

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Every person sending a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Paper sent to different offices

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Advertisement

Transient advertisements payable in advance. Yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$6.00
2 " "	3.00	4.50	6.00	10.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square or he first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.



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 defied.

Moore & Thompson

Commission Merchants

RALEIGH, N. C.

Special attention paid to the sale of

COTTON, CORN, FLOUR, GREASY, HAY, BUTTER, EGGS, FOWLS & C.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. HIGHEST

PRICES OBTAINED.

Refer to Citizens National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELLY'S.

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 \$7.00. A good fit is guaranteed. Mending promptly and cheaply done.

Have a few pairs of good gaiters of my own make on hand which I will sell cheap.

Graham, N. C. W. N. MURRAY.

May 7, 1878, 13.

RUTH.

He came from his day's work feeling just as he used to when he was boy after he had been romping and racing over every hill within a mile of home, until he had worked himself up into a fearful state of perspiration, and then had sat down to rest and get cool. The next day he was sure to feel anguish, and a dull heavy pain would find every particular bone in his body, and all that he wanted was to lie down on the bright-covered lounge by the fire, and have mother sit by him and give him a drink, once in awhile, from the cup of mysterious tea which he had used to believe was a sure panacea for all ailments his flesh was heir to. Just so he felt now. His head ached, and his bones ached; and every little while he went off into a series of terrific sneezes which seemed to threaten utter demolition to the top of his head, and the poor little plaster shepherds on the mantel, for she went into a jingling paroxysm every time, probably from some mysterious and occult sympathy which we hardly comprehend.

"Dear me! such a cold as I have got!" growled David Reade, kindling a fire in the little stove, while his teeth were fairly chattering. "I'll keep me tied up to the house for a week, just as like as not, and I ought to be down to the store every day."

He got the fire to burning at last, and pulled up the hard, uncompromising old chair, which was one of the three or four articles of furniture the room contained, before the feeble blaze and tried to get his feet warm.

But poor David couldn't get warm, nor feel comfortable. Cold chills crept up his back and down his legs, and regularly, every fifteen minutes, as if he were run by clock work, and marked off the quarters, he kept up his sneezes, and the shepherds danced her jigs on the very edge of the mantelpiece to their accompaniment.

"Seems to me I never felt quite so miserable before," groaned David, with a shiver. "Seems to me, too, that this room looks a little the worst I ever saw," and he looked about him with a great deal of dissatisfaction written on his face.

It was a bare little room. There was no mistake about that, David Reade. There was a bed in one corner, and the chair he occupied; a bureau that had amalgamated with a withstand, and became rather a nondescript article of furniture in consequence, and his trunk. Yes, and there was the stove, and a little shabby old table that had been so weak in the legs ever since he had known anything about it, that it had to have the corner-all to itself in order to have it stand up at all.

He was head book-keeper in a great store down town, and he had saved quite a sum of money. Sometimes he thought he would get a more comfortable room, and furnish it nicely, and get some good out of his earnings. But he hadn't any faith in his ability to keep things looking orderly and neat, for he abominated an untidy, littered room, and he wouldn't have the chambermaid putting things to rights for him on any account. That would spoil everything, for it would seem like sending out and hiring a home at so much a week to have some one who was paid to do it keeping things as they should be. So he had never carried out his plan, but had continued to live on in his cheerless bachelor quarters.

"Dear! dear! how I do ache!" growled David, getting up and pacing up and down the floor. "A fellow doesn't feel the need of a home so much when he is well; but when he's under the weather, he begins to wish he had somebody to care for him and nurse him up."

A ray of light flashed across the dark, near—for by that time it was night—and made a bright spot on the wall of his room. He went to the window and looked across the way. The light shone from the attic window of a tenement house. He could see into the room from which it shone, and it revealed a pretty and pathetic little picture to him. A woman, sat at a little table, copying. A great many pages of manuscript lay beside her elbow, and he knew by the pile before her that her task would not

be done for hours yet.

It was a very pretty face that bent over the paper. Not a girlish face, but it had a sweet, grave kind of beauty in it, and the brown hair banded back smoothly from the forehead, shown like gold in the lamplight falling on it. It was a poor little room that she worked and lived in, as far as David could make out from the glimpses afforded by the window, but it was a wonderfully neat one. He knew that, for he had often watched her sweep and dust it, and put things deftly in their places. Yes, he David Reade, bachelor, had been guilty more times than he would have liked to confess, of watching his neighbor across the way.

He stood there to-night and watched her until his feet seemed to be standing in a puddle, and the cold, shivering sensations in his bones warned him that he had better be trying to warm himself at the fire than to be watching Ruth Doane. The last look he got of her was more satisfactory than any previous one had been, for she looked straight toward the window. David drew back as if he felt sure she would discover him watching her; and then the light of her lamp seemed to get tangled up in the rose bush in her window, and he dragged his aching body back to the stove and sat down.

Sat down to think and dream. What he thought about was Ruth Doane, and what he dreamed was this: In the little glow which came from the crack in the stove door, the whole room seemed suddenly changed into a scene of content, that to David Reade stood for a type of heaven, because it was home. There was a soft, warm carpet on the floor, and a lounge, whose curving sides seemed made to embrace somebody and nothing else in the world, stood where the table stood in the room that he was sitting and dreaming in to-night. There were bright, cheery pictures on the wall, and a bird slept in a cage in the window, where half a dozen blossoming plants grew, vigorous and green, and kept summer in the room the whole year round.

There was a little table before the open grate, where the warm fire leaped and danced as if it were a sentient thing, and enjoyed the coziness of the room, and on this table there were books and papers. And he sat before the fire, slippers on his feet, and a dressing gown about him, instead of a clumsy old coverlet; and he was happy, for close by sat the spirit of Home—a woman with a sweet and tender face, and the face was Ruth Doane's.

It was such a beautiful, beautiful dream! He awoke from it with a chilly groan, and came very much nearer sneezing his head off his shoulders, and the shepherds off the mantel, than ever before. "Dear me!" growled David: "what's the use of working, day in and day out, and making money to lay up and take no good of it."

After which interrogation he sneezed in a subdued manner, by way of postscript to his other sneezes, and concluded to go to bed and try to sleep off his cold.

When he got up in the morning he knew he wouldn't get to the store that day. He felt worse than he had when he went to bed. He built a little fire, and told the boy whose unfortunate career in life had so far been among the shoats and quicksands of errand going and waiting on every body, to tell Mrs. Scraggs to send up some tea and toast for he would not come down to breakfast.

By-and-by Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door with the articles called for, and acting on the supposition that the position of the landlady made her a sort of a stepmother to her boarders she came to find out what was the matter, and see what ought to be done.

"You've got pneumonia on your lungs," announced Mrs. Scraggs. "Leastwise, an attack of it. It's awful apt to break out at some season of the year. You want camomile tea, hot, and a brick to your feet, hot likewise; and if you can get a good sweat, you will feel better, I guess."

Accordingly poor David took camomile tea, hot, and disposed himself in bed, with a brick at his feet, and wrapped up to his ears; and sweat he did, but felt as bad after taking the treatment prescribed by Mrs. Dr. Scraggs as he did

before.

Such a long day it was! He couldn't read. He couldn't stay in bed and his bones ached so that he couldn't sit still with any degree of comfort notwithstanding Mrs. Scraggs sent up her most comfortable rocking chair for his use. All the comfort he did take was in watching for glimpses of Ruth Doane, and thinking of her. He remembered that it was just three months ago that day that she first applied at the store for copying to do. Three months! It seemed as if he had known her as many years and yet he hardly knew her at all. Their acquaintance had gone but little farther than a smile and a bow when they met, and occasionally a few common place words. But for all that she didn't seem at all like a stranger to David.

Poor David was in love. In the light of Ruth Doane's love would could only shine into his life, as the light from her window did into his room, how pleasant everything would seem. And then he dreamed in wide-awake fashion of the home they would make. The light on the wall seemed the fire on home's hearthstone; its dancing flame made him warm, and he fell asleep and dreamed it all over and over.

But he didn't feel well by any means when morning came. He sent word to the store that he couldn't come down yet awhile; and partook sparingly of Mrs. Scraggs' tea and toast, but utterly repudiated camomile tea and bricks, when Mr. Scraggs in the role of doctor, suggested the advisability of another course of treatment similar to yesterday. And he wouldn't have a doctor he declared. He'd feel better to-morrow, and doctor's stuff he did believe in any way.

In the afternoon Mrs. Scraggs knocked at his door, and said Miss Doane was in the parlor. The store had got her to do some writing, and the store had told her to see him, and he'd tell her all about it, as he knew what it ought to be seen' as he had charge of it, and the store didn't. After the delivery of which message, Mrs. Scraggs waited for instructions.

Ruth Doane had come to see him! That was the first thing he thought of. Then he remembered that it was on business, and that took away something of the first pleasure of the thought. Should he go down or ask her up?

"Would there be anything improper in her coming up here if you came with her?" he asked.

"I can't see as there would," answered Mrs. Scraggs, "bein' as you're respectable an' it's business for the store." "You may ask her to come up then," said David. "I don't feel like stirring about much, for fear I'll take more cold, tell her."

Mrs. Scraggs withdrew. David had an object in view, in asking Miss Doane to his room. He thought the sight of it would awaken a feeling of pity in her tender heart. He knew in some unexplainable way, that her heart was tender. He was quite sure of that.

Mrs. Scraggs was back presently, with Miss Doane. How bright her face made the room, the minute it passed the door! It made it seem so cheerful to David that he was afraid his design in getting her there was a failure. She couldn't dream of his being bare and cheerless, if it looked to her as it did to him.

"Mr. Graham told me you were sick," she said sitting down by the window "I got some extra work to do, in consequence;" and then, while Mrs. Scraggs busied herself in putting things to rights, she explained what her errand was; and David instructed her in regard to the writing to be done; and made the explanation as elaborate and minute as possible, in order to keep her there. She began to think she had undertaken a fearfully responsible and important task before he had got through his instructions.

When she was gone, David groaned. The mean little room seemed more dismal than it ever had before. But—she had been there! and there was some mysterious influence left to linger where she had been, like the subtle breath of fragrance the rose leaves behind it, when it has been borne out of sight.

And that night he watched the light upon the wall, and dreamed more dreams, and every one was sweet with thoughts of Ruth, and love and home. The next day he confidently expected to be able to visit the store, and see things in his particular department. But he didn't. He couldn't get rid of the miserable feeling of dullness and languor and every time he tried to exercise much he felt a chilly sensation and such a rushing roaring sound in his head, that he was glad to keep still.

Here's something as Miss Doane sent over," said Mrs. Scraggs coming up

some gruel. At first David supposed it was the gruel Mrs. Scraggs referred to and began to fancy the aroma of that particular bowlful of the article named was as delicious as the fragrance supposed to emanate from the 'rose gardens of Isphah'; and up to that time he had declared that the gruel was his particular abomination, and partook of it under protest. But he presently discovered what Miss Doane had sent was not gruel, but a rose-such a beautiful great red rose, with a yellow heart, and it filled the room with a perfume that was delicious enough to enchant any man.

"Ain't it beautiful?" demanded Mrs. Scraggs, presenting the gruel in one hand and the flower in the other. "I'll put it in a tumbler, and it'll keep over so long. She's a dear, good soul, I tell you. It's a pity she hasn't a home, an' some one to take care of her; though fur's that concerned, she's willin' an' capable of takin' care of herself. But every woman needs a home, I think." Mrs. Scraggs watched David, to see how he took her view of things, and was gratified to see that it interested him.

"Tell her I thank her very much," said David. "It makes me think of mothers roses tell her that."

The flower made his room almost beautiful, and his heart seemed full of dreams, for he did nothing but dream the rest of that day, and it must have been the rose's fragrance that made him do it. An other day of confinement! Would he ever get out again? He went to the window and watched the skies. They were forbiddingly grey. It would rain by tomorrow. But while he stood there the sun seemed to burst forth, and the world was suddenly bright and gay. Other people might have failed to see any wonderful change; but looking over the way, he saw Ruth at her window watering her rose, and she saw him and bowed and smiled, and that accounted for the sudden brightening up of everything.

The next morning it rained; a slow, dull, drizzling kind of rain, that didn't amount to much as a rain, but effectually prevented him from going to the store, as he intended to do.

Ruth was at the window, setting her rose on the sill to catch the drops as they fell, when he looked across the way after breakfast. She nodded and smiled to him, and the air seemed alive with rainbows. He threw up his window and said, "Good morning," and they had quite a pleasant chat together. Being up so high, they could carry on their conversation without interfering with anybody.

He sat at the window and tried to read that afternoon. But his eyes would keep wandering from his paper to the window over the way. By and by Ruth came to take in her rose. She threw up the window and reached to get the pot, but by some mishap it slipped from her grasp and went tumbling down to the ground, where it broke into fragments, and the rose was a poor mangled thing, with its life crushed out of it forever.

A cry broke from Miss Doane's lips—a cry full of pain and grief. Her rose was like a friend, almost the only friend she had in the world. And it was gone.

David sprang up, pulled on his coat, put on his hat, and started for the old German florist, around the corner, that sudden, Mrs. Scraggs declared, "that she thought he was took worse, an' wondered if he was not out of his head."

Pretty soon he came back with a pot under each arm; one held a rose-bush, twice as large as the one that had met such a sad fate, full of beautiful roses and scarlet buds; and the other a calla, with two magnificent blossoms gleaming out whitely from its broad green leaves.

David went straight to Ruth Doane's room. He never stopped to think anything about the propriety of the action. He knocked at the door, and she came to let him in with a tearful face. She had been crying over her poor rose.

"I saw it," cried David. "I know how much you cared for it and I brought these to take its place."

"Oh what beautiful things!" she said bending over them, while her face was fairly radiant. "I don't know which pleased her most, the flowers or the kindness which prompted the gift. When she raised up, her eyes were full of tears."

"I can't think of words to tell you how thankful I am," she said. "But if you knew how few beautiful things my life has in it, and could only know how much I like friends, flowers are, you could understand it."

"I do understand," he said softly. "Oh Ruth, would love make your life any brighter?" She looked up wonderingly, questioning

"I love you," he said simply, and his face was transfigured by his holy light of his affection. "I love you, Ruth. I want you. May I have you?"

He held out his hands toward her. She was pale now.

"Are you sure you want me?" she asked.

"Quite sure" he answered, smiling—surer than I ever was of anything else in my life.

She put her hands in his, and a sweet rain of tears broke over the violets of her eyes. He folded her to his breast and kissed every tear away, while his heart was ringing with sudden music.

"My Ruth," he said very softly, very tenderly, and kissed her again. "How happy I am! I wonder if you know?"

"I think I do," she whispered, "because I am so happy myself."

By-and-by, David, sitting by the little table where Ruth had written hour after hour, while he had watched her light upon the wall, told her of his dream.

"Such a pleasant home as we will have!" he cried, and the rose bush shook all over in its mysterious glee, and the trumpet blossoms of the calla seemed ringing out jubilant peals.

"Home," she repeated, musingly. "It's a word I've almost forgotten the meaning of."

"We'll learn what it means," he said. "And they have. The fire on their hearth is as bright as any hearth fire in the land. Home is home to them, and not a place to live in."

JAPANESE WOMAN BATHING IN PUBLIC.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

As we were about to leave, a lady of elegant attire and attended by a female servant bearing her toilet apparatus and another, with other luxuries of the bath entered. Our new arrival, after giving some directions, with the assistance of her maid began to arrange herself for the bath. With her maid she neatly folded and laid away on a cloth in a clean place each particle of her apparel as it was removed. First the silken robe, then the flowing gown like robe of purple, then the nether garments of white, until we reached nature's own. As gently as a zephyr playing upon the foliage of the trees she stepped along toward the water. Her beautifully rounded form and poetry of motion would have been worthy of the sculptor's chisel. A beautifully rounded ankle and a pretty foot, vaguely visible beneath the laminated folds of a dozen skirts would set the whole community agog at home while a whole form, nude as nature and more beautiful than an angel, would not so much as attract a passing glance in Japan.

A BARRING GIRL.

"Oh, my! said the Rev. Mr. Snyder, of Rochester, Ind. The young clergyman was approaching the Yellow River ford and his exclamation, directed to Miss Rena Chittister, who was in the carriage with him, was brought out by the sight of four young women on the point of being swept down stream upon swollen foaming current. "Oh, my!" said he, and sat still; but Miss Rena called to some laborers in an adjoining field, leaped into the river herself, and led the rescue in a brave hand-over-hand swim.

A NEW YORK DUEL.—Two boys in Friendship, N. Y., quarreled, and arranged for a duel. The seconds, who seem to have some sense, quietly put blank cartridges in the pistols. At the first fire one of the duellists sprang behind a tree, and let his rival's ball, as he supposed, go harmlessly by. He then sprang out suddenly, fired two shots quickly at his adversary, and threw down his revolver and ran. In his haste he fell into a creek, and came very near being drowned.

"How nicely this corn pops!" said a young man, who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."

Miss Beckwith, who astonished London some little time since, by swimming ten miles in the Thames before she was 15 years of age, will shortly try to swim twice the distance.

A widow, seventy years old, obtained at the Hampshire assizes at Portsmouth the other day \$50 damages, for breach of promise of marriage, from a dockyard pensioner 72 years of age.

A young widow of Newport, R. I. having left her chalet for the season, was asked what induced her to desert such a charming retreat. Too much balcony and too little Romeo, was her reply.

An Indian girl made \$600 last year raising broom corn. How much better than raising a family in fear of the broom handle.

In speaking of a baby ladies often claim: "Oh! isn't it too sweet for anything?" This is all a mistake. No baby is too sweet for parents.