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on application will forward designs

Any kind of marketable produtaken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON,

was going too far.

Poetry.

MAWFIELDS CHURCH YARD.

(For the Gleaner.)

The following lines were written ast hight, after dreaming that I had ished my mother's grave at Haws ields. She died when I was six cars old.

dreamed last hight, while the pale moon shone,
With the light of her borrowed ray,
of one whose soul from this earth hath

To the realms of celestial day.

Ith measured tread, by the stately church, Where the lights of the Gospel shine, walked where demons doth fear to lurk, As I passed to the hallowed shrine.

wandere thence to the sacred place,
Where the last debt of nature is paid;
and there alone the old mound could trace,
O'er the place where my mother was laid.

Dere sal, for awhile to weer

Cheir tall slim tops to the breeze they.

As they send from their boughs a sign

I saw men fix in the cold, cold ground, A place for my mother they said; I saw dear friends stand weeping around, And I knew that my mother was dead.

They lowered her gently in the tomb, tha day,
For her last resting place on earth, And slowly retiring we wandered away.

To the place of the old home hearth If there's one place that is dear to me, That is dearer to me than another, 'Tis that beneath the tall cedar tree, 'I'is the grave of my own dear mother Frinity College. Feb. 21 1878.

THE LATE BOSE.

BY KATE PEYTON.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

The Rector of St. Alsaph giving a linner-party, and when the Rector did this, he was certain of doing something that he knew how do well Few men were more au fait in ail civilization, the art of dining, than Rev. Channey Granby, batchelor, epicure, and for the last twenty years St. Alsaph, England.

Let us lock in upon the fair scene for a moment. The dining-room is large, with a lofty, grained ceiling, halls paneled high with oak and chestnut, and oriel window locking cut on a beautiful, old fashioned garden filled withe bloom of roses, geraniums its villages of thatched cottages, and, dead ages ago. the busy, bustling world.

of the room, shines with old china an evil impulse spoke through her and silver, for the Rector is well born silvery voice.

niece, Bortha D'Arcy, called the Rose of St. Alsaph. How well she becomes her name and position! 'All English beauties resemble one another, it is said, and perhaps there is something of sameness in their rounded outlines their softest, bright complexions, their wide-open infanting gaze, at least to us Americans, accustomed to a table, and by his own neice, was in-more vivacious and expressive style tolerable. He had noticed that Bertous Americans, accustomed to a But Bertha D'Arcy's loveliness was not marred even by this lack. She had all the rich fullness of outline and brilliant color of her own country and, by one of Nature's caprices, had away back into the past, and taken all about the Philistines' when I was and brilliant color of her own country her dark eyes and French vivacity a boy, and read the story of David from some fair Norman ancestors long since mouldered into dust. you see.'
These two styles, combined, made. All the table saw the mistake, for her beauty something splendid, St. Alsaph was a cathedral town, much given to literature, and a certain shining out among the tranquil faces around her, like an exquisite bit of all or relieve, rising from the level perfection of a mostace. Strangely enough, though as lovely in nature as in person, Bertha had reached the mature age off wenty five, yet had nevel that told the young man, more plains. Mr. Grant spoke again. her long and carnestly; others proud carnest and ambirious; but the shrewd feetor, her uncle, who was in no haste to part with her, was nearer the truth whol he sail that some women's hearts were like certain plants the sweetness while she waited, as flowdes gather und fentualis, telling one another, in the waited, as flowdes gather und fentualis, telling one another, in the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and ambirioe.

About midway between Bertha of the Rector sat an American and stages and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the Rector sat an American and stages and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits and the latest urbits and the latest urbits of news and the latest urbits and th

American of poor paromage, without carly advantages, who had conquered fortune by the sheer force of marive pluck and energy. He had about some other things, and how fittle school lore, h's brain formed well he talks! How all those M. P.'s fittle school lore, h's brain toemed with plans for all sorts of wonderfull with plans for all sorts of womerfull listened to him the other day, when things to be done. No mountain lie was speaking about the great tundlocked to him too high to be tunneled no river too wide to be spanned; been with me, too! It's a pity I don't 'It is a late Rose,' she said with a provided his follow below with a like him better. provided his fellow-beings wished to go through the one or over the been? I must, I will apologize. I'll other. Of fine physique, tall as a go down on my knees-figuratively, Ketuckian, straight as Maine pine, of course. Uncle is ashamed of me, broad-chested, deep-voiced, with and I am ashamed of myself. I'll handsome brown eyes, and a bright make the amer.de this time. smile, Walter Grant had won many

manifestations, Just at this stage of the dinner the conversation chanced to turn upon incumbent of the good old parish of literary topics, and an L. L. D., a man of many titles, and much erudition, turning suddenly to Mr. Grant, said, 'Oh, we shall never get the 'Philiss

might look upon an unknown coming

up from the starry herizon and upset-

tines' to admire that book ! Mr. Grant looked blankly unrespousive. He had never heard of Matthew Arnold, or of the class of Englishmen that author chooses to and all those bright flowers 'not too | nick name 'Philistines?' How should wise and good,' and botanical, 'for he, indeed, when he had higher things human nature's daily food.' Beyond, to think of? 'What does the man stretched a peacefull vista, a sweet mean?' he said to himself. 'What English landscape, with its velvety have the Philistines' to do with a fields, its fragrant hawthorn bedges nineteenth century book? They were

of the Cumberland Hills, shutting out usual, when the American made any mistakes, her anger flamed up against

and pretty round arms, in relief leaves, which formed the centre of a ling himself. Tam making a against their shining silk and soft china plate, 'I'll wager this, that I blunder,' and he smiled bitterly laces, making them look like gorgeous can tell you all about the 'Philis- 'You do not care for ine, or me tropical flowers between their sombre times.'

ine neighbors.

I never bet, except at the Dorby. than replied Bortha, recklessly, still moved only only the state of the control of the cont

listaned to him the other day, when like him better. How hateful I have

Calmed a little by this resolutionfriends among the English. Bertha for who could resist an apology from out his hand. He bent a little near-only seemed to look upon him with the Rose of St. Alsaph? and deter- er, and looked into her eyes, which an unfavoring eye. He was so mined to await there the coming in of drooped beneath his gaze. different from all she had been reared the gentlemen, Bertha began to look to consider as model men, that she around among the flowers, and m a seemed to regard his huge propotions moment uttered an exchanation of Por you, she answered, softly; and his wonderfull ignorance of some delight. A late rose, sent her that he took the Rose of St. Alsaph to his things and knowledge of others, season from Guernsey, one that she something as an astronomer, who had had been longing to see in flower, made all his calculations to suit a had succeed bloomed. After garcertain condition of heaven'y bodies nering up all the dews and sunshine and summer, it had burst out with one perfect blossom, lovely in color that pertains to that great art of ting all his theories by some strange as a tinted sea shell, fragant as a blossom of Paradise.

"Late and sweet," said Bortha, half blushing. 'That's what uncle says I shall be. I'll wear it to-night,' she added, with a sudden impulse. "and enjoy its full beauty.'

She-plucked the flower, and biding the stem in a fold of her dress, stood looking down at the rose, laying cas ressingly against her beautiful bust, when she heard a step, and, turning, saw Mr. Grant approaching.

She looked at him deprecatingly. 'I'm so sorry,' she said at once. "I

don't know what made me do it.' 'It's not the first time I have had to forgive you, said Mr. Grant, passionately, yet sadly. 'Your despise me, because I have lived a different in the distance, the faint, blue outline | Pretty Bertha, was listening. As life from you; because Lhave a different ideal. I see the good in yours, but you will see nothing in mine. The large oval table, in the centre him, and almost before she thought, Yours is perfect, rounded, and chiss of the room, shines with old china an evil impulse spoke through her eled, like a Greek statue; but to me and silver, for the Rector is well born and his silver has a crest; and at table sat twelve people, six ladies and as many gentlemen, alternating, and it is the ladden sear, it is the ladden sear, it is is the ladden sear. it is just as cold and lifeless, You the gentlemen in their uniform black and white neckties, but all m that full dress essential at an English dinner, their beautiful white necks

by her evil spirit; but I shall have to I had better leave unsaid. I excused strength of in: vselt, that I might have the chance make an exception this time." And m she put down her peach, waiting for him to speak.

The Rector looked on with an air of deep approbation. He was a therough gentleman, and that a guest of lis voice trembled, and he stopped ough gentleman, and that a guest of his should be laughed at, at his own or a moment.
At these words, Bertha felt as if a

reat works, before around her, fluminating the past. That, then, was what it meant! This was why the disliked the American. But this 'I see how it is, Miss D'Arcy,' said no was so angry when he seemed suferior to others. This explaine er tormenting pleasure in his socieversation; her vexation when he was dull; her pride in his bravery; her auger at his ignorance. How simple the solution of the problem! He love and Goliath. You've lost your peach

d her, and she -loved him.
All this time she had not stir

ie looked up, and met the sad onging gaze of love and penuciati

tremuleus voice, 'but-it has blos

Her voice thrilled him with a suddou shock. He looked at her eagerly while a quick flash shot through his eyes like lightning through a cloud. Did she mean it? Still he did not put 'Has it blossomed for me? he asks

THE WORST SHALL ROY,

[From the New York Times.]

[From the New York Times.]

For a long time it has been the boast of the First Congregational Soyciety of Birchville, Ohio, that they possessed a minister, who in, point of lungs and legs, was fully equal, and in some respects superior, to Mr. Talmage. There is no doubt that this boast is to a certain extent justifiable. While Rev. Mt. Sunbright is admittedly inferior to Mr. Talmage in the management of his left leg, and never attempts the eloquent feat of throwing both legs simultaneously over the front of the pulpit. he can pound the desk or stamp his right foot with a violence which the Brocklyn athlete has never yet approached. His voice is simply unequaled in power, and on calm Sunday's has more than once reached the next village, distant nearly three miles from the meeting house, and created a temporary alarm of fire. Of course, these great qualities have made him exceedingly popular with the thoughtful members of his congregation, but they have not secured for him the respect and admiration of the small boy's. His invariable habit of rumpling a small boy's hair the wrong way white pointing out to him the general sintulness of his ways is unquestionably adapted to awaken the baser passions of tallen juvenille fiuman nature. To this objectionable habit he also adds the practice of insisting upon an unusul amount of catechism, and a total prohibition of circus, and the result is that he inhated by the small boys of his congregation with great unaufinity and bitterness.

The excitement that mends us, and the me