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## Poetry.

### LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded,  
By night that occasioned a pang of regret,  
Oh! let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;  
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted  
From 'I' over which it is folly to fret;  
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—  
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer  
The thought that the sun of affection has set,  
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,  
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your hearts will be lighter  
When kindness of yours with reception has met,  
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter  
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven  
Of malice, and try an example to set  
To others who, craving the mercy of heaven,  
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply  
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt,  
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply  
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."  
—Chamber Journal.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[From Godley's Lady's Book.]

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

Sinking into the cushioned depths of her "sleepy hollow," the languid Mrs. Mordaunt refreshed herself from her gold-mounted cigarette, and was enabled to ask the following question of her tall, manly son, who, leaning against the velvet-draped mantel, impatiently fingered the articles of vertu scattered upon it.

"And the name of your rustic enslaver?"  
"Mother, she is not rustic," was the emphatic response. "I have told you already that she would grace the most refined society."

"Share me your rhapsodies, my dear Clarence," raising her frail hands, burdened with costly rings, "The announcement of your entanglement with a person living in a village bearing the dreadful name of Jonesburg, has been quite enough for one morning, yet I will try to undergo the still harder ordeal of hearing that his name is Jones or Smith. Complete your work—I am prepared for anything."

The young man knew that he would have to encounter a storm; so, squaring his shoulders, he said, firmly;

"The name of the lady whom I love my dear mother, is Nora Bump."

"Nora Bump! Oh! oh! was ever any one so ill treated?" and, covering her face with her filmy lace handkerchief, the fine lady indulged in a few hysterical tears.

"Mother, mother! how can you be so absurd?" broke impatiently from the lips of the young man, as he strode up and down the dainty room.

"Absurd!" wailed his mother. "My own son turns against me! It is that horrid girl's work. I can bear no more; leave me and call Elise. But, before you go, understand that if you persist in your intention of marrying that dreadful person, it will be at the risk of losing both mother and fortune. Not another word; leave me."

Clarence rang for the maid, then rushed from the room; and, springing upon his horse, which stood saddled at the door, rode furiously away.

"That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet, affirms the fair Juliet, in her moonlit balcony; but the sentiment had no place in the heart of Mrs. Mordaunt, whose nerves could not bear the rude impression made upon them by common or harsh appellatives.

In selecting her servants she gave the preference to those bearing pleasing or romantic names, or, if obliged to take one whose cognomen jarred upon her sensitive nature, it was with the understanding that, during her period of service, the maid should consent to be called by some name chosen by her mistress.

Mrs. Mordaunt had been, in her youth, an operative in a cotton mill, situated in one of our large manufac-

turing cities. Nerves were then unknown to her; the clash and whirl of the looms, so deafening to unaccustomed ears, did not disturb her reflections or interrupt her chaffing conversations with her companions. But when Adolphus Mordaunt, a wealthy young idler, fell in love with her pretty face, and raised her from a life of toil to his own assured position in society, she thought nerves were a necessary accompaniment to the fine house, equipage, wardrobe, and other good things of life with which her husband surrounded her; so she assiduously cultivated these sensitive springs of her anatomy until they became her excuse for every whim and vagary born in her fertile brain.

When Clarence returned from his long ride, both horse and man were subdued by the furious pace which had taken them far out of the city among the woods and fields of the country. He had thought much and long, had revolved the question over and over in his mind, and had reached but one conclusion, which was never to give up his beloved, come what might, even were she twenty times Nora Bump of Jonesburg.

Loving his mother fondly, he was yet keenly alive to her silly whims, and knew how tenaciously she clung to them. He had, therefore, no hope that anything which he might say would induce her to think favorably of his love.

With an expression of sadness upon his young, frank face, he sought his room to prepare for dinner. He had scarcely closed his door when a little tap was heard, and he threw it open to discover Elise, his mother's pretty maid, who, with a coquettish little courtesy, presented a note.

"A billet from Madam votre mere,"  
"Very well," and, shutting himself in, he read the note, which ran as follows:—

"In the present state of my nerves I cannot risk the chance of again having to listen to your rhapsodies over Miss— I cannot write the fearful name—the thought of it alone almost overcomes me. I shall, therefore, start for Newport to-morrow morning. Join me there in a week if you can decide to give up all thoughts of her; if not, you know what your loss will be—both mother and fortune. Oh, my son! seek some other maiden; I care not if she be rich or poor, if only her name and face be such as will not unpleasantly affect my delicate nerves. I am ready to press a mother's kiss upon her brow. Do not try to see me before I go; I could not bear the meeting. Farewell!"

Amusement, anger, contempt, strove for the mastery as Clarence perused his mother's message.

"Give up Nora, indeed!" he muttered; "the dear, loving, sensible little thing! I wish my mother possessed a few grains of Nora's common sense; she never would have written such stuff as that. But what shall I do? I will not give up Nora, and how can I bear to offend my good mother? I have it! I will run up to Jonesburg to-morrow and lay the whole case before the dear girl; her quick wit will find some way out of the scrape, I'll wager. What a blessed chance it was that caused me to sprain my ankle while on a fishing excursion, and stranded me for a time beneath the hospitable roof of the Bumps! Otherwise I fear I should never have met and loved my little Nora."

The next day Nora Bump was seated in a simply furnished room, busily engaged in sewing, when a ring at the door roused her from the thoughts in which she had been indulging. She opened the door, and was clasped in the arms of Clarence Mordaunt.

Do not be scandalized. Jonesburg was a sparsely settled place, and the Bump mansion had no opposite neighbor; consequently the embrace was strictly private, although the time was midday.

"Why, Clarence," was the girl's exclamation, as she led him in, "what has brought you here to-day?"

"Are you not glad to see me?"  
"You know that I am, always. There is no need of my telling you of it."

"Thank you, Nora!" said he, fondly, as they sat down side by side. "How pleasant it is to hear your frank words!"

"Is anything the matter?" asked Nora, anxiously searching the face of her lover.

"Nothing, dear, that cannot be overcome, I hope. My mother—"  
"Is displeased with your engagement to me?"  
"Yes; she has gone to Newport, and will not see me again unless I give you up."

The girl had plenty of spirit. Snatching a ring from her finger, she dropped it in his hand, saying:—  
"I will spare you the trouble, Mr. Mordaunt."

"Nora!" was the reproachful cry.  
"Then you do not wish it?"  
"How could you think it, darling; have I not sworn to love you always?"

"Yes; but I am not forgetful of the difference in our stations, and know, alas! that too many of your class amuse themselves with girls like myself for a time, and then tire of them."

"Believe me, I am not of that sort. My feeblest hope and firmest purpose is to call you mine. Will you not trust me?"

Matters have been satisfactorily adjusted, and the glittering ring, replaced, Clarence proceeded to state the position in which he stood.

"My mother is a good woman who loves me fondly, but she has one deplorable weakness."  
"What is that?"

"Nerves. So far as she indulges it that an unpropitious name uttered in her presence overcomes her." All her domestics have romantic or fanciful names, and Clarence Adolphus the one she burdened her only son with, was almost enough to prevent his attaining maturity.

"I think Clarence is a beautiful name," murmured Nora.  
"Do you, love? You shall have a kiss for that; but to go on. Forgive me, dear, if I offend you, but when I told my mother your name, she became hysterical, sent me from her presence, and refused to see me again."

To his surprise the young girl broke into a peal of merry laughter.  
"And is that all she has against me, my name?"

"Yes, she is ready to welcome any bride I may choose, provided it be one with a pretty or high-sounding name."

"Then I think we can accommodate her." With a look of mischief, Nora brought a quaint old Bible from a stand in the corner, and, turning to the family record, put her finger on a line and motioned to Clarence.

Following the direction of the pretty fore-finger the young man read aloud:—  
"Honoraria de Bonpere, daughter of Eugene and Hermione de Bonpere, born Aug. 23d, 1856."

"What has that to do with this question?" he asked. "Who is this person?"  
"The one that stands before you, at your service, sir," dropping him a mock courtesy.

"You? This is not in the least like your name."  
"I will tell you the story. My ancestors were Huguenots, who fled from place to place and finally settled here. The name became corrupt in the mouths of the honest country folks, until, after passing from the stately de Bonpere to Bumpier and Bumpus, it was finally shorn of all grace and beauty, and became Bump."

"Why have you never told me this before?"  
"I seldom occurs to me, I have become so accustomed to being called 'Nora Bump.' When poor papa was alive he tried to establish the old name, but his efforts died with him. Uncle is of such an easy disposition that it makes little difference what he is called. Will my rightful name prove acceptable to your mother, do you think?" she concluded, anxiously.

"Honoraria de Bonpere! It will take her captive at once. She never could have withstood your sweet face could I have gained her consent to meeting you; but now, with your high-sounding title, the way is clear. But Nora, how shall we tell her?"

"Strategy, my boy, strategy," replied Nora gayly. "Let her think that you have complied with her request, and present me simply Honoraria de Bonpere with no reference to my local appellation, thus leaving no chance for her former prejudice to cling to me."

"This was agreed upon. Accordingly at the expiration of the prescribed week, Mrs. Mordaunt asked the

expected question:—  
After the warm greetings were over, Mrs. Mordaunt asked the expected question:—  
"Well my son have you decided?"

"Yes,"  
"You will do as I wish?"  
"My dear mother," he replied, taking her hand fondly in his own, "in so important a step as marriage, I could not bring myself to displease you."

Mrs. Mordaunt smiled, well pleased by the effusive words and manner of her boy. "And you will give up the person with the unpleasant name?"

"I shall never marry Nora Bump," Clarence replied, drooping his head and sighing, as became a man who had given up a cherished dream.

"Thank you, my love! Come cheer up, we will soon find a bride for you."  
Clarence raised his head, drew his mother's arm around his neck, and looking into her face, said:—  
"What will you thing when I tell you that I have already selected a lady to fill my poor Nora's place?"

"I shall think, if her name and face be such as will gratify me, that you have done well; and you shall see how a fond mother can reward a son who accedes to her wishes."

"Her face, manner, and breeding are unexceptionable; her name is one in which even you my fastidious mother will delight."  
"It is—"  
"Honoraria de Bonpere."

"Charming! So stately and high sounding!" exclaimed the well-pleased lady.  
"She is an orphan," continued Clarence warming with his subject and is descended from an illustrious Huguenot family who fled from their native land to avoid persecution."

"Descended from those dear romantic Huguenots one sees at the opera? How delightful! Where is she? I long to give her my blessing."

Well understanding his mother's character, Clarence had foreseen her enthusiastic reception of his communication, and had arranged matters accordingly.

"Honoraria will appreciate your kindness, my warm-hearted mother. Longing to present her to you at the earliest moment I brought her with me to-day. She awaits you with pleasure."

"Bring her in at once."  
Clarence left the room, and Mrs. Mordaunt waited anxiously for his return. Meanwhile, with due regard to effect and dramatic possibilities of the coming presentation, she seated herself in the most imposing chair the room afforded (she was a handsome woman and had the air of being seated on a throne), and arranged her draperies of rich silk and rare lace about her; she had not long to wait. The door at the end of the spacious room, opened and Clarence appeared leading his companion.

With admirable forethought, Clarence had taken Nora to the house of a discreet lady friend in his own city and two or three days were spent in arranging a toilet that should not do violence to his mother's fastidious taste.

As they moved up the room, Mrs. Mordaunt noted the slight graceful figure, robed in pale grey silk; a rose colored sash was tied loosely about the slender waist, rich lace shaded the throat, while for sole ornament she wore an antique medallion, on which was the coat-of-armor hers family, fashioned with pearls.

"The face was beautiful. Soft, black hair shaded a brow of purity and intellect; the expressive dark eyes, clear, rich cheeks, and well formed mouth were equally pleasing."

"How distinguished! How refined!" thought the happy mother, as Clarence to flatter his parent's dramatic proclivities, knelt with his betrothed at her feet.

The warm, motherly embrace which was bestowed upon Nora, or Honoraria, as she should be called, showed that under Mrs. Mordaunt's outer covering whims and fine-ladyisms there yet beat a true, womanly heart.

She urged forward the marriage with all possible dispatch, and disclaimed not a little, among her friends upon the birth and lineage of her new daughter never dreaming Honoraria de Bonpere was the despised Nora Bump.

Pope Leo XIII was 68 years old Saturday.

## Gleanings.

No less than 247 Indians have bitten the dust in frontier wars during the last year, and each bite cost the United States \$11,478.24.

"Tommy, what does he mean by spell? 'Don't know, ma'am.' 'What, you little mumsull, what are you sitting on?' Tommy, (looking sheepish), 'don't like to tell.'"

Speaking of the hard times in New York city, 'Mahlstick' writes to the *Courier & Journal* that the grocers of the business men can be heard, on a still night, several miles out to sea.

An Alabama Judge has decided that any one who sets a spring gun does so at his own peril, and is to be held responsible for any damage done, even to trespassers.

A shrewd patent medicine man has been chasing Alexander H. Stephens around for three months, trying to draw a bead on him with a pocket camera. He wants him for a preface to his advertisement to illustrate 'before taking.'

There is one thing calculated to develop all the latent pedestrian ability a woman has in her, and that is to be caught out in a shower with her Sunday bonnet on, and no umbrella. —*Commercial Advertiser.*

CLEVER YOUNG WOMAN.—A young woman of Newburg, Wis., severely thrashed her father because he would not raise \$500 to give her as a dowry, in order to marry a man who wanted his wife to have that sum.

A parcel of about \$180,000 in Japanese coin has been melted down into bars and sold to the Bank of England. The bank would not receive the coin and hence the necessity of melting it down.

The Shah of Persia has reduced the taxes of his subjects by one half for the next fourteen years. This is owing to the large amount of gold taken from his recently discovered mines of Ahmedabad, near Tahidj and to the prospects of further large receipts.

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor, of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply an informal affair," read the compositor, and that editor will never get any more invitations from that quarter.

It was time when colds in the head were prevalent. He stood under her window singing thusly: "Twas a poonidit nidd, when th' sdars zhono brid, and—" The window happened to be her brother's window, who sung out, "Po your doze, you dab fool you."

Just our luck. Here are \$12,000,000 left in Holland for the Cronk family in America, and we might have married a Cronk girl once. We really intended to, but none of her folks would consent, and as they seemed to have private sources of information on the subject they finally outgeneraled us, and there is another fortune gone.—*Rome Sentinel.*

One of two young ladies who recently visited the city from the country wrote home as follows: "We attract a great deal of attention promenading the streets like other ladies and holden up our cloze. Nobody isn't nothin now-a-days which don't hold up their cloze, and the best you holds em, the more attention you attract."

We find the following passage in the speech of an Elko (Nev.) lawyer to a jury: "Here we have a physician, a man who from his high and noble calling should be regarded as one who would scorn to stain his soul with perjury. But what did he testify gentlemen? I put the question to him plainly, 'where was the man stabbed?' And what was his reply? Unblushingly he replied that the man was stabbed about an inch to the left of the medial line, and yet we have proved by three unimpeachable witnesses that he was stabbed just below the Young American hoisting works."

Not a scrap remains of any sacred manuscript written in the days of the Apostles. The reason is obvious. The art of printing was unknown, copies could only be made laboriously by hand, and the originals were worn out by passing from hand to hand. The copies made from the originals or from other copies, of course varied in more or less particulars, as such manuscripts would do, and the final version was made by a careful comparison of all the texts that could be found. The Old Testament had been repeatedly copied and revised before a line of the now was written. Revision is now going on again.