THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4 GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY AUGUST 27 1878 NO. 25

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rates of Subscription. Postage Paid:

One Year $1.55
Six Months 70
Three Months 50

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

No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of Advertising

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

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 quare	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$ 6 00	$10 00
2 "	3 00	4 50	6 00	10 00	15 00

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

HITTY THORNE'S DUTY.

"We might mortgage the place," said Miss Hitty, sighing.

'And retire to the almshouse, eh?" returned her sister.

"But what alternative is open to us? Shall we allow Tom to come to grief?"

"Tom richly deserves all the grief that will fall to his share, poor fellow. Such a schemer! Expected to make a fortune for us all, forsooth, that we might flaunt in our velvets, drive our span, and fare sumptuously every day! One dollar for us, and $2 for himself, I reckon. What should such a boy know about speculation? It's the old story over and over. Speculating with other people's money is a little indiscreet, to say the least. I should have chosen sackcloth and ashes rather than velvets worn by such means."

"Certainly. But, now that Tom is involved, nothing but money will extricate him. There's my watch, the heirloom from Grandma Pentecost; there are fifty diamonds bedded in the case, if there's one—"

"Rose diamonds too, every spark of them."

"Not to mention the pearls and emeralds."

"Doubtless and split pearls, I dare say."

"You are so discouraging, Liddy! We *must* have the money. I don't suppose that the watch would bring a tenth of the sum, but it would help. Dear! dear! there's Hannah de Rothschild with $2,000,000 of income, while you and I can't raise $5,000 though we should break our hearts—not even to save an old and honorable name from contempt and a foolish young fellow from ruin. Alas! alas!"

"You know, Hitty, it might have been different," suggested Liddy, her eyes wandering toward the old fashioned square mansion crowning the hill within sight, with its fringe of elms and its spicy orchards beyond. "You might have enough and to spare, Hitty—enough to keep Tom out of temptation."

"And it was a temptation to poor Tom, no doubt," returned Hitty, ignoring the allusion, "seeing so much money lying idle, and such a chance for doubling it over and over, as he fondly believed."

"Pshaw! A Thorne had no business to be tempted. Was our grandfather tempted at the time of the embargo, when he could have had false papers made out, as everybody was doing, and saved his fortune, and left us all independent? If we mortgage the place, it won't bring $5,000; and who could we call upon to take the mortgage, and what should we do afterward—live in a tent, gypsy style? Oh, Hitty, if only you hadn't been so headstrong about Searle, all this would have been spared us!"

"Don't speak of it, Liddy; it hurts me still. How could I know what would be best?" and Miss Hitty, pacing the long room with head bent, paused at the casemen, and saw the sunset reddening upon Searle hill, and touching the window panes into jewelry. The twenty years of happiness which might have fallen to her share up yonder had proved twenty years of silent endurance merely. She had watched the seasons as they had passed over the hill with an interest which she had hoped would die, but which had only strengthened with the years—the lovely dallying of the spring-time, the summer's overflow of bloom, the splendor that autumn wears, the white magnificence borrowed from winter. If twenty years ago Hitty had loved Anson Searle well enough to die for him, if need be, she had loved little Tom well enough to renounce happiness and children and love for his sake, and to live on through the barren hopeless days without a murmur. Tom had come to her arms a forlorne and helpless 2-year old baby, without a father or mother when Hitty was 18, and her love had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. Tom's mother had eloped with her music teacher, and had broken his father's heart: and when the old gentlman died he had left a respectable fortune, the interest for the benefit of his two living daughters, the principal falling to their children; and only in case Liddy and Hitty died without leaving direct heirs could anothing more than the merest trifle revert to poor little Tom. Hitty had been engaged to Anson Searle a year when old Mr. Searle shuffled off the mertal coil and this unjuit will came to light, and Searle himself was at that time a rising young lawyer wrestling with circumstances, with no great amount of funds at his command.

"And nothing for Tom but this paltry hundred dollars!" groaned Hitty, when the will had been read and the estate administered.

"Of course I shall never marry," said Liddy who was plain and old looking for her years, and whose one lover had jilted her years ago, when the bloom of youth, at least, had been hers. There was'nt the smallest danger that Liddy would threaten Tom's interest by marrying.

No you may never marry. Liddy, sighed her sister, "but I—I love Anson, and oh! I love little Tom, too—my little, motherless Tom! I cannot rob him of his patrimony, and I cannot live without Anson. How can I rob Tom to pleasure myself? What will he have to go out into this hard world with, If—if—

'Hush, you silly girl; he will have his head an hands, like other men; and then—you may never have any children to stand in his way.'

'But how unhappy it would make me to see them enriched at his expense; to see him earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, while they rared like the lilies of the field: to have Tom envy and perhaps hate them, and feel bitter that life had been rendered so much easier for them by injustice!'

'Perhaps they would share with Tom.'

'Ah, it wouldn't be quite safe to trust to that pleasant 'perhaps.'

'You ought not to suspect your children of being less generous than yourself.'

'But their mother must have been ungenerous first you see.'

'You have Anson to think of, Hitty in this affair, as well as Tom. If you don't love Tom better—'

'I don't—I don't; but the will has made it impossible for me to marry Anson with a clear conscience—to marry him and be happy. If he were sure of earning a fortune. with which we could make amends to little Tom, it would be different. But I cannot count upon such an improbably contingency. As you say, Tom will have his head and hands to push his way, but the best head and busiest hands do not always compel fortune; and, if any harm should come to him for from want of capital—if he would be tempted to sin from lack of money, I—I should have to answer for it; it would be my guilt.'

'Nouscuse, Hitty your conscience is too tender. Marry Anson and trust to fate that's *my* advice. Supposing you refuse and he marries somebody else, and—little Tom doesn't live to grow up.'

'I shall not have wronged him.'

'But you will have wronged Anson.'

'Not if he—if he marries—another.'

Many would, perhaps approve Hitty Thorne's conduct at this crisis, more would condemn; but she walked according to her light in those cruel days. It was no easy task she had set herself. She was to receive no meed for her sacrifice, except self-approval—nothing but reproaches. Could she have seen all that would happen, she might have spared herself this cruelty. And how much can happen in this time! how much to make our wisest forethought assume the aspect of improvidences! Property changes hands, values shrink, children grow up with wills of their own, people die and make room for remote heirs, or they outlive the sharp edge of sorrow and anger, and learn to bear the burdens of their mistakes. Miss Hitty had faded in the meantime, while Anson Searle wore his years like garlands. The fortune of which her 'not impossible' children might have robbed little Tom had dwindled to the merest pittance through the knavery of the man to whose wisdom it had been intrusted, while Anson Searle had unexpectedly stepped into the possession of the Searle estate, with its old stone mansion, its orchards and outlying meadow lands and the income that had been rolling up since the Searles first set foot upon Plymouth rock. Twenty years before there had been no doubt of such a possibility, no dream of it in Anson's mind or another's. Two healthy lives had barred the way against him. but Death had effected a breach.

'What a mistake Hitty Thorne made!' people commented these half dozen years. 'She might have been mistress at Searle Hill if she'd had a mind to risk marrying a poor man. Folks get their come-up once in this world sometimes,' with the usual charity commentators bestow upon the motives of others. Nobody had known the true cause of Hitty's refusal to marry Searle. It had been the town talk, to be sure—a riddle which no one had solved. She had not even confided her reasons to her lover He would overrule them, she feared would call them absurd, and only make her task more difficult, and perhaps grow to hate little Tom—and some time Tom might need his goodwill; who could tell? Anson Searle had not borne his dismissal with the fortitude of an early martyr, but he had sworn he would never ask her twice to marry him and he had kept his word. But perhaps after his anger cooled, and he watched her saddening year by year, some surmise that her behavior had not been dictated by caprice or any pretty motive grew upon him, and obliged him to render her the tardy justice of appreciation. And a petty return Tom had made her—speculating with his employer's money, and threatening the family pride with disgrace. Unless $5,000 were forthcoming, there was only a fortnight between him and ruin. And Tom was only 22. They must save him. Miss Hitty was one to stand by her guns; where there was a will there was a way, and she followed the only way she knew. If Mr. Searle, tumbling about for the reasons of Hitty's conduct toward himself, had at length stumbled upon the clew—having an intimate knowledge of her fathers will already—and if he had not been quite heroic enough to forgive her for preferring Tom's welfare to his own, he must have found a grim satisfaction in the turn that Fate had ordered, in seeing the Thorne property shrinking day by day, till there was hardly enough to butter their bread—till it was plain that Hitty's sacrifice had been for naught. But when did ever sacrifice prove futile? Though it fail of its direct purpose, does it not enrich the soul not only of the one who sacrifices, but of all beholders?

It was near twilight of an autumn day that Miss Hitty put on her worn bonnet and went slowly, with a certain reluctance, up the hill toward the Searle mansion; she pulled the brazen knocker timidly, and stepped into a house that might have been her own like any beggar. The dead Searles looked down from the walls of the oaken hall with cold questionings in their pursuing eyes; in the great drawing-room the wood fire snapped with a good will, and glinted gayly upon bronze and ormolu, upon quaint mirrors set in garnets, upon the yellow ivory keys of the old piano. Anson Searle rose to recieve his guest with a flush of surprise.

'Is it—*you*—Hitty?' he cried *'you'*!

'Yes. You did not expect me?

'Expect you! No. Have I had reason to expect you?'

We sometimes expect without a reason. I have come—expecting you to grant me a favor.'

"A favor?"

Yes. It strikes you odly that I should be brought to beg a favor of you, does it not? But there is no other friend upon whom I can make even so shadowy a claim as on you. Do you think I would ask anything of one whom I have served so—so ill—if I were not in extremity?

"I hope you will ask anything of me, Miss Hitty—anything you want."

"I have become mercenary, Mr. Searle I want money, Liddy and I have made up our minds to mortgage the place; *we must have* 5,000 without delay; the the place is not worth so much, I know, but I—I thought perhaps you would take it for security, as far as it would go, and then—Liddy and I are not too old to work, to earn money; and there's Tom; and we would all strive to make it up to you, sooner or later, interest and principal. I am dreadfully unbusiness like, perhaps; but what can I do? And I must have the money. I can't live—I can't die—without it. Do I make it clear?'

"You make it clear that the Thorne fortune has all leaked away. I am glad of it. Pardon, but I hold a grudge against that same property; it has cheated me out of twenty years of happiness. Yes, Miss Hitty, you shall have the money. I have plenty; I am rich in everything but one thing I coveted. But I can not take the mortgage; you shall have the money and welcome, but I can't accept a mortgage on the old place, Miss Hitty; it is too sacred to me. Think of mortgaging the old apple trees where we swung in the hammock together, of bringing the garden where we dreamed in the summer evenings into a business transaction! But all the same you shall have the money, Miss Hitty—'

'But, oh! you know I cannot take the money unless—unless—'

'Unless you take the owner with it? Was that what you meant to say? I'm sure it wasn't; but for Heaven's sake, say it, Hitty. Don't you know I vowed never to ask you to marry me twice? Do you want me to break my word, eh? Now it is your turn to do the asking.'

'I should think I had asked enough,' said Hitty, the great tears standing in her eyes. "You are not in earnest, Anson Searle. You don't want to marry me, an old maid like *me*! See how faded and gray I am.'

'And if I swear I do want to marry you, what will you say?'

'I shall say, then, why don't you do so, Mr. Searle?' She smiled through her tears. 'What will Liddy say when she hears that I've asked you to marry me?'

'She will say you have done your duty like a man!'

'Well, Miss Hitty Thorne always had an eye to the main chance,' said her neighbors. 'She jilted Searle when he was poor, and now he is rich she marries him. What a fool a woman can make of a sensible man—only it usually takes a young one!'

AN OPINION AS IS AN OPINION.—Our Supreme Court has adjourned. It has filed its last opinion and that opinion has been digested; so we must seek them elsewhere. It is a common expression that "they do things differently in the States," and it has truth in it. especially when we live in the States. But they do things in a queer way in the territories. Amongst other things their courts of last resort, throw off the idle fripperies that hedge in the gravity of our staid tribunals and render judgements in accordance with the wishes and temper of the people and clothe them in territorial vernacular. For proof read the fallowing opinion of the Supreme Court of Arizona which we take from the American Law Review:

Silas Tompkins vs. *The Commonwealth*. The opinion of the court was delivered by Avle, J.

The defendant was found guilty of the gratuitous murder of a mother and her ten children, under circumstances of useless and offensive barbarity. We were quite prepared to hear his counsel arguing that the conviction was erroneous, and their client innocent. It is always so in aggravated cases. But with the innocence of Tomkins, we as a court of error, have really nothing to do Law is the hypothenuse of a rightangle triangle, of which logic and moral philosophy are the other two sides. Though it touches them each at one point, its general direction is quite distinct.

With the law of this case alone it is our province to deal. We find here the usual parade of exceptions and points and assignments of error, and a paper book encrusted with authorities like barnacles. Everything that the ingenuity of counsel could suggest has been done to confuse and complicate the decision of the case, in the hope, perhaps, that the prisoner, concealed by the dust of argumentation might escape in a sort of legal disguise. But the eyes of justice are too quick for that sort of thing, and we, as her ministers, will block any such game without remorse.

The plaintiff in error, in the first place, complains that he is charged, in the third count of the indictment, with committing the alleged murder by means of a 'clasp knife of the value of six cents,' whereas the proof was that he destroyed his victim by strychnine infused in lager beer. We know nothing of this from the record. The verdict was guilty on all the counts, which means that he killed the mother and children, or some of them, in some way, and this, for aught, we can tell, may have been both by the knife and the beer. There is nothing in the law to restrict a man to one mode of homicide, as there is in respect to duplicity in pleading. At any rate it is a matter in which the commonwealth alone is interested, to the extent of the value of the knife as a deodand. We cannot stop the administration of justice for six cents.

The second error is, perhaps. somewhat more deserving of consideration. The prisoner, it appears by the record, was asked when he was called up for sentence, "what he had to say why judgment should not be pronounced, etc.," instead of whether he had anything to say, etc. We are unable to discover. in the present case, any very important variation from the established usage. It is true that the form used here is rather abrupt, and contains, perhaps, an implied scarcasm. Still the meaning was substantially conveyed, and the needs of justice sufficiently served.

The other errors are merely supernumeraries, joined to the principal characters in order to give them an air of fictitious importance on the stage. We shall do the prisoner no wrong in disregarding them. A criminal, at his trial, pitch and-toss with the law for his life, and, if he loses, he must pay the stakes. It is too late to contest here the minor points of the game, which ought to have been settled as it went on. *Judgment affirmed.*

A Terrible Tragedy Under the Influence of the Eclipse,

(St. Louis Globe Democrat.)

In the dark path of the late eclipse across Texas, 116 miles in width, there were thousands of ignorant people, both white and black, who had not heard that anything peculiar was about to happen. Many of these people the eclipse surprised at work in their fields. Many ludicrous scenes are reported. Especially on the plantation of United States Senator Coke, near Waco, was it that the negroes went to praying, believing verily that the day of judgement had come. A terrible tragedy in Johnson county may be set down to the eclipse. Ephraim Miller, colored, with his family of wife and four children, lived near Buchanan, in that county, whither he had removed from Tennesses six months ago. On the morning of the eclipse he said he had heard that the world was coming to an end that evening, and if so, he intended to be so sound asleep the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel could not awaken him. When the eclipse commenced and the darkness of totality came on he ran from the field to his house with a hatchet in his hand. He was followed by a negro woman named Nancy Ellison, who also thought the world was coming to an end. As she got to the house Miller's wife rushed out under the same delusion, and looking up at the beutiful corona of light around the black moon, screamed, "Come sweet chariot!" at the same time rushing across a cotton field ringing her hands. In the meantime, Miller, wishing to take his ten year old boy with him to the other side of Jordan, raised his hatchet and split his son's head open. Leaving the latter weltering in his blood and struggling in the last throes of death, the father, on a ladder, ascended to the top of the house. Here with a new razor he cut his throat from ear to ear, and he fell to the ground a corpse. His two little daughters escaped by hiding under a bed.

SMALL BOY ON TOBACCO.

Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none cooked, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and have heard men say that cigars that was given them on election days for nothing was mostly cabbage leaves.

Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Indians, who stand at the door and fool the little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars which was glued in the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. Hogs don't like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once and I felt like epsoms salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and was frightened. My sister Nancy is a gal. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a youngman named Leroy, who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth, and said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, 'Leroy, the perfume is agreeable.' But when my big brother Tom lighted the pipe, Nancy said, 'Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick.' Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once and then I sneezed.

THE WRETCH

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

A facetious brakesman on the central Pacific Railroad cried out as the train was about entering a tunnel, "this is one mile long and the train will be four minutes passing through it." The train dashed through into day light again in four seconds, and the scene within the car was a study for a painter. Seven young ladies were closely pressed by seven pair of masculine arms, fourteen pairs of lips were glued together, and two dozen inverted whisky flasks flashed in the air.

Kearny to the Heathen Chinee: "By the heavens above and the stars that are in it; by the moon, that pale empress of night; by the sun that shines by day; by the earth and all its inhabitants, and by Hell beneathe us, the Chinese must go. Heathen Chinee to Kearny; you no Melican man; dustee you'selfee!—*Phil. Times, Ind.*