

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

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## THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

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## 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, HAI, HIRADS AND CURBS, LADIES COLLARS, AND CUFFS, linen and lace CRAVATS, TOLLETS, SETS, NOTIONS, and everything for ladies of the very latest style, and if you do not find in store what you want leave your order one day and call the next and get your goods.

## FURNITURE

## W. R. Forbis & Bro.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

## J. R. Pugh & Co

GRAHAM, N. C.

Keep on hand all kinds of furniture, from the cheapest to the very best. Nothing in the furniture line that they do not keep.

## J. R. Pugh & Co, IN GRAHAM,

Keep on hand quite an assortment of such furniture as their trade mostly demands, and they also will on application order at once, anything wanted, without cost to the customer, who can select from a book of cuts, showing the different styles

## BEER

I propose to furnish the Graham and Company shops market with nice fresh beef at prices as reasonable as can be afforded. Persons having good beef to sell will do well to let me know.

## Monday and Friday

Evenings of each week, and at GRAHAM on TUESDAY AND SATURDAY mornings of each week, certain.

## POETRY.

### I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No comrades, I thank you—not any for me; My last chain is risen—henceforward I'm free! I will go to my home and children to-night With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight; And with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife

To forgive me the wreck I have made of my life! 'I have never refused you before!' Let that pass,

For I've drank my last glass boys, I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace, With my bearded, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face!

My fading step, and my weak palsied hand, And the mark on my brow that is worse than Calu's brand,

My crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees—

Like warmed by the sunshine or chilled by the breeze.

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass; But I have drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now,

That a mother's soft hand once was pressed on my brow—

When she kissed, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,

Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;

But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,

"I did me meet 'at there, and then whispered, "Good-bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,

For I've drank for last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

As I reeled home last night—it was not very late,

For I'd spent my last expence, and landlords won't wait

On a fellow who has left every cent in their till And has pawned his last bedding, their coffers to fill.

Oh, the torments I felt, and the wages I endured! And I begged for one glass—thinking one would have cured.

But when kicked out of doors! I felt that, too, pass!

But I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

At home my pet Susie with bright golden hair, I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer.

From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were hanging down,

While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scanty gown;

And she prayed—prayed in vain, just a poor crust of bread,

For one crust—on her knees my pet darling plead!

And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!

But I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

For Susie my darling, my wee six year old, Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,

There on the bare floor, asking of God to bless me!

And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will, for you see

I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered, I crept away from the house; and that night when I slept,

Next to my heart lay the PLEDGE! You may smile as it pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love

Are akin to my dear sainted mother above

I will make her words true, or I'll die in the race

And sober I'll go to my last resting place; And she shall kneel there, and weeping thank God,

No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod! Not a drop more of poison my lips shall ever pass

For I've drank my last glass, boys, I have drank my last glass.

### THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSION.

"Well, Bridget, what do you think of the bride?"

"Oh, she's a pretty young thing; but I do her husband as much as you and I do of her husband's mother, she never would have come to live with her. She's a perfect hyena; and if she doesn't bring the tears into those blue eyes before the honey moon is over, my name isn't Bridget! Why she's the most impudent person I ever knew! She overhauls all her wardrobe yesterday, before she could get here; and as I passed through the hall, I heard her muttering to herself, 'Silk stockings! hump!—ruffled underclothes! Wonder if she thinks I'll have them ironed here? Embroidered nightcaps? Silk dresses! Destruction and ruin!'

"I'll tell you what, Bridget, there never was a house built big enough for two families to live in; and you'll find out that this won't be, I reckon."

"What! tears, Emma—tears?" said the young husband as he returned from the counting-house one afternoon, about a month after marriage; and, with a look of anxiety, he drew her to his breast.

"Tell me, you do not so soon repent your choice?"

The little rosy mouth was held up temptingly for a kiss; and in the confident countenance of his young wife he read the answer his heart was seeking.

"What then, is your pet catary ill? Can't you dress your hair to suit you? Or are you in despair because you can't decide in which of all your dresses you look prettiest?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Harry!" replied Emma laughing and crying together. "I feel nervous, that's all. I'm so glad you've come home!"

Harry felt sure that was not all, but he forbore to question her, for he was sure she would tell him all in good time. The truth was, Harry's mother had been lecturing her daughter-in-law all the morning upon the degeneracy of the times, hoped she would not think of putting on all the fine things her friends had been so foolish as to provide for her; times were not now as they used to be; that, if Harry gave her pocket-money, she had better give it to her to keep, and not be spending it for nonsense; that a young wife's place was in her husband's house; and she hoped she would leave off that babyish trick of running home every day to see her mother and sisters.

Emma had listened in silent amazement. She was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, but she was very high spirited.

The color came and went rapidly in her cheeks, but she forced back the tears which were starting to her eyes; for she had too much pride to let her mother-in-law see them fall.

After old Mrs. Hall retired, she sat for a moment or two recalling her words.

"Babyish to love my own dear home," she mused, "what I was as merry as a cricket from morning till night! Where we all sang, and played, and read in mother's dear room, and father and mother the happiest of us all! Then she rose and paced the room. 'Babyish! I won't be dictated to!' repeated the young wife. 'I'm married, if I am only nineteen, and my own mistress!' And the rebellious tones would come in spite of her determination.

But then the thought of Harry—dear Harry—whom she had already learned to love so well,

Her first impulse was to tell him. But she had too much good sense.

And so she smiled and chatted gaily with him, and hoped he had set it down to the account of "nervousness."

quite right, the pillows not arranged easily behind her back, or she expected to find 'Babian let to go' when she got down stairs, and yawnsful or discouraging prognostics of the same character.

"Emma," said Harry, one day, "how should you like living five miles out of the city? I have seen a place that just suits my fancy and I think of hiring it on trial."

Emma hesitated. She wished to ask: "Does your mother go with us?" but she only said, "I could not tell, dear Harry, how I should like the place till I saw it; but I fear it would take you too much from me. It would seem so odd to have five miles' distance between us the whole day. Oh, I'm very sure I shouldn't like it, Harry!" and the thought of her mother-in-law clouded her sunny face and in spite of herself a tear dropped on her husband's hand.

"Well, dear Emma, now I'm very sure you will like it," and his large dark eyes had a look she did not quite understand, even with all her skill and practice in reading them; and so he went to drive you out there this afternoon; and we'll see," said he gaily kissing her forehead.

"Neither they accordingly went.

"Oh, what a little paradise, Harry! Look at the cluster of roses! What splendid old trees! See how the wind sweeps the drooping branches across the tall grass! And the little low window latticed over with sweet briar; and that pretty terraced flower garden—oh, Harry!"

"Well, let us go inside, Emma."

And, applying a key he held in his hand, the door yielded to his touch; and they stood side by side in a rustic parlor furnished simply, but yet so tastefully.

Table, stands and mantles, covered, with vases, sending forth fragrances from the sweetest or wild flowers; the long white muslin curtains looped away from a window whence could be seen wooded hills, and fertile valley and silvery stream.

Then they ascended into the chambers, which were as unexceptional in their appointments.

Emma looked about in bewildered wonder.

"But who lives here now, Harry?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? What a tease you are! To whom does all this furniture belong—and who arranged everything with such exquisite taste? I have been expecting every minute to see the mistress of the mansion step out."

"Well, there she is," said Harry, leading her gaily to the looking-glass. "I only hope you admire her hair as much as I do. Do you think I've not seen my high-spirited little wife struggling with trial day by day, suffering, enduring, gaining the victory over her own spirit silently and uncomplainingly? Do you think I could see all this, and not think she was the dearest little woman in the world?—and tears and smiles struggled for mastery, as he pressed his lips to her forehead. "And now you will have nobody to please here but me, Emma. Do you think that task will be difficult?"

The answer was highly satisfactory to the husband, as the reader may rest assured.

### TRAPS.

(From the New York Times.)

Next to piracy and fighting the Indians there is nothing so dear to the juvenile heart as traps. From the mousetrap up to the elephant pit there is no form of trap which the small boy does not read with interest and with a desire to practically test its efficiency. Especially is he fond of those traps which catch their game alive and which are not limited, as are mouse-traps or rat traps, to the capture of one particular class of animals. The large "figure 4 trap," which, when properly made, catches so many different kinds of beasts, is immensely popular in juvenile circles and there is scarcely a boy living outside of the crowded cities who has not made traps of this particular pattern, and set them with more or less success. One of the leading boys of our country in this line of industry is Master Samuel Sloane, of Clinton Hill. He has made traps without number, and has caught specimens of every kind of small game to be found in the neighborhood of Clinton, including three babies under two years of age, and small pigs and dogs without number. So great is his fondness for traps that he neglects his studies and fails to carry in the wood and to go after the cows with anything like regularity.

It was with a view of leading his mind away from the exclusive contemplation of traps that Master Sloane's father recently gave him a book of travels in Central Africa, and directed him to read it carefully. The boy did so, but unfortunately the book treated quite extensively of the Central African methods of trapping game. Master Sloane thus learned that when a native King wishes to capture a young lion or a good sized antelope he constructs a slip-noose or thong and attaches it to the top of a stout sapling, which is bent down and temporarily fastened to the ground. When the antelope, or other animal to that effect, tangles his foot in the noose the sapling is released, and, springing back to its original position, jerks the game into the air, and keeps it hanging there until the native King comes along, chops down the sapling and knocks the game on the head. This description was read by Master Sloane with great admiration. In fact it was the only part of the book which he did read. When he told his father that the book was "just bully," the pleased but deceived parent fancied that his son's dormant taste for reading was at last awakened, and congratulated him thereupon. A few weeks later he had reason to wish that he had never heard of Central Africa and that the native Kings, with their diabolical inventions, had never been born.

Of course Master Sloane determined to try the Central Africa trap without delay. There was a beautiful shady road near the village, which was bordered with any quantity of young sapplings. It was just the place for a Central Africa trap, and Master Sloane had high hopes that he would succeed in catching a cow or a horse, although, of course, he could not expect anything so completely satisfactory as a lion, tiger or antelope. Late one evening he borrowed a hoisting tackle from the nearest grocer, under the pretext that his father needed it for some intricate and unintelligible purpose and succeeded with its aid in bending down a sapling of great strength and elasticity. It was a very simple matter to arrange the noose and set the trap after which the ingenious boy went home to dream of finding a pair of horses and a carriage swinging in the air on the following morning.

Master Sloane had a sister, a young lady of great worth and of very decided character. Other girls, who were envious of her beauty, said she was an ill-tempered, red haired thing; but this was probably mere calumny. At all events so thought the young minister who was settled over the Seventeenth Congressional Church, and who was generally believed to be Miss Sloane's accepted lover. That he went to see Miss Sloane on the very evening when the reckless boy set his Central Africa trap was not strange, for he usually spent three or four evenings every week at the Sloane mansion, but it was a coincidence that on that precise evening he proposed a walk, and led Miss Sloane toward the identical lane where the trap was waiting for victims.

How it happened that neither the young minister nor Miss Sloane noticed the bent sapling or the rope, no one can understand, unless they were so deeply engaged in the discussion of theological questions that they were oblivious to all earthly things. Still more difficult is it to comprehend how they could both have stepped within the noose, which was spread out in the form of a circle not more than a foot in diameter. It is possible, however, that the lady was reading a hymn book and that her companion had approached extremely close to her in order to see if the hymn was correctly printed. However this may be, the fact remains that Miss Sloane's left foot and the minister's right foot were just within the noose when the trap sprung, and the elastic sapling suddenly lifted them twenty feet into the air, where they remained hanging like two cherries in a rough storm, and expressing in lively tones their suspicion that something unusual had happened.

Half an hour later the Clinton and Holmesville stage passed that way, and the driver and his passengers were astonished beyond measure. For some time it was supposed that some new and

curiously complicated animal, consisting chiefly of zebra and black panther, was swinging from the top of the sapling; but just as one of the passengers was about to fire at it, the driver recognized the minister, though he was not able to recognize his fellow prisoner. The latter's voice was somewhat muffled, but she was distinctly heard to revile the minister, and to assert that she never would forgive him, no matter how he might try to excuse himself. Six strong men finally bent down the sapling, released the victims, and with rare delicacy assigned the duty of recognizing Miss Sloane to the two ladies who were in the stage. Fortunately, neither of Master Sloane's victims were seriously injured; and they both were able to walk home on opposite sides of the street.

The results of this affair were, unfortunately, Miss Sloane left town the next day on a visit to the East, and has not since returned. The minister was tried for indiscreetly hanging from the tops of trees with young ladies, and thereby bringing reproach upon his profession, but he was acquitted by a close vote. As for Master Sloane, it is believed and hoped that his father has killed him. At any rate, he has not been seen, and the rumor that he has been sent to the House of Refuge in Chicago is not generally believed.

Every sheet of postage stamps is counted 26 times while being made

A fine coat may cover a fool but never conceals one.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Woman tempted man to eat; but he took to drink himself.—Yonkers Statesman.

William Cullen Bryant was a precocious youth, and at ten years of age translated Latin poems.

Waiting to be whipped is the most uninteresting period of boyhood.—John Billings.

New York Star: The Brooklyn girl, if walking with her lover, veils her face while a baby carriage is passing.

Because a Pittsburg woman bought a cream pie for her husband, instead of a nuttin pie, he attacked her with a latchet.

Two ladies, mother and daughter, having been left without male protector, now edit the Chicago Post, and edit it well.

The father of James Fisk, Jr., is selling lightning rods in New Hampshire. He varies this occupation with selling Bibles and preaching.

Queen Victoria's new saloon railway car is one of the most beautiful of its kind ever built; as may well be imagined from the fact that its construction and fittings cost over \$30,000.

There is a sort of ambiguity in the revision assigned by the Wisconsin Legislature for refusal to make insanity a cause for divorce; which reason is that "if a man wants a wife it is when he is crazy."—New Haven Register.

Talleyrand was lame, Madame de Staël was cross-eyed. There was no love lost between them, and both disliked to be reminded of their infirmities. "Monseigneur," said Madame's meeting her dearest foe one day, "how is that poor leg?" "Crooked, as you see," was Talleyrand's reply.

A Georgia farmer smeared his hogs with tar to rid them of fleas, and trusted them loose in the woods. At night they did not return to the pen as usual, and in the morning he found them stuck together, the tar making them adhere in a mass. They might have gone home, nevertheless by concert of action, but it isn't a hog to harmonize.

John Owens, of Portsmouth, Va., stabbed to death his eldest son, Robert, whilst mad from drink. Owens was once highly respected.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, of Atlantic Iowa, agree to separate, but neither would consent that the other should retain their baby. They settled the question by selling the infant to a neighbor for \$50.

The table at which the International Swells of the Berlin Peace Conference sit to confer, is in the shape of a horseshoe, at the toe of which Bismarck sits, while the plenipotentiaries slope down on each side. They eat for all day, as do the divy of Turkey, and then in the evening go off and have a high old time together. It is to be hoped that Boy's Taylor is getting the benefit of some of those dinners