman Smith and wife to Sarah Weeden. In the deed there are no words of pro-cession which is alleged to be because of the inadvertence of the draftsman Freeman Leath is dead and the defendants are his heirs at law. The plaintiffs claim under Sarah Weeden to whom the defective deed was made.

It appears that defendants William Roney and wife Fannie D. are necessary parties to the action and that they are non-residents of the State.

It is therefore ordered that publication be made in THE ALAMANCE GLEANER for six successive weeks to notify the said William Roney and wife Fannie D. that if they do not appear at the next Superior Court of Alamance county to be held at the Court House in Graham on the second Monday before the first Monday in March 1878 and answer or demur to the complaint that judgment pro confesso will be taken as to them.

A. TATE

Clerk Superior Court Alamance Co.