

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 3

GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY FEBRUARY 19 1878

NO. 49

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
W. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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

Every person sending a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices.

No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of advertising
Transient advertisements payable in advance: yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00
2	3.00	4.50	6.00	10.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.



JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

GREENSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICAL WATCH MAKER



JEWELLER

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 timing 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 market as low as if purchased in person at my counter. I have made in the handsomest manner,

Miscellaneous Hair Jewelry, Diamond and Wedding Rings, all kinds of Fine Jewelry, Gold and Silver Watch Cases, etc., etc.

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

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

Most liberal inducements,

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.

"THEY SAY."

"They say!" Ah! well; suppose they do, But can they prove this story true? Suspicious may arise from naught But malice envy, want of thought; Why count yourself among the 'they,' Who whisper what they dare not say?

"They say!" but why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse? No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all, the best you can?

"They say!" well if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of woe? Will it the bitter wrong redress, Or make the pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore Henceforth to go and sin no more?

"They say!" Oh! pause and look within, See how thy heart inclines to sin; Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour Thou, too, should sink beneath its power, Pity the frail; weep o'er their fall, But speak of good, or not at all.

Natchez Democrat.

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT,
OR
CIRCUMSTANCES ARE CHANGEABLE AND NOT HEARTS.

[From the Sunny South.]

"Mother, I am losing hope. I have worked and waited, and waited and worked; and I do not see the fruits of my labor. There is no justice in the present course of things. If I were a man, it would not be so. Men always find a door open for them; but women have to make the door and then fight every step of the way as they enter."

"Why, Laura my child, what new cause is there for complaint, that you are so bitter this evening? Has the world changed since Arthur Mansfield went away, and asked you to wait until he had made his fortune?" said Mrs. Westbrook, as she turned and looked inquiringly at her daughter.

"Yes, mother, the world has changed; or rather I'm beginning to see it in its true light; and to see him as he is, I knew he was not rich, mother; and I made no complaint when he said he would go away and work until he could give me the place in society that I ought to have. I was not unhappy, because I trusted him; and I knew that he had ability to rise in the world. I could have waited forever, if he had only been true to me. But read this, mother, and you will see for yourself." And she flung a letter in her mother's lap, as if the very sight of it was torture; then turned away with a defiant, resolute look, while her mother read:

"Dear Laura: I have just reached California, after almost a two months voyage. And in this two months, I have been thinking—soberly thinking. Two thousand miles are now between us. It may be a long time before I return with the fortune for which I came in search. It seems almost cruel that I thought of binding you with a promise, to be kept perhaps for years, before I can return to you. Forgive me my darling if now I seem indeed cruel, for it is not without a pang that I write the next few lines.

"Laura, I ought not to fetter you, so I give you back your freedom, to do with it as you will. And if you can find another that you can give the place that I had hoped would be my own; do it and God be with you. But when I succeed, as I will, sooner or later, I will return; and if I find you waiting, I shall lay my heart again at your feet."

Yours
ARTHUR MANSFIELD.

Mrs. Westbrook told the letter carefully, and looked at her daughter. "Laura, my dear, I know you think this cruel. But after all, it may be best."

"I agree with you, mother, that it is best; for he never could have loved me, or else he would not have thought of giving me back my freedom. It would have been time enough when asked for it. The idea that he will presume to come back and offer me his heart again! He may keep it; and I will make my own way in the world, even if I do have to fight for

it step by step, rather than to stand back now and see him make it for me. I will do it; and then we will see who has the fortune. But I shall never lay it, or my heart at his feet; trust me for that. I despise him and alma-tent!

Mrs. Westbrook smiled, for this daughter of hers, was not one with whom one could mingle tears; for if she shed them herself, she did it when no pitying eyes were near. Pity! she did not want that. She wanted to go out into world and defy it—wrench from it an acknowledgment of her capability.

So her mother only said: "Act as you please in this matter, my daughter; only be careful that you do nothing rashly."

"I shall not be hasty, mother; but I have resolved, and shall live up to it. The future shall be to me ideas, not men. I believe there is but one thing worth living for in all the world, that is, the grand interchange of thought. Henceforth, I shall only seek society for the thoughts I find; these found, I can afford to let men drop."

"Don't be cynical, my dear; worthy thoughts do not originate in vile hearts. Therefore, be careful that in casting humanity aside, you do not cast away the kernel from which true happiness will spring. Life is only in sympathy, and union of heart and heart."

But Laura, though her cheeks had lost all their warm, ruddy color, shook her head, and curled her lip.

"After this, the brilliant society pet isolated herself from social circles, dressed plainly, and spent all her time in study. When she sought any society, it was that of men and woman who, as she said, could teach her something. She sought knowledge with a diligence that was feverish enthusiasm at first; but after a while she felt that 'all was vanity.' There were few grand new ideas to be learned—many that seemed so were traced back and back, until they were enshrined in old-time mysticism and mythology. Thoughts but revolved on wheels of time; and men were but the spokes that carried them.

The years slipped away, and brought her much of knowledge of men and things. She was what people termed one of the "literate," without having aimed at that distinction. In fact, she had a decided aversion to being classified by what she may have acquired of knowledge.

Once, when she attended a select party, given by a friend for the purpose of gathering together all the wise and learned of the city, she looked over the motley group of men and women, and remarked to the gentleman who stood near her.

"And we are the 'literate,' the wine and strength of the city of New York! How many of us do you suppose have had an original thought in our lives; we who profess to do the thinking for the people!"

"More than you imagine, perhaps. The world is so vast a ball, and the people circle so busily around it, that one hardly feels like laying his hand upon a man and saying he was born here. In fact, it is difficult to trace a man's birthplace by the likeness he bears to a past generation; and much more difficult to trace a thought."

"Perhaps it is difficult to trace a thought just in one set form of words. But go back a little, and you will always find that the man whom the people think is the most original, is always one who deals in old forgotten lore, who takes what he finds and turns it over and paints it anew, and then says to the credulous world: 'Behold what the head of this thinking age hath wrought!'"

"It may be that man has a germ of thought to begin with—you may call it God-given, if you will, but he still has the capacity and will, to enlarge upon what he finds, to put a little here and a little there, until, in truth, he may claim the glory, not of a strictly originating power, but of one which is as great in its way; and the almost infinite one of collection and selection."

"Ah! Mr. Holmes I see how it is. You are like other men; you con-

demn women for their want of reasoning; you follow out your own way of grinding and sifting your wheat and you bring us only flour at last. But we women, what do we do? We take the flour and examine it; we know that it was made of wheat, because we accept the evidence of our eyes—call it intuition if you will, then we only ask, from whence came, the wheat? We know that no man now living can make one grain—and this is the age of wisdom!—and therefore we infer that no man ever did."

"A truce! Miss Westbrook. I must claim to be vanquished, though not convinced."

"That is even a greater concession than I would have expected, after knowing the character of my most noble enemy."

"Thank you. It is sweeter to be called a noble enemy by some persons than a blessed companion by others. But why will you ever consider men as your enemies? Is there nothing in them that would soften the word? Will you tell me why it is that we always find the sharp edge of your tongue?"

"People generally find the weapons they have whetted, sharper than those that they left to themselves. And it men find, at last, that it only takes about six thousand years of this same whetting, to give women an edge that will not bear pressing too closely, is there a better way to do than to ask men, who did the sharpening?"

"Vanquished again my inconquerable! But I am a true Crusader, and never give up the hope of planting my feet upon holy ground. And there is first one thing that gives me a last hope, as he spoke he drew her into a recess, that shielded them from the eyes of others, and this as being a last resort, I venture upon doubtfully. You must know that I have respected you for years; that I have looked upon you with more than common interest. I have often tried to tell you my whole heart, but you have just as often baffled me. But now I must and will, tell you that I love you; that I want you for my wife. Can I have my answer?"

"You can have it just as any other man would get it: I do not want to marry. I want nothing from men, excepting their respect; and that I claim as my right. A man can not live his love and sympathy,—I do not want them. He weighs them, and counts the loss in time or money. Take back your love and give it to some woman, who will not question its durability."

"Keep it my queen? It is circumstances, not hearts, that are changeable," he raised her hand to his lips, and was gone.

Laura Westbrook stood where he had left her, and a flood of memories rushed over her. It was not thus that she had answered the man eight years before. Then her heart was young and fresh, and it bounded at the tone or caress of him, who had won it. She had told herself over and over again, that she hated him, the man who had once won her deepest love, and then been so cool and practical to thrust her freedom in her face. But her heart was strangely softened tonight—love, no matter from whence it comes, always softens a woman, however cold and unrelenting she may appear—and she murmured scarcely above her breath: "Oh! Arthur, perhaps, after all, I have judged you too severely." She leaned her head upon her arm, and this woman who had covered her heart and dried her tears during all these long years of self imposed isolation, and rankling bitterness, actually wept. A woman's tears sometimes wield a power more magical than the woman. They do what she could never do with all her beauty, sweetness, and persuasion. And the woman, who so rarely sheds tears when she does weep, startles and overwhelms the beholder.

A man who had been near, yet unobserved, because of pyramids of hot-house plants and shrubbery between them, looked at her as she bowed her head as if he would shield her from herself and all the world besides. Then he hesitated, What if she had changed? He turned pale at the thought and asked himself the question "Have I done right? Ah! I did not think how deeply I may have wounded, while I sought to save her."

He moved uneasily toward her: and then as restlessly back again. At last he took a position where he could be observed by the passing and

repassing throng. While he stood there not appearing to wish the attention of any one, many questions were asked concerning him.

"Who is that gentleman?" inquired Mr. Wilson of his friend the host. "I mean that fine proportioned man standing on the opposite side of the room; the one who seems too much absorbed in his own thoughts to care for any one else just now. Who is he? Is he a foreigner? He does not seem to have quite the manner of a genuine 'born New Yorker.'"

"Oh, that man! Why that is my cousin, Mansfield who is just from California; and is said to be one of the richest men of the State. He has been away from here eight years; and just returned a day or two ago. By the way, people used to say that that he had a kind of fancy for that brilliant and cynical Miss Westbrook. But, from what people say of her I doubt if his chances are not rather slim, now. She makes no effort to attract the opposite sex and seems really too cold-hearted and proud to love, or to be loved."

At this instant Mr. Mansfield disappeared; and the conversation dropped. Why had he disappeared so suddenly? The truth was, he saw that this strange immobility was attracting notice; and he was determined that the lady over whom he stood guard, should not be the object of obtrusive attentions. He began to feel a little restless at the awkwardness of his position; but just then Miss Westbrook got up and moved away to the further end of the conservatory.

Was it presumption? Perhaps it was; but he followed her. When he came to her, she was bending over and pretending to examine the petals of a rich exotic plant. Her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks were lighted with a peculiar softened glow.

She was looking at this flower with the eye of a connoisseur, but it was evident that it was only with the eye that she examined it, for the thoughts seemed to be deeper. But as she held it in her hand, suddenly a hand reached out and clasped hers and a voice repeated, "It is circumstances not hearts that are changeable." With a haughty start she looked up. Whose eyes were those bent on her. Could it be that this was the man who had gone away from her so long before a moment all the old resentment came back and her eyes flashed with wounded pride and defiance. At last she said, "Excuse me sir! It appears to have taken you a long time to find this out. Suppose I contradict you and tell you that hearts are changeable, and they are wise who do not have to be told of it."

"Which means that you have no welcome for me that I may go back I came and not carry with me the woman whom I had hoped all along might still be true to me."

"Exactly. You are wiser than I thought! You gave me back my freedom did you not? What reason had you to hope that I would remember you after so many years?"

"Nothing only my own love which did not change. Shall I go?"

"You may go." He released her hand and walked slowly away. Miss Westbrook did not bow her head and weep this time she only stood still and thought. Ah! the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

She looked straight ahead of her, away off into the future. She pulled the flower to pieces that she held in her hand and then she whispered to herself, "Yes, I did love him; I do love him. But I have sent him away from me forever."

"It is circumstances, not hearts that are changeable, and you will not send me away from you now!" said Mr. Mansfield, who had returned unnoticed, and now imprisoned both hands and the woman too, And she did not.

A school inspector, in talking to the infant class, used the word 'abridgement,' and immediately explained that as some of them might not know the meaning of the word, he would say that it was a synonym of the word 'epitome.'

The other day the Rev. Monsignor Fisher was examining a class of boys in the Catholic catechism. He put the question, "How did the Lord punish Adam for his disobedience in the Garden of Eden?" A smart urchin replied, "Please sir, he turned him out of the garden, took a rib from his body and with it made a wife for him."

CONDUCT IN CASE OF FIRE.

The following directions for conduct in case of fire, are issued by the British Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire; and as they are equally applicable to fires in this country, we give them for the benefit of our readers:

"Every household should make each person in his house acquainted with the best means of escape, whether the fire breaks out at the top or at the bottom.

"Immediately at the first alarm should endeavor calmly to reflect what means of escape there are in the house. If in bed at the time, wrap themselves in a blanket or bedside carpet; open neither windows nor doors more than necessary; shut every door after them. [This is most important to observe.]

"In the midst of smoke it is comparatively clear toward the ground; consequently progress through smoke can be made on the hands and knees. A silk handkerchief worsted stocking, or other flannel substance, wetted and drawn over the face, permits free breathing and excludes to a great extent the smoke from the lungs. A wet sponge is alike efficacious.

"In the event of being unable to escape either by the street door or the roof, the persons in danger should immediately make their way to the front room window, taking care to close the door after them, and those who have charge of the household should ascertain that every individual is there assembled.

"Persons thus circumstanced are entreated not to precipitate themselves from the window, while there remains the least possibility of assistance, and even in the last extremity a plain rope is invaluable, or recourse may be had to joining sheets or blankets together, fastening one end to the bedpost or other furniture. Thus will enable one person to lower all the others separately, and the last may let himself down with comparatively little risk. Select a window over the doorway rather than over the area.

"Do not give vent to the fire by breaking the house unnecessarily from without, or if an inmate by opening the doors or windows. Make a point of shutting every door after you as you go through the house. For this purpose doors enclosing the staircase are very useful.

"Upon discovering yourself on fire, reflect that your greatest danger arises from draft to flames and from their rising upward. Throw yourself on the ground and roll over on the flame—if possible on the rug or loose druggit, which drag under you. The table cover, a man's coat, anything of the kind at hand, will serve your purpose. Scream for assistance, ring the bell, but do not run out of the room or remain in an upright position.

"Persons especially exposed to the risk of their dresses taking fire should adopt the precaution of having all linen and cotton washed in a solution of chloride of zinc, alum or tungstate of soda."

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein. One immediately obeyed, and came out of the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap until the water became slightly muddy, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark, and bade them choose, and out of pity for his misfortune of color, he gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each of the packages and having felt them, chose the heaviest; the copper colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper—the engines of the mind—the moral mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A man in Louisiana had four wives go off and leave him. The fifth he swapped for an old shot-gun, and now he has got something that won't go off.