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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



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 BRAIDS AND CURLS, LADIES COLLARS, AND CUFFS, linen and lace CRAVATS, 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 de-

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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, &c., or visit them in person

Any kind of marketable produce taken in exchange for work.

S. C. ROBERTSON,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

BEST business you can engage in is to work for either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address J. TINSOR & Co., Portland Maine.

IDA'S LOVERS.

'Oh, I loved in my youth a lady fair,'
For her azure eyes and her golden hair,
High and clear the sweet tenor voice
rang out through the bracing, frosty air.
It was an October morning; the woods
were glorious in crimson and gold, the
fields were white with frost, and the
wind, cool and delicious, blew gently
from the west, carrying health and
strength to frames debilitated by summer's sultry heat.

'Who is that singing?' called Ida Miller, from the boughs of a chestnut tree, to her cousin Lou, seated underneath, gathering up the bright nuts as they fell.

'I don't know; it's some person over in the next field. He's a good singer; hope he won't come along this way. Give that lough another shake, Ida,' exclaimed Lou.

Ida did so, and the nuts came down in a torrent. Deeply absorbed in gathering them into her basket, Lou Miller did not look up until her cousin called out again, in a half-frightened voice, 'Lou, as sure as you live, that person is coming directly toward us; he sees the branches shaking, I suppose, and wants some chestnuts. He's a young man in a brown suit, with a gun on his shoulder, and oh! so good looking!'

'Hush! he'll hear you,' said Lou. 'Come down, quick, before he gets here.'

'Not I,' replied Ida. 'I can't get down, without climbing all the way back along this slender branch. I'm going to hide in the leaves until he passes on.'

'Oh, Ida, come down; he'll see you, anyhow, and a pretty figure you'll cut, perched up there like a squirrel. Come down, quick,' coaxed Lou.

'I won't, I tell you; I've got a secure resting place, and I'm going to remain here.'

Meanwhile the stranger approached and saluted Lou Miller with a graceful bow and a pleasant 'Good morning,' which the lady returned as gracefully.

He was wonderfully good looking, at least, so thought Ida Miller, surveying him from her airy eminence. A tall, erect form; brown hair, glossy and curling; frank, laughing blue eyes, and handsome lips, adorned by a drooping light-brown mustache. Surveying the branches overhead his eyes caught the little figure of Ida hid among the leaves. Raising his rifle to his shoulder, he said, laughing, 'Is that lawful game, or do our laws forbid the shooting of such rare and beautiful birds?'

Lou laughed.

'Our laws forbid it, certainly,' she replied.

Poor Ida was covered with confusion when she found herself discovered, and, in endeavoring to change her position, her feet slipped from the main bough, and she saved herself from falling by grasping a slender branch with both hands. This bent with her weight, and she found herself swaying 'between heaven and earth' but fortunately only a few feet from earth. The young man caught her in his arms, and deposited her safely on solid ground. Between fright and shame the poor girl was speechless; she could only glance shyly at the stranger, while hot blushes dyed her face and neck.

The young man regarded Ida's rosy face with undisguised admiration. Never, he thought, had he seen any one half so lovely. Her short, curling hair, black as jet, hung in picturesque confusion over neck and forehead; her cheeks were red as June roses, while the great brown eyes above them were half filled with tears, and the scarlet lips beneath parted in a bewitching smile. Her small, but round and graceful figure was clad in a coquettish walking dress, revealing feet and ankles of exquisite mold and fairy-like proportions. Lou broke the embarrassing silence by bursting into a ringing laugh, in which the others joined heartily.

'You must not undertake climbing again, my girl, or you will be certain to break your neck,' said Lou.

'But the chestnuts—I'd only got one branch shaken,' replied Ida, ruefully.

'Well, we must let the squirrels have them, I suppose.'

'By no means, ladies,' said the stranger; 'I am a good climber, and will gladly shake the tree for you if you wish it.'

'We should be much obliged to you, but the trouble would be too great.'

'No trouble at all, I assure you,' he said, taking off his coat; and in a moment he was gliding up the tree with the ease and agility of a squirrel.

The bright nuts came rattling down like a shower of hail, and soon the ground was almost covered. To gather them up was a work of time, and I am afraid the young man did but little good in filling

the basket, for he kept up such a continued conversation that they gave but little attention to the business on hand. And I think that little Ida almost lost her tender heart as she watched his handsome face, and listened to his pleasant, musical voice. The baskets were filled at last, however, and the young ladies were ready to go home.

'Can you tell me where Dr. Miller lives?' asked the young man throwing his rifle on his shoulder, and taking a good long look at pretty Ida.

'I ought to be able to do so, as he is my father,' laughed Lou.

'Then you are my cousin, Louisa,' said the stranger, in a pleased tone.

'My name is Louisa, but I don't think you can be my cousin, as I never saw you before.'

'Yes, you have, but you have forgotten me. I am Ralph Darrell—Cousin Rafe, whom you used to play with when you were a very young lady, in short dresses. I have been abroad for ten years; so, of course, you don't recognize me.'

'But I do now. Your eyes and smile are just the same. Oh, Cousin Rafe, I am very glad to see you, after all these years; and they shook hands heartily.'

'Is this your sister?' asked Ralph, looking at Ida, and holding out his hand.

'My cousin, Ida Miller, my father's niece, and, therefore, no relation to you I have no sister.'

'I hope we shall be friends, Miss Ida, if we are not cousins,' said Rafe, pressing her little hand, and smiling down on her blushing face.

'Of course you will go home with us, Rafe?' asked Lou, with cousinly familiarity.

'Yes. I ran down here from town for a week's shooting, this beautiful weather, and I intend staying at your father's, if you will tolerate me.'

'We shall be glad enough to have you there. And we must be going, for it is nearly dinner time, and this bracing air gives one an appetite.'

'It does, indeed. I, at least, feel a strong desire to taste some of my aunt's excellent dishes.'

Dr. Miller and his wife were greatly delighted to see their favorite but long-absent nephew, and gave him a cordial welcome. The doctor was a retired physician, living on a fine farm not far from a large town. He was a jovial old man, disposed to take life easy. His daughter Louisa was his only child; but he loved his brothers orphan, little Ida, as much as he did his own child, and treated her the same in every respect.

The weather continuing clear, cool and delicious, Rafe Darrell enjoyed some fine sport in wood and field; but in spite of these attractions, he spent a large portion of his time in the house or in walking with the young ladies. I suspect that Ida's brown eyes, and cheeks influenced the handsome young man a good deal.

But the course of true love never does run smooth; and ere long he discovered that he had a rival in the person of a stalwart young farmer named John Gordon, who walked into the parlor one evening dressed in his best. Ralph Darrell saw at once by his manner that he was little Ida's 'beau.' The knowledge did not please him, and he retired to his room in a fit of the sulks.

'What in the mischief can she see in that booby to like?' he said confidentially to his pillow. 'But what difference does it make to me? Am I in love with this little country maiden? Yes, I am and would marry her to-morrow if she would have me. Aye, there's the rub—will she have me? I believe she would learn to love me if that confounded fellow would keep out of the way. Certainly she doesn't love him, for he's ugly as sin. I think I had better wait awhile and see how matters go on; and, if she isn't actually engaged to that fellow, I'll cut him out, by Jove! if I can.'

With which consoling reflection he went to sleep.

Another week passed without Ralph Darrell having decided whether or not he could 'cut out' the young farmer. Sometimes he teased Ida about him; but she speedily got into a bad humor, and vowed that she cared nothing at all for him—which Darrell, with his knowledge of women could not believe.

One morning, being in a particularly down-hearted mood, he took his rifle, and started for the woods to renew his acquaintance with the pheasants. He had not gone far ere he heard voices, which he recognized as belonging to Ida and her lover.

'All's fair in love and war,' he said to himself; and approaching as near as he dared, he crouched behind a bush, and peered through the foliage at the lovers—if such they be. They were seated on a

fallen tree-trunk; Ida's face was averted but Gordon's wore an expression of mingled anger and sorrow.

'You liked me well enough,' he said, in a reproachful voice, 'until that fellow from London came down here. I suppose you think you'll get him now, and may be you can but its my opinion you'll get no prize, anyhow.'

'You are no gentleman,' retorted Ida, angrily, 'to slander an absent person. I never expect to get Mr. Darrell; but that is no reason why I should marry you.'

'I didn't mean to say anything against him; I don't know anything about him; but oh, Ida, he doesn't love you as I do! Only think how we played together as children and how I have loved you ever since, caring nothing for anyone else!'

'I am sorry for you John if you love me as you say,' replied Ida, gently. 'But I can never care for you only as a friend, and it would be wrong to marry you.'

'You never can love me as I love you?'

'I never can, John.'

'Then good by,' said the honest fellow rising to his feet and holding Ida's hand in his, while his mournful eyes, filled with tears, met hers. 'I shall never trouble you any more. I am rough and ugly, I know but I loved you truly. Will you let me kiss you once for the first time and the last?'

'As a friend, you may, John,' said Ida, pitying his sorrowful face.

'As the only woman I shall ever love,' he said passionately, catching her to his breast for a moment; then he released her, and disappeared without another word.

Darrell pitied the poor youth sincerely; but at the same time his heart beat high with the joy of renewed hope; and approaching the place where Ida was still seated he sat down by her side. The beautiful girl blushed scarlet and would have fled, but he detained her by clasping her hand in his own.

'I met your friend, Mr. Gordon a moment ago,' said Ralph, mischievously 'and he seemed to be terribly downcast about something. What is the matter with him?'

'How should I know?' replied Ida, trying to withdraw her hands.

'But he was talking with you; I heard your voices. He looked just as I fancy a man would who has proposed to the woman he loves, and has been rejected. Did you refuse him?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Because I think you treated him badly, little girl. He is a good fellow, and loves you devotedly. If you know how you hurt his feelings, you would not treat him so.'

'It seems to me you concern yourself a good deal about that person's affairs,' said Ida, growing indignant and almost ready to cry. 'What difference does it make to you?'

'Well, my darling, I love you so myself that I can feel for others who love you, as I fear I do, hopelessly. Dear little Ida can you ever care for me at all, or must I, like poor Gordon, kiss you and depart forever?'

Ida gazed earnestly upon him for a moment; then, sobbing with joy she threw her arms around his neck, and laid her blushing, happy face on his shoulder.

'That's right, little girl,' said Rafe. 'Do you know, when I held you in my arms under the chestnut tree I vowed that should be your resting-place through life?'

'And I loved you at first sight, too,' confessed Ida, shyly.

'Even so, darling. If we do not love at first sight we never will love at all,' said Rafe kissing her lips.

With which little bit of doubtful philosophy we will leave them.

A PENITENTIARY ROMANCE.
A Convict Turns Out to Be a Woman — In Male Attire from Childhood—A Strange Career.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

On the 23rd of October, 1877, William Freeman was sentenced to the Erie county penitentiary for one year and six months, the prisoner having pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary and larceny. Freeman was duly received in the penitentiary, was put to work in the shop at polishing buckles, and continued quietly and with uniform good behavior to pursue the dreary routine of prison life until a surprising discovery was made. It became known to the prison authorities, and, later, to the police officials and a few others, that the supposed William Freeman was a woman.

As soon as the startling discovery of her sex was made, Mary Ann Schater, as she confessed her true name to be, was removed to another and secluded part of the prison, and provided with the costume prescribed for female State prisoners. The woman had utterly broken down from her usual firm bearing. She begged the Superintendent to keep her there for life rather than allow her secret and her name to be published. This, however, could hardly be prevented, as several persons necessarily became possessed of the knowledge of the facts, and the news, once out, naturally spread.

Her story, told with an abundance of tears and with much apparent feeling, was to this effect: She was born in New York city, or on shipboard. Her early home was in Alleghany county, with her mother and a step-father, whom she left when she was 11½ years of age. To make a living was at best a hard task for one of her age, and believing that as a boy she could do best and earn most, she dressed herself in boy's clothes and hired out to do farm work. This she has done all her life since—plowing, chopping wood, taking care of horses, and all the rough work of a farm—and, although all the time in the vicinity of her home, she avers that not a soul except her mother, until yesterday, knew her or knew the secret so carefully preserved.

She has a brother and a sister, 15 and 17 years of age, who probably to this moment do not know that they have a sister. She worked for various farmers in Alleghany county, at Nile's Hill, Knights Creek, and other towns. For a farmer named Pendleton she worked seven years. Through all the long years of her disguise she protests that she has preserved a character of strict honor and honesty, which will be attested by those by whom she has been employed.

The crime for which she was sentenced she declares she did not commit. She had rented a farm about five miles from her family's home, which is at Wellsville, and hired a woman to act as housekeeper. This woman's nephew committed a burglary by which he secured a quantity of dry goods, which he concealed in her barn. The property was found, and she was one of the number arrested. Being committed to jail, she was employed by the Sheriff to take care of his horses, and, taking advantage of the opportunity for liberty which this service offered, she escaped and fled to Canada.

In some manner she was induced to return. The man who committed the crime threatened her life if she betrayed his guilt and, she says, under intimidation she made the plea of guilty.

During the time of her imprisonment, Mary says, she was in constant terror of a discovery of her sex, and, indeed, it is remarkable that she succeeded so long in following prison rules and habits without detection. Several times she has been on the point of confessing that she was not what her clothing indicated, but shame, she says, kept her mouth closed. She had fully determined that, once out of the prison, she would wear male attire no longer.

So long has this young woman followed the ways of a man that to see her in feminine raiment would be amusing if the spectacle did not excite pity. The simplest bit of woman's work she does with all the awkwardness a rough man would show. She has, in fact, become native to the pantaloons, and skirts are garments which will require considerable time for her to become accustomed to.

What action will now be taken in regard to her pardon it is impossible to foretell. She has certainly been a brave woman while not representing a woman, a hard worker, and the feeling toward her should be that of charity. We trust her story of innocence of the crime for which she was sentenced as a State prisoner to the penitentiary may prove true.

Mark Twain told a newspaper reporter that he was going abroad in order to find a quiet place to write, where he would not be disturbed once a day. It is singular that it never occurred to him to remain at home and secure a desk in a store that don't advertise.—Norristown Herald.

'Do they miss you at home?' he asked, as she fumbled and put away a letter she had just received from her mother. 'Never,' she answered, 'they call me Sis.'

Gleanings.

How to get along in the world—Walk. The early angler catches the worm and a cold.

Wigs, in the language of flowers, are fle-locks. A 'certainty in religion'—The contribution box.

A little boy's first pair of trousers always fit if the pockets are deep enough. The consumption of pencils in this country is at the rate of about 250,000 a day.

The monks are not so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the high branches.

When does a farmer eat with great rudeness toward his corn? When he pulls its ears.

Mrs. Jane Higgins, of Shelbyville, Ind., has attained fame by cowhiding her father-in-law.

'What is wisdom?' asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered, 'Information of the brain.'

A Mississippi judge was just saying that no one but a coward would carry a pistol, when his own fell from his pocket and was discharged, and the bullet hit a lawyer in the leg.

Borward J. Reilly, a lawyer of St. Louis is on trial on a charge of embezzling \$300,000, the fortune of Mrs. Bridget Ivory, a widow, totally ignorant of business, who had intrusted her all to Reilly's keeping.

She asked the clerk if he was positive, thoroughly convinced the eggs were fresh. 'Oh yes,' said the young philosopher, 'I know they are; why, the farmer said none of his hens were more than a year old.' She bought a basketful on the spot.—Syracuse Times.

'Papa,' asked a little 6-year old daughter of an up-town physician, 'wasn't Job a doctor?' 'I never learn that he was. Why?' 'Because mamma said, the other day, that she didn't think that you had any of the patients of Job.'

A STRONG STOMACH.—There died at Prestwich Ashmun, the other day, a lunatic in whose stomach 1,841 indigestible substances were found—namely, twenty buckles, fourteen bits of glass, ten pebbles, three pieces of string, one piece of copper, a fish hook, a pin, nine brass buttons and 1,782 tacks and nails.

An editor apologized to his readers after this fashion: 'We expected to have a death and marriage to publish this week but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both.'

'What is the annual grain crop of Kentucky?' asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. 'I can't exactly say,' was the ready reply, 'but it's enough to make all the whiskey we want, besides what is wasted for bread.'

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging a like at all hours, above all, of a golden temper, and steady as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

P. T. Barnum says: 'I tell you as a showman, you can't make animals drink whiskey. They know better. The showman is mistaken. We once heard a woman call out of a second story window to an object that for nearly an hour had been trying in vain to unlock the front door: 'Drunk again, you old hog, are you? And if a hog isn't an animal, what is it?'

—Norristown Herald.

The gentleman who attracts attention in church last week by crying out, 'Holy Moses,' had no intention of disturbing the congregation. He had been tacking down carpets the day before, and just as he sat down in his pew he suddenly remembered that he had left a paper of tacks in his coat skirt pocket. We make this explanation in justice to his family who are highly respectable.

An engineer on the railroad on Sunday saw a large assemblage of well-dressed people on the bank of the river and blew his whistle, rang his bell, and saluted them generally. After passing the spot the engineer said to him: 'What is the matter with you? That was rather too solemn a scene to blow the whistle for. It was a baptism.' 'Oh, dander,' said the engineer, 'I thought it was a picker-nick.'