

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C.,

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## THE GLEANER

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THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH  
GRAND JUROR  
SHERIFF  
COURT HOUSE  
GRAHAM, N. C.

When 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 BREADS 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 defied.

T. MOORE      A. A. THOMPSON

### Moore & Thompson

Commission Merchants  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Special attention paid to the sale of

COTTON, WOOL, HAY, FEED, EGGS, FLOUR & CO.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED; HIGHEST PRICES OBTAINED.

Refer to Citizens National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.  
Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELLS.

### GET THE BEST

I am now prepared to make to order boots, shoes 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 \$2.50 TO \$4.00. A good fit 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, 1y

A CARD.  
I hereby announce myself as a Constitutional Union Conservative, to represent the people of Guilford and Alamance in the Senate of our next State Legislature. D. F. CALDWELL. 555-1m.

### TRIED AND TRUE.

BY STEPHEN BRENT.  
"Roger, old fellow, where are you going to spend the summer?"  
"I don't know, Dick. Anywhere out of the hot city."  
"Suppose you go with me down to Deepwater Farm then."  
"Where is that?"  
"It is a place down on lake Weg. The house is more of a hotel than a farmhouse and there is splendid fishing. There is quite a crowd going down this summer. Florence Snow, and her mother will be there too."  
"I have the attraction that draws you, is it, Dick?"  
"Yes," the frank, handsome face flushing.

"Take care, my dear boy, that you don't get deceived. There is no confidence to be placed in women."  
"What makes you so bitter against them, Roger?"  
"Because I was deceived by one."  
"How?"  
"We were engaged, and just one month before the wedding was to take place, she married a richer suitor. Mouey can buy a woman, body and soul."  
"Not all of them, Roger. You judge them wrongly, and I wish some good true woman would prove it to you."  
"I never knew but one good, true woman, Dick, and that was my mother. But never mind that subject now. I will go with you to Deepwater, I believe, and the two friends shook hands over it.  
Dick Sherrad was only twenty-six. A frank, open hearted, sunny fellow, liked wherever he went; but Roger Searle was thirty three, a man of splendid intellectual power, but proud, and cynical, and very handsome in a dark way.  
Deepwater Farm was all the boarders could desire. The pure, fresh air, blowing across rich fields of golden grain, and the silvery sheet of water in front, brought the color back to pallid cheeks and brightened dim eyes. There were plenty of fruits, fresh milk, and vegetables, and on the whole, it was a most desirable place, particularly for those whose pocket-books would not allow them to go to watering places.  
Roger Searle was never enthusiastic about anything, but he voted Deepwater a most pleasant place.  
There was one other boarder at Deepwater besides the city idlers, and that was Hazel Lawrence, teacher of the country school. She was not pretty. Indeed, she would have been particularly plain, but for the look that all faces wear when a noble mind lies behind them. She had a quiet, colorless face, a wide, full brow, and ordinary looking, brown eyes, and hair. She came and went, but except Florence Snow and one or two others, she never made any friends among the boarders. They were "flies of the field," that toiled not, neither did they spin; and I am sure that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like them," while she was a humble little blossom that grew under the brown leaves near the earth, at least in a worldly point of view.  
At first Mr. Searle never gave Hazel a passing glance beyond what courtesy demanded. It was a simple "good morning," or "good evening Miss Lawrence" until one afternoon he sat at his window and saw her bathe the face of a poor, blind beggar, who lay on the grass exhausted by the extreme heat. Even then the doubting devil whispered that it might have been done for effect. "How he fell into the habit of studying the girl's face, which would sometimes brighten almost into beauty. Some pleasant gleam of happiness, would flush the pale face and make the eyes gleam like stars; then the bloom and brightness would die out, leaving her cold and pale, and with such a weary droop about the mouth, and such a sad light in the eyes that Roger would feel a passionate longing to take her in his arms and shield her from all pain. It was the want of love that made Hazel Lawrence's face look so white and woeful at times. There was no dear home face to smile a welcome when she came from work and her dearest friends were her books. If there had been some one for her to work for, her level tread mill life, would not have seemed so hard. After all, the strongest minded, most self reliant people must have some human interest, or their lives would be like the earth without sunshine.  
"One afternoon, Mr. Searle was going to the village, two miles and a half distant. A half dozen girls came out on the veranda.  
"Do call at the office for me, Mr. Searle," they all cried in chorus.  
"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, ladies," with a bow.  
Miss Lawrence sat on the steps, reading

ing, flecks of sunlight on her hair and dress.  
Mr. Searle stopped and looked at her. "Shall I call for you, too?" his voice was low, and a thrill of tenderness ran through it.  
"Yes, if you will be so kind," a faint, smile flitting across her lips.  
There was one letter for Hazel from New York and directed in a man's hand. As he rode home through the dusk, Mr. Searle wondered who could be writing to her.  
"A lover no doubt," he muttered, and felt savagely jealous at the bare thought. Hazel was standing under the trees on the lawn when Mr. Searle returned and he went directly to her.  
"Here is your letter, Miss Lawrence."  
A glad light flashed into the girl's eyes, and the hand extended for the letter trembled.  
"Thank you, Mr. Searle. You don't know what pleasure you bring me."  
"I think I do, you show your joy so plainly," he said bitterly, and then as she drew back blushing crimson, he passed on, consigning the writer of the letter to the lower regions.  
That night, Roger Searle sat in his room window, smoking and thinking. Was he in love with Hazel Lawrence? he asked himself. If I thought she was true, he said, but pshaw! she is like all others when weighed, will be found wanting.  
Some one knocked at the door, and Dick entered with a beaming face.  
"Congratulate me, Roger," he cried, she has accepted me."  
I do congratulate you, Dick, with all my heart. May you always be as happy as you are now, and thinking of the doubts that clouded his own mind he envied the young man his perfect trust in his betrothal.  
For some time they talked, and at last Dick said:  
"Do you know there is an authoress boarding here?"  
"No who is it?"  
"Miss Lawrence."  
"Indeed!"  
"Yes, Florence tells me she writes for two or three magazines, and only this evening, she received a letter from New York, requesting contributions."  
Well I wish her success, with provoking indifference. But in his heart he felt relieved about the letter.  
"If I could only try," he thought after Dick left. "Perhaps I may," a sudden idea striking him.  
A week after, society was shocked to hear that Mr. Searle was ruined. A bank was broken and his splendid fortune was gone.  
"Roger, dear fellow, I wish I could help you," cried Dick with almost tears in his eyes.  
"Never mind, Dick, I can bear it," and he did seem to bear it remarkably well.  
That evening as Hazel leaned over the gate, looking idly out on the lake. Mr. Searle came up on his way from the village.  
He looked tired, and his proud head was bowed. Hazel moved aside, and as he passed through, said.  
"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Searle for poverty is hard."  
He looked at her keenly, thinking that he would here find the blot on the fair page of her life.  
"Have you found it hard, Miss Lawrence?"  
"Yes," she said frankly, sometimes I find it very hard."  
"And you are sorry for me?"  
"Yes, because I know what poor people have to endure."  
And knowing what poor people have to endure, are you sorry enough to marry me?  
Hazel looked at him in baughty surprise.  
"I don't know what you mean by such a question Mr. Searle."  
The man's firm, proud lips trembled.  
"I mean this. I love you Hazel Lawrence, and ask you to marry me, poor as I am."  
A new, and beautiful light came into Hazel's face.  
"Are you in earnest," she asked in a low voice.  
"Yes truly as ever I was, but I am not wise to talk this way. Who will marry a penniless man?"

"I will," she said softly.  
"My darling." Then a long sweet silence fell, and the night birds sang softly, as they flew over the lake, and Roger Searle knew that the unworthy doubts, that were a nest of evil spirits in his heart, were gone forever. At last he said.  
"Hazel you must forgive me, I have deceived you."  
She looked at him bewildered.  
"How?"  
"I am not poor, I just wanted to try you dear. Am I forgiven," bending down and kissing the pale lips. She caught her breath, "Yes."  
"My wife, Tried and True."

### WAS SHE SAVED.

"So you want to hear my story about that girl," said the seargent, who is one of the oldest and best educated officers in the department. "I've promised to tell it to you, and as this is my day off, we'll step around the corner and talk over a glass of beer. It's a story I don't care to tell every body for it happened years ago, when I was young, passionate, and I may say very foolish, too. When I look back and think what happened then, I don't know whether to laugh or feel sad, and although I generally begin by laughing at myself, I almost always wind up by sniveling to myself at the finish. I was a raw lad, fresh from the country, and just been appointed on the force. I won't tell you what precinct I was in when it happened, but at that time the fashionable part of the city was comparatively speaking, down town, and the street I had for a regular post was nearhand to where a freight depot is now. It was all private houses then. There were many boarding houses of the better class in it, and I soon knew their inmates by appearance. So that in the morning, when on post, I could say to myself, 'There goes that young clerk out of No. 32, and he meets that young lady from No. 21 around the corner and takes her under his umbrella, if it rains.' There wasn't a bit of flirtation of courtship going in the street which I was not perfectly familiar and he young folks knew it, too, for the would smile and say 'Good morning officer,' as they passed by, and the young fellows gave me an occasional cigar as they came home from work.  
"Now, I was on post one morning, when the servant girl of No. 41 came rushing out and says: 'Now's your time to do me a favor. I've lost Thorpe's canary bird, and the poor girl is crying her eyes out. I looked up and there was the canary perched on the edge of the roof. The hall-door opened, and a young girl about eighteen years came out on the stoop. She was not what you would call handsome I suppose, but I never saw saw such a beautiful woman or such wonderful eyes of bluish gray.  
"'Oh, Mary,' said she, did you get my bird?"  
"'He's upon the roof, Miss Annie,' said Mary, and the officer will catch him for you.' She smiled, saying, 'If you would be so kind, sir, and just then I would have chased that bird all over New York until I caught him for her. You would have laughed to see me with the empty cage in one hand, and a hard boiled egg in the other, chirruping for that bird to come back into captivity. I was in luck, and he did. She thanked me very kindly, and wanted to know in what way she could recompense me for my trouble. I answered I didn't know of any beyond her thanks, and went out, leaving her laughing over her pet. The next day she came along, and stopping on the street, said: 'Will you wear these mittens as a little present from me?' and handed me a pair of elegant mittens with the initials of my name worked on them in silk. I guess she got the initials from the servant girl.  
"It got to be so at last that I looked for her coming and going every day, and I walked through the street with her. God bless me, she soon knew as much about my old mother, and the little farm in Vermont, where I was born, as I did myself; and she told me of her own folks, poor people, who had enough to do live to themselves, down in Pennsylvania. She was saving up her little earnings to send to them, and one evening told me joyfully that she had \$10 put by, and was ever so rich. I told her that I was saving every cent I could, all owing to her example. She looked up at me surprised, but not displeased, and I felt her arm press closer over mine. I was very happy then.  
"One evening I met her coming home, leaning on a man's arm. I didn't like his looks, and I never forget his face. She blushed a little as she passed by, but said 'Good evening.' When I asked her who he was, she told me that it was a great goose to be jealous, that the gentle-

man was one of her employers. If I had known then what I know afterwards, I would have acted different. I got a note one morning, and when I read it, my heart turned cold in me. It was from her, saying that she had gone away forever, and asking me to forget her. I could not do that. Each face I saw in the street reminded me of her, and at night I searched for her in the theatres and everywhere. I got pale and thin, and the men in the station house wondered what was the matter with me. I could not bear to walk in the old street, and got transferred to town. There, at last, I met her.  
"It was two years after, and on a bitter, rainy night in January. I came to the end of my post, and was standing a couple of doors from the corner of the avenue, when I heard a woman scream. She ran round the corner in the gaslight. It was my own girl, my own Annie, but so changed! There was blood on her face where the scoundrel had struck her. I tried to stop her, but she darted away from me, and passed on into the darkness of the night. The next moment I was round the corner and stood face to face with him. I would have murdered him that night, the same as he murdered her. When my side partner came running up, he was lying on the sidewalk, with his face battered in and I was standing over him, with my club raised up in my hand.  
"What became of her? Well, I'll tell you. The cruel blows that villain gave dazed her, and she wandered off to find a friendly shelter. When she lived in our quiet street she had a poor colored woman who did her washing and loved her like a child. How she got there I don't know, but she did and when old John the whitewasher, opened the door of the miserable rooms where he and his wife lived, she fell fainting on the floor. Those good people, God bless them, did all they could for her. That night she raved and wandered in her sleep, and bit by bit they gathered her sad story from her lips. Next evening she became calm and tranquil, and old John said to his wife 'Liz, de laub is better.' But when Liz looked in the pale face she knew that the mighty Masters' call had come and told him to run for the minister.  
"The nearest minister was a man whom I will call Mr. Passover. He had a large and wealthy congregation, and there was a dinner party at his house that night. He waited until his dinner party was over, and then took his time about coming. My poor girl was growing weaker, and weaker, and at last put her hand in that of the old colored woman. She smiled and said, 'I wonder, Aunt Liza, if he will forgive me?' Old Aunt Liza held her up in her arms and said: 'Sure, honey. Oh! John dear, I see the glory shining in her face.' There was a step on the stairs—that of the Rev. Mr. Passover. He had come too late, for supported by those trustful loving hands, my poor darling had gone into eternal rest. Uncle John was on his knees praying, and when the minister opened the door he heard old John say: 'I am de resurrection and de life, and, as dat sun, now gone down, shall tomorrow rise in the east, and light, so, a ter de night ob de grave, de soul ob de just shall rise, and shine in de new day dat shall hobbet end. Amen.'  
The seargent took a small case from his breast pocket and handed it to me. It was the miniature of a young girl, and twined beneath it was some bright golden hair. When I handed it back I noticed the seargent pass his handkerchief over his eyes. They were not unmanly tears, and I honored him for them.  
"A young and pretty girl stopped into a shop where a spruce young man, who had long time enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter, selling drapery. In order to remain as long as possible she checked everything, and at last said:  
"I believe you think I am cheating you."  
"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair."  
"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she turned a phrase on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

### Gleanings.

The Mayor of Jefferson, Texas, receives the princely salary of \$1 a year.

Mock Turtle—Kissing before company and quarrelling afterward.

Elopement, marriage, twins and divorce have happened to an Indian girl within a year.

"Will the coming woman lecture?" asks a contemporary. If she marries she will.

If FALSEHOOD paralyzed the tongue what a death like silence would pervade society.

A QUESTION for the ordinance department—Do masked carnivals mark bad balls?

Some of the Texas papers note that immigration to that State is decreasing. This is not surprising. The Texas business has been overworked.

A Judge in Henderson, Ky., sits on the bench with his legs thrown over the desk in front of him, and a lighted cigar in his mouth.

Miss Nellie Grant Sartoris, sister-in-law, Miss Constance Sartoris, is soon to be married to the Hon. Claude Vivian, of London.

A Rochester wife opened a telegraphic message addressed to her husband and read, 'Jenny will meet you in Syracuse this evening.' Then she did everything that a jealous woman could do, only to find that Jenny was a lawyer, and the message was to arrange for consultation in an important case.

The New York Herald P. I. man speaks disrespectfully of the habit Southern men have of wearing their hands in their pockets? Yes, an ungracious habit, no doubt but they don't wear their hands in other people's pockets, that's certain.—New Orleans Times.

The late vender of quack medicines, J. C. Ayer, was said to be singularly unpopular in his section. He aspired to political honors, and it is thought his insanity was the result of disappointed hopes. His ambition was great, and he desired to become a celebrity.

The Earl of Beaconsfield's grandfather was a very practical man, and having realized a fortune in business, he retired to a life of luxurious ease at Bradenham house, Bucks. He was the friend of Walpole, and a distinguished company often met at his house. He is said to have had the greatest contempt for the dreamy literary pursuits of his son Isaac, who was the first to render the name of Disraeli famous. His grandson is said to possess some of his characteristics.

A LITTLE PREMATURE—A young man from the country entered the office of the Probate Judge recently and asked for a marriage license, and the application was filled out by L. W. King, who happened to be in the office at the time. Says the would-be benedict to King:  
"Keep still about this, for I don't want it to get into the papers."  
"What difference will that make?" asked King.  
"Oh, a good deal," says the fellow  
"I haven't asked the girl to have me yet, and if she should go back on me it would be a awful joke on me."

### LIFE IN THE CITY.

The sympathies of the Court and the crowds gathered at the Central Station were aroused by the story of a respectable woman, with a careworn face, who was occupying a seat in a corner of the dock to answer the charge of larceny. Her accuser, Mrs. Emma L. Marriener, said the woman had been intrusted with material for fourteen cases, which had been given her to make, and that she had pawned the goods.

"What have you to say?" inquired Magistrate Smith.

"I did it for bread, indeed I did!" exclaimed the poor woman, as the big tears chased each other down her wan face.

"Didn't you know it was wrong for you to pawn the goods?" inquired the Magistrate.

"Yes, sir, I did, and I never did such a thing before; but my children were crying for bread and I had none to give them, and I was driven to do it to keep them from starving."

"How many children have you?" asked the Court.

"Five; the youngest four years of age."

"She explained to the Court that she had already taken steps to get the goods out of pawn, and to return them to the agent, Mrs. Marriener.

"It's a hard case," said the Magistrate, "and you may go on your own recognizance."

A collection was then taken up for the heart-broken woman, and when she left the court-room it was with a lighter heart than when she entered it. A reporter the next morning said she got only 65 cents a dozen for making the coats and by working hard she could make a dozen in a day.