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E. S. PARKER

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E. S. PARKER,
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Attorney at Law,

Practice in Alamance and adjoining counties, and in the Federal courts.

THE NO-FENCE LAW.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., March 30th 1878.
To the Editor of the News:

I am glad that you are arousing our farmers on the Stock law, for it is of greater importance to North Carolina than any measure that is agitating the public mind. Mecklenburg was the first to adopt the stock law, and I suppose many of your subscribers would like to hear of the struggle and the triumph of the case in this county. As the same arguments will be used against the law I write you a short history of the operation of the law.

About the year 1865 or 1870 many of the most intelligent farmers commenced to agitate the question. Converts were rapidly made, and during the winter of 1872 and 1873 an act was passed, which to become a law had to be ratified by the people. "The same tug-of-war." The opponents of the law were led by some of our very best citizens too and the canvass was conducted with great vigor. The great majority of the whites Southern Townships were in favor of the law, while in the city of Charlotte and the Northern Townships the opposition was the strongest. All the freedmen of both sections were opposed to the law.

All the classes admitted that the saving in the expense of fencing would be from 25 to 75 per cent., and that the rails now on hand would last from 6 to 10 years. The opposition contended that fences as they then stood were a necessary evil; that if the law was adopted no one would ever be able to raise stock in this country; that we would have to buy all our bacon, beef, mutton, &c., and that even butter would be brought here and sold to our farmers.

The tricks of politician were introduced and the cry of "The Ring! The Ring!" was raised. The Ring was to buy at a nominal price all the stock of poor men, and all stock of the opposition that they were unable to keep. The freedmen were very much excited. They could only see in the law, evil for them, their stock wrested from them, or standing in pens, starving and dying; and to add to their misery a Reverend was circulated a report among them that the snakes would overrun the land. "Put up the hogs and the woods will get full of them." "You know hogs eat snakes and that is what keeps them down." "Put up the hogs and in a few years snakes will be thicker than leaves." Those of a religious turn of mind argued that God made grass to grow wild, expressly for stock, and if the stock was penned how could they get to it, to eat it, forgetting that God said, "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's."

The friends of the law urged that it was a relic of slavery, that free labor could not stand such an enormous tax, and gave estimates of the probable amount that would be saved &c., &c. The Northern men and foreigners, whether here as farmers, miners or mechanics, joined with the friends of the stock law and urged its adoption. They stated that the old system was the great barrier to immigration, &c., &c.

The day of election came, and the stock law was voted down by a large majority. The law provided that if the county refused to ratify it, the trustees of any township could submit it to their township by giving thirty days notice. The Trustees of the Southern townships immediately posted the notices for an election. The notices were posted according to law, but it is said the people did not talk much about it. When the day of election came the law was adopted and many a freedman wondered how it was. "They had killed it in the county and got it in their township." All went to work to adapt themselves to the new order of things, and before a year had passed all opposition had died out and those who were opposed to the measure became its strongest advocates. The opposition in the other townships finding that the stock law worked no injury, but was really a great benefit, commenced to agitate the question again; and one by one the townships commenced to fall into line, and in January 1877 a public meeting was called to instruct our Representatives in the Legislature to have passed a stock law for the entire county, and to appoint a committee to draft the law and urge its passage. All opposition having died out, it was not deemed necessary to submit it to a vote of the people and in order to show to the Legislature that it was not a petition with 3,409 signatures attached to it was sent with the copy of the bill that was desired to be passed. The petition was gotten up in a week, and many more names could have been had if it had been considered necessary.

The law was passed and went into effect April 10th, and so well are our en-

tire people pleased with it that I do not know a single person who is now opposed to it. The people of the other counties of this State are like the people of this county, they want to see before they believe, and if we had only no entering into township, in each county, to let the others see "how it acts," it would not be two years before the law would be general.

Cotton planters are benefited more than any other class of farmers. Cotton fields are worked from January to January, and never make pasture. The same land being used year after year for cotton, the fences around it, under the old system, was so much labor wasted. To insure the purity of blooded stock the stock law is indispensable. Already much attention is being paid to blooded stock in this county. We can boast of as fine Berkshires as America can produce, and one of our enterprising farmers received a pair of Berkshires last fall direct from England. We have, throughout South Down and Merinos, and cattle that will compare with any east of the Blue Grass region. Our farmers are in better condition to-day than they have been since the war. While the farmers of other counties are making rails, building and repairing fences, our farmers are making compost; and it requires no mathematician to calculate which will yield the greatest return.

As well might the Khedive of Egypt attempt to build Pyramids that will equal those that tell of labor unrecompensed in the days of the Ptolemies, as for our people to live like the slave owners before the war. North Carolina must leave the old rut of slave labor and enter the road of free labor. Mecklenburg, proud of the position she has taken, invites her sisters to come and see her in her new dress, her improved agriculture, her improved stock, and her contented citizens; and when they see they will believe, and will go and do likewise.

S. B. ALEXANDER.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

[New York Cor. Hartford Times.]

Ten years ago Mrs. Holliday, the wife of Ben. Holliday, the millionaire, and her two daughters, both bright and charming girls just verging upon womanhood, were prominent among society leaders in New York. Ben. Holliday had made his millions in the overland carrying trade, before the days of Pacific Railroads, and his family had all the money it could possibly need to enjoy all the pleasures of fashionable life. He purchased a magnificent country seat in Westchester county, and his wife, who is reputed to be a devout Roman Catholic, built a beautiful chapel upon it. At an expense of 40,000. Mrs. Holliday and her daughters traveled in Europe, and admirers of the two handsome American heiresses were not lacking among aristocratic bachelors. At length—and without much delay, either—they found husbands among the nobility, so called, one marrying a Count, and the other becoming the wife of a Baron, Frenchmen both. But neither marriage proved fruitful of happiness; indeed, it soon became known among their friends that the Countess Ponriaux and the Baroness de Buisserie were sadly misated. Soon the tide which had lifted the family to distinction began to turn. Unlucky speculations swept away almost the whole of Mr. Holliday's fortune. Next, death took away one of his daughters, the Countess. Then his wife was taken in the same way. Soon after a legal contest began between him and his remaining daughter over a will which his wife had executed. A curious feature of the will was a proviso that if the surviving daughter should become a widow she should not again marry a Frenchman, under the penalty of forfeiting all right to any part of her mother's property. About ten days ago this daughter arrived here from France for the purpose of resisting her father in the will contest. Immediately after her arrival she became dangerously ill, and on Sunday morning last she died among strangers in the New York Hotel. Her father is in California, and there is not one member of the family in New York. The body of the Baroness, who was only twenty-four years old, was then taken to the little chapel in Westchester, and there laid to rest. Only two gentlemen and an old and faithful Irish nurse, who had been in the family for twenty years, accompanied it to the grave.

John James Fitzpatrick, for twenty years connected with the literary department of the New York Herald, died on Sunday. He was a native of Cavan county, Ireland, and in early life was a physician, and was foreign editor of the Herald under old Bennett. He was 65 years of age.

JOHN SMITH.

A Peabody farmer had sold a Lynn man a load of pine wood, but on his way thither had lost the piece of brown paper that contained the address. He had searched for him at the postoffice, city hall and in a dozen bar-rooms but was unable to find him, and was on the point of returning home when he saw an intelligent-looking individual standing on the corner of Broad and Atlantic streets to whom he said:

"I sold this load of wood to a man here in Lynn and I can't think of his name if I should go to Halifax."

"Common name, is it?" inquired the man as though he would like to help him out of the difficulty.

"Yes, very common; heard it a thousand times," replied the farmer, knitting his eyebrows.

"Bread?" suggested the man. The farmer shook his head.

"Jones?" "No that's not the name. Let me see—who was it that built the ark?" asked the farmer, leaning on his whip handle.

"Eph. Horn."

"That's not the name. Let me see—who was it that discovered America?"

"Victoria C. Woodhull."

"No," replied the farmer. "It's funny he continued, 'that I can't think of his name. I know it just as well as I know my own. What is that fellows name that they call 'The Father of his country?'"

"John Morrissey."

"Tatler bin. Who is that big fellow in Congress who's been kicked out of the Cabinet for stealing so much money?"

"Sitting Bull."

"That's not the man I'm looking for. Who was it that built the first steamship?"

"Charles Francis Adams."

"Well," said the man with the wood, "I might as well give it up. Much obliged to you for your kindness," he added starting off.

"Wasn't it George Francis Train?" asked the man as it in deep meditation.

"No," replied the farmer, "its some of these fellows names, but that's not exactly it. Who was it that says we folks all come from the apt?"

"John Smith."

"That's the man I'm looking for," said the farmer, tipping his hat on the back of his head, and taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "Where does he live?"

"I'm he," said the man, and the two went down the street together, while the horse with the wood followed on behind.

MEDICINE.

It is very easy to ridicule anyone or anything, any belief or any theory—to sneer and smile and say smart things; but, after all, ridicule proves nothing.

Almost every discovery or invention has been the subject of ridicule at some time. Nobody could laugh enough at the idea that the world was round, when that fact was first suggested. As for the steamboat, there are people living who remember when it was believed to be the dream of a madman.

Theories that we do not understand prepositions which we cannot comprehend are apt to set us to sneering, and odd garments are an unfailing source of amusement to almost everyone.

Certainly, it is always wise to look like other people, as far as dress goes; but the ungainly creature, in an antediluvian hat and coat, may be your superior, monsieur, despite your latest modes and the lessons of your dancing. And you inademosselle, who are so near perfection in matters of the toilette, may not be so near heaven as the old lady with the yellow hand-basket, blue umbrellas, and red pocket-handkerchief.

As for personal misfortunes, what can be said of any one who finds there a subject of ridicule? A deformed figure, a halting gait, a stammering speech—these should and do excite sympathy, not ridicule, in all noble bosoms.

Ridicule is a weapon which, if aimed at contemptible actions and the meaner vices may sometimes do good; but it is a dangerous one, save in wise hands. Think twice before you use it, and haply you may save yourself from mocking one, the heir of whose garment you are not worth to kiss.

It is stated, as an instance of the late Ger. Smith's humorous and practical way of reaching results, that on one occasion, when a visitor had outstaid his welcome, and had become a preternatural nuisance, Mr. Smith in the morning prayed for a blessing to descend upon "our visiting brother, who will this day depart from us." And he departed.

A CHANCE FOR THE BOYS.

There is not a profession that is not overcrowded—there is not a phrase of mercantile pursuit that is not overdone. There is no chance for the coming men in any of the industries of life in the towns or cities. Lawyers, doctors, ministers and mechanics are starving to death, and thousands of them are competent in their callings. But there is a chance for the boys, after all. We need men; we need honest men. We need men who will fear God and bow to the principles of right. We need them at the head of affairs. We need them in the office of President and in the Senate of the nation. They must be men who will not buy their way into office or sell their votes to keep them from the pententary. This kind of men this nation must have if it continues a republic, and in this sphere, there is room enough for all the boys that are flocking about the hearthstone or coasting on their sleds down the snowy hillsides.—Boys, grow up to be men.—Western Rural.

AN INTERESTING YOUNG MAN.

A physician well known hereabouts was recently called to see a lady who was reported to be suffering with a terrible pain. The physician hastened to the residence of the lady and found her in bed. He felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and commenced writing a prescription. She said to him: "Doctor, I don't think you understand my case." "Oh, yes I do," said he, "I understand it very well." After a little while the lady remarked to him again: "Doctor, I don't think you know what's the matter with me; that you understand my condition." The doctor replied: "Oh, yes I do, madam; I have a patient up town, a young man just in your fix, suffering with the same disease." An hour afterwards the lady gave birth to a ten-pound boy. How the young man got along our informant did not say.—San Juan Times.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

[New Haven Palladium.]

They have had a funny law suit in West Stratford. A resident owned a hen of fancy breed that strayed upon a neighbor's premises and laid a nest full of eggs. Another hen, belonging to the owner of the land, took possession of the nest and hatched the eggs. Then the two neighbors got into a wrangle about the chickens. They were sued by No. 2 to a third party, whereupon No. 1 got out a writ of replevin and the case was tried a few days ago with able counsel and many witnesses. The Court decided that the hen that hatched the eggs was the legal mother and dismissed the replevin suit.

One day the sexton was standing on the church steps, wiping his melancholy features with a red bandanna. A hearse stood near, and three or four carriages were drawn up behind it. The notes of the organ floated out of the widow with solemn effect. A stranger came along, and said:

"Funeral?"

The old sexton gravely bowed his head. It was.

"Who is dead?"

The old man wiped his brow, and gave the name of the deceased.

What complaint? asked the inquisitive stranger.

Solemnly placing his bandanna in his hat and covering his bald head, the old sexton made answer:

"There is no complaint. Everybody is entirely satisfied."

PROOF OF AFFECTION.—They were disputing as to who had the richest father, and the smaller one finally flew that track and called out:

"Well, I've got the best big sister, anyhow!"

"I guess not," replied the other.

"Yes, I have!"

"I guess not; I've got the bossiest big sister in Detroit. She'll stay home any day to let me wear her shoes to the circus!"

"My sister will do mor'n that!" put in the little one. "She's take the strings out of her chest for me to spin my top with, and if I lose it she'll stay home from a party and never give me a word of sass! Is your sister any better than that?"

The big boy had to take a back seat.—Detroit Free Press.

Gleanings.

"What is home without a mother?" is what the girl sang when she was playing on the piano in the parlor, and her mother was in the cellar chopping wood.

Four hundred and twenty choirs, including 18,000 voices, will compete at the Paris Exposition.

"Shadwell" the birthplace of Thomas Jefferson, is to be sold at auction, under a deed of trust, on the 17th of May.

Under carpet-bag rule, the South Carolina Legislature bought two hundred and twelve clocks for the State House during one session.

Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, has six dogs, a parrot, three cats, a school of gold fish, an aviary of birds and a skeleton.

John S. Norton, once a popular actor and teacher of elocution, died in a New York station house cell Sunday morning from the effects of a debauch.

"Wear your old clothes and work every day is the way to keep the balance of trade in our favor.

A standing joke—Getting up to offer your seat to a lady in a car, and then having her give it to her husband.—Commercial Advertiser.

Teacher with reading class: Boy (reading): "and as she sailed down the river—" Teacher: "Why are ships she?" Boy (procoiously alive to the responsibility of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."

If Mrs. Tilton tells the truth, she is guilty; if she lies, she is innocent; if she is or is not innocent, she lies or tells the truth, or otherwise, as the case may be.—Boston Globe.

"Mr. Tapentred isn't in, I see," said an old shopper to the clerk in attendance. "No'm, he's at home to-day." "I suppose he's got nothing new?" "Yes'm he has, he's got pneumonia." "You don't say so; what are you getting a yard for monie, now?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The pathway of life is full of difficulties but Griggus says he has about made up his mind that one of the hardest things in the world for a man to do is to admit to his wife that he has been in the wrong.

A GOOD TIME COMING.—When they get telephones in the hotels it will refresh the weary traveler who is sent up to the fourth floor to sit down quietly and impart to the clerk down in the office his private opinion of that functionary's conduct.—Rome Sentinel.

A Danbury man recently called to see a friend in an insane retreat. He stood a moment before a fine looking man he had seen before in the institution and enquired his name. "Julius Caesar, sir," said the lunatic. "Why you were Alexander when I was here, before, were you not?" "Oh, why yes, but that was by a former wife," said the crazy man, not at all disconcerted.

"Ma'am, do you know that you possess one of the best voices in the world?" said a saucy fellow to a woman. "Indeed do you think so?" she replied with a flash of pride at the compliment. "I do most certainly," continued the rascal; "for if you hadn't it would have been worn out long ago." For the first time in her life the woman had not word to say.

On a certain trial once where a will was in dispute an old man of eighty was led into court trembling. "Did you see your master sign the will?" "Yes; and I remember he said, Tom, you will always recollect this, for I will put a sixpence under the wax." There was the wax and there was the sixpence. (Sensational in court.) But a troublesome lawyer held up the sixpence. Said he: "This will was made in 1752; this sixpence was coined in 1758.

A NICE GRADATION.—Not a very great many years ago an old gentleman in Kentucky was met by a friend who said: "Well, Colonel, you dined with the Governor yesterday; who was there?" "Well, sir," replied the Colonel, throwing back his head, digging his hands deep in his trousers pockets and spreading his legs, "there was me, sir, and beside myself there were four other high-toned, elegant gentlemen from Kentucky, a gentleman from Virginia, two men from Ohio a fellow from New York and a son of a gun from Boston sir. Will you take a drink, sir?"—N. Y. Herald.