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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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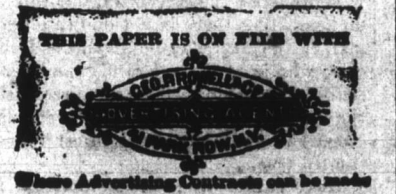
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New Millinery Store.

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 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.

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Special attention paid to the sale of

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CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED, HIGHEST PRICES OBTAINED.

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Knit Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELLS.

E. S. PARKER, GRAHAM N. C., Attorney at Law,

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

GET THE BEST

I am now prepared to make to order shoes, boots, and gaiters from the very best stock and at the lowest prices. BOOTS FROM \$5.00 TO \$10.00, SHOES FROM \$2.00 TO \$4.00, GAITERS FROM \$3.50 TO \$7.00. A good fit is guaranteed. Mending promptly and cheaply done. I have a few pairs of good gaiters of my own make on hand which I will sell cheap. W. N. MURRAY, May 7, 1878, ly

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Miss Susan, while standing in the midst of her flower garden, that summer morning, was so absorbed with her admiration for the tea rose which had blossomed for the first time after weeks of patient waiting, that she didn't see Squire Gresham until he gave a little cough. Then she looked up suddenly, almost startled, to see him leaning over the garden fence watching her.

"Good morning Susan," he said in that brisk, cheery way of his. "I hope I didn't frighten you. You looked up as if you had forgotten that there was anything else in the world than that posy of yours.

"Oh, I ain't a bit frightened, only I wasn't thinking of anybody's being around, you know," exclaimed Miss Susan; "won't you come in?"

"I don't know but I will, for a few minutes," answered the 'Squire, unfastening the gate, and coming up the path. "What wonderful blossom is it you have there now, Susan? I know it's a new one, by your looks. Whenever a new flower blossoms, you look as delighted as if you had discovered a gold mine."

"It's my 'Martha's' Nell rose," answered Miss Susan. "I've kept it for a year, and this is the first blossom. Ain't it a beauty?"

"It's rather pretty," answered the 'Squire, who wasn't looking at the great flower at all, but straight into the unconscious Miss Susan's face. "I always liked roses."

"I think it quite likely the 'Squire was in 'luging in metaphor, and meant such roses as blossomed out on Miss Susan's cheek when she looked up and caught him watching her.

"I s'pose you came down to see Mehitable about that pasture lot," said she, pretending to be very busy, all at once, pulling weeds in the flower beds. "She concluded to let you have it, I believe. Ti'ore she is now, I'll go and speak to her, and tell her you want to see her.

"No, you needn't," began the 'Squire, but Miss Susan was gone.

"I declare, she's a real handsome concern, if she is thirty five," said the 'Squire to himself as he walked up the path to the house. "She don't show her age as most old maids do. She's real kind of shy of me; won't give me half a chance to talk to her. She didn't use to be so when we were both a good deal younger than we are now."

When they were both a good deal younger, people prophesied that Susan Hart would be Susan Gresham some day. But the prophesy had failed to come true.

He had married, and she had remained single. Four years ago his wife had died. Now he was remodeling his house, and fitting up his place nicely, and the neighbors began to whisper to each other, that they 'believed 'Squire Gresham thought of getting married ag'n."

"Of course he won't have Susan Hart," Mrs. Spencer, the chief gossip of the neighborhood, declared, "for she's a regular old maid, and he might have had her once, if he'd wanted her. I think he's an idea of gittin' Mehitable, Browne, because her land lines his, and the two farms 'ud go together splendidly."

Mehitable Browne was Miss Susan's sister with whom she lived, a widow, with a nice little property adjoining the 'Squire's.

And Miss Susan thought very much as Mrs. Spencer did about the 'squires intentions, though she didn't say so to anybody. He came down often and talked a good deal with Mehitable, and it was quite natural for her to think that he was thinking something of marriage.

And he was.

The 'Squire was with Mrs. Browne for an hour or two that morning, but saw nothing more of Miss Susan.

The truth was, Miss Susan couldn't help feeling that she was in the way, if what she conjectured was true; and then it made her feel lonesome, when she thought of Mehitable's getting married and leaving her without a home; she hadn't any one else to care for her, and it is always a sad thing for a woman to feel that in a world as large as ours she hasn't a home of her own and true hearts in it to love her. She got to thinking of it, she couldn't keep down the tears. It did not matter so much now, for she knew that her sister was glad to give her a home; but if she married 'Squire Gresham everything would be changed. And then—she never liked to confess this to herself even—down deep in her heart there was that lingering tenderness for the lover of her youth—the only man she had ever cared anything for.

"I'm going to let the 'Squire have my pasture lot," said Mehitable, that day at dinner. "He's going to keep a real lot of cows. He'll be wanting a good ca-

pable woman to see to things I s'pose."

"I thought he had a housekeeper," said Miss Susan.

"He has," answered Mehitable. "But he says she don't take hold like Mrs. Gresham used to. She ain't interested, I s'pose. It needs some one who's got an interest in the matter and things you know, to make everything go off first-rate. Now, if he had a smart go ahead wife, he'd save dollars and dollars worth of things that's wasted now."

Then she changed the subject, but she thought of what had been said all day and was thinking of it when she started to walk down to the village post-office that evening. Her way led by 'Squire Gresham's. She stopped in front of the house and noticed the pleasant piazza that had lately been built the new blinds and the new picket fence which had taken the place of the board one.

"Mehitable will have a pleasant home if she marries 'Squire Gresham," she said, not dreaming that a soul was near enough to hear her. "If I only had a home, I don't care how humble, and some one to care for, I think I should be contented, but I'm so lonesome!" and then Miss Susan began to cry softly.

"Susan," said a voice from the shadow by the great lilac, and the sound of it made her start and turn pale, "do you think you could care enough for me to marry me, Susan, I—I wish you'd say so," and the 'Squire, who had come out into the road, and was standing by Miss Susan now, actually stammered like a bashful lover over his declaration.

"I thought it was Mehitable you wanted," said she, with a great thrill of gladness in her voice.

"No, it is you," he answered, "is it yes or no, Susan?"

"If you think I can make you happy it is yes," she answered softly, and the tears in her eyes now were very happy ones.

And so hand in hand, they walked on together, and talked of the life to come, and the days so long gone by, when they were lovers. They were young again tonight. Miss Susan felt in a vague way that her heart would never grow old any more. The loneliness had all vanished.

"I have the pleasure of presenting to you my new housekeeper that is to be," he said to Mrs. Browne, as they entered the house, an hour or two later.

"Thank goodness!" fervently exclaimed that woman comprehending the situation at once.

"I hoped you'd see what a splendid housekeeper Susan 'ud make, before you make a choice of anybody else. She's plenty good enough," Squire Gresham, if I am praising up my own relations."

"I'm quite sure your right there, answered the 'Squire, smiling into Miss Susan's happy face, every bit as fair and bright, he thought as the face twenty years ago. "Everybody used to say I'd marry Susan Hart, and I declare if it ain't going to turn out just as they prophesied, after all."

"And it did."

OLD NEGROES STORY

Or The Man Who Eloped With a Grandmother.

I am an old man now; folks used to be more romantic when I was young. They used to fight duels instead of going to law, and they used to elope instead of waiting and waiting until they got sick of waiting, or giving up and marrying to suit the old folks.

It wasn't so curious about Miranda Bates eloping, but the times that came off it were funny.

You see, Grandfather Bates wouldn't have anything to say to Jeremiah Jones when he asked him whether he could have Miranda or not. And so she just packed up her bundle, and was to have a carriage at 12 o'clock to carry her off to the parson's.

Well, she was all packed up and ready in a big cloak and hood and was creeping down stairs softly, not to wake anyone, when she saw some one in a cloak and hood creeping down before her.

It was her grandmother old Mrs. Bates going out to pick herbs. Some herbs, as folks knew in those days, wouldn't do any good as medicine if they weren't picked at midnight.

So that was her idea; but, of course Miranda was scared back, and hid behind the door, and old Mrs. Bates went pottering for her herbs, and up drove the carriage. She didn't hear it; but

grandfather Bates did, and up went the window.

"Who is there?" bellowed he, and Jeremiah Jones, scared to death, and taking old Mrs. Bates for Miranda, jumped out, caught her by the waist, crammed her into the carriage, and was driven away like wild.

Miranda saw it all; so did old Bates. Miranda shrieked; old Bates bellowed; down stairs he rushed, and met Miranda coming up.

"Who was that at the gate!" he yelled.

"Oh, grandpa!" screamed Miranda "Jeremiah Jones has carried off grandma."

Now, old Mrs. Bates had been very pretty, and old Mr. Bates had been very jealous, and it all came back. He stormed and swore, and got his pistols, and wouldn't listen to a word Miranda said, and mounted his horse and rode after the carriage.

Inside it was pitch dark, and old Mrs. Bates was as deaf as a post and thought robbers had carried her off.

Jeremiah kept her wrapped up in her cloak and called her his sweetest, and his duck and dove, and all the while she thought he was threatening to kill her, and didn't care to speak, but only sobbed and cried; and when they got on the road a piece, clatter, clatter, clatter, came the horse's heels behind them and—

"Stop," yelled old Grandfather Bates. "Stop, I demand that lady!"

Jeremiah looked out of the window.

"Never!" said he.

"We'll see," cried old Bates and fired at him. The ball missed him.

"Drive faster," said Jeremiah to the coachman.

Then he pressed old Mrs. Bates to his heart.

"Don't weep, Miranda," said he. "He shall not take you from me. Oh, if it were only daylight that I might see your face."

"I ain't got any money with me," sobbed the old lady, but he did not hear her.

On they drove, faster and faster, and after them drove the old man, faster and faster too. At last, on the high road, in a lonely place, with nobody near, and the parson's house piles away, off came one of the carriage wheels, over went the carriage, all on one side, and there was an end of the running away. As soon as he found there was help for it, Jeremiah jumped out of the carriage, shut the door on poor old Grandmother Bates, and stood out in the road with a pistol in his hand, ready to meet old Bates. Up came the old gentleman, more furious than ever, and jumped down from his horse, and stood facing him with his pistol.

"Villian," cries he, "I demand that lady."

"Sir," replied he, "she is mine; I respect you, but I will never yield."

"Walt a moment. Does she go with you of her own free will? Don't dare to lie!"

"Yes, sir of her own free will and choice," replied Jeremiah. "Do you think me a highwayman, to carry off a lady against her wish?"

And now they were yelling so loudly that even deaf old Grandmother Bates, who had managed to get the window down, heard every word.

Out came her head over the door. The hood of her cloak had fallen off, and under it was her cap. "I don't know what the moon had been doing before, but now she shone bright and clear, and everything was as plainly to be seen as at noonday. Out came the old lady's head into the moonlight.

"That's a dreadful falsehood," said she. "I did not come with him of my own will. He picked me up and carried me off while I was picking herbs in the garden for the lotion for your rheumatism, Squire. I've been screaming all the way, and he's been kissing me, the wretch. To think that this should have happened to me at my age, when I've been so properly conducted all my life."

"Lord have mercy on us," says Jeremiah. "Is that you, Madam Bates?"

"He flew to the carriage door and opened it."

"Squire," said he, "I am willing to meet you whenever you are pleased. I have no right to challenge me. I have insulted this lady, but unintentionally—unintentionally, sir. I beg ten thousand pardons. I believed that I carried off the granddaughter, Miss Miranda, who had

promised to be my wife."

And just then up rattled a little gig, driven by Peleg, the hired man, with Miranda sitting in it.

"Oh, thank heaven," she cried, "no one is killed. O, dear grandma, oh, dear grandma, forgive me, Jeremiah—Mr. Jones—I trust you have explained?"

"Madam, I have," said Jeremiah, bowing low.

Now it seemed to the young folks that the end of all things had come, but it was just the happy turning point.

The old gentleman liked a joke and here was a good one; and the old lady was mightily pleased for being taken for a girl of eighteen.

"Husband," she said tacking her hand under his arm, "we were young ourselves once, and you know you would have run off with me if you could not have had me otherwise."

"So I would, indeed," said the old Squire. "You were twice as pretty as Miranda then, in those days."

"Well, perhaps I was," said the old lady. "But now, my dear, to please me, let Mr. Jones know that you no longer refuse your consent to his marriage with Miranda."

And with that the old Squire offered his hand to Jeremiah, and there was a wedding at the Hall before Christmas came.

THE PRESIDENTS.

The N. Y. Cor. of the Raleigh Observer says: The N. Y. World of Sunday last devoted six columns to discrimination of the graves of the seventeen men who had been Presidents of the United States and have since died. It is a curious record showing as it does some of them destitute of a monument, and some even of the most common care. It seems that in most cases where the dead statesman or family was wealthy, proper care has been taken of his burial place, as Washington at Mount Vernon; the two Adamses of Quincy; Madison at Montpelier; Jackson at the Hermitage; Van Buren at Kinderhook; Harrison at North Bend; Polk at Nashville; Taylor first interred at Washington, then removed to his homestead near Louisville, and afterward to Louisville, where the State proposes to erect a suitable monument; Fillmore at Buffalo; Pierce at Concord; Buchanan at Lancaster, and Johnson at Greenville. On the contrary, Jefferson's grave at Monticello has little to distinguish it from that of the most common-place individual with the high brick wall around the grave yard in ruins. But Congress appropriated \$5,000 to erect a monument. Monroe was first interred in this city where he had married, and where he died, July 4th 1831; his remains were removed to Richmond July 4th 1858, under escort of the celebrated Seventh regiment, of this city, under circumstances of extraordinary courtesy by the sections North and South, no one supposing at the time that in less than three years the most furious war of modern times would break out between these same sections, and that the Seventh regiment would march to invade the same South that had honored and been tested by it, and been honored by it. The State of Virginia erected a monument over his remains. Tyler remains in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond (within thirty feet of Monroe's without a stone to tell that they are there. Lincoln was interred, with great pomp and ceremony at Springfield, Illinois, and has the most costly monument of them all.

Among the interesting things brought fresh to mind by this curious article in the World, (which by the way must have cost a great deal of labor and money,) is the wonderful though well known coincidence of the death of the three of the ex-presidents on the anniversaries of that Declaration of Independence towards the establishment of which they all had so important an influence. John Adams and Jefferson died on the same 4th of July 1826, fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration and Monroe on the 4th of July 1831, the fifty-sixth anniversary June 28th 1838. The World says that beside the twenty feet high granite obelisk at the grave of Madison lies a smaller shaft of white marble inscribed "In memory of Dolly Payne, wife of James Madison, born May 20th 1768; died July 8, 1849." Beneath it rests one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the Republican queens that have presided in the White House. She died childless, but two other nephews' sons are buried within the enclosure, which is carefully kept as every other part of the estate, purchased by Mr. Carson in 1862. This Dolly Payne was a native of Guilford county, North Carolina, and was the widow Todd, when Mr. Madison married her the landlady with whom he boarded in Philadelphia whilst a member of Congress in that city. The World well described her. She has had no superior in the White House if else were.

Only two of the nineteen Presidents are living—Grant and Hayes.

Gleanings.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practice by working hard for fifty years.

Men should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should be careful not to forget himself.

Why does an Irishman call his sweetheart honey? because she is his beloved, of course.—Jury.

The Bulls—John, —Sitting, Irish and Ole, in fact the entire family—are getting beligerent.—New York Con. Advertiser.

Painful question by the Sultan: "Is this Turkey, or is merely portions of England, Russia, Austria, and other countries?"—Burr-alo Express.

"I didn't know," said an old lady, as she threw down her newspaper, "that thieves were so scarce they had to advertise for 'em, and offer a reward for their discovery."

Senator Thurman thinks the redistricting of Ohio will give the Democrats fourteen of the twenty Representatives in congress from that State, instead of twelve, the present number.

Give me four regiments and I will carry the next election for the Republican in Louisiana, push the Jenks, as she rambled around the Post Office building at Washington, on Wednesday.

Chicago claims a population of nearly 640,000 and Bishop Cheney, in denouncing church failures to reach the masses, declared that only 50,000 were habitual worshippers in sanctuaries.

Restaurant Patron—"These managers are hardly up to the mark?" Waiter—"They ain't eh? Well, dy'e expect Italian greyhound and thoroughbred Scotch terrier for two bits?"—Virginia Chronicle.

A farm sixty miles long and ten wide in one tract, mostly fenced, is that of Miller & Lux, cattle monopolists of California. They have 80,000 head of stock, own 70,000 acres of choice land, and are rated as worth \$15,000,000.

There is a loud call upon Stanley Matthews to tell what he meant when he hinted that he was shielding somebody besides himself by refusing to go before the Fraud Committee.—New York Tribune, Red.

The annual consumption of wine [in Paris] averages eighty million gallons, without considering liquors and other spirits, and estimating the population of the city at two millions, the wine per capita would amount to forty gallons.—Paris letter in Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Jenks' husband will not go back to New Orleans, because he has no anxiety to be convicted of perjury, and Mrs. Jenks will keep him in Washington, where perjurers have more liberty, and even expectations of getting into the public service.—Philadelphia Times, Ind.

A pious old woman, brought up in the Calvinistic faith of the Presbyterian Church, was asked what she thought of an Arminian sermon, preached by a Methodist. She shook her head vigorously. "I don't believe a word on't," said she "at all events, I know the lord chose me before ever he saw me; for he never would ha' chosen me afterward."—Ex.

Brick Pomeroy advises every greenback club to have a drill master, and every member of these clubs to make himself as proficient as possible in the manual of arms. That's the way they do it. If a man doesn't want to take a greenback job him with a by-net. The most of us, however, will not be stubborn.—Courier Journal.

At the death of Queen Mercedes, Queen Victoria telegraphed to King Alfonso as follows: "Dear Brother, my heart bleeds for you. what a misfortune it has pleased God to send you. May He give you strength to bear this terrible loss."

AGREED TO DISAGREE AND DISAGREABLY DISAGREED ON THAT.—Mr. and Mrs. Tyler separated in Hope, Mich., agreeing that each should be entirely free from interference by the other. Mrs. Tyler became a housekeeper for a bachelor, and Tyler, instead of sticking to the compact, went to her new home with a party of friends and tarried and feathered her. A few days later Tyler was killed presumably at his wife's invitation.

PATERAL ADVICE.—A good story is related of an old and shrewd Scotchman in this town, and it is an actual fact. One of his boys came to him recently and said: "Father, I'm about to get married." The old man looked at him and responded, "John, have ye found a woman that I suit ye?" "Yes," said the boy. Can ye support her John?" "I think I can," returned the youth courageously heaving up. "Is she a good house keeper?" pursued the old man. "She is," said John proudly. Then ensued a long pause. Finally the sire said cautiously, "John has she any money?" "She has two thousand dollars," said John. Hood, cried the old man, excitedly, "Grab her, Grab her!"