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GREENSBORO, N. C.



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WATCH AND
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and everything else in my line.

Special attention given to the repairing and tuning 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,

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Watch Maker and Jeweler,
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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

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

Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

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

Poetry.

HATTERAS.

[From the Washington City Sunday Herald.]

[The printing of the following poem, written by Joseph W. Holden, of North Carolina, in 1867, will be considered most appropriate just at this time, while the dreadful fate of the Huron is fresh in the public mind. A copy of it is furnished by General T. L. Clingham, who thinks it equal to any American poetry.—Ed.]

The Wind King from the North came down,
Nor stopped by river, mount, or town;
But, like a bolterous god at play,
Resistless bounding on his way,
He shook the lake and tore the wood,
And flapped his wings in merry mood,
Nor furled them till he spied afar
The white cape flash on Hatteras bar,
Where fierce Atlantic landward bows
O'er treacherous sands and hidden shoals.

He paused, then wreathed his horn of cloud
And blew defiance long and loud:
"Come up! Come up, thou torrid god;
That rust the Southern sea!
Ho! lightning-eyed and thunder-shod,
Come wrestle here with me!
As tossest thou the tangled case
I'll hurl thee o'er the boiling main!

The angry heavens hung dark and still,
Like Arctic night on Hecla's hill;
The mermaids sporting on the waves,
Afrighted, fled to coral caves;
The billow checked its curling crest,
And, trembling, sank to sudden rest;
All ocean stilled its heaving breast.

Reflected darkness, weird and dread,
An lark plain the waters spread—
So motionless, since life was fled!

Amid this elemental lull,
When nature died, and death lay dull,
As though itself were sleeping there—
Beclimbed upon that dismal flood,
Ten fated vessels idly stood,
And not a timber creaked!
Dim silence held each hollow hull,
Save when some sailor, in that night,
Oppressed with darkness and despair,
Some seaman, groping for the light,
Rose up and shrieked!

They cried like children lost and lorn:
"Oh, Lord, deliver while you may!
Sweet Jesus, drive this gloom away!
Forever fled, oh, lovely day!
I would that I were never born!"
For agonized souls were terror-thrilled,
And warlike hearts with horror chilled.

"Come up! Come up, thou torrid god,
Thou lightning-eye, and thunder-shod,
And wrestle here with me!"
"Twas heard and answered: "Lo! I come
From azure Caribbee
To drive thee cowering to thy home,
And melt its walls of frozen foam!"

From every isle and mountain dell,
On plains of pathless chapparell,
From tide-built bars, where sea birds dwell,
He drew his lurid legion forth—
And sprang to meet the white-plumed
North.

Can mortal tongue in song convey
The fury of that fearful fray?
How ships were splintered at a blow—
Sails shivered into shreds of snow—
And seamen hurled to death below!
Two gods commingling, bolt and blast,
The huge waves on each other cast,
And belowed o'er the raging waste;
Then sped, like harness-steeds, afar,
That drag a shattered battle car
Amid the midnight den of war!

Fierce Hatteras! when the cyclone came
Your waves leapt up with hoarse acclaim
And ran and wrecked you argosy!
For e'er nine sank! that lone bulk stands
Embedded in thy yellow sands—
An hundred hearts in death there stilled,
And yet its ribs, with corpses filled,
Are now carressed by thee!

Smile on, smile on, thou watery hell,
And toss those skulls upon thy shore;
The sailor's widow knows thee well;
His children beg from door to door,
And shiver while they strive to tell
How thou hast robbed the wretched poor!
You lipless skull shall speak for me,
This is Gogoltha of the sea!
And its keen hunger is the same
In winter's frost or summer's flame!
When life was young, adventure sweet,
I came with Walter Raleigh's fleet,
But here my scattered bones have lain
And bleached for ages by the main!
Though lonely once, strange folk have
come,

Till peopled in my barren home
Enough are here. Oh, heed the cry,
Ye white-winged strangers sailing by!
The bark that lingers on this wave
Will find its smiling but a grave!
Then, tardy mariner, turn and see,
A myriad wrecks are on thy lee!
With swelling sail and sloping mast
Accept kind Heaven's propitious blast!
Oh, ship, sail on! Oh, ship, sail fast,
Till thou Gogoltha's quicksands past—
Hath gained the open sea at last!

An Oxford (Ala.) man is so confessed that he will not advertise in the papers, but ties his card to a pig's tail and turns the grunter loose.

As a rule, the less money you leave your children when you die, the more they will have twenty years afterward.

HOW THE DEAD MR. SCHRACK UNEXPECTEDLY CAME TO LIFE.

[From the Philadelphia Times]

At 7 o'clock on Sunday morning the crape hung at the door of the dwelling 123 Mary Street. The neighbors who knew the story of a long and painful illness said: "Poor Mr. Schrack has gone at last!" Word was sent to the doctor that he need attend his patient no longer. The undertaker was visited. In old Swedes' (Gloria Dei) Church Mr. Schrack's death was announced and the Sunday school scholars commented upon the death of the teacher they had learned to love.

At 11 o'clock, four hours later, the crape was torn down from the dwelling in Mary street. The order for the undertaker was countermanded. The doctor was told to hurry to his patient. The Sunday school scholars in Old Swedes' Church were about passing a resolution of condolence with their teacher's orphaned boy, when the pastor, the Rev. S. B. Simes, was handed a piece of paper bearing the single word, hastily written: "Revived." The neighborhood was soon thick with rumors. Among those who had an inkling of the facts it was generally agreed that something not far short of a miracle had happened. The story is, indeed, a remarkable one.

J. Harry Schrack, a well-to-do merchant, lost nearly all his fortune by endorsing the notes of others who were either ingrates or who were themselves unfortunate. With his only son, his wife and two children having died, he has for sometime past resided in the next little house on Mary street, above Front. For the last four months he has been seriously ill with nervous spasms of the heart. During the latter part of last week he himself gave up all hope of living, and the attending physician, Dr. J. H. Cantrell, expected his patient's death momentarily.

Mr. Schrack died, apparently, at twenty minutes of 7 o'clock on Sunday morning. His limbs became cold and rigid, his lips colored purple and around his mouth was the blue mark generally supposed to betoken death. A hand mirror was placed over his mouth, but his shining surface was not dimmed. His friends neighbors who stood around pronounced him dead and grieved for him. A few hours afterward the body was completely stripped, that it might be prepared for the undertaker's hands. Before washing the corpse it was necessary to remove it from the bed. A neighbor, Mr. Mr. Charles Shankland, lifted the body, when, to his alarm, he heard a feeble groan. A hurried examination developed the fact that the man was not dead. The body was wrapped in blankets and bottles of hot water placed between them. Mr. Shankland hurried for the doctor, and returning quickly, acted under the instructions he had received until the doctor arrived. In a short time Mr. Schrack had regained consciousness and was sitting up in bed. More than that, the man who before was lying at death's door, and who was terribly afflicted with disease, was almost sound and well as ever he had been in his life.

Mr. Schrack dreaded the idea of his case being made public, but, if the particulars were to be related, he said he would prefer narrating them himself, so that the statement might be correct. A Times representative yesterday found him sitting up in bed, with a bright color in his cheeks, and looking like anything but a corpse. He is a young man, probably 30 years of age, a good talker and intelligent. He spoke in a hoarse whisper, not the result of his illness but caused by his catching a slight cold in consequence of the perspiration he was thrown into by the remedies employed to revive him. He spoke earnestly of his experience, but was vivacious and smiling, and at times joked about the expressions of the doctor when he found him alive. He tells his story as follows:

Last September I had a terrible attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, and since then I have not been able to do anything, except for one period of three weeks. My health at times was fair, but three weeks ago, I felt that I was going fast. My flesh left my body. My entire appearance changed. My appetite was gone. Everything I swallowed was at once thrown off my stomach. Last Thursday a week I found I would have to give

up. I felt as though the power of action in my limbs was leaving me. I was fearful of going to bed, and so I sat in a chair for three days and three nights. I then made up my mind that I would have to die and I asked to be put to bed. Wednesday night I was taken with something like a chill and spasms at the heart. After coming through that I seemed to revive until last Saturday. Every hour during that day I experienced a change. While the right hand would be purple, the left would be white. When the left hand became dark the right became white again. The entire left side of my body was numb and almost useless. About 9 o'clock on Saturday night my eyesight began failing me. I lost my hearing, and my speech became thick, my tongue being greatly swollen. I had fully made up my mind that I had to die.

At about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the tips of my fingers became like lead. My sight was now entirely gone. My stomach was terribly swollen, and was greatly inflamed. Each succeeding cramp was more severe and reached higher up into the stomach. All the passages of my throat seemed to be closed. Shortly before 7 o'clock I asked to be moved to the foot of the bed. My head had scarcely touched the pillow when I exclaimed: "Throw me over!" and then—I found myself in another land. The vision I looked upon was the most beautiful that man ever saw. It would be impossible for me to give a description that would do it justice. My first feeling was that of falling down a great height, and then I found myself in a valley. I walked along until I came to a terrible, dark, black river, at sight of which I shuddered and feared. Before me and beyond the river was a black cloud. Others were walking over the river, and, although I dreaded it, something urged me on, and I felt that I had to go with the others. As I got nearer to the dark cloud it became bright and beautiful, and expanding it opened and disclosed the most beautiful sight. The first I saw was Jesus. I saw a great temple and a great throne. I saw my little boy, who was drowned two years ago, and my other dead child. I saw my dead wife; but I could not touch them. I saw people whom I had almost forgotten. I saw my old gray-haired grandfather, who died when I was but two years old. There were many whom I looked for, but I did not see them.

"Then the vision began receding, and I never can describe the terrible disappointment I felt when I found myself again in bed. I felt, indeed, grieved. It was 11 o'clock when I regained consciousness, and once I felt as though my life had been renewed. I was a new man, I had not then, nor have I now, an ache or a pain. My eyesight, my hearing, and my speech have fully returned, and I feel now as well as I ever did in my life."

Dr. James H. Cantrell, the attending physician, said that Mr. Schrack's trouble was nervous spasms of the heart. I expected his death at any moment. He was in such a condition since Sunday a week that I did not dare to make an examination of his lungs, as I knew he could not stand it. Mr. Schrack told me that during the four hours of his unconsciousness he had but one foot on earth, and he was very sorry that I had brought him back.

MR. ROSEKRANS'S NOSE.

The police Court has now under advisement a case involving the rights of one citizen to break another's nose with a brick. Lewis Rosekrans, the owner of an aquiline nose of superb proportions, was standing contentedly in the doorway of his store on Third street, when a crowd of hoodlums came along.

As the blackguard gang passed, one member jostled another, who, staggeringly, trod on Mr. Rosekrans's nose independent corn. Obeying the impulse which sprang from the sensitive callosity, Mr. Rosekrans extended his arm with great vigor. The offending hoodlum stretched himself on the sidewalk with corresponding alacrity. Presently, however, he rose and Mr. Rosekrans fell. In the drug store on the corner, soon after, they informed Mr. Rosekrans that the cause of his fall was a flying brick. The effect was painfully visible on his nose. That magnificent

beak had become a snub. By erecting several substantial scaffolds round the shattered organ, the druggist succeeded in making it presentable, but nothing more. The impressive beauty of the structure has forever gone. What can be done toward wreaking vengeance on the iconoclast. Mr. Rosekrans now implores Judge Louderback to do. Counselor Spiller yesterday interviewed the injured gentleman for the edification of his Honor.

"You said you were struck with a brick?" remarked the Counselor.
"Yah, I vas."
"How do you know you vas?"
"How I knows my nose vas broken? Vell, I knows id. I thinks you knows it if dot powder hid you."

"Did you feel it?"
"Mr. Rosekrans (derisively)—"Oh, no. I only schmeld id."
"Mr. Spiller (with dignity)—Answer my question, sir. Did you feel it?"
"I felt id ven I dook id ub, and, py grayshus, id feld very hevvy."
"Did you feel it on your nose?"
"I didn't hev time."
"Did you see it?"
"I zeed id on de crowdn."
"Did you know it was coming?"
"I got no word about id."
"Did you see it coming?"
"Oh, vy you ask such questions?"
"Did you see it coming sir?"
"I didn't. Did you diuk I'd a vaited for it, eh?"

The Counselor then directed his inquiries to showing that the defendant by reason of his position in the crowd could not have thrown the vandal brick without killing at least five of his companions. No such fortunate occurrence having been reported at the Morgue, the presumption of the defendant's innocence of course should amount almost to conviction.

"What part of the crowd was the defendant in?" asked the Counselor.

"Yah—he vas."
"Where was he in the crowd—what part of it?"
"Dree hundred und twenty-five Durd shrest."
"How did the crowd come along, one by one or all in a bunch."
"Yah—shust so."
"Do you comprehend what I'm asking you, sir?" Was the prisoner in the dock at the beginning, in the middle or the end of the procession of hoodlums that came along?"
"Ie vas."
"He vas what—at the beginning?"
"The peginnin, yah—dot is de middle of the crowd—de end. He vas."
"The cross-examination ended there. The case was continued.—San Francisco Mail.

IT HAPPENED IN TEXAS.

A Connecticut Invalid and a New Jersey Drummer Have a Meeting.

[From the San Antonio Herald.]

It happened right here in San Antonio. One of the parties was a consumptive from Connecticut and the other a commercial traveler from New Jersey. They were stopping at the same hotel, in adjoining rooms. The drummer was out of money, but he had a splendid pistol. He said to himself:

"I wonder if that hungry looking Texan next door don't want to buy a pistol?" So putting the weapon into his breast pocket he walked into his neighbor's room.

The invalid from Connecticut had been reading about a noted Texan desperado, for whom there was a large reward offered, and he fancied the description fitted his unknown neighbor.

Consequently, when the New Jersey drummer entered the room, shut the door, and put his hand in his breast pocket, the Northern invalid began to shiver and think of his past life.

"What—do—you—want?" asked the invalid.

The drummer drew a large ivory-handled revolver (answering the description of the one the celebrated desperadoes used on strangers) and said:

"I want \$25 for this pistol."

The trembling hand of the invalid could hardly find its way into his pocket.

"It is a good pistol—it never misses fire," said the drummer, bringing it to a half-cock.

"J—J—Jakey—yer—money!"

gasped the invalid.

The drummer took the money, laid the pistol on the table and went out.

As soon as the door was shut the invalid from Connecticut breathed a huge sigh of relief and said to himself: "I'm glad that Texas desperado took my money. What a country this is, when you are robbed in broad day light in a hotel. I'll leave to-morrow for the North."

As soon as the drummer got into his room he remarked:

"I'm in luck. I'm glad that the old Texas ruffian took my pistol. I wonder who he is going to try it on, I'm going to get out of here in the morning, now that I've got money to pay my hotel bill."

And next morning both went off on the same train. In about two weeks we will scan the northern papers for a story about how a noted Texas desperado robbed an invalid in a San Antonio hotel.

TALKING THROUGH THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

On Saturday last some further experiments were carried out on the telegraphic cable connecting St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and the village of Sandgate, on the French coast. The Mayor of Dover and several other gentlemen connected with the town drove over the bay and assembled in the little telegraph hut erected on the beach within a few yards of the shaft of the borings connected with the proposed channel tunnel—a gross and material way of connecting the two countries, compared with the delicate communication we were about to establish.

Mr. Bordeaux, the Superintendent of the Submarine Telegraph Company at once established a communication with the opposite coast. And at his request, conveyed by an ordinary pocket telegraph instrument, the telephones were attached to the French end of the cable, and in a few minutes we were conversing across twenty-two miles of wire at the bottom of the sea. The portable instruments made in polished mahogany, and in shape like a champagne glass without a foot were used. My placing one to the ear, and speaking into the cup of the other, a continuous conversation was kept up without difficulty. Although the wires were being used on the ordinary business of the station, and the clickings of the Morse instruments being worked at Dover and Calais were going all the time yet the voices could be plainly heard and their tones distinguished.

The songs sung in the little hut on the French coast were reproduced, note for note and word, piano and forte, like the distant murmur of a shell—a small far off voice—in that in which we stood. "Star of the evening" and "Auld Lang Syne" came rolling across that rough and stormy Channel, down which ships were staggering with shortened sails, and through that tumbling surf, without the loss of a tone or a note. Whistling was tried with equal success, and the tunes were equally distinguishable with the songs. It was suggested that the popping of a cork might be made out, and our French friends were asked to listen attentively to what would happen. Unfortunately no bottles were at hand, but a reverend gentleman equal to the occasion put his finger into his cheek and imitated the drawing of a cork. "You have just drawn a cork," came a voice from the other side, with just a shade of melancholy in its tone. A hearty laugh was raised by this mistake.

After thanking our friends for their songs and other efforts to amuse an audience so far off, Mr. Bordeaux gave a short lecture on the construction of the instrument, and the party separated much impressed with the success of the experiments and of the important part it is likely to play in the future. At present it is utterly useless for military purposes, as the most perfect stillness is necessary not to drown the little voices.—London Times.

There is no man so friendless, but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a greenhouse." "Well, my love, paint it any color you please; red, white, or green will suit me," responded the husband.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that ner quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.