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GREENSBORO, N. C.,
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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,

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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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Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON,
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Poetry.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

BY B. B.

What legions of "friends" always bless us
What golden success lights our way!
How they smile as they softly address us,
So cordial, good-humored and gay,
But ah! when the sun of prosperity
Has set, then how quickly they frown,
And cry out, in tones of severity,
Kick the man; "don't you see he is
down."
What, though when you know not a corner,
Though your heart was as open as day,
And your "friends" when they wanted to borrow,
You obliged and ne'er asked them to pay.
What, though not a soul you e'er slighted,
As you wander about through the town,
Your "friends" become very near-sighted
And don't seem to see when you're
down.
When you are "up" you are loudly exalted,
And traders all sing out your praises;
When you're "down" you have greatly defaulted,
And they "really don't fancy your
ways."
Your style was "tip-top" when you'd money,
So wings every stealer and clown,
But now 'tis exceedingly funny,
Things are altered "because you are
down."
Oh, give me the heart that for ever
Is free from this world's selfish rust,
And the soul whose high noble endeavor
Is to raise fallen men from the dust,
And when in adversity's ocean
A vessel is likely to drown.

LEARNING HIS VALUE.

Mr. Marcus Wilkinson sat alone in his office with a dabby little perfume note between his fingers, and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed in a graceful and feminine hand, was brief:
DEAR GUARDIAN: I will be at the office at ten in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance.
MILLIE.

A matter of importance, muttered Mr. Wilkinson, twisting the note nervously. 'Can my fears be true? Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to my pearl? I am afraid he has! And what can I say? What can I urge against the man, if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock! The last silvery stroke of the mantle clock had not died away when the door of the office was opened by a clerk and Millie Bentley entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, everything pure and fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a thoughtful face of exquisite beauty.

Very young, only 18, Millie Bentley had borne early the sorrows of life. Her father, having been wealthy had failed in business, and committed suicide. Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty toebly for two years, and sinking under privation and toil, had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, the news came that Millie's uncle, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her own too lately won independence to Millie, and appointing their old friend Marcus Wilkinson guardian to the heiress.

Sorrowing and womanly, beyond her years, Millie had turned from her own grief to a noble endeavor to solace some of the trials of those with whom her own poverty had made her familiar. A cousin had come at Mr. Wilkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she resumed many long interrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble homes of those who had been her mother's friends in the dark days of her widowhood; and her gentle charities, soon extended far beyond this small circle.

She had been an orphan two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Wilkinson, as already described, and the sorrows of her life had lost some of their bitter sting, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.
"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings to me the pleasure of seeing you to-day."
"It is about myself," Millie said, the softest rose tints flushing her cheeks,

"Dear me! I didn't know you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease."
"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, addressing the walls. "Whenever I am Uncle Marc, I know what to expect next."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face, and the jesting voice was turned at once to one of tender gravity.

"What is it, my child?"
"Cyril Ormsby came to see me last evening, and he will come here to-day; but I wanted to see you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and—she hesitated here—you do not like him?"

"Who told you that?"
"No one; but I see it for myself."
"Well, you are right. I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"No control! Millie's voice was pitious. "Please don't talk so. I come to you as I would have gone to my father."

"There, dear, I was wrong. Tell me, then, as you would have told your father, do you love Mr. Cyril Ormsby?"

"I think he is the dearest man I ever knew. If you could see him with some of my poor people, how gentle and courteous he is, you would like him, too. He has given me so much sympathy in my work, Uncle Marc, feeling, as I do, that the possession of great wealth is but a stewardship."

"And so won your love?"
"My respect and admiration, Uncle. I cannot yet realize that a man so noble and so good can really desire my proud to have won his confidence."

"Hem—yes! Enthusiastic, but heart-whole!" was Mr. Wilkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk?" he added, aloud.

"A walk?" Millie said in a tone of surprise.
"Yes. I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I will tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby, if he added, mentally, 'you have not already found out?'"

It was not exactly such a walk as one would have mapped out for a gentleman's invitation to a young, beautiful girl; but Millie followed its course, leaning upon her guardian's arm, wondering a little, but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city, to a quarter known as the "Factory Row," a place where Mr. Wilkinson had never before allowed his ward to go. For there were apt to be fevers and contagious diseases lurking there. It lay low, and was unhealthy, and the houses were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, partly owning these factories and this quarter, Mr. Ormsby seems neglectful," said Mr. Wilkinson dryly. "I have an interest in the factories, as you are aware, but do not own one of these wretched houses. They are all Cyril Ormsby's."

"But, Millie said, eagerly, 'these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privileged he gives them, till he is discouraged in his efforts to do them any good.'

"Oh! step in here!"
It was a poor place, scantily furnished, and cheerless. Upon a cot-bed a woman lay, in the last stages of consumption. She looked up eagerly to Mr. Wilkinson.

"I hope you are better," he said, kindly.
"No; I shall never be better. If I may only die in peace, it is all I ask."
"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now?"

"Jennie was here yesterday. He sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day at twelve, out we must go. I've paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie made the last month she has had to pay for fire and food. She's but fifteen, and her pay is small."

"What do you owe Cyril Ormsby?"
"Thirty shillings."
"And if he is not paid to-day, he will put you out in the street to die?"
"He says the work house is the place for paupers."

At this moment, a slim, pale girl of fifteen came in, crying bitterly.

"Mr. Wilkinson was out," she began; and then seeing her visitors, she cried eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you will not let mother be put in the street? I'll pay every penny, sir, if only you will wait till she is better, and I can get my full time for work!"
"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby today, Jennie?" the old gentleman asked.
"Yes, sir. He said he had no time to hear my whining. The agent will be here at twelve, and if the money is not paid, he will put us out."
"May I?" whispered Millie.
"Just as you please, my dear. Perhaps this dying woman or child will drink up your charity."
"Hush, hush!"
"So tenderly, so delicately Millie gave her charity, that there was only the deepest gratitude awakened without the galling sense of obligation. She left more than sufficient for comfort for some weeks, and promised to send delicacies for the invalid."
No word of herself passed her lips until they were once more in the narrow street.

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she said, "can it be true that he is so hard, so false to me?"
"Wait," was the brief reply.

They went into the wide court-yard in whose spaces stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the entirely opposite management of those two into two distinct departments—one entirely under the control of the elder, the other, of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's absurd soft-heartedness," as Cyril mentally characterized it, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But it was not into his own kindly governed, well ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, where a

work before busy whirling machinery.
"Good morning, Watkins," the old gentleman, said. "I was in hopes you were taking a holiday."

"Thank you, sir" was the reply, in a dejected tone. "I can't well quit work, sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby the doctor says that your life depends upon a few weeks rest and pure air?"
"Yes, sir. He's not keeping me; but he says if I go he must fill my place—and that means starvation for my family. I could never get another situation, as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"
"Seventeen years, sir. I was with old Mr. Ormsby before you came, sir."

"A faithful servant seventeen years!" said Mr. Wilkinson, in a low tone; "and a few weeks rest may save his life."

At this moment Millie shrank a little nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the loom-room, she could see Cyril Ormsby walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperative finding fault here and there, and scrutinizing every item of the work. Not a face in the room was brightened by the presence of the master. Fingers worked more rapidly eyes were fastened upon the looms and every one seemed aware of the stern task-master's gaze. But Mr. Wilkinson obeyed the mute petition expressed in the looks of his ward, and led Millie out into the wide passages again, to another work-room.

It were too tedious a task to follow every step of these two as they passed from room to room, every where meeting some assurance of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hearts of the "hands," and their terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again amongst the grand houses, where her guardian had no control, but bestowed his kindly charity without ostentation; and here more eloquently than ever, Millie heard how cruel a mockery were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ears. In needed no spoken word from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were those of hypocrisy, which know how it could best plead its cause with her.

One and another, turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, unaware of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told of cruel exactions of work in sickness and trouble, of closest calculation of time of small wages and heavy rents.

"If we won't live here and pay, we get no work in the factories!" one said when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing overtime to pay for my child's funeral," one said, "for I lost the wages of three days. I stayed by to see her die and to bury her."

"I am uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost a week by a fall on the ice, and its hard making it up again."

Not one word of kindly sympathy or help, in trouble or sickness. The "hands" under Cyril Ormsby were simple human machines to do so much work, sick or well, or pay the price of an hour or days of illness no matter how necessary.

There was no word spoken as Mr. Wilkinson and Millie walked to the office again. Once there the old gentleman spoke very gravely, "As your guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Cyril Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good social position, of irreproachable moral reputation, and a man whose standing in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much for your guardian, as your friend, my pearl, who loves you as your own dead father might have loved you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend I tell you I would rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend, as almost a father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from life long misery. To know my husband Ormsby to be, would as you say break my heart."

"I would not tell you said her guardian, for you knew I disliked him, and might have thought that dislike prejudiced me. But Millie tell me you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did not love Cyril Ormsby, did you, Millie?"

"No, I revered what I believed a noble generous nature. That reverence a mockery, I shall never break my heart for the man I thoroughly despise, Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby coming to claim the fortune he believed within his grasp, met only Mr. Wilkinson with Millie's polite but distinct refusal to resign herself or her fortune to his keeping.

But he never knew how it was that Millie learned the true value of hollow words of charity and philanthropy.

WHY SHE STOPPED HER PAPER.

She came bounding through the sanctum door like a cannon ball, and without pausing to say "How d'ye do?" she brought her umbrella down on the table with a mighty crash, and shouted:

"I want you to stop my paper!"
"All right madam."
"Stop it right off, too," she persisted whacking the table again, for I waited long enough for the square thing."

She quieted down for a moment as we ran our finger down the lists of names, and when we reached hers and scratched it out, she said:

"There, now mebbe you'll do as you'd ought to siter this, and not siffig a woman jes' cause she's poor. If some rich folks happen to have a little red-headed, hand legged, egypt eyed, wheezy squaller born to them you puff it up to the skies, and make it out an angel; but when poor people have a baby you don't say a word even if it the squarest-toed, blackest-haired, biggest-headed, noblest little kid that ever kept a woman awake nights. That's what's the matter, and that's why I stoppod my paper."

And she dashed out rapidly as she came.

Some hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. Recently, when a waiter appeared with: "What will you have sir?" the traveler leasurably remark'd: "You may fetch me a set of new teeth in gutta-percha, an improved sewing machine with lock-stitch, a box of pills, and a pair of calf-skin boots."

A middle-aged old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkwardness with her infant, and said: "I declare a woman never ought to have a baby till she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

There is nothing more beautiful than a lady of eighty or sixteen.

Gleanings.

There is not a single wild animal so cruel to another wild animal as a woman is to a woman.—*Reade.*

When does the wind deserve reproof? when it whistles through the house.

Ten to one it used to take Eve three hours and a half to pick out a leaf green dress to suit her.

The lady who gets a new bonnet is off with the old love and on with the new.

A Rochester physician advertises that baseball accidents will receive his prompt attention.

About the most uncomfortable seat a man can have in the long run is self-conceit.

More than \$400,000 in gold and notes were found in Pius IX.'s apartment. The entire amount he has left is estimated at near 25,000,000.

A wealthy Newburyport man fearful that his relatives may try to put him into a lunatic asylum, has provided himself with several physicians certificates that he is sane.

An everlasting Now reigns in nature, which hangs the same roses on our bushes which charmed the Roman and the Chaldean in their hanging gardens.—*Emerson.*

"I thought you told me that—'s tever was gone off," said a gentleman, "I did so," said his companion, but forgot to mention that he went off along with it."

As soon as a man starts out for a job, he is as long as a dog's tail. As soon as a woman starts in the same business, she cuts hers off short.

"When I put my foot down I'll have you to understand," said Mrs. Neojoker, "that there's something there." On investigation it was found to be a No. 11 shoe.

A Western paper, which one day recently noticed the opening of a new whiskey store, the next day apologized for the brevity of its local column, because "the reporter was ill." He had assisted at the opening.

It was an old fashioned tar heel from Zeb Vance's neighborhood, who said "If this is the dollar of our old dad, the old man kept it scandalously bright, somehow."—*Columbia Register.*

A well-known professional, not renowned for politeness, saw an Irish artisan waiting in his hall. "Hello, you fellow, do you want me?" "No, yer honnor, I am waiting for a gentleman."

The tomato is one of the most powerful aperients and in all affections of the liver, where calomel is generally used, it is the most effective and least harmful remedial agent known to the profession.

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say with Shakespeare's Shepherd, "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man hate; I envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

"The girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "However, there is one consolation, the boys will never find it out."

A mother whose crying infant made the sermon of her pastor almost inaudible was going from the hall when the clergyman spoke up, saying, "My good woman don't go away. The baby doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that I leave, sir," was her reply, "Its you disturbs the baby."

"What," an exchange asks, "are the causes of drunkenness?" Well, we can't answer for all of them, but we believe whiskey causes a great deal of it. Whisky, sir, resolutely stuck to, will cause about as large a drunk as anything we know of, although a judicious mixing up of various drinks accelerates matters, if a man is in a great hurry.—*Burlington Hawkseye.*

An old lady living in Springfield has a very high-tempered boy. A day or two since he came in and asked permission to go down street to see the array of presents in the shop windows. The mother refused and the boy went through the house slamming the doors after him with terrific force. The old lady calmly remarked, "Pears to me Jimmy's doin' a heap o' wooden swearin' this mornin'."