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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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Where Advertising Contracts can be made

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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, who has just opened a complete assortment of, BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, NATURAL HAIR BRIDS 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.

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Moore & Thompson

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CORN,
WHEAT,
GRAIN,
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Refer to Citizens National Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, HATS, BOOTS
& SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON,
STEEL, SALT, MOLASSES,
RENS, DRUGS, MEDICINES,
GUNS, DYE,
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PRESCRIPTION FREE!

For the speedy cure of Scalding Head, Ringworm, and all disorders brought on by irritation of the scalp. Any Druggist has the medicine. DR. W. J. JAMES & CO., No. 136 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE FATAL CARD.

Some years ago the Mississippi river was noted for its "floating palaces," as the large steamers plying between New Orleans and the ports above were called. Now the railways have driven nearly all the flat boats off the river, and left the field to the freight-boats, whose accommodations for the passengers are by no means palatial. The former class of steamers were in many respects delightful, but they never ceased to be objects of dread to timid people, for if the racing which was reduced to a system, did not result in the loss of the boat, there was sure to be one or more encounters between the lawless portions of the travelers, in which pistol bullets would fly rather too thick for the comfort of steady-going people. The cause of such disturbances was generally a quarrel over the gambling table. The regulations of the boat usually required that all such amusements should be conducted in a saloon provided for that purpose in the "cabin," or officers' cabin, situated on the hurricane deck; but the sporting gentry were by no means careful to obey this rule, and the gaming was most commonly carried on on the dining tables in the main saloon of the steamer, to the great annoyance of two-thirds of those on board.

Many professional gamblers used to make these boats their home, traveling back and forth with them, and fleecing all who were verdant or foolish enough to fall into their clutches. So well, indeed, was this system managed that the various members of the "craft" seemed to have their steamers marked out for them by common consent, so that no one would trespass upon the domain of the others. Of course these men were warm friends of the officers of the boat, who were either too sincere in their friendship to put a stop to the practice, or too much afraid of the gamblers to care to provoke a quarrel with them, for in those days it was a common affair for such men to resent any fancied affront with a pistol shot.

One of the most remarkable men of their class was named Daniel Sturdivant, a Frenchman, the son of a broken-down scion of nobility who had settled in New Orleans before the transfer of Louisiana to the United States. Sturdivant had been raised as a "gentleman" by his aristocratic father, but upon becoming of age, and finding his fortunes very bad, had taken to cards as a means of bettering them. His success in this field was so great that he was induced to continue in it until at the time I write, and he was one of the most notorious gamblers between St. Louis and New Orleans. He was forty-five years old, but had kept himself so well that he seemed much younger. He was a man of fine personal appearance and of great physical strength. He was also noted for his personal courage. As a gambler he was most expert and successful.

There were dark stories of deeds which he had committed while under the influence of play and liquor, and it was said by some that he had killed half a dozen men in his life time. Yet no one cared to speak these stories openly, for no one cared to bring upon himself the anger of such a man. There were few who knew him, but they feared a refusal to do so might involve them in a quarrel with him, and rarely declined his invitations.

About fifteen years ago, the time of which I write, he had attached himself to one of the magnificent steamers plying between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and had publicly announced his determination to shoot any man who attempted to encroach upon the scene of his operations. Of course this left him in undisputed possession of the field, and he reaped a golden harvest from it during the brief year that he conducted his operations there.

It was my lot at that time to be compelled to make frequent trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg, being particularly engaged in cotton speculation. I preferred the steamer of which Sturdivant had taken possession, inasmuch as it was not only the most comfortable, but also the swiftest, and time was of importance to me. It was known that I carried large sums of money with me, and I was always apprehensive lest Sturdivant should ask me to play. I had fully made up my mind to refuse him, and it he attempted to draw me into a quarrel to shoot him without mercy, as I knew the only chance for my life lay in getting the advantage of him. Strange to say, he did not make any such proposition to me, and I give him no chance to do so.

One night we had started out from Vicksburg, and were heading merrily down the river, when Sturdivant came up to the group which had gathered

around the stove. He had been drinking and was smoking a fine cigar as he approached. All made way for him.

"Well, gentleman," he said, in an uncertain tone, "you seem to be terrible dull. Who wants to play for a \$20 ante?"

There was no reply. All present seemed to know the man, and no one cared to volunteer to place himself in his clutches. "Umph!" he exclaimed, with an expression of contempt, "afraid to try your luck against Dan Sturdivant, eh? Or maybe you want a little coaxing. Some of you must play with me. I can't stand such treatment. Come, let's see who it will be."

He glanced around the crowd as if to select his victim. For the first time I noticed the gaze of one of the group fixed steadily upon him.—He was a stranger to me, and was dressed in a plain suit of homespun, and his face was partially concealed by a wide-brimmed sombrero which was drawn over it. He was a small, but powerful made man, and in the decided expression of his well-shaped face I read an unusual firmness and intensity of purpose.

"Are you Daniel Sturdivant the gambler?" he asked in a calm tone, without rising.

Sturdivant flashed darkly and gave the stranger a fierce glance.

"Some persons call me so, behind my back," he said insolently, "but no one would dare apply that term before my face."

"Nevertheless," said the stranger, "I want an answer—yes or no."

"Well, then," said the gambler, angrily, "I am. What of it?"

"Simply this," replied the stranger, "I have heard it said that you claim to be the best card-player in the Southwest. I have come two hundred miles to prove you a liar."

Sturdivant strode forward a step or two and thrust his hand into his breast as if to grasp a weapon.

"Stop," stranger, "if you shoot me, you will simply prove yourself afraid of me. Take your seat at the table, and I will make my word good."

There was something in the calm, stern manner of the stranger, that seemed to render the gambler powerless. He hesitated for a moment, and then said bulgingly:

"I never play with a man whose face I can't see."

"Never mind my face," said the stranger, "if you are not afraid of losing it you shall see it when I am done with you."

"But how do I know you have money enough for such sport?" persisted Sturdivant. You look seedy enough, my fine fellow."

"There," said the stranger, producing a large pocket book, "I have \$10,000 there; if you can win it you shall do so."

With an oath Sturdivant placed himself at the table and bade his challenger do likewise. Those of us who had listened to this singular dialogue, now gathered around the table expecting to see a scene of more than usual interest.

The stranger had not yet raised his hat-brim and none of us had seen his face, but we all felt from his general air and manner that Daniel Sturdivant had at last met his match. It did not take long to show that the stranger was an unusually good player. For an hour or more the playing went on in silence. The stakes were high and the contests marked with rare skill. Sturdivant exerted himself as he had never done before, but in spite of his efforts he lost steadily. By the expiration of the time indicated above he had lost \$2,000. I noticed the flush upon his face deepen and a strange light come into his eyes. At last with an exclamation of triumph, he drew toward him the heap of notes.

"That was well done," said the stranger, "you are an expert at cheating. But go on. I can beat you whether you play openly or dishonestly."

Sturdivant said nothing, but dealt the card and checked him. The hand was played, and Sturdivant was about to seize stakes when the stranger laid down a card and checked him. The gambler uttered a sharp cry and sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the card, a worn and faded ace. Sturdivant's face worked convulsively as he gazed at it, and the spectators gathered more closely around the two, wondering at the strange scene.

"In God's name who are you?" gasped Sturdivant, his eyes still fixed on the card.

"Look at me," said the stranger quietly.

As if powerless to resist Sturdivant raised his eyes to the speaker. The stranger had raised his hat and sat looking at the trembling man with eyes that fairly blazed with fury. Sturdivant uttered a groan, and sank back in the

chair with his face white and rigid. The stranger with one sweep gathered up the money from the table and thrust it into his breast.

"That ace of hearts is an unlucky card for you, Daniel Sturdivant," he said coldly. "You played it once when you thought it to your advantage. Now, God help you for that play is returned."

As he spoke, he raised a pistol which we had not seen, and before we could stop him, aimed it deliberately at the trembling man and fired. The gambler fell heavily upon the table, a corpse, and the bright blood streamed over it hiding the fatal card from sight.

"Gentleman," said the stranger rising to his feet, as we stood paralyzed with horror at the dreadful scene, "that man ruined my wife and tried to murder me. I have been hunting for him ten years."

He walked slowly by us down the stairs to the lower deck. Just then the steamer touched at a landing and he sprang ashore and vanished in the dark woods.

I never learned the history of the mysterious affair, for the dead gambler was beyond human questioning, and I never saw the stranger again; but I shall not soon forget the impression it made upon me at the time.

UNPRETENTIOUS HEROISM.

[New York Star.]

The Roman sentinel at Herculaneum who stood firm at his post until engulfed by the lava-torrent, has had the story of his splendid fidelity perpetuated in books and bronze, as the act certainly deserved; yet his heroic obedience to military discipline in no way surpasses the thousand instances of self-sacrifice which almost escape observation amid the agony and disorganization of the Southern plague-infected cities. What, for example, could exceed the stern sense of duty which animated "Bill" Redding, the genial telegraph operator and newspaper correspondent at Grenada? Through the whole sickening ordeal, when men around him were dying by scores and fleeing by the hundreds, he remained steadfast at his post, sending out appeals for aid and chronicling the daily ravages of the pestilence. One day his dispatches came with an apology at the foot, saying he feared that he could not write coherently, as the room in which he wrote contained four persons down with the disease, and one corpse. The "four persons" were his own wife, his mother, and two sisters; the corpse was that of his child. A few days later the brave correspondent himself had gone to join his kindred in a happier land, and another gallant stepped into the deadly breach. Truly the race of heroes and martyrs is not yet extinct.

OUT AT NIGHT.

Farmers and mothers, lookout for your boys when the shadows of night have gathered around you! Where are they then! Are they at home at the pleasant social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running abroad at night. Under the cover of the darkness, they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowsdyish, if not absolutely vicious they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, and they see obscene things, and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from ruin, see to it that night finds them at home. More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State prison that here was the beginning of his downward course that finally brought him to a felon's cell.—Let parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive to all the children, so attractive that the boys will prefer it to running in the streets.—There is no place like home, in more senses than one—certainly no place like home for boys in the evening.

RATHER OVERDOING IT.—A mother was trying to break her five-year old boy of a habit of lying by telling him that all liars went to hell. She gave him a roving account of the terrors of the place, whereupon he exclaimed: "Why, mother, I couldn't stand it!" "But you would be made to stand it," said she.

"Oh, well," said the youngster, "if I could stand it I don't care."

PROLIFIC.—Mrs. Sarah Thompson, of Clover Grove, N. C., has borne to her husband, a delicate man of 120 pounds weight, twenty consecutive children in twenty consecutive years.

ANAFFECTING SCENE.

[New North State.]

One of the most affecting scenes we ever witnessed occurred in the court house yesterday, Catharine Bolling was called to answer an indictment for concealing a bastard child. Having no counsel, Judge Kerr assigned Col. Ruffin and Mr. James W. Reid to defend her. Being informed that the father of the girl is a man of property, well able to defend his daughter and present in court, Judge Kerr called him up and requested him to secure counsel. The father admitted his ability but declined to employ counsel. Col. Ruffin and Mr. Reid said that the girl should have their services gratuitously. Judge Kerr then administered to the father a most withering rebuke which was well deserved. The poor girl sobbed and cried most piteously. Sol. Strudwick said he thought the case justified him in entering a vol. pros. He stated that the girl had been seduced under a promise of marriage, and after a discovery of her pregnancy her seducer fled the country. Then the cruel and inhuman treatment of her father drove her mad and she tried to conceal the birth of her child which was born dead. In her insanity she tried to cut her own throat. Under the circumstances, Mr. Strudwick said he did not think she ought to be held responsible for the act which she stood charged.

Judge Kerr said he thought the Solicitor should dismiss the case; and that as the father loved his gold and silver more than his offspring, and the daughter was deserted by her parents, it was proper time for some minister of the gospel to provide for her a home and show her the way to the Cross.

Catherine is quite prepossessing in appearance, has a very good face and is evidently deserving of sympathy. She is about 19 years old. During the scene there were few dry eyes in the court room. On the bench—in the bar—in the jury box, and in the audience the tears of sympathy flowed profusely.

RUSKIN ON JUDAS.

John Ruskin in the "Crown of Wild Olives," characterizes in his trenchant style those who like to make money as imitators of Judas.

"We do great injustice to Iscariot in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money lover, and like all money lovers, didn't understand Christ; couldn't make out the worth or meaning of him. He did not want him to be killed. He was horror struck when he found that Christ would be killed, threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money seekers, think you, would have grace to hang themselves, whoever they killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, middle-headed pifering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ, yet believed in him much more than most of us do; had seen him do miracles, thought he was quite strong enough to do for himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little by-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have thirty pieces. Now that is money-seeker's idea, all over the world. He doesn't hate Christ, but can't understand him—he doesn't care for him—sees no good in that benevolent business; makes his own little job out of it, at all events, come what will. And thus, out of every mass of men—your 'free first' men, whose main object is to make money. And they do make it—make it in all sorts of unfair ways, chiefly by the weight and force of money, or what is called the power of capital; that is to say, the power which money, once obtained, has over the labor of the poor, so that the capitalist can take all it produce to himself except the laborer's food. That is the modern Judas's way of 'carrying the bag' and 'bearing what is put therein.'"

The growth of the nails on the left hand requires eighty two days more than those of the right, is more rapid in children than adults, and goes on faster in summer than in winter. It requires 132 days for the renewal of the nails in cold weather, and but 116 when the weather is warm.

CHICAGO LIFE.—The lady was leaning on the arm of an elegant and wealthy young man and leading her little daughter by the hand, when suddenly the child landed to a reporter of this paper. The name of the clever merchant it contained—will be published at our regular advertising rates, if so directed by him. See terms on inside page.

Gleanings.

A daughter of Brigham Young has become an actress under the name of Cecile Grey.

"Guilty or not?" asked a Dutch justice. "Not guilty." "Den what you want here? Go about your business."

A recent issue of the Detroit Free Press contained an advertisement of "For sale—a piano by a lady with modern legs."

A man who is fond of pets was recently blessed with a litter of kittens. He took Kearney's advice and "pooled" all the issues.

Ben Butler says he has been nominated by the intelligence and culture of Massachusetts. This is modesty for you. He nominated himself.

Mollie McCarty, the "California crack" has turned out to be a Pacific slope fraud. She couldn't win a race with a wire grass ox-cart.

The temperance baronet, Sir Wilfred Lawson, lately urged at a public meeting that the sale of "the devil in solution" should be within the control of the ratepayers.

The river Rhine, as is well known, washes the city of Cologne. But tell us, nymph, what power divine will henceforth wash the river Rhine?

Eliza Finkston has been heard from again. She says that John Sherman's "discomfite conduct with that yer Jinks woman has done broke" her heart.—*Wash. Post.*

A Meriden watchmaker has made a steam engine weighing only fifteen grains. The works are silver, and three drops of water are enough to keep them in motion twenty minutes.

A Chicago hosier claims great skill in adapting his wares to his customers. For thin legs he recommends ringed stockings, for plump ones stripes, and for thick ankles combined with lean calves he advises rings above and stripes below.

Base ball has been a dangerous game since the introduction of "dead," or hard balls, and this practice of extreme swift pitching. A few days ago James Barry, the catcher of a club in Boonville, N. Y., was hit in the stomach and instantly killed.

Ben Butler illustrates Bible times and modern days thus: "The tax gatherer would go around in those times, and take every tenth pig for taxes. Now he comes around and takes every third pig, and casts a longing eye on the old sow."

Maggie Reed of Lawrence, Mass., aged 17, wished to die because of the perfidy of her lover; but she did not like to have the suicide known. So she resolved on slow poison, and took regular doses for a week. A physician detected the cause of her illness in time to expose it, but could not save her life.

John Davis was incurably ill in Montgomery county, Ind. His sweetheart, to whom he was soon to have been married, went to work in a mill to earn money for his support, her well-to-do parents refusing to give her money for the purpose. Davis committed suicide in order not to be a burden on the girl.

Goldboro Messenger: The extreme length of North Carolina from east to west is 485 miles, the greatest width 188 miles, its area 90,700 square miles, which is a little more than that of England, or one thousandth part of the land surface of the globe. Its extreme length from east to west is considerably greater than from its northern boundary to Canada.

FAILURE OF AN ADVERTISING DODGE.—The San Francisco Post says: An ingenious tailor of this city got a lot of empty pop bottles, put one of his business cards in each, then wrapped up every bottle separately in a poisoned tenderloin steak and threw them into the bay from the ferryboats, one by one. He naturally supposed that the meat would be swallowed by sharks, that the poison would kill the latter, that the fish would float ashore, be cut open and the bottles discovered, the fact he reported by the newspapers, and an original and effective advertisement secured. That was precisely what happened. Day before yesterday a yachting party picked up an immense shark not far from Alcatraz. In its stomach was found one of the bottles alluded to, and the card it contained landed to a reporter of this paper. The name of the clever merchant it contained—will be published at our regular advertising rates, if so directed by him. See terms on inside page.