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K. S. PARKER

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Every person sending us 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.

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Poetry.

LALON.

Toll swings the axe, and the forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;
Rich he vests smile behind the blow;
And cities cluster round the loom.
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout labor lights his beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodman's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toll lanches on the restless tide,
And there unfolds the flag of stars;
The engine with his lungs of flames,
With ribs of brass and joints of steel,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea or soil.
Her sun-browned toll with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Stupor thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

MY AUNT PENELOPE.

We had been married not quite two years, Jerome and I; and I think we had contrived to be about as happy as married couples generally are.

Jerome wasn't rich, but he had a good salary in his uncle's shipping office, and I had learned the lesson of economy, and contrived to get a long nicely with one girl. To be sure, Aunt Penelope helped us; but after all, Aunt Penelope, though she was a good soul, and meant well, was more in the way than otherwise.

We had gone to housekeeping on a second floor in Camden. It was a very nice place, although Aunt Penelope declared from the first that a second floor wasn't genteel.

'It's more genteel than running in debt for a whole house that you can't afford,' said Jerome; and so I didn't care, although some of my school friends who had married rising young lawyers and doctors, left off visiting me. And you may be sure I didn't mind them much after baby came, like a little blue-eyed sunbeam, to fill my heart and hands with those delicious cares that are so sweet to a mother's soul.

Aunt Penelope was always thinking of plans.

'My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, owns the sweetest country place up the river,' said Aunt Penelope to me one day in a confidential and patronizing tone.

'My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, is going to France, and has requested me most politely to reside at Outerbridge cottage during her absence, and look after things a little. And when I mentioned that I was devoted to my niece and her baby, she was kind enough to say that it would make no difference if you came there, too—for five months, from the first of May until the first of October. And what a splendid thing it would be for the baby to have five months in the country.'

My eyes glittered at the prospect. The first tooth had already begun to gleam like a pearl in its rosy gum, and I dreaded the hot sultry air of summer for little Bertie's sake.

'Yes,' said I, doubtfully, 'but Jerome?'

'It's only twenty-five minutes by train,' said Aunt Penelope. 'He can come down every evening.'

The more Aunt Penelope and I discussed this subject, the more feasible and delightful it appeared to us. We could rovel in the country milk, velvet mown lawns, and fresh butter. Baby's perambulator could roll over graveled walks; Jerome could hear nightingales sing of a summer twilight, and watch the moon reflecting in the stream; and Aunt Penelope and I could be for the once fine ladies at the head of a great establishment, for all the Outerbridge servants were to remain on until the return of their mistress. Veritably it seemed a delightful ideal.

When Jerome came home I could hardly wait to give him the first cup of tea before I unfolded the story of Outerbridge Cottage on the Hudson. Aunt Penelope, sitting graciously by feeling like the fairy godmother who had done it all with one whisk of her enchanted wand.

'Well?' quoth I, restlessly, when I had finished the recital.

'Well,' said Jerome, who by this time had the baby on his lap and was tickling his plump ribs.

'Of course we'll go!'

'Of course we won't,' said this impracticable husband of mine.

'Jerome!'

'Amy!'

'But why not?'

'In the first place because I've no idea of your turning housekeeper for any old woman who wants to enjoy herself in France, and foist off her household cares on somebody else. In the second place I like to make my own arrangements, instead of having them made for me.'

At this Aunt Penelope bridled a little and tossed her head.

I looked with eyes full of tears at my husband.

'Jerome,' cried I, 'now you are unreasonable. It would be such a fine thing for baby.'

'I don't see but that baby is doing well enough,' retorted Jerome. 'I do not approve of your plans, Amy. Let Aunt Penelope accept the position if she pleases. I am able to furnish a home for my own wife.'

'A home! Yes,' cried indignantly, 'but without a back yard as one could bleach a table cloth in!'

'You have contrived to exist in it for two years,' said Jerome, with what seemed to me the most heartless indifference.

I began to cry. Aunt Penelope rose up with a great rustling of black silk and lilac satin cap ribbons.

'I shall certainly accept my friend Mrs. Outerbridge's kind offer,' said she, with dignity. 'Of course, Amy, you will do as you please. And I am going up stairs now to pack up. Mrs. Outerbridge is anxious for me to come as soon as possible. And, of course, Amy, you will remember that I shall always be glad to receive you and your family as my guests, at Outerbridge Cottage.'

I looked imploringly at Jerome.

'May we go, dear? I am so hearts hungry for apple-blossoms, and green grass, and butter-cups!' pleaded I.

'Of course, if you wish it.'

'And will you come too?'

But Jerome shook his head.

'My evenings for the present must be spent in town,' said he. 'I have some extra work to do for Uncle Joseph, which won't bear postponing. If you go, Amy, you must go alone.'

Aunt Pen was found in her usual position of husbands in general, and of mine in particular, when I came up to her room.

'I could have told you how it would be before you were married to him,' said Aunt Pen, shaking her head; but—

'You shall not talk so, Aunt Pen,' flashed I. 'I dare say Jerome is right; only—only—'

And then I vindicated my cause right royally by bursting into a new flood of tears.

Aunt Penelope went away the next day, and lonesome enough it seemed. It was a blowy April morning, with the bludsky, dappled with clouds. Oh, how sick I was of the flat pavements and brick walls and all the items that go to make up a city! Baby was more fretful than usual, and I easily persuaded myself that he was pining.

'Oh Jerome!' cried I passionately, when at last my husband came home with a tired look, and a roll of papers under his arm; 'have we always got to live so?'

'Live how, my darling?'

'Cooped up like rats in a trap, away from all the beautiful sights and sounds of the world! shut up in a mere lodging house! Can't we live in a house that has at least a little flower border in its rear?'

'I hope we can afford to some time, my dear,' said Jerome gravely.

And then he drew out his inkstand, opened his roll of figures and went to work.

The April days beamed on, all bright skies, soft winds, and kaleidoscopic glimpses of sun-showers; and I became almost heart-sick for the country.

'If Jerome cared for me like he used to care,' I told myself, with feverish impatience, 'he would make an effort somehow to find a home where I could be happier than in this human hive, where a few pot-plants in the window are all to remind me of the green world outside.'

Strung by these reflections, and still further incited by a letter from Aunt Penelope, full of descriptions of lambs, daises and little streamlets I one day packed up my valise.

'Hallo!' said Jerome when he came home, 'where are you going?'

'To Aunt Penelope for a week's visit. I need it and so does Bertie.'

'And leave me?'

I looked keenly at Jerome. He too, was paler and thinner than his usual wont. Nights of work and days of counting-house toil were beginning to tell on him.

'No, no!' I cried throwing my arms around him; 'I won't leave you clearest. Not if I never see the country again.'

'That's my own brave little girl!' said Jerome, stroking back my hair with a loving touch. 'Wait a week (dear, and I'll take you myself for a little trip.'

So I waited.

The day-week came, to my infinite delight. I dressed baby in a long white frock with blue ribbon sash and shoulder knots, and put on my dainty little spring hat trimmed with primroses. Away we rolled in a comfortable open carriage Jerome, Bertie and I—until we came to the prettiest bird's nest of a cottage in the world, just a little distance out of town where vines garlanded the porch, and a little lawn extended down to a crystal-clear brook. Tulips and daffodils made the borders gay, and a lilac-tree, by the gate, was just bursting into bloom.

'I should like a home like this,' said I, gazing abstractedly out at its exquisite spring beauty.

'Should you?' said Jerome laughing, as he drew up the horses in front of the gate. 'I'm glad to hear that, because it is your home.'

'My—home!'

'Yes, little patient, homesick wife, I haven't forgotten your likings and longings all the time. Your home!'

'But—is it paid for?'

'Yes, every shilling. Uncle Joseph has helped me, and that night work was well paid. A good garden, Amy, and a nice place to keep towels! So you like it eh?'

My face answered him.

We moved out the following week, and kept on May day among the flowers and birds. And little Bertie grows like a weed in the sweet scents and green grass, and Aunt Penelope has taken back all she said about Jerome, and has all sorts of trouble with the Outerbridge servants; and I am the happiest little wife in all the world.

CHERRIES.

[From the Louisville Commercial.]

Check! Why, that's no name for it. He was an itinerant vender of lamp-burners, this one, and he generally gained his end wherever he was permitted to enter a house. Yesterday, while traveling about the city, he wandered into a house in the southern part of town, where sorrow evidently reigned. The lamp man, finding the door open, walked right in, and there found a poor woman in tears, with a friend or two trying to console her for the loss of her husband, who lay dead in the same room.

'Can I sell you my new patent lamp-burner, ma'am?' said the vender.

'No, sir,' replied the woman, between her sobs, 'I don't wish anything of the kind.'

'Please let me explain its beauties, ma'am,' said he, 'and I'm sure you'll take one. You see this?'

'But I don't want it, sir,' she said. 'I wish you would. Don't you see my poor dear husband lying here? Leave me with my sorrow.'

'Oh! yes'm, and I sympathize deeply with you ma'am. Excuse me—I can't keep back these tears. Oh! ma'am, if you only knew what a great consolation these patent lamp-burners of mine are on such occasions as these you would not be without one a single minute. Why, ma'am, put one of these in his hand, and it would light him through all the darkness he has to pass through without any trouble; and when you come to die, he could hold the lamp for you when you go to ascend the golden stairs.'

And that precious scoundrel kept on in that strain until he had sold half-a-dozen to every female in the room. Check! Oh! no.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and reasonable to nature.

HANGED FOR DUELING.

I know but one instance, says a correspondent, of a man having been hung for killing another in a duel. In 1830 two young fellows living at Belleville, St. Clair County, Ill., had a personal quarrel. It seemed to be impossible to reconcile them, and their friends determined to get up some sham duel between them, hoping that the ridiculous issue of the affair would bring them to their senses. One of them, Alphonso Stewart challenged the other, William Bennett, to meet him with rifles. Bennett accepted the challenge, and the parties met near the village. It is said that Stewart was in the secret, and that Bennett was not, but believed it to be a reality. In any event, after the guns had been handed to the principals, and they turned to take their positions, Bennett who claimed that he suspected some sort of trickery, rolled a bullet into his gun. The seconds, hardly able to keep their faces straight, concluded the arrangements, and at last gave the word. The rifles exploded almost simultaneously, Bennett of course, remaining untouched. Stewart fell to the ground mortally wounded, and expired shortly afterwards in great agony. Bennett was at once arrested and put upon trial, convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. His friends made the most strenuous efforts to have him pardoned, failing in this, they tried to have the sentence commuted. But the Governor remained firm against all entreaty. On this day appointed for his execution Bennett was hanged in the presence of an enormous crowd. This was the first and last duel ever fought in the State of Illinois. The hanging of Bennett put a stigma upon the practice, and it has been looked upon with abhorrence ever since.

Ever since you want to be happy never ask a favor. Give as many as you can, and if any are freely offered, it is not necessary to be too proud to take them; but never ask for or stand waiting for any. Who ever asked a favor at the right time? To be refused is a woful state to one's pride. It is even worse to have a favor granted hesitatingly. We suppose that out of a hundred who petition for the least thing—if it be even an hour of time—ninety-nine wish, with burning cheeks and aching hearts, that they had not done so. Don't favor of your nearest friends. Do everything for yourself, until you drop, and then if anyone picks you up, let it be because of his free choice, not from any groan you utter. But while you can stand, be a soldier. Eat your own crust, rather than feast on another's dainty meals; drink cold water rather than feast on another's wine. The world is full of people asking favors, and people tired of granting them. Love or tenderness should never be put aside, when its inill hands are stretched towards you; but so few love, so few are tender, that a favor asked is apt to be a cruel millstone around your neck, even if you gain the thing you want by the asking. As you cast your bread on the water, and it returns, so will the favor you ask, it unwillingly granted, come back to you when you least expect or desire. Favors conceded on solicitation are never repaid. They are more costly in the end than an overdue user's bill.

In England a horsehoe has been adopted made of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mold and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed to last longer, and weighs only one-fourth as much as the common iron shoe; will never cause the hoof to slit, nor have the least injurious influence on the foot. It requires no calks; even on asphalt the horse never slips.

The winter of 1829—30 surpassed the present one in mildness. Farmers plowed every month in the season, and no snow fell until Feb. 2. It was followed, however, by a cold, backward spring, with a snow storm in May which killed the returning swallows.

'What's the difference,' asked the teacher in arithmetic, 'between one yard and two yards?' 'A fence,' said Tommy Beales. Then Tommy sat on the ruler fourteen times.

Brigham Young's twenty-five widows and forty-five children are dissatisfied with the distribution of the Prophet's property and threaten to bring a lawsuit that will throw the discussion on hell into the shade.

Gleanings.

The man who smokes five cent cigars and puts ten cents in the contribution box died long ago.

Women are not born politicians, and they can pack a trunk better than they could a convention.

Capt. Barton is about to swim from Toledo to Lisbon, a distance of 700 miles; then he will try to cross the Strait of Gibraltar.

The new salary list made by the Mississippi Legislature gives the Governor \$4,000 a year, and the Secretary of State \$2,000.

The reason the "oldest inhabitant" doesn't remember such a remarkable winter as the present, is now explained. He died last spring. —*Norristown Herald.*

The man who has written anything for the editor and didn't "scratch it off in a hurry," will please call at this office and hear of something to his advantage. —*Old City Derrick.*

Mrs. Phillips of Hopkins Ky., went out to shoot her husband from whom she had parted, and who was throwing stones at her house. By a mistaken aim she killed her brother.

The Sheriff of Knoxville, Tenn., summons white juries and black juries, but never mixed juries. The colored people of the city insist that the law commands the latter.

Since the war, citizens of Georgia have sent out of the State \$1,252,000 for the education of their children. This fact is used as an argument in favor of the establishment of a college of the highest class within the State.

Clara Louis Kellogg said to a St. Louis Globe reporter: "You may say, if you please, that there never will be any truth in any reported engagement of Miss Kellogg to marry anybody. I am in love with myself, and I do not think I shall ever get married."

Free Press.—"Kentucky beats them all. She now furnishes a case where a man eloped with a whole family except the old man, who had a lame back, and couldn't get to the depot in time."

"I want five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the minister preaching the gospel, and all them know they can beat all creation running a newspaper.

UNDERHAND DEALINGS.—There are many people who pride themselves upon their morality and high sense of honor, who scout with horror the idea that they could condescend to tell a lie, or commit a dishonorable action, but who are yet skimming all along the line of upright dealings, without coming fairly and squarely up to it.

A man was taking aim at a hawk that was perched on a tree near his chicken-coop, when his little daughter exclaimed: "Don't take aim, pa; let it go off by accident!" "Why so?" asked the father. "Cause every gun that goes off by accident always hits somebody."

Paris is to have an extensive underground railway system, with four principal lines, all meeting below the garden of the Paris Royal, where an immense depot will be erected. Twenty-one millions dollars are to be furnished for the work by the general Government, the department of the Seine, and the city of Paris.

THINK FOR YOURSELF.—Never be too opinionated to accept good advice, by whosoever offered. Yet you must think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your own thoughts; but when alone weigh what you have said.

A few days ago a lawyer of San Antonio filed a petition in the District Court, in which the plaintiff is an old Mexican woman. The District Clerk, as is usual, wanted security for costs. Said the lawyer: "She is not required to give a cost bond. She is a pauper, and will make an affidavit to that effect." "Why, she uses to own real estate," observed the clerk. "I know she has got nothing now," retorted the lawyer. "Have you collected your fee in advance?" "You bet I did." "It's all right, then." "I am satisfied she is a pauper, now," signed the clerk.