

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY APRIL 16 1878

NO. 7

THE GLEANER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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

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.

No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00	\$10.00
2 "	3.00	4.50	6.00	9.00	15.00

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

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

GREENSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICAL WATCH AND



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 tuning 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 wholesale cost. Goods ordered shall be furnished as low as purchased in person at my counter. I have made in the handsomest manner.

Hair Chains, 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, etc., or visit them in person.

Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Poetry.

SOMEbody's MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage wheel or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troupe—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Prud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother you understand.

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

BARBARA'S UNCLE.

Barbara sat in her little room, busy
With her sewing machine. Around her
were great piles of vests, which
she had just finished. Though the
room was so small, the sunlight came
in and tinged everything with its
golden light. Indeed, the sun is no
respector of persons, and steps as
freely into the dwellings of the poor,
as into the mansions of the rich.

The young girl paused in her work
to listen to the song of a robin under
her window; then she began to sing
to herself in a care-free, happy way.

Just then she heard an old body hobbling
up the stairs, and afterward
came a knock at her door. Barbara
went to open it. An aged man stood
before her—ninety he might have
been, to judge by his withered face.

"Is this Barbara Henrich?" he asked
in a piping voice.

"Yes," said Barbara, smiling. "Come
in."

The old man put his hand to his
ear, as if quite unable to catch a
word.

"Come in," she shouted; and he fol-
lowed her into the room.

"I'm your Uncle Jacob," he scream-
ed, as if she was as deaf as himself—
"your mother's only brother; and I
have come to find you."

"Ay, ay," said Barbara, with whom
the love of kindred was very strong.

The longer she gazed into his face,
the more she saw the look of her
mother. There was the same kind
smile, the same merry glance in the
twinkling, gray eyes. So she fell to
hand-shaking in her hearty German
fashion; they came the tears, and it
all ended by throwing her arms
around his neck and began kissing
him.

A short time afterward, Barbara
began to set the table, for to talk
with her old uncle was impossible.

Just as she had finished, by placing a
huge platter of cabbage as a centre
dish, up the stairs came her brothers,
Conrad and Joe. They were much
the worse for lager, as they usually
were at night, and when they saw
a decrepit old man sitting at their table,
they were anything but pleasant.

"It is our Uncle Jacob," said Barbara,
softly, "come to us from Germany—
our dear mother's only brother. I
wish he wasn't so deaf, I so want to
talk with him."

A moment afterward, as Conrad
and Joe began to swear, she was glad
that he could not hear them. Barbara
gave the old man her bed; then

she sat down to do a little extra work,
that she might buy comforts for him.
At length she lay down upon a hard
couch, but sleep soon came, for she
was young and healthy. Next morning,
Uncle Jacob was too ill to rise.

"Send the old body to the poor-
house," said the brothers in a breath;
'it's too much to expect us to support
all our pauper relations.'

"Indeed he shall not go," said Bar-
bara, with spirit; "our mother loved
him too well for that. Don't you re-
member how she used to talk about
him? He was her only brother, and
has neither chick nor child to care
for him. Just see how like mother
he looks—as she did in her very last
sickness."

The young men answered her
roughly, and, putting on their boots,
stalked out of the room. Barbara
bathed the old man's head, and with
a few soft touches about the pillow,
that love alone can give, she went
back to her work.

That night the brothers came home
more drunk than usual—to pick up
their things and start for the West,
they said.

"You'd better go with us, Barbara.
We're going to make money like
dirt; and as to staying here and sup-
porting an old pauper, we will not do
it."

"No, indeed, I will not leave him,"
said Barbara. But when she saw
them going down stairs with their
satchels on their arms, the love of
kindred, which was so strong in her
heart, made her follow them. "Let
us shake hands," she said, softly; "we
may never meet again; and rough
as they were, they returned her warm
kiss, and said, "God bless you," ere
they departed.

When they were gone, Barbara
went back to her room and cried as
if her heart would break. In the
midst of her weeping, there was a
well-known foot-fall on the stairs, and
in a minute more, her friend Fred
Heiberger, was beside her.

"Don't fret," said the young man
kindly taking her hand in his; "you'll
get along better without Conrad and
Joe."

"I couldn't turn away my mother's
brother," said Barbara, sobbing.

"No indeed; you're a brave girl,
and you've done right."

Then he began to tell her about a
little baker's shop that was that day
vacant and could be had for two
hundred dollars a year. There were
two rooms with sunny windows, in
which, he said, her lilies and roses
could but grow.

"Shall I take them, and we be
married at once?" he asked.

"No," said Barbara; "something
might happen—let us wait. You'd
have to borrow the money, and I
could not sleep with an unpaid
debt."

"Yes," said Fred; "there's a risk.
But it was such a good stand," and
my heart ran away with me. I said
to myself that I would make good
bread, and give honest weight, and
perhaps have a penny for the poor
and needy."

Barbara's face brightened as he
spoke, but she answered,—

"It will all come right in time—let
us work and wait."

"Perhaps so," said Fred, with a
sigh.

Barbara resolved to sew harder
than ever, so that besides supporting
her aged uncle, she might now and
then lay up a penny.

The next day, Uncle Jacob request-
ed his little valise to be brought to
him, and spent the afternoon in ex-
amining its contents. Then he
called Barbara to him and said,—

"You have been very kind to me,
and I want to give you something—
all I have to give—my old German
Bible. Your mother and I used to
read together. Be sure you search
its pages."

The tears came to Barbara's eyes
and she fondly stoked his hair in tes-
timony of her heartfelt gratitude.

When evening came, she opened the
book. Carefully looking it along
her eyes fell upon a small bundle of
papers. To her surprise, they were
drafts to a large amount, and in her
name. Just at that moment Fred
came in.

"Do look here," said the amazed
girl; "what can this mean?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the
young man, equally surprised.

"It means," said the uncle, with a
low, chuckling laugh, "that I am
done with money, and I want to give
it to one who deserves it. Eh, eh, child,
I've been foolin' you, Conrad and

Joe wanted to cart these old bones to
the poor-house; would they do it now
think you?"

"And do you mean to give so much
money to me?"

"Yes; why not? I haven't a child
of my own, and why shouldn't I give
it to Barbara's children; especially to
the one that is willing to share her
last crust with me? It's all coming
out right."

"Then why may we not marry
Fred," inquired Barbara.

"Sure enough," said the uncle. "This
young man shall go at once for the
ministers, for this sickness is no sham,
whatever may be said of the deafness
Well, I shall soon be gone."

So Fred went for the minister, two
or three neighbors came in, and
standing close, by Uncle Jacob, the
words were spoken which made the
young couple one. Then they knelt
by the bed, and Uncle Jacob himself
offered the prayer and gave the bless-
ing.

"Now you can take the bakery,"
said Uncle Jacob, when the guest
were gone, and the three were left to
themselves. "It is on the corner, you
say, and has two sunny windows
above. Be sure you always give
honest weight, and have a penny for
the poor."

"I am so glad that you can hear
me," said Barbara, laying her hand
on his withered cheek. "I hope we
shall yet have many good talks
together."

"Not so, my child, for I shall soon
be gone. But did you notice, my
dear, at what part of the Bible you
found the drafts?"

"No," said Barbara. "I did not."

"It was right by the thirty-four
psalm. Read it carefully and you
will find that every verse is a
treasure. It is full of promises of
help."

All night Fred and Barbara watched
by Uncle Jacob, whose life, though
flickering brightly for the moment
was fast going out. At daybreak,
just when the birds had begun their
morning song the aged uncle, like
Jacob of old gathered up his feet in
the bed, and gave up the ghost.

A SENATOR'S WIFE.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Most of the biographical sketches
of the late Mr. Wade mention that
he married Miss Rosenoranz, and
that he was forty one years old, also
most an old bachelor, and she thirty-
seven, almost an old maid, when the
nuptial knot was tied. She lived
with him for thirty seven years—that
fact, too, is stated in the "sketches";
but how useful a helpmeet and help-
mate she was is not more than very
generally narrated. It is rather an
important fact that Mrs. Wade was
her husband's secretary, assistant reader,
and it may almost be said right hand.
Senator Wade had an almost invinc-
ible antipathy to putting pen to paper.
He had almost equal disinclination to
search books. This drudgery Mrs.
Wade cheerfully assumed. When
her husband had a great speech in
hand, it was his wife who furnished
him with the material, which he af-
terwards arranged, assimilated and
systemized. Great things are told of
her skill in this respect—of her tact,
industry, patience.

There is nothing discredit-
able to the late Senator in the statement,
for his share of the work was undoubt-
edly the greater, and his mind it was
which utilized Mrs. Wade's industry.
But it must have been everything to
him that she felt such a lively interest
in matters which were the busi-
ness of his life; that she could be in-
telligently consulted upon points
which not many women know any-
thing, and that, while she was proud
of his success, she knew just how he
had succeeded, and why he was de-
servedly famous. There are other
distinguished Senators whose wives
are proud of their distinction, but do
not comprehend how it was attained.
They are not without val-
uable influence on their husbands, and
do much by social talents to promote
their success; but it is not always
that these estimable ladies read their
husband's speeches; or would com-
prehend them if they did. The poli-
tics of these wives are, of course, the
politics of their lords; but they are
entertained in the female bosom in
rather an infinite way, and are taken
pretty much on trust. Mr. Wade
was fortunate in a wife who sympathized
with him entirely in the opinions
which, all his life, he so stoutly en-
tertained.

We have said that wives who have

been the valuable assistants of pub-
lic men in the discharge of public du-
ties have not been many, but perhaps
they been more numerous than is
generally suspected. At any rate, it
is a matter worth locking into by the
careful student of biography. The
investigation would probably disclose
many other instances like that which
we have mentioned of a community
of tastes and of toll. Sometimes it is
the wife who devotes her time and
strength in this way; sometimes it is
the daughter. In the case of Her-
schel, the astronomer, it was a sister.
More than one man has probably ad-
mitted that he would have been no-
body but for the help and encourage-
ment which he found at home.

An Extraordinary Sentence by a Judge.

[Editor Charlotte Observer.—

The following extract is taken from
a sentence recently pronounced by
Judge Reading of Chicago, upon the
the liquor dealers who had violated
the law by selling it to minors. It
will repay a careful perusal:

"By the law you may sell it to men
and women, if they will buy. You
have given your bond and paid your
license to sell to them, and no one has
a right to molest you in your legal
business. No matter what the con-
sequence may be, no matter what
poverty and destitution are produced
by your selling according to law, you
have paid your money for this privi-
lege, and you are licensed to pursue
your calling. No matter what fami-
lies are distracted and rendered mis-
erable; no matter what wives are
treated with violence, what children
starve or mourn over the degrada-
tion of a parent—your business is
legalized, and no one may interfere
with you for it. No matter what
mother you may agonize over the loss
of a son, or a sister blush at the shame
of a brother, you have a right to dis-
regard them all and pursue your legal
calling—you are licensed. You may
fit up your lawful place of business
in the most enticing and captivating
form; you may furnish it with the
most costly and elegant equipments
for your own lawful trade; you may
fill it with the allurements of amuse-
ments; you may use all arts to allure
visitors; you may skillfully arrange
and expose to view your choice wines
and captivating beverages; you may
induce thirst by all contrivances to
produce a raging appetite for drink;
and then you may supply that appet-
ite to the full, because it is lawful;
you have paid for it—you have a li-
cense. You may allow boys and
children to frequent your saloon, that
they may witness the apparent satis-
faction with which their seniors quaff
the sparkling glass; you may be
schooling and training them for the
period of twenty one, when they too
can participate, for all this is lawful.
You may hold the cup to their lips,
but you must not let them drink—
that is unlawful. For while you have
all these privileges for the money you
pay, this poor privilege of selling to
children is denied you. Here parents
have a right to say. Leave my son to
me until the law gives you a right to
destroy him. Do not anticipate that
terrible moment when I can assert
for him no further rights of protec-
tion. That will be soon enough for
me, for his sister, for his mother, for
his friend, for the community, to see
him take the road to death. Give
him to us in his childhood at least.
Let us have a few hours of his youth
in which we can enjoy his innocence
to repay us in some small degree for
the care and love we lavished upon
him.

"This is something which you who
now stand prisoners at the bar have
not paid for; this is not embraced in
your license. For this offense the
court sentences you to ten days' im-
prisonment in the county jail, and
that you pay a fine of \$75 and costs;
and that you stand committed until
the fine and costs of this prosecution
are paid."

We have not heard from any source,
such an arraignment of the license
law as this.

It would be considered high treason
against the dynasty of Othman if the
Sultan ever wore any article of dress
twice. From the fez on his head
to the slippers on his feet he must
have new clothes every day of his
life. Uneasy lies the head of a man
who breaks in a new pair of shoes
every day, and has two thousand
wives.

Gleanings.

Fifty-four railroad companies
failed in the United States last
year.

"Work, but don't worry," the saw
says; but some people don't work, so
they take it out in worrying.

Women go further in love than
most men; but men exceed them in
friendship.

Human hair is imported into Eu-
rope from China by the ton. Stealing
drunken Chinamen's pig-tails is a
regular business.

An old sailor, sitting on a wharf the
other day, very soberly remarked: "I
began the world with nothing, and I
have held my own ever since."

Two Boston men have subscribed
10,000 for a monument to General
Lee. They will give it to Vir-
ginia.

A Nashua, N. H., man ordered
his entire fortune to be expended
upon his funeral. He had \$11,000
for a first-class send off.

Louise Pomeroy has taken a new
husband. What with Pomeroy,
Claxton, and Oates, a man doesn't
stand much of a show to escape.

Very few people go into an argu-
ment in order to discover the truth
of the matter. They want to hold
their own and route the enemy.
Hence the general loss of temper.

When a man reaches the age of 50
it is time for him to make up his
mind as to what manner of old man
he would like to be and put
himself at once into training.

People are commonly so employed
in pointing out faults in those before
them as to forget that some one be-
hind may at the same time be de-
scenting on their own.

Among the causes of insanity pre-
vailing all over the world, careful
statistics by scientists show that
the greatest predisposing cause is the
habitual use of intoxicating drinks.

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a
friend having a stone coffin made for
himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl,
an' that's a good ideal! Sure, an'
stone coffin 'ud last a man his life-
time."

In the last hours of the late Pope,
almost at his death-bed, there was
brought to him two lambs, in order
that he might bless their wool. This
holy wool is to be spun into palliums
for the new Scotch archbishops.

Memphis ranks as the largest in-
terior cotton market not only in the
United States, but of the world, and
handles on an average one-tenth of
the cotton crop of the United
States.

A young lawyer, who had been ad-
mitted about a year, was asked by a
friend, "How do you like your new
profession?" The reply was accom-
panied by a brief sigh to suit the
occasion: "My profession is much
better than my practice."

An honest reputation is within the
reach of all men; they obtain it by
social virtues and by doing their duty.
This kind of reputation, it is true, is
neither brilliant nor startling, but it
is often the most useful for happi-
ness.

A Sioux City, Iowa, girl was
engaged to two young men at the
same time. One of them got wind
of the matter, secured his rival, and
both went together to the young lady
and told her to make her choice.
She took the other fellow.

The Indianapolis Journal shows
a bad state of morals in the west
when it states that "investigation
would develop the fact that for each
man who regularly sits under the
dropping of the sanctuary ten sit at
a poker table."

A well-to-do farmer, of Kentucky,
says that he owed his success as a
farmer to the hints and suggestions
he has gleaned from newspapers. To
get this information he has made it
a practice to appropriate the products
of one acre to the purchase of read-
ing matter for himself and family.

Two negroes were in the woods
splitting rails, when the question of
what was the best thing in the world
to eat came up. A stake of "fo bits"
was deposited on a neighboring
stump, to be taken by the one guess-
ing at the most palatable dish. After
throwing "head and tails" for first
guess, the winner exclaimed, "Possum
and sweet pertater." "Sh-h-oo!"
ejaculated the other, "take do money;
take do money! I didn't tink you'd
guess dery best tus' ting!"