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## THE GLEANER

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**E. S. PARKER**

Graham, N. C.

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**E. S. PARKER,**

GRAHAM N. C.,  
**Attorney at Law,**

Practiced in Alamance and adjoining counties and in the Federal courts.

### A TEMPTATION.

George Miles sat at his desk in the counting-room busily casting up the columns of figures that lay before him. He had been discharged from his former situation nearly a year before, owing to the pressure of the times; and, for a long time could find no work until, fortunately, he obtained his present position, which he had held for but three months. During his enforced idleness he had been obliged to run into debt over fifty dollars and, as his wages barely paid his expenses, he saw no way to free himself from the incumbrance. George was steady and industrious, and disliked extremely to be under obligations to any one, consequently the thought that he was in debt worried him continually. As he sat there at work the door opened and a little old man entered the room.

‘Good morning!’ said George, courteously, looking up. ‘Anything I can do for you?’

‘Is Mr. Osgood in?’ inquired the visitor, in a thin, squeaking tone that corresponded perfectly with his stature.

‘My employer is out of town this morning,’ replied the clerk; ‘but I transact business in his absence.’

‘Be you his bookkeeper?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Could you give me a receipt, s’posin’ I was to pay ye some money I’ve been owing him?’

‘Certainly.’

‘My name’s Blair; Billy Blair,’ said the old man, as he walked up to the desk. ‘Ye see, I got trusted for goods and things up to about seventy five dollars, more or less, a year ago; and I s’pose Osgood has about gin up ever getting his pay. Ye see he couldn’t a’ got it he’d tried for I didn’t have the money. But it was an honest debt, and I’ve ailers intended to pay it; and now I’ve got the money I’m going to! Seventy five dollars and a half!’ and he laid the money upon the desk.

The clerk wrote him a receipt, and, carefully placing it in his pocket book with an air of satisfaction, Mr. Blair took his leave. George sighed as he placed the money in his pocket. Probably his creditors would have to wait longer than his employer had waited for this money! How he longed for the time when he could walk the street with head erect, not fearing to lift his eyes lest he should see a creditor!

During the afternoon his employer came in. Mr. Osgood was a pleasant, jovial man, easy going and generous, but thoughtless. He could get plenty of clerks for the wages he paid George, and it had never occurred to him that George might experience any difficulty in getting along.

‘Any callers?’ he inquired, as he took a chair by the stove.

‘A few. A Mr. Blair was in for a few moments this morning.’

‘Was he?’ said his employer, carelessly. ‘I see him about every week. He’s been owing me seventy five dollars for over a year. He keeps saying he’s going to pay it as soon as he gets the money. But he’ll never get the money, I’m afraid. If he does, he’ll pay. He’s honest enough. That’s why I’m so easy with him. I say Miles,’ he exclaimed, half jocosely, ‘what will you give me for that note?’

‘Where does he live?’ inquired George.

‘In that little house opposite the machine shop.’

A wild idea flashed through the mind of the clerk. His employer had asked him to buy the note. He would probably discount considerably from its face! and here the note was already paid, and the money in his pocket! The suddenness of the temptation blinded him. He did not see the wrong he would be doing; he only saw a means of clearing himself from debt.

‘What will you take for it?’ he asked quietly, veiling his eagerness.

‘O, fudge!’ laughed Mr. Osgood. ‘That was only my nonsense. I wouldn’t advise you to risk your money! But I’ll sell the note to anybody for twenty five dollars.’

‘You say he is honest, but hasn’t the money?’ said the clerk, thinking it would be best not to seem too eager.

‘Yes, honest enough! Thank you’ll invest, Miles.’

‘Yes, I believe I’ll risk it. I guess I shall get back my money sometime. I’ll pay you to-morrow, if you say it is a bargain!’

He did not wish his employer to see the roll of bills, or he would have paid him on the spot; for he knew he would have to pay it from this money, as he had not ten dollars to his name. Mr. Osgood laughingly made over to him the note; and soon after left the store, without once thinking to inquire for what

reason Blair had called. As he passed along the street he chanced to meet Blair himself.

‘Ah! How do you do?’ said the merchant, pleasantly.

‘Pretty well?’ was the reply. ‘I feel better than I have for a year; for I can look ye in the face without feeling I’m owing ye. Ye see, I got into the machine shop, and got pretty good wages, and just as soon as I got money enough saved, I says to myself, ‘I’ll clear off that old debt that Osgood has agin’ me.’ I s’pose your young man told ye I dropped in and paid the money this morning? He gave me a receipt.’

The truth flashed over Mr. Osgood’s mind.

‘I was in the office only for a few moments, to-day,’ he said. ‘And Miles didn’t speak of it. However, I’m glad we are straight once more.’

The merchant was in an unpleasant state of mind as he walked home. So his clerk had cheated him; coolly and deliberately swindled him out of fifty dollars. He could see the whole game now. In a day or two Miles would have come in with a smiling face to his work, and say he had induced Blair to pay the note. Scoundrel! And he had placed perfect confidence in him. Well, Miles could have the pleasure of giving up the money and losing his situation. Perhaps he thought it paid to cheat his employer; but possibly his views on that subject would be changed on the following day. Mr. Osgood was very indignant, and justly so.

That evening, while the merchant was vainly endeavoring to crowd this affair from his mind and trying to fix his attention on the paper, there came a ring at the door-bell, and shortly after the servant ushered the clerk into the presence of the employer. The latter, by a strong effort, controlled his feelings, and greeted him as pleasantly as he could directing him to be seated, curious to know what had brought him there at that time.

‘Shall we be alone?’ asked the clerk, soberly.

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Then, sir, I will disclose my errand here,’ said he, nervously. ‘About nine months before you engaged me I was out of employment and after spending all my money was obliged to borrow money at different times, amounting in all to over fifty dollars in order to get along. Since then I have been able to save very little, and the debt has been on my mind constantly. I could not bear to be indebted to anyone, and I could see no means of paying it. This morning Mr. Blair came in and paid his note. This afternoon I commenced to tell you of the fact and was about to hand you the money when you told me of this note, and how you did not expect ever to be paid. Then you asked me what I would give for the note. I knew you meant it for a jest, but I was tempted. In an instant I saw how I could manage it and I yielded. I bought the note of you, when I had the seventy-five dollars and a half in my pocket, that belonged to you by right! But when I was alone, and thought it all over, I began to realize what I had done.

‘I think I never did anything mean or dishonest before, and I saw this was dishonest for I had cheated you out of fifty dollars. I took out the money and counted it over, but it did not satisfy me. It came over me more and more that I couldn’t keep it; that I must undo the wrong I had done, that the knowledge of having cheated you would be more unendurable than being in debt. It was to clear up the debt that I wanted the money.’

‘Then I began to plan how to set the matter right. The idea came into my head to make over the note to you in the morning, pretending that I dared not risk my money on it; and in a day or two, give you your money as if it had just been paid. But I saw that such a course would lead me deeper and deeper into deceit, and after much unhappy thinking, concluded to tell you the whole, as I have done. Of course I do not expect to remain in your employ any longer; and I cannot ask you for recommendation; but it will be my own fault. Here is the money. Good night, sir, and good by.’ And he turned toward the door.

‘Hold, George!’ exclaimed Mr. Osgood, with some emotion. ‘Come back here and sit down. I’ve got something to say to you.’

‘He obeyed, wondering.

‘You did wrong, George,’ continued his employer, kindly, all his resentment having vanished. ‘But I presume you couldn’t have done so had I not unconsciously tempted you. You have given

me the money and disclosed the whole affair, expecting to lose your situation and thereby your means of living. The fact of your confessing it so soon strengthens my confidence in you. On my way home this afternoon I discovered that the note had been paid to you, and had fully decided to discharge you to-day or to-morrow, and should have done so had you not done as you have this evening. Take your place in the counting-room as usual. Your salary shall be made sufficient for your needs.’

The clerk’s heart was light again as he walked home. The merchant kept his word; the increase of salary enabled George to pay his debt speedily. But he never desired to repeat the experiment of appropriating another man’s money for his own needs.

### TOUCHING SCENE.

We need not seek among the select classes to discover the finest poetry of sympathy. The *Detroit Free Press* publishes the affecting instance of true feeling in the hearts of the lowly.

One day three or four weeks ago, a gamin who seemed to have no friends in the world was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot Avenue and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn called to ask about him and would answer no questions.

After that he came daily always bringing something if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before but had always refused. Billy, pale and weak, and emaciated opened his eyes in wonder at the sight of the boy, and before he realized who he was the stranger bent close to his face and said, with moistened eyes:

‘Billy can you forgive a feller? We was always fighting, and I was afix too much for ye, but I am sorry! Fore ye die won’t ye tell me ye haven’t any grudge agin me?’

The young lad then almost in the shadow of death, reached out his thin white arms, clasped them around the other’s neck and replied:

‘Don’t cry Bob—don’t feel bad! I was ugly a d mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon lit me. If ye’ll forgive me I’ll forgive you, and I’ll pray for both of us.’

Bob was half an hour late on the morning Billy died; when the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse, he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped:

‘D—did he say anything about—about me?’

‘He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here,’ replied the nurse.

‘And may I go—go to the funeral?’

‘You may.’

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave with heart so big that he could not speak.

‘If, under the crust of vice and ignominy, there are such springs of pure nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good?’

### ANECDOTES OF JOHN MORRISSEY

Two or three incidents connected with John Morrissey’s first official appearance in Washington are not unworthy of mention. The day after he arrived here to take his place in Congress he was seated in the barber shop of Willard’s Hotel when Beau Hickman, well known as ‘the champion gentleman beat of America,’ approached him and said, ‘Mr. Morrissey, permit me sir, to congratulate you upon your election to Congress, to a position, sir, which I have no doubt you will adorn.’ ‘That’s not bad,’ replied Morrissey, ‘but what does it cost?’ ‘Oh, only \$5,’ replied Hickman. ‘That’s cheap,’ said Morrissey, and then handed him the money without another word.

Shortly after he came to the capital Mr. Morrissey learned that Colfax, who was then Speaker of the House, was an inveterate smoker. Acting upon this knowledge he went to him and presented a neatly prepared parcel said: ‘Mr. Speaker, I want to talk to you about my place on the committees, but before I say a word let me give the best box of cigars in America.’ ‘Ah, yes,’ said Mr. Colfax very much embarrassed ‘but you know—that is to say—all the important places

belong by right to the old members.’ ‘Certainly,’ said Morrissey in his own blount, hearty way, ‘that is just what I thought, and what I want you to do for me is to put me at the tail end of some committee that never does any work.’ ‘Oh, that’s easy enough,’ said Colfax, evidently much relieved; ‘I’ll do just what you want.’ He kept his word, and Mr. Morrissey was appointed to the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, which meets about once every five years.

Morrissey, unlike most of his associates, was not ambitious to figure prominently in the *Congressional Directory*, and when Maj. Ben Perley Poore, the ever popular compiler of that famous work, called on him for a short sketch of his life, and asked what his profession was, the newly elected Congressman said, with some bitterness: ‘Well, I suppose you had better put me down as a faro-dealer.’

‘Oh, you don’t mean it,’ said Major Poore. ‘Can’t you give me some other occupation?’

‘Yes, of course I can,’ replied Morrissey. ‘Give me credit for my old trade if you will; call me an iron moulder, for that’s what I am if I’m anything.’ And he appears in the *Directory* as an iron moulder.

How kind hearted John Morrissey was to people in distress is only known to those who were familiar with him. He made no display of his generosity, but did his good work in secret. If I am not misinformed, his nearest approach to an act of kindness which could be seen of all men was on one of the Albany boats. It was two years ago in the middle of the season, and the vessel was crowded with passengers on their way to Saratoga and other Summer resorts. John Morrissey and a number of his personal friend and associates were among the number. Suddenly, while the band was playing its liveliest air, and a crowd was gathered around the height of its enjoyment, a woman, evidently a good and cultivated woman’s voice was heard lamenting some misfortune. Immediately the people gathered around, and it was found that a lady, alone and unprotected, had lost or been robbed of her purse. Big noble hearted John Morrissey was the first to push his way through the throng, and going to the woman, who was obviously in needy circumstances, he asked with a directness which in any other man would have been rude: ‘How much was there in that there pocket-book?’

‘Seventy-three dollars,’ replied the lady with almost painful exactness.

‘That ain’t much of a pile,’ said the Senator. Then he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out a \$20 bill, turned to some of his friends who stood by, and said simply, ‘Clip in, gentlemen.’ They did as they were directed; in three minutes the poor woman had her money back again and the benefactor was on the forward deck quietly smoking a cigar.

John Morrissey has now ‘chipped in’ for the last time, but his memory will long be kept green in many friendly hearts.

H. C.

**New Millinery Store.**

Mrs. W. S. Moore, of Greensboro, has opened a branch of her extensive business, in this town, at the

**Hunter Old Stand**

under the management of Mrs. R. S. Hunter, where she has just opened a complete assortment of:  
**BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, NATURAL HAIR BRUSHES AND CURBS, LADIES COLLARS, AND CUFFS, linen lace CHAWATS, TOILET SETS, NOTIONS, and everything for ladies of the very latest styles, and if you do not find in store what you want leave your order one day and call the next and get your goods.**  
\*Competition in styles and prices defeated.

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**Commission Merchants**  
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**Scott & Donnell**  
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*Dealers in*

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON, STEEL, RAIL, MOLASSES, DRUGS, MEDICINES, EYE STUFF &c.**

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All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S.

SCOTT & DONNELL pay the highest cash price for Good Flour.

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**1812 Pensions.**

Under this act, any person who served fourteen days or participated in any battle in the war of 1812, is entitled to a Pension of \$8 per month from date of approval of act. Widows of such soldiers as have died after similar service, no matter what was the date of marriage to the soldier, are entitled to the same Pension.

No other parties are entitled.

All 1812 Pensioners dropped from the rolls because of alleged delinquency are restored by this act.

Applications must be executed before an officer of a court of record.

Send to us for any information or blanks needed.

**GILMORE & CO.,**  
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