

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY AUGUST 20 1878

NO. 24

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rate of Subscription, Postage Paid:  
One Year .....\$1.50  
Six Months .....1.00  
Three Months .....0.50

Every person sending us 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. Papers sent to different offices

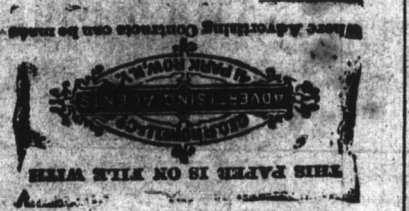
No Departure from the Cash System

### Rate of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

1 m. 2 m. 3 m. 6 m. 12 m.	
1 square	\$2.00 \$1.00 \$1.50 \$3.00 \$4.00 \$7.00
2	3.00 4.00 5.00 10.00 15.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square or five 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 desired.

T. MOORE A. A. THOMPSON

## Moore & Thompson

Commission Merchants

RALEIGH, N. C.

Special attention paid to the sale of

COTTON,  
WOOL,  
FLOUR,  
GRAIN,  
HAY,  
BUTTER,  
EGGS,  
POWLS & C.

ASSIGNMENTS SOLICITED, HIGHEST

PRICES OBTAINED.

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

Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELL'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 \$3.00 TO \$7.00.

50 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.  
GRAHAM, N. C. W. N. MURRAY.  
May 7, 1878.

### FOR HER SAKE.

Only a miner and his sweetheart! He in his every-day fustian clothes, she in her simple calico gown, with only a knot of ribbon at her throat—he living all the bright, sunny day where the brightest rays never pierce, so deep is he in the bowels of the earth; she the daughter of a miner like himself, for whom with her own hands she prepared the noonday meal, or set his home in order for his coming; but for all that, the story to which she had been listening was none the less sweet, and Tom Wilcox felt his heart beat as if had never throbbled in face of any danger, when he looked down into Ray Bernard's shy brown eyes which, raised for one brief instant to his face, flashed forth for one brief instant their cherished secret, then stooped and sealed it on her lips with Cupid's seal. The moon laughed and the stars twinkled. It was such an old, old story, but it was full of honest truth, even though the little brown cottage formed the background, and the low breezes whispering through the trees were their own witnesses. What if they repeated the secret in every clime? No one could understand their language save the trees, and they were ever silent. But suddenly a cloud hid the pale moon from their sight, and somehow it seemed reflected over the girls' faces, as with sudden courage she clasped her hands about her lover's arm.

"Don't go down into the mine tomorrow, Tom," she said. "I feel as if something were going to happen."

"Why little one," he laughed "such fancies as these don't do for a miner's wife. You forget (growing serious) I have a safeguard now which I never had before—the safeguard of your love, or rather its most precious knowledge. Don't worry about it lassie, we've work at the new hall tomorrow and it will be as much as my place is worth to be missing.

But the girl shivered even in the warm summer evening, and the hands clung more tightly to his arm.

"I can't help it Tom," she answered "I never felt so before; but try as I will I can't shake off the feeling."

"We will laugh it over together tomorrow evening, when—" and he stooped and whispered something very low in her ear—a something which brought the blood tiding once more to her very temples. I can't wait long you know, he said aloud. Your Father must be looking out for another bones-keeper Ray, my darling, lie has just begun for me. God grant I may make you as happy as you desire!"

And with his fond good-night kiss he left her.

With folded arms, resting on the wicket gate, she watched the tall stalwart form until it disappeared from sight, why, then, did he denounce him? Once more his hand clenched, his face darkened, and a girl's white, pleading face seemed to rise up out of the darkness, and quietly he took his stand in front of the prostrate form.

"We will kill him!" shouted the men.

"Perhaps then we can appease the wrath of the mine, and they will show us some way out, or keep life in our bodies till they dig for us. Ah, here he is," starting forward as one stumbled over him for whom they sought.

"Back, men! Would you do murder?" shouted a voice. "Has not the old wall threatened danger for many a day, that you should suppose a man's whistle could cause it to come tumbling about our ears?"

"He put the spirits to work!" said one. "It's never failed yet." We'll give him to them as one of them.

"Not unless you give me, too!" said Jack his face growing very white and the words rushing from his lips as though he could not repress them. "He can't defend himself. It's only a coward who will strike a helpless man."

The men paused, with a flush of shame while their hands sank quietly to their sides, and Jack Howard knew his defence had proved good. So the long, weary hours dragged themselves along, each man busy with his own thoughts; some thinking of the wife and bairns who waited their return; some the mother and sweetheart. Occasionally would sound a dull, rumbling noise, drawing nearer and nearer, and unless rescue soon reached them, all knew the wall surrounding them would soon give way. They knew not whether it were day or night, or save by the pangs of hunger and thirst already assailing them, how long they had been entombed, when hope rose once more in their breasts, as, faint and distant, came a human voice. With one accord they answered it and grasping their tools with new earnestness, fell to work to

meet those digging their slow way toward them. Ah, the ecstasy of the moment when the first ray of light penetrated their darkness!

"We dare dig no more!" shouted a voice. "One by one you must enter, crawling through this hole. There is room but for five on the shaft. How many of you are there?"

Silently they counted. They were six.

"No need for lots," asserted one. "We will leave the whistler. He is almost gone, anyway. They can come back for him if there's time."

So they decided, and one by one crawled through the narrow space. Jack Howard came last. He cast one look upon the silent death-like place, and the silent, death-like form, while Ray Bernard's words stood written in letters of fire in the blackness:

"What'er you do to him you do to me."

Then he turned back, and raised the prostrate form, and whispering in his ear: "Tell her I kept sacred the shrine which held her heart, and did it for her sake," he dragged him as best he could to the aperture.

"Lead a hand, boys!" he shouted. "We'll send Tom up first. He has a sweetheart waiting. I—I have no one."

There was no time to parley, and answering, "Courage, Jack, we'll soon be back for you?" they obeyed him. So Jack went back to his doom.

It was a glimpse of Eden to the men—who thought themselves shut out from it forever—as once more they saw the green fields and the sunlight, while weeping women and children clung, sobbing, to their knees. But they suddenly grew weak and tender as a great crash smote on their ears, and they knew Jack Howard had expired his sacrifice with his life.

Like a faint dream, the words whispered in his ear came to Tom as Ray nursed him back to health and strength, and wondering he repeated them to her. Then, as though unavailing some sacred thing, with sobbing breath she told him why Jack Howard had done this thing. How great, how true an act of heroism was his, when though no marble shaft nor sculptured urn record it.

meet those digging their slow way toward them. Ah, the ecstasy of the moment when the first ray of light penetrated their darkness!

"We dare dig no more!" shouted a voice. "One by one you must enter, crawling through this hole. There is room but for five on the shaft. How many of you are there?"

Silently they counted. They were six.

"No need for lots," asserted one. "We will leave the whistler. He is almost gone, anyway. They can come back for him if there's time."

So they decided, and one by one crawled through the narrow space. Jack Howard came last. He cast one look upon the silent death-like place, and the silent, death-like form, while Ray Bernard's words stood written in letters of fire in the blackness:

"What'er you do to him you do to me."

Then he turned back, and raised the prostrate form, and whispering in his ear: "Tell her I kept sacred the shrine which held her heart, and did it for her sake," he dragged him as best he could to the aperture.

"Lead a hand, boys!" he shouted. "We'll send Tom up first. He has a sweetheart waiting. I—I have no one."

There was no time to parley, and answering, "Courage, Jack, we'll soon be back for you?" they obeyed him. So Jack went back to his doom.

It was a glimpse of Eden to the men—who thought themselves shut out from it forever—as once more they saw the green fields and the sunlight, while weeping women and children clung, sobbing, to their knees. But they suddenly grew weak and tender as a great crash smote on their ears, and they knew Jack Howard had expired his sacrifice with his life.

Like a faint dream, the words whispered in his ear came to Tom as Ray nursed him back to health and strength, and wondering he repeated them to her. Then, as though unavailing some sacred thing, with sobbing breath she told him why Jack Howard had done this thing. How great, how true an act of heroism was his, when though no marble shaft nor sculptured urn record it.

### STRANGE FRIENDSHIP—A WOMAN AND A SNAKE.

[Morganton Blade.]

Mr. A. G. Corpening of Linville was in our office last Wednesday and vouches for the truth of the following statement:

On John's River, in the Globe settlement lives a woman of the name of Margaret Coffee, who has a daughter that for some time past has been insane. Some days ago the girl was rambling in the woods alone and returned carrying over her shoulder and round her neck a large live and un hurt rattlesnake.

Coming up into the yard where her brother stood, she uncoiled the reptile from its embrace and throwing it upon the ground, remarked, "Here's a damned snake. You can kill it if you want to." The snake made several attempts to regain its position, running to her as a child would run to its mother, but showing no signs of anger. It was soon killed.

A few days after the girl came home with another reptile fully as large, which was likewise affectionately coiled about her neck. Both these snakes were un hurt and had full possession of their fangs and venom. To those acquainted with these terrible denizens of the mountains, and who know how deadly and sore is their bite, this story is almost blood curdling. The bold hunter of the mountain steeps and valleys fears not the panther or the bear half so much as these reptiles which he finds coiled up at every step ready to sink their poisonous fangs into his flesh, and when he kills one he skins it and stuffs its skin to hang in his cabin as a trophy which ranks in pride with the antlers of the mountain roe.

Among the little "outrages" in the West was the descent last week, near Wenatchee, Illinois, of a party of tramps upon the estates of a picnic party. They waited until the table was set, and then suddenly made their appearance and appropriated the good things to themselves. They were strong enough to "bulldoze" the men among the picnickers.

An Iowa editor, who was impelled to give up his seat to a lady in a street car described it as being crowded out to make room for more interesting matter.

### HER TWO HUSBANDS.

A queer story comes from the West, whence so many stories come. The wife of a merchant in San Francisco, finding, some six months ago, that the climate of the Pacific coast did not agree with her, as her lungs were rather delicate, decided to visit her relatives in Chicago, to see if the change would not benefit her. She went overland her husband remaining in California because he was unable to leave his business. For two months after her arrival she wrote regularly and affectionately declaring that her health was steadily improving, and that she hoped to rejoin him very soon. For the next three months her letters steadily decreased, both in frequency and fervor, being very rare and very cold toward the close of that period. He complained of the alteration in her feelings, which she denied in words, and proved by behavior. In two or three weeks he sat out for Chicago to ascertain the cause of her resolution, and reaching his destination, went to the hotel where she was staying, found directly to her room, entered, found her talking pleasantly to a man, who appeared to be quite at home, but whom he had never seen before. The husband upbraiding his wife, when the stranger demanded: "By what right do you thus address this lady?" "By the right of a husband," was the response. "That right is reserved for me sir; I am her husband." "You? for how long I pray?" "For three months." "And I for six years." Both spoke the truth. The second marriage, as may be inferred, had been made after an irregular divorce, the woman having discovered that she liked the man present in Chicago much better than she liked the man absent in San Francisco. The two leagues talked revolvers, death and graveyards for a while; but after growing cool, resolved not to make fools of themselves. The woman frankly owned that she preferred No. 2, whereupon No. 1 expressed satisfaction; sensibly left her to her new-found felicity; bought a ticket for home; departed on the morning train, leaving a note for her saying that he would trouble her no further, and do his utmost never to meet her again.

### A SOCIETY FOR WOMEN.

"It is better," wrote Thackeray, "for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club or tavern, or a pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who would avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers who are sucking the butt of billiard cues—all night call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a jockey, beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is scarcely tired of water-sauces and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit a whole night with a well-regulated, kindly woman, and hear her talk about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evenings entertainments. One of the benefits a man can derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world."

### A CONNECTICUT BLUE LAW.—Not

forcing what could be made out of Connecticut seed leaf by their descendants, the austere founders of Connecticut adopted the following stringent regulations for the use of tobacco.

"No person under twenty years of age, nor any other who has not already accustomed himself to the use of it, shall take any tobacco until he has obtained a certificate from under the hand of an approved physician that it is useful for him, and until he has also obtained a license from the court. All others who have addicted themselves to the use of it are prohibited from taking it in any company, or at their labors, or in traveling, unless ten miles at least from any company, and though not in company, not more than once a day, upon pain of a fine of a sixpence for every such offence."

### IRRITABLE SCHOOLMASTER.—"Now then,

stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy—"A mouse, sir."

### THE WAY IT ALWAYS IS.

(Hawkeye.)

One day this summer we rode fifty miles in a railway car, seated behind four men who were playing with those awful playthings of the devil—cards. They played euchre until they were tired of it. They played a little seven-up, Pedro, and occasionally a trifle of poker. We never heard a dispute. Their bursts of merriment occasionally at some unexpected play repeatedly drew our eyes from our book. They never quarrelled, and never called names once. When we got out at our station we sat at our window and watched a party of young men and maidens play croquet. In fifteen minutes we saw too persons cheat successfully. We heard the one player who did not cheat accused of cheating five times. We heard four distinct bitter quarrels. We heard a beautiful young girl tell two lies, and a meek young man three; and finally we saw the young girl throw her mallet against the fence so hard it frightened a horse. The other young girl pounded her mallet so hard that it knocked the buds off an apple tree. They both banged into the house at different doors and the two young men looked sheepish, and went off after a drink. Now, why is this? Isn't croquet a good, moral game?

### A SYSTEMATIC MINERS GIFT.

The San Francisco News Letter prints a story about a Comstock miner as follows: "After all, these Virginia City miners have large, generous hearts. The other evening one of them, who finishing up a week's spree in Frisco, stepped out of the palace after dinner, and ran against a haggard-looking, shabby-looking woman, who was weeping on a corner. 'What is the matter, marm?' said the miner, respectfully. She told him a sad story—poverty, sickness, a large family of children, nothing to do, nothing to wear. 'Is that the best frock you've got?' said the rough fellow, gently. She said it was. He felt in his pocket. It contained just one twenty which he had intended to devote to wine that evening. 'Stop here a moment marm, and no dodged around the corner into dry goods store. In a few minutes he returned, and pressing a small bundle into the woman's hand disappeared with the air of a man who had done a kind act gracefully. The starving female eagerly undid the package. It contained a pair of embroidered silk stockings."

Among the Washington relics which lately came into the possession of the government is a ledger in which the Father of his Country kept his personal accounts for a number of years. The book is reported as full of odd items which an admiring country will be astonished to hear about at this late day, although a century ago they may have been natural enough. It is recorded in the handwriting of the Father himself how much that illustrious man lost or won at cards, the sums he expended for play tickets for himself and friends when he went to town, and what it cost him for hair powder, silk stockings, and claret. There are indications in some parts of the unique accounts that the man who was first in the hearts of his countrymen never missed a horse race if he could help it, and he seems to have been a common kind of human being enough to bet on the wrong horse more than was good for one side of his ledger. Perhaps, in the interest of this gentleman's reputation, the government had better not dig up any more relics of the Father of this Country.—Raleigh News.

### A MODEL MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

A correspondent sends a copy of a marriage certificate that was found a few years ago in the clerk's office in Peoria county, State of Illinois, which certificate was issued in the primitive days of the sucker state.

It seems that there was a loving couple that lived in a neighborhood called Coperas precinct, Peoria county, who were anxious to get married, but they could not find a minister who had been commissioned to marry. They finally met with a justice who set them a-going and gave them the following certificate:

"To all the World Greeting—Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers are hereby certified to go together and do as the old folks does, anywhere in Coperas Precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry 'em good and dat's 'em back to liver accidents."