

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4

GRAHAM, N. C.,

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 3 1878

NO. 26

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rates of Subscription. Postage Paid.
 One Year \$1.50
 Six Months .75
 Three Months .50

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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 GUFFS, linen and lace CHAVATS, 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 de fied.

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

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The brick Store house in the town of Graham on Main Street formerly occupied by John H. Pugh & Co. is a conveniently located, near the center of town. For terms apply to the undersigned. I will also sell. LOW FOR CASH, the remainder of the stock of goods now on hand belonging to said firm. ELIZABETH D. PUGH, Graham N. C. Aug 13 1878. 1 mo.

New Drug Store.

If you want pure fresh Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Medical Lintors, fine Cigars, chewing and smoking Tobacco go with the cash to the southeast of the Court House square to DR. LONG'S DRUG STORE. P. S. Dr. Long's office is at the Drug Store where he will examine and prescribe for those requiring his services. Aug. 13, 78.

MISS MINT'S FRIEND.

Frank, do you know anything about the queer little person who sits opposite to us at the dinner table? Miss Mint, they call her. Is she a teacher, or what?

Frank Hastings—a young man who for six months had enjoyed all the comforts and conveniences of a private home at Mrs. Starkweather's select boarding-house, No. 16—street—lighted a fresh cigar before he answered, rather languidly:

'No; she's something ten times worse—a sort of reporter. She goes round to churches and lecture rooms, trying to pick up the few crumbs the other reporters leave behind 'em. There's only one paper employs her regularly, and that at a starvation price. She wears one dress all the year round, sports a bonnet handed down to her by her great grandmother, and rooms in the attic, for which precious privilege and her dinner, she pays Mrs. Starkweather three dollars a week. Bah! concluded Frank, in a tone of disgust, as he threw one leg over another, and sat gazing into the fire.

'Poor soul! She's to be pitied, I'm sure,' said Caleb Darley, who, being a hard working reporter himself, and a tender-hearted man besides, felt some sympathy for the little creature they were discussing.

'Nonsense!' said Frank, sharply. 'Why don't she try her hand at something else? dressmaking or teaching, or some other work fit for a woman?'

'Perhaps she hasn't the chance or the talent to do either,' Darley replied. 'Then let her stay at home and help about the house. Come to think of it, though, I believe she has no home. She's an orphan.' 'Spouse 'tis rather rough for the poor thing,' said Frank, with a slight tinge of commiseration in his voice. 'But come, Darley, let's drop Miss Mint as a sooty subject. Have another cigar?'

'Thank you, no; I must be off. I've got to report—'s sermon to-night.'

'Poor fellow! Glad I'm not in your line of business,' said Frank, who was clerk in a large wholesale store. Wonder if little Mint's going? You might escort her home Darley. It would be quite a new sensation for her, and just think how all the fellows would envy you.

'Oh, leave poor little Miss Mint alone!' said Darley, as he walked towards the door. 'Remember she's swimming against a stiff stream,' like the most of us, and finds it hard work to keep her head above water. Don't throw stones at her.'

'Pon my word, you're developing a poetical vein. This is really getting dangerous. Well, good-bye for the present, old chap; look in again after church, will you?'

'No; I must go to the office,' said Caleb, as he went out.

In her little room, two stories higher up, Miss Mint was putting on her bonnet, quite unconscious of how she was being discussed below.

She was very small and slight, this poor little heroine of ours, with a face that might have been pretty before privation and anxiety stole its bloom and plumpness away. Her glossy brown hair was brushed in smooth waves over her forehead; she had large tender gray eyes, and a mouth that, for all its resolution and character, had a pathetic droop at the corners that seemed to have become habitual. She was nearly twenty three but looked at least two years older.

Her little room was as bare and comfortless a place as could be imagined. No furnace heat could penetrate up here, and Miss Mint's hands were so numb with cold she could scarcely pin her shawl. The floor of the room was unparqueted and bare save for a strip of rag carpet by the bed; the ugly little wash stand in the corner, with its clumsy bowl and pitcher; the stiff looking wooden chair that made your back ache to look at it; and the bed itself, with its tawdry, faded counterpane—it was a dreary picture for poor little Ellen Mint's beauty loving eyes to rest on. She had done her best to brighten it; two or three pictures she had brought with her hung on the walls; the little table by the window was covered with books, and a delicate glass vase she was too poor to fill with the flowers she loved stood on the bureau. There were a couple of hanging shelves on the wall, of which only the upper one with her work-basket on it, was visible; a green and white calico curtain hid the rest. This was her enporado.

But we return to Miss Mint herself, who is down stairs and out of the door by this time. She is a quick walker, and in a few moments finds herself at the entrance to the church, already besieged by an anxious crowd, who are kept in check by the ushers and a couple of policemen. Miss Mint does not attempt to press in

here; she slips round by a side door, and an usher, who knows her by this time, plants a chair for her at no great distance from the pulpit. She sinks mechanically down into it, and sits in a sort of stupor for a while—the change from her dark, chilly room to this warmth and dazzle of light makes her head swim and her heart trouble. But her nerves are naturally strong and steady, and she soon rouses herself, determined not to give way to a weakness she has never felt before, and which for a moment filled her with dismay.

The grand voice of the organ echoes through the church, and Ellen, who loves music, is soon absorbed in listening, and feels for a time uplifted above the cares and sorrows of this world. The music and prayers are the richest part of the service to her—in reporting the sermon she has to follow every word so closely that it takes away from the enjoyment of listening.

Caleb Darley, seated among the other reporters, catches a glimpse of her, and after that his keen gray eyes wander in that direction pretty often. There is a mingling of pity and interest in his glance—he is a hard berated, chivalrous sort of a fellow, all the more ready to befriend a woman because she is lonely and unprotected.

'The services were over, and little Miss Mint, slipping her note book and pencil into her pocket, threaded her way through the crowd to the side door.

'Good evening, Miss Mint,' said a voice at her elbow as she stepped out into the fresh air.

Ellen started and looked up. 'Oh, good evening, Mr. Darley,' she said, a little confusedly, as she recognized him. 'Will you take my arm?' said Cal, offering it in such a matter of fact way that Ellen complied at once, though feeling more embarrassed than pleased by the attention.

'I see you are in my line of business, Miss Mint,' said Caleb, pleasantly, as they left the crowded street for one that led to their boarding house. Ellen laughed a little; and he went on, with a kindness of manner that made you pardon its bluntness. 'And how do you like the life? Excuse me if I am rude, but I can't help taking an interest in a fellow laborer, you know.'

'You are very kind,' said Ellen, simply. 'As for the life, I try to like it, because there's nothing else I can do. I've tried to find a teacher's place; I've tried to find sewing to do; but I was no use. I'm sure I'm thankful there is a way I can earn my bread. Wasn't the music beautiful to-night, Mr. Darley?—anxious to change the subject.

'Yes,' said Caleb, rather absently, for his heart was full of pity for the little creature beside him, and he was already debating in his mind various plans for her relief.

'What a chill there is in the air to-night!' he said, rousing himself. His overcoat was hardly a protection, and he thought with dismay how his companion must be shivering under her thin shawl.

'Well, here we are, Miss Mint. I must be off to the office. Sit by the fire till you are thoroughly warm, and tell our landlady to make you something hot and comforting; I see you have a cold coming on.'

'Thank you, Mr. Darley; you are quite a doctor,' laughed Ellen. 'I hope it hasn't taken you out of your way coming home with me?'

'Oh, it won't take me ten minutes to walk to the office,' said Caleb. 'Good-night, Miss Mint; and he walked briskly away. Caleb Darley was between thirty-seven and thirty-eight—a big broad shouldered giant of a man, with strongly marked features, a profusion of sandy hair, and an expression of mingled good nature and determination. He has had to fight his own way in life since he was twelve years old, but the battle, though a tough one, has never made him forgetful of the sufferings of others.

'I wonder, Norah, how long Miss Mint means to keep this up?'

'Keep what up, m'am?'

'Why, lying in bed this way, and to be waded on like a lady. I don't doubt but she's as well as I am.'

'Well, I guess you wouldn't say so, m'am, if you was to see her. She can't speak above a whisper, and is as white as the wall. As for 'waiting on,' it's not much she gets of it, poor thing, for Bridget and I has our hands full already.'

'What's the matter with her?' spoke out Caleb, from a corner where he sat reading the newspaper. He had been away for three days, and only returned night before.

'Sakes alive! Mr. Darley, are you there?' said Mrs. Starkweather, a little startled. 'I never saw you. What's the matter with Miss Mint, did you say?'

Oh, she's got a bad cold, and so have I, but I can't go to bed, for all that.'

'Is she very ill, Norah?' asked Caleb, as the landlady flounced out of the room in quest of something.

'Indeed, sir, you'd think so if you saw her,' said Norah, lowering her voice that her mistress might not hear. 'It's my belief the poor thing won't get over it. Her lungs and throat is that sore she can scarcely breathe; and her room as cold as all out doors, and the water a lump of ice in her pitcher this morning I do my best for her, but it's a sin and a shame the way Miss Starkweather treats her—she's no more feeling than my shoes!'

'I'm sorry to keep you waiting so for your breakfast, Mr. Darley,' said Mrs. Starkweather, re-entering. She was generally very gracious to Caleb—he always paid her promptly never complained of his meals, and gave her little trouble in any way.

'Do you know if poor little Miss Mint has any friends or relatives anywhere, Mrs. Starkweather?' asked Caleb, ignoring her remark.

'No, I don't,' said the widow, a little snappishly. 'Then, in a bantering tone which ill concealed spiteful feeling; 'You and she seem to have grown to be great friends these last three months, Mr. Darley.'

'The poor young lady seems to need friends,' said Caleb, coldly. 'Then altering his voice a little: 'You are the most suitable person to befriend her, Mrs. Starkweather, and I am sure you will.'

'Well, sir, I do my best, but you must remember—'

'See that she has a comfortable room, and a fire, and a doctor, and all the care she needs,' said Darley, cutting her short and putting a roll of bills into her hands 'say nothing about this to her, remember!' with emphasis. 'I don't wish my name mentioned.'

'Well, sir, you're a generous man, I must say,' said Mrs. Starkweather as she turned away. But her inward comment was: 'The great fool to throw away his money on that miserable little Miss Mint when the overcoat he's wearing don't look fit to go out in the street with! But it's all one to me!' smiling to herself as she reflected that the result would certainly be some money in her own pocket.

'Well how is Miss Mint?' she said, entering the poor girl's room, an hour after. Ellen turned her head wearily too weak to show the surprise she felt. 'How are you?' repeated Mrs. Starkweather, trying to twist her acid face into a gracious smile as she took the white hand in hers.

'Pretty weak,' whispered Ellen, faintly. 'Well, this won't do, I see. We must have you down stairs where you'll be more comfortable. Is the bed all ready Norah, and have you made the fire?'

'Yes, m'am.'

'Well, do you think you can walk, with my help and Norah's?' said Mrs. Starkweather. 'But you must let me help you on with your wrapper first.'

Ellen looked at her with a strange mingling of anxiety, gratitude, and distrust in her eyes. She scarcely knew what to make of this unworldly kindness but she was faint, sick almost 'nato death, and could not help welcoming it. Yet she managed to gasp out: 'You know how it is with me; I gave you all the money I had last night. You had better send me to the hospital—'

'Nonsense of hospitals!' said Mrs. Starkweather, as she put back a stray lock from Ellen's face. 'We're not going to serve you that way. Don't say another word about it. All you must think about now is how to get well.'

A tear trickled down Ellen's cheek. 'If I get well, your kindness shall not—I will sew for you—anything.' Her voice died away.

The quick thought darted through Mrs. Starkweather's mind that here was a splendid chance to get her brown merino made over free of charge. But she said aloud: 'Don't say another word. You don't s'pose I'm so hard-hearted as not to feel for you, when you're sick, do you? Herb, Norah, raise her up, and we'll put this wrapper on her. We mean to take good care of you, and get you well again, my dear.'

'Th' old crocodile!' said Norah, indignantly, to Bridget, when she found herself in the kitchen again. To see her palaverin' over the poor thing as if she was the best friend she'd got. Hospital indeed! Only last night she talked of sendin' her there herself; and she'd be there before the day is out for Mr. Caleb. He's a good young man, and a kind hearted; she's no many like him,

I can tell you now.'

'Will you please put that stand by me, Norah, and give me the pen and ink?'

'Now, Miss Ellen, it's not Mr. Caleb would want you to be doing that copying for him, I'm sure, and you so weak you can scarcely raise a finger?'

'Oy, I'm much stronger than I was Norah, and I must really get to work again. Please do as I ask you Norah.'

'Well, miss but I tell you you're not fit to do it.' As Norah spoke she brought the little stand to Ellen's side.

During the three months that preceded Ellen's illness Caleb had given her considerable 'copying' to do for himself and had interested a few others in her. What he did with the numerous manuscripts she copied for him remains a mystery. My opinion is that they were stowed away in the bottom of an old trunk in his room.

Ellen worked away for some time, when she was disturbed again by the entrance of Norah.

'Miss Ellen, Mr. Darley sends his regards to you, and would you like to take a little ride? He's got a couple of hours to spare, and you know the doctor said it would do you good to go out to-day.'

'Yes, I would like to very much,' said Ellen her eye lighting with pleasure. 'Tell Mr. Darley I'm much obliged to him. How soon must I be ready?'

Norah returned with the message that she must be ready in twenty minutes, and made haste to bring Ellen's wrappings and help her on with them.

'There!' said Ellen suddenly; 'I promised to rip Mrs. Starkweather's dress to-day.'

'Bother Mrs. Starkweather's dress said Norah indignantly.

'Oh, Norah, think how very kind she's been to me! Will you please bring it down and after I get back—'

But Norah could bear this no longer. 'No Miss Ellen I won't. It passes my patience—to have that scaly old creature get the credit of every thing! It's Mr. Caleb, bless him! that's done every thing for you, just as it he was your brother.'

Ellen turned red and pale alternately. 'Norah, what do you mean?—in a trembling voice.'

Then Norah told her everything, though not to speak of it to 'Mr. Caleb.' 'For he'd be fit to kill me, m'am.'

But Ellen would make no promises. 'I am so glad you told me, Norah—in the same trembling voice. 'I think I might move up stairs again,' she added: 'I am so much better.'

'Indeed you won't, and get a collapse, perhaps,' said Norah, sharply. 'There's Mr. Caleb!—as there came a rap at the door.'

Caleb took Ellen to the Park, where he drove about for some time. It was a beautiful spring day; the sun was shining, the grass and infant foliage of the trees so fresh and green.

'Well, Miss Ellen, you are getting a little color into those pale cheeks,' said Caleb, breaking the long silence. 'You don't know how I've missed you—with a tender glance into the downcast face beside him, Ellen's lip trembled, and in a minute more a tear rolled down. She tried to speak, but could not.

'Ellen, what is the matter?' said Caleb, taking her hand.

Then Ellen sobbed out: 'Oh, I can't bear it! I've just found out all you've been doing for me, and how kind you've been, and I can't bear it! How can I ever repay—her voice was choked.

'Dear Ellen shall I tell you how? Say yes to a question I've been longing to ask you these three weeks, and you will make me the happiest man in the world.'

Ellen looked up, bewildered, and met Caleb's tender, questioning gaze. She crimsoned to the temples.

'Will you be my little wife Ellen, and shall we set up our 'ain fireside together?'

'Do you really care so much for me as that?' said Ellen with a laugh that was half a sob. 'And what will your relations say to your marrying a poor little reporter?'

'Relatives! I have no near ones, and should please myself if I had. Come Ellen, will you have me? I can't promise you a very brilliant future; I'm a poor, hard-working dog, and expect to be to the end of my days. A strong arm to serve you, and a warm heart to love you—that's all I can offer you Ellen dear.'

'All! said Ellen, and laid her little hand in his.

'Thank God!' said Caleb, fervently. 'We'll join hands, and swim the stream of life together.'—Harpers Basar.

Gleanings.

W. T. Blackwell & Co., of Durham, have sent \$100 to the Memphis sufferers.

Nothing is more dangerous, so far as your general health is concerned than to overwork your tongue.

We esteem others not so much for what they are worthy as for what they are worth to us.

A Western lawyer is now held up to the scorn and derision of mankind because he only charged a man \$40 for collecting \$14.

A banker having married a fat old widow with \$100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the 'figure.'

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more harm with their tongues than with their toes."

The youngster who was sent away from the table just as the pastry came on, went sadly up stairs singing, "Goods by, sweet tart, good-by."

All the theology in the world has never succeeded in answering the child's question: "Why doesn't God kill the devil?"

All money packages received at the Treasury Department from yellow fever districts are, by direction of the Treasurer, disinfected by the use of carbolic acid.

We have just been thinking how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel, when one word brought on another.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Less wisdom is required in realizing a future than is necessary to use it properly. A man of one idea may accumulate money, but it takes a broader mind to spend it judiciously.

A Binghampton, N. Y. wife, the other day, found a letter in her husband's old clothes given him to mail eleven years ago, the non-receipt of which has estranged two families ever since.

A well-known dramatist can say rude things. Some one said to him, last week, "You want a new hat." "Yes, that's quite true," he replied; "but why say it? I never told you, you wanted a new head."

Memphis having called upon New York for help, a number of Sisters of Charity, with characteristic promptness, have left for the afflicted city, and others will follow as their services may be needed.

In speaking of McLin, of Florida, Mantou Marble calls him "an agreeable partial." It won't be a week before Dennis Kearney hurts that epithet at some distinguished bondholder.—Baltimore Gazette.

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was; and it was—on my head all the time."

The fashion reporter who wrote with reference to a belle, "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," and his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for forty-boots."—E.

For twenty-five years a family of eleven persons has resided on a farm of forty acres in the fairest part of Devonshire, England, in a miserable hovel containing but one room. They hold no communication with their neighbors, abuse and attack any person who ventures near them, live by robbery, and are no sooner out of jail than they take up again their formerly disorderly course.

DISINFECTING FOUL PLACES.

The Boston Scientific News calls attention to the importance at this season of getting rid of all the smells about dwellings, and makes this practical suggestion: 'The article commonly used to disinfect foul places is sulphuric acid, but in reality it is not of much value. It may and generally does, remove bad smells, but the cause still remains, as the chloride simply destroys the gaseous emanations. The most advertised disinfectants are usually catchpenny nostrums and unworthy of notice. One of the very best known disinfectants is old-fashioned 'coppras,' or sulphate of iron, which can be had very cheap. A barrel of coppras would weigh probably 300 pounds, and can be purchased at whole sale price at a cent and a half per pound. And every family ought, especially in warm weather, to have a supply of it on hand. A couple of handfuls of coppras thrown into a bucket of water will soon dissolve, and it can then be used freely, and is a valuable disinfectant. The best plan is to fill a half barrel or keg with water, and suspend within it a moderate sized basket full of coppras. In this way it dissolves more rapidly than when thrown to the bottom of the wooden vessel, and thus a supply is always at hand ready for use.'