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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made

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 as fast.

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 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.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!

For the speedy cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, and all disorders brought on by indigestion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Dr. W. J. FLEMING & CO., No. 120 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

In a small but handsomely furnished sitting room in a London hotel, a young lady was sitting in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, one dreary November afternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager, impatient glances she turned toward the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened, and a tall, aristocratic looking young man entered the room.

'Harry, what a long time you have been!' she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. 'What news have you brought? What does your father say about our marriage?' hesitating with the shyness of a bride at the first words.

'Read for yourself, Helen,' replied her husband, handing her an open letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantelpiece, watching intently the expression of her fair young face as she read:—

'In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct, deliberate opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever.'

'Harry, why did you not tell me of this before?' exclaimed Helen as she read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husband's face.

'My darling, what was there to tell? How could I know that my father would act in this hard-hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates; but I had no idea that he would cast me off for disobeying his wishes. And even if I had known it,' he added, fondly clasping his young bride to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her eyes, 'I should not have acted differently. My Helen is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But my love,' he continued, more seriously, 'there is an end of your promised shopping expedition into Bond street. You shall have to do without diamonds, now that your husband is a penniless outcast, instead of the heir to fifteen thousand a year.'

'Hush, Harry! Please don't talk like that,' she said, hurt at his bitter tone. 'You know that it was not of the diamonds and dress I was thinking. But what are you going to do, Harry?' she continued, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly in his pale, set face. 'You cannot work for a living.'

'And why not work for a living?' he exclaimed in a determined voice. 'Because I happen to be the son of a baronet, brought up and educated without any ideas or knowledge of business? But I will work for my living, and show my little wife that I am not quite unworthy of the trust and confidence she reposed in me when she placed this little hand in mine,' he added, stooping to kiss the small white hand that rested coquettishly upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil paintings among the famous galleries of Rome that Harry Marston won and won Helen Tracy, a governess in an English family residing in Italy, and the orphan daughter of an officer in the army. Before he had known her a month, Harry, who had been in love—or fancied himself in love—with at least half a dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told her of his real position and it was not until after the marriage ceremony that Helen discovered she had married the eldest son of a baronet, and the heir to an estate producing fifteen thousand a year. It was not without some inward misgivings that Harry wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, which were more than realized by the result, as we have seen by the letter from Sir Phillip Marston, which awaited him at his club on his return to England with his bride.

But full of confidence in his ability to maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, and thinking that surely his father would relent and be reconciled to him after a time, Harry troubled himself very little about his inheritance; and though their new home, consisting of three small, poorly furnished rooms in a back street—was very different from the grand old mansions to which he had hoped to take his bride, he set to work cheerfully at his favorite art, and tried hard to earn a living by painting pictures and portraits.

But he soon found that it was not so easy as he thought.

It was all very well when he was heir to Marston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art; but picture dealers, who in those days had been all flattery and obsequiousness toward the young heir, now that he really wanted to sell his pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely but firmly declined to purchase.

At last, one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called a studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replendish his slender purse, the servant opened the door and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visitor, Harry inquired his business.

'You are a portrait painter, I believe, sir?' said the old gentleman, looking at him through his gold spectacles.

'That is my profession, sir,' replied Harry, delighted at the thought of having found a commission at last.

'Well, sir, I want you to paint the portrait of my daughter.'

'With pleasure, sir,' said Harry eagerly. 'When can the lady give me her first sitting?'

'Alas! sir, she is dead—dead to me these twenty years, and I killed her—broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty!' exclaimed the old man, in an excited trembling voice.

A strange thrill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must be an escaped lunatic crossed his mind; but mastering, with an effort, his emotion, the stranger continued:

'Pardon me, young sir. This is of no interest to you. My daughter is dead, and I want you to paint her portrait from my description, as I perfectly well remember her twenty years ago.'

'I will do my best, sir, but it will be no easy task, and you must be prepared for many disappointments,' said Harry when, having given a long description of the form and features of his long-lost daughter, the old man rose to depart and for weeks he worked incessantly upon the mysterious portrait of the dead girl making sketch after sketch, each of which was rejected by the remorse-stricken father, until the work began to exercise a strange kind of fascination over him, and he sketched face after face as if under the influence of a spell.

At last, one evening, wearied with a day of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife who sat opposite, busy upon some needle-work, when an idea suddenly flashed upon him.

'Tall, fair, with golden hair and dark-blue eyes? Why, Helen, it is the very picture of yourself!' he exclaimed, springing to his feet, taking his wife's face between his two hands, and gazing intently into her eyes.

Without losing a moment he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face; and when his strange patron called the next morning, Harry was busily engaged putting the finishing touches to his portrait, that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked on for some moments unconscious of his presence, until, with a cry of 'Helen, my daughter!' the old man hurried him aside, and stood entranced over the portrait.

After gazing for some minutes in silence broken only by his half-suppressed cries of remorse, the old man turned slowly around to Harry, and asked him in an eager voice where he had obtained the original of the picture.

'It is the portrait of my wife,' he said.

'Your wife, sir! Who was she? Pardon me for asking the question,' he added; but I have lately heard that my poor Helen left an orphan daughter, so that by kindness and devotion to my grandchild I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness toward her mother.'

Harry was beginning to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen at Rome and the subsequent marriage, when the door opened, and his wife entered the room.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and, after looking earnestly into her face for a few minutes, exclaimed, 'Pardon me, madam—can you tell me your mother's maiden name?'

'Helen Treherne,' replied Helen, wondering.

'I knew it—I knew it!' exclaimed the old man in an excited voice. 'At last I have found the child of my poor lost daughter!'

In a few words Mr. Treherne explained how he had cast off his only child on account of her marriage with a poor officer and refused even to open her letters when she wrote asking for forgiveness.

'But thank heaven!' said he, when he had finished his sad story, 'I can atone in some measure for my harshness toward

my Helen by taking her Helen to my heart, and making her my daughter.'

It is needless to add that when Sir Phillip Marston heard that his son had married the heiress of one of the finest and oldest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry, and, after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall in the picture gallery of which no painting is more valued and treasured than 'The Mysterious Portrait.'

DEATH AT SEA.

Soldiers die bravely on the battle field, and resignedly in the military hospital on shore, but there is something very sad in a soldier's death at sea. The surroundings of the ship hospital are unfamiliar to his eye; the roll of the vessel is painful to him, and the thought is ever present to his mind that if he was on shore, if he could see the green fields or even the snow-clad earth, his recovery might be possible. Although nothing could be more comfortable than the couch on which he lies, scarcely anything more soothing than the gentle roll of the vessel to one in his condition, he longs to stretch his limbs on the barrack hospital bed and to feel that he is on the firm ground.

Then the thought of the lonely burial in the wide waste of waters obtrudes itself upon his mind. To be launched over the vessel's side into the lonely ocean, committed to the deep, and left without a stone or a wooden cross to mark the spot where his mortal remains were consigned to their everlasting rest. All this is inexpressibly saddening to the dying soldier. On shore his comrades would have followed his remains to their last resting place in the churchyard, and fired a farewell shot over his grave, and with reluctant step have left him to sleep the sleep that knows no waking till the trump of the archangel summons the dead to judgement.

How different at sea! Sewed up in a hammock, the corps to which he belongs summoned up the gangway, a few short, but solemn prayers said over the dead, and then the awful words:—
'We commit this body to the deep!'

A plunge and the body sinks into the sea; the flag is lowered; the vessel sails on, and the dead is left alone to the tossing of the angry waves, or to sink deep into the coral caves of the ocean. No comrade may come in after days and drop a tear over that grave; no loving hand may come and plant a flower there; it is lost; swallowed up in the immensity of the great graveyard of the deep.

The writer once stood by the side of a dying comrade in the hospital of a troop ship, and heard the dying give utterance to such thoughts as the above.

'What does the surgeon say?' he asked. 'Tell me the truth, comrade, I am not afraid of death.'

'It is better that you should know the truth. He has no hope.'

'I thought so. Well God's will be done, but it is hard to die in the middle of the ocean. If I had been on shore, even in a foreign country, it would have been easier. It is hard to be buried at sea.'

'The sea will give up its dead.'

'Ay, that is right, comrade. I ought to think of that. Seamen, they say, like to cheerish the thought that they will be buried at sea; but I am a soldier. I would die happier if I knew that I would be buried on shore and followed to the grave by my comrades. There is something beautiful in a soldier's funeral on shore. The solemn music—that Dead March in Saul—how I used to love it! My poor mother, it will grieve her to think that I was buried at sea. Read me that, comrade, about the sea giving up its dead.'

The chaplain at this moment approached, having been sent by the surgeon. He read the passage of scripture asked for, and many other beautiful passages.

The dying soldier closed his eyes during the reading. He lay silent for a long time after the chaplain ceased. Then he opened his eyes and muttered feebly:

'No funeral parade; no music; no farewell shot over my grave—committed to the deep. The sea—will—give up—its—dead. Comrade—my—mother—farewell!'

And he ceased to live.

Next day the vessel came to a stop for a few minutes. The ship's bell was tolled, the flag floated at half mast, and the soldiers of the corps to which the deceased belonged were paraded at the gangway. The prayers were said, the body launched over the side and the vessel resumed her course. Some of the members of the corps on board were surprised on learning, late in the evening, that a soldier had been buried during the day.

It is better that such things should be so. Nothing can be gained by sudden men unnecessarily. Cheerfulness is one of the most potent of sanitary agencies. Every care should be taken to maintain it among large bodies of men.

Dying words are always of interest. Men stand with bated breath in the presence of those who are just about to step off into that dark, mysterious unknown which spreads around us, and is familiarly termed eternity. The criminal on the scaffold, is ever an object of great attraction to the multitude. Every word that falls from the lips of a condemned man, just at the moment of his execution is eagerly caught up by the gaping spectator. Why this is so, we cannot undertake to explain. The following is the speech made from the scaffold by the negro Henry Roberts, who on last Friday was hanged for murder at Shelby. He said:

'This is my last of this world. I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. The evidence against me was made; it was false; I knew nothing of his death; he was my friend. I am sorry for the man. Jesus will gather me in his arms. I thank God I am innocent of the crime charged against me. I have no hatred against any one. Straight and close is the way from earth to heaven, yet Jesus will receive me. Remember how Christ was put to death like me. I have a home in heaven. I was never before in court or jail before this. This is my last sight of you, but thank God I die innocent. I bid you all farewell!'

There does not seem to have been the shadow of a doubt as to the guilt of this man, yet, like hundreds of other wretches who have gone the same way, he maintained his innocence to the very last. Dying with a lie on his lips he yet expected to go straight to the home of the blessed. Old Noah Cherry, we understand, is confident that the pearly gates of heaven are standing wide open to receive his soul when he shall have paid the penalty of his terrible crime.

One of his companions in guilt, Harris Atkinson, as reckless a chunk of midnight as ever had the frowning gallows to loom up over his pathway in life, declares that he expects to go straight to hell, on the fateful 14th day of June. This frank declaration will give him singular prominence in the long line of doomed men who have gone to the dusky regions of death from the deep shadows of the scaffold.—News.

A YANKEE TRICK.

'What do you charge for board?' asked a tall Green mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second rate hotel in New York; 'what do you ask a week for board and lodging?'

'Five dollars.'

'Five dollars! that's too much, but I s'pose you allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?'

'Certainly, thirty seven and a half cents each.'

Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of two weeks he again walked to the bar and said:

'S'pose we settle that account—I'm going in a few minutes.'

The landlord handed him his bill: 'Two weeks board at five dollars—ten dollars.'

'Here, stranger,' said the Yankee, 'this's wrong—you've not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, two meals per day; 28 meals at 37½ cents each—\$10.50. If you've not got the fifty cents that is due to me, I'll take a drink and the balance in cigars.'

No one can fancy the feelings of a newspaper man when he hears a delinquent subscriber whom he has but twenty-four hours before vainly implored to 'settle that little bill,' yell out on Sunday, 'Put me down \$50 for the good of the cause,' when they are 'raising the church debt.'—Hudson River Chronicle.

Gleanings.

An Alabama jury recently gave a woman, whose husband had been killed by a railroad accident, 25,000 damages, and added: 'We wish to God we could give her more.'

CHINESE CUSTOMS.—Old postage stamps are highly prized in China, and a hundred canceled stamps will buy a baby. Accordingly, the Roman Catholic missionaries are collecting the old stamps and purchasing the infants, whom they bring up as Christians, while the ingenious Orientals arrange their treasures as wall decorations.

A farmer's daughter living near Cleveland, answered a personal in a newspaper, entered into correspondence with the 'unknown,' finally met him, was married, went to the city to live, and returned to her father's house in two months, dressed like a beggar and looking twenty years older than when she went away. Her husband was a gambler and a loafer. This is a 'personal romance in a nutshell.'

In a barber shop discussion the other day one of the diletantists said: 'I'm getting tired of this eternal harping about the finer sensibilities and virtues of women—they're not a bit ahead of the men. Take a common instance—charity we'll say. When a man's generosity is touched in the right spot, he shoves his hand right down into his breeches pocket and gives alms. Does a woman ever do that? No, sir, never! and with a triumphant, self-satisfied look, he put on his hat and went out, leaving the other party crushed and dazed.'

A TOUCHING LOVE STORY.—I, along with several onlookers, recently observed a swallow enter an exhaust pipe in the roof of one of the Grand Trunk workshops, evidently for the purpose of building her nest in it. Unfortunately for her she could not get out again, and her partner entered the pipe also and backed out again with a feather in his beak. Three times did he ineffectually attempt to rescue his mate. When work was resumed at 1 p. m. the swallow was blown out of the pipe by the force of steam, and lay dead on the roof of the building, the survivor standing by showing signs of intense distress.—Montreal Witness.

AN AGED COUPLE.—The most venerable couple in Texas, perhaps in the country are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Mound City. He is reputed to be 103, and she 102 years old, and they were married in Kentucky eighty-two years ago. Mr. Robinson says he never swore but one oath has never borrowed but fifty cents, and never gave a note. He and his wife are like children in their devotion to each other, and after any separation shed tears on meeting. Recently they were presented with a comfortable house by a generous neighbor.

CONCERNING STAYS.

[Hartford Courant.]
In an indirect way the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has been called upon to decide the important question as to whether a woman has any legal right to wear stays. It gallantly says she has. The matter found its way into court after this fashion:

A lady was riding in a horse car, not crowded perhaps, but containing ladies enough to cover all the seats with their dresses, so the traveller had to stand up. The car stopped suddenly and she fell over, breaking her knee pan. She sued for damages. The company claimed contributory negligence on her part in that she did not take hold of the strap provided for standing passengers. She set up on the other hand that she could not reach or hold the straps, owing to the stays which she wore, and that with the present fashions no lady can do so, at least without inconvenience and possible injury.

The lower court decided that the lady, in taking hold of a fellow-passenger's hand, had done all that was necessary, and that under the circumstances she was not obliged to stretch up to the strap. It awarded her about \$5,000, and the Supreme Court, reviewing the case, declines to interfere. It is a question of sociological importance to know how this decision would be received by the sex. At the first glance it looks like a declaration in favor of women's rights, but it will scarcely stand analysis such. It amounts really to the official proclamation that woman shall remain cramped, barred up and unable to lift her arms, and content only with clinging to some other person's hand for support. And this is what modern dresses amount to. Of course it.