

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4 GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 24 1878 NO. 29

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

1 m.	2 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

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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 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 on day and call the next and get your goods.
Competition in styles and prices defied.

T. MOORE A. A. THOMPSON

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Special attention paid to the sale of

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ASSIGNMENTS SOLICITED, HIGHEST

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

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DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON, STEEL, SALT, MOLASSES, DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE STUFF & C.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!
For the speedy cure of Cholera, Typhoid, Malaria and all disorders brought on by indigestion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Dr. W. J. JAMES & Co., No. 20 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Poetry.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be white;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that makes, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first.
And say: "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft, young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven for hell,
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

UNCLE MAURICE'S MONEY.

BY STEPHEN BRENT.

[From the Sunny South.]

"Well, what is to be done?" questioned Abby.

"I do not know," answered Juliet, despairingly.

"I will tell you what to do," I said. The girls looked at me inquiringly. I sat on the top of the stove—it was cold, of course—because there were but two rickety chairs in the room. I continued:

"Have you got any money, Abby?"
"Yes, a dime."

"Then buy a pan of charcoal and we will let our poor little starved souls float out into eternity on the smoke."

"Don't be a goose, Clifford," said Juliet, impatiently, while Abby half groaned.

"If only uncle Jeffrey would send us some money. It is so hard to have to starve."

"Never mind, Abby," I said cheerfully, "if the rats haven't eat it, there is a cheese crust in the cupboard."

Abby looked up.
"Is that really all, Clifford?"

"To the best of my knowledge, yes, an uncomfortable lump rising in my throat. It was hard that we three girls should almost suffer for bread, when our only living relative was an old bachelor uncle worth a million. But uncle Maurice had cast off our family just because poor mamma had married a poor man. I was nineteen and the youngest of the three girls."

A dreary silence fell between us after Abby's last question about the empty state of the larder. Juliet sat with her head on the table, Abby gazed drearily out at the window and I—I was getting desperate when I heard 'Cliff' coming up stairs, Clie was Mrs. Jenkins, our landlady's hired servant, and you would always know when she came up stairs by the clank, clank of her big shoes.

She opened our garret door and announced:

"A gentleman to see you'ens," and looking out I saw a tall figure, and a handsome, brown bearded face beyond her, and I was so astonished I forgot to get up off the stove, until the gentleman came in and announced himself as 'Hugh Chaloner, attorney at law.' Then I remembered, but it was too late, and though my cheeks burned with shame I kept my seat.

Mr. Chaloner sat down, gave the miserable little room and three shabby figures a comprehensive glance, then said:

"You are Frank Royal's daughters?"
"Yes," said Abby.

"Then you are very fortunate. Your uncle, Mr. Jeffrey's has left you his fortune."

Juliet turned white, but said nothing, while low under her breath I heard Abby whisper, "Thank God." Now, I was disposed to doubt the statement, Uncle Maurice might be dead, but it seemed impossible that he could have given us his property. The man must be mistaken, or

only jesting.

"Are you sure you are telling us the truth?" I asked, anxiously.

Mr. Chaloner laughed.
"Yes, I am quite sure, and to convince you I will send Mr. Grambling around with the will."

"Oh, no, it is not necessary."

I cried quickly, the fact dawning upon my bewildered mind, that I had been very rude. Mr. Chaloner rose to depart.

"Will you have a check made out this morning, Miss Royal?" turning to Abby.

"Yes sir."

"For what amount?"
"Fifty thousand dollars," answered my eldest sister coolly.

The check was made out. Mr. Chaloner left, and then we three girls fell into each other's arms and wept for very joy.

For several days I almost refused to believe in our good fortune, thinking it must be softening of the brain. But I was convinced when we moved into an up town palace and dressed in silks and laces every day. Mrs. Immsion, a well-bred, aristocratic old lady, lived with us and was our chaperone, companion and grandmother by adoption. Our friends were as countless as the sands on the sea shore and they cherished a pure disinterested affection for us, so they said.

Of course uncle Maurice's money had nothing to do with it. The thought was too base for such noble minds as theirs.

Abby and Juliet were both angels minus the wings. But I was truly of the 'earth earthy.' While they delightfully fell in love and became engaged, I flirted and enjoyed my life with a zest that was highly amusing to Hugh Chaloner.

"How splendid!" I cried when I viewed the ease and comfort around me. "No more back garrets, old dresses and scanty meals, and to think that this will last forever and ever," and I gave no thought of death, or old age, but filled my cup of pleasure to the brim.

Mr. Chaloner was our lawyer and friend, and if my face ever flushed or my heart-throbs grew quicker at the sound of his voice or the touch of his hand no one knew it. One evening, nearly a year after that morning in the garret, Mr. Chaloner asked me to be his wife. I waved my fan with a 'Grand Duchess' air and said:

"No, Mr. Chaloner, I do not wish to marry at present, and when I do, it's my duty to—to—"

"Make a grand match?"
"Yes."

"A duke for instance," suggested my lover coolly.

"Yes, I think that would do."

Hugh didn't tear his hair or threaten to commit suicide because I refused him. He even had the impudence to laugh, and looking down at me said:

"You absurd child! I doubt if you will ever see a duke. I shall wait patiently, for of course, we will marry some day. I have felt it ever since I saw you sitting on the stove that morning."

Now, I had no good excuse for acting as I did. It was simply contrariness. Hugh Chaloner was a noble man, and in my heart of hearts, I knew I loved him, but I intend to enjoy my freedom as long as I pleased.

We were going to have a double wedding. Abby and Juliet were to be married on the same day, and my two fair sisters were deeply, truly happy.

One evening, just a week before the wedding, Mr. Grambling called, looking very grave.

"I bring bad news, ladies," he said abruptly, "and it concerns your uncle."

"I felt a cold chill creep up my spine."

"Well," said Abby.
"Mr. Jeffrey's left a later will; it has just been found to-day and he left his property to an orphan asylum."

Then there was a long silence, and I questioned the reality of all earthly things. Three white shocked faces confronted the lawyer.

"It cannot be true," I cried out at last, "Uncle Maurice surely was not so wicked."

But it was true, and we were as poor as when we lived in Mrs. Jenkins' back attic.

Abby and Juliet accepted the reverse fortune very calmly, but I wept and refused to be comforted, and took pleasure in hating uncle Maurice.

With a magnanimity worthy of praise Mr. Chaloner again came forward and proposed but pride made me reject him this time.

"No," I said proudly, "I wouldn't marry you when I was rich, don't ask me to now."

Then I went up stairs and cried until my nose was the size of a tea-cup.

My sisters naturally thought I would make my home with them, but I had not

the remotest idea of such a thing. We had a warm discussion on the subject one night, and I came off victor.

"But what are you going to do, Cliff?" asked Abby.

"I am going down to Pickensville to teach school and wear out all my finery."

So after the wedding I departed for Pickensville. This highly interesting village was composed of two dozen houses, five stores, and a set of the most respectably stupid people that I ever saw.

The mild dissipation the Pickensvillians indulged in, when compared to that I had just given up, was like blue skimmed milk to rich red wine.

My life was a dreary sameness from week to week. If I had kept a diary it would have been barren of events as Mark Twain's on ship-board. Here would have been an entry:

"Eat my breakfast, went to school, and whipped all the children because they wouldn't obey me. Dismissed at five o'clock, went home and put on one of my prettiest dresses and spent the remainder of the day in the delightful occupation of tormenting Josephus James, the village lawyer."

Abby and Juliet wrote regularly each week, and as regularly begged me to give up my foolish pride and come back to them but I stubbornly refused.

One morning when I started to my daily torture—teaching the youth of Pickensville was a torture to me—I felt so blue, and spiritless. I longed to lie down by the wayside, and never rise any more.

All through the day I inwardly moaned over my lot, looking back regretfully to that year of pleasure that lay like a rift of warm light across the grayness of my life.

At recess, when with several distinctive yell my unruly scholars departed or their playground I put my head down on the desk to have a good comfortable cry.

The first tears had just splashed down when the door opened and Hugh Chaloner entered. My heart throbbed fast with joy, but I dried my eyes, and tried to appear as cool and calm as a May morning; but I didn't succeed far.

"You have been crying Cliff," were among the first words he said to me.

"I haven't," I cried indignantly.

"Well, there are tears on your face anyhow."

"O—I—that—is—"

"You are not good at telling stories," he interrupted with a laugh. Then he looked keenly at me and said:

"You are pale and thin, Clifford."

"It is only the cool wind that makes me look pale. I have splendid health and a nice time."

"Indeed!"
"Yes, Mr. James is so kind and agreeable."

Mr. Chaloner laughed.
"I am glad you are so happy, Miss Royal, but you must congratulate me now."

"What on?" I asked, feeling my heart sinking.

"The Siverton bank has broke!"
"Oh, Mr. Chaloner! And you have lost all your property. I am so sorry."

"I am not if this last gives me what I want," and then he suddenly, passionately cried: "Clifford! Clifford, my love! don't let pride stand between us any longer. Come and be my wife!"

"Well, as you are as poor as I am, I will," I said slowly, and then he drew me to him, and kissed me, to the horror of old Miss Peters, who happened to come in just then.

So we were married, and went on a modest little trip to the seaside. One evening as our little boat drifted idly over the smooth shimmering waters of the bay, my husband proposed to me a trip to Europe.

"But what will we go on?" I asked in a bewildered way.

"On land and sea," was the provoking reply.

"But where is the money to come from?"
Hugh laughed.
"That is a secret."

"Hugh," I said, a faint glimmering of the truth dawning on me, "you have been deceiving me."
"I have not."
"You said your property was all gone."
"No, I told you the bank was broke, but I didn't say my money was in it," smiling. Then he bent over me, and tenderly said:
"My darling, I loved you so truly, I could not let foolish pride part us—besides all is fair in love and war is it not? And looking into the handsome face

dearer to me than any other on earth, I confessed that it was.

So we sailed out on the broad ocean of life with Faith, Hope, and Charity, for our Guardian angels, and love to shed light on our pathway.

THE STRANGE MINER.

THE JOKE THAT WAS PLAYED ON HIM—HE LIKED THE JOKE, TOO.

Not many miles from Shasta City is the gulch of which the following mining story is told: It is a pretty deep ravine, with rocks showing all the way up the sides. Gold in paying quantities had been found along the stream, but it seemed to disappear a few feet from the channel. One day while a gang of busy men were toiling in the stream, a stranger, evidently green at mining, came along and leaned on ragged elbows to watch, with protruding eyes, the result of their toil. The miner nearest him took out a \$5 nugget, and anxiety overcame the greenhorn.

"S-a-a-y," he asked, "where can I go to diggin' to find it like that?"

The hardy miner stopped his work, and giving the wink to all the boys, so that the joke should not be lost, pointed up on the barren rocks where no gold had ever been found.

"Ye see that rough lookin' place?"
"Yes-yes," said the new hand.

"Well, that it is rich. Jes' ye stike out a claim an' go ter work, an' when we finish here we'll come up, too."

Then the hand thanked the the honest miner, and the boys all grinned appreciation of the joke. That afternoon a solitary figure was picking away on the slope, and every time the miners looked up they roared with laughter. But about noon the next day, the greenhorn struck a pocket and took out something like \$30,000 in a few minutes. Then innocent to the last, he treated all around, and thanked the miner who sent him up there, and took his money and went down into the valley and bought him a farm. Then the unhappy miners arose leaving their old claims, dotted that hillside for days. But there were no more pockets anywhere. The whole thing reads just like a traditional fairy story. But then I saw the gulch. Much more unbelievable things have happened in the mines.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

Be severe to yourself, indulgent to others; and thus avoid resentment.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope or of some unseen one.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose.

Flowers left to themselves in time become weeds; so many a man's vices have at first been nothing but good qualities run wild.

There is no absurdity in approving as well as condemning the same individual; for as few people are always the right, so on the other hand it is imprudent they should be always in the wrong.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

A good name is best won by good deeds. There is no surer way of being well thought of as by deserving well.

"You have a little world around you," wrote Daniel Webster to an early friend, "fill it with good deeds, and you will fill it with your own glory."

A GENEROUS DEED.

[Richmond Whig.]

Mr. W. W. Cole, the proprietor of the mammoth combination of circus, menagerie and museum, which will exhibit in this city on the 4th and 5th of October, has nobly instanced his generosity by forwarding \$500 to the sufferers from yellow fever in Memphis, Tenn. The man whose chief business it is to amuse the people, cannot view the sufferings of his fellow men with indifference. These 'play people' sometimes have very big hearts.

Gleanings

Never ask a young lady why her black hair doesn't match that in front.

In what ship have the greatest number of people been wrecked?—Court-hill.

The hardest thing in this busy world to do, is to do nothing.

Dr. Mary Walker has purchased a farm out West, and will turn her attention to agriculture.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been bathed in whiskey, surprised his mother by asking "if papa had a sprained throat."

A Texas lunatic jumped on a stallion without a saddle and it took a two day's chase to catch him. There was not a shoe left on the animal.

Mary Anderson, John McCullough, Edwin Booth and Joe Jefferson played at the same theatre on the same night and realized \$1,522 for the yellow fever sufferers.

A Western paper thinks it is wonderful that the books of the United States Treasury should always balance to a cent. There is nothing strange about it. All you have to do is to count your cash first.—Washington Post.

"You have often," said a clergyman, "heard the brethren say 'Amen! amen!' while some one was praying. What did they mean? If any one knows let him hold up his hand."

Up jumped a little fellow, so eager to answer as not to wait for recognition.
"I know!" he called out. "It means hurry up and get through!"

DON'T BE TOO CRITICAL.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We do not mean a newspaper one, but in private life; in the domestic circle it will do you harm—if you object to being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please, remember you own.

We should not preach so much to the people; we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, put them on the way to happiness, then they would unquestionably become good.

Schnyder Colfax has made forty thousand dollars in the last four years in the lecture field. How much he made previous thereto in another story is not given, but if the two amounts were added together they would indubitably make a pretty pile.

A man may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender-button in his hand and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb than the same way it went in or push it on through.

The largest church organization in Atlanta, Ga., is the First Baptist Church (colored.) Rev. F. Quarles, Pastor, with a membership of 1,400. One of the white churches has 500 members, another about 400, and so down. Fifteen out of the forty churches are Baptist. The colored Baptist of Georgia have bought the land, and are about to establish a college of a high grade at Atlanta.

IDEALISM NOT HAPPINESS.—The most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition glance around among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment in life. Are they the idlers and pleasure-seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings that has been our fortune or misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment to enjoy themselves. Why, the slave at his enforced labor, or the hungry toiler for bread, were supremely happy in comparison.

A YANKEE-CONFEDERATE DEAD IN MEMPHIS.—Death aimed high when his fatal dart struck down Charles C. Parsons, late Colonel of the U. S. A., and rector of Grace Episcopal Church. Yet the mark was fair and near and bared for the blow. Into the room of disease the Christian soldier marched. The hand which had applied the match to cannon on the battle field lifted the dying hand, cheered with prayer the departing soul day and night to his own fatal exposure, this man invaded the stronghold of the plague, carrying help to the body and the soul of many a stricken man. Death struck hard and true. The chivalrous soldier, the honored shepherd of a flock, the courteous, polished West Pointer, the favorite friend, particularly of the youth of Memphis, was borne to his last resting place. Over his grave, in marble, let this be cut:

"A MARTYR OF '78"
"HE DIED FOR THE PEOPLE AGAINST WHOM HE FIGHTED."
—Memphis Appeal.