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Poetry. ON & RICH MAN'S TABLE

Boston Transcript.] There sat two glasses filled to the brim On a rich man's table, rim to rim, One was ruddy and red as blood, And one was clear as the crystal flood. Said the glass of wine to the paler brother, Let us tell the tales of the past to each other I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth, And the proudest and grandest souls on earth Fell under my touch as though struck by blight, Where I was king, for I ruled in might.

From the heads of kings I have torn the crown, From the height of fame I have hurled men down:

have blasted many an honored name, I have taken virtue and given shame; I have tempted the , outh with a sip, a taste, That has made his future a barren waste. Far greater than any king am I, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the arm of the driver fail. And sent the train from the iron rail; I have made good ships go down at sea, And the shricks of the lost were sweet to me; For they said, 'Behold, how great you be! Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall And your might and power are over all.' Hol hol pale brother," laughed the wine, "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?" Said the water glass, "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or a murdered host

But I can tell of a heart once sad By my crystal drops made light and glad. Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved; Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain.

flowed in the river and played in the fountain Slept in the sunshine and dropt from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

have eas d the hot forehead of fever and pain I have made the parched meadows grow fortile

grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the aill, That ground out the flour and turned at my will I can tell of manhood debased by you, That 1 have lifted and crowned anew. f cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid: I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the wine chain ed captive free, And a'l are better for knowing me. These are the tales they told each other, The glass of wine and the paler prother. As they sat tegether filled to the brim, On the rich man's table rim to rim.

THAT TALBOT GIRL. "

Bertie Talbot sat upon the great flat stone that formed the doorstep to the side entrance of the Newton farmhouse, picking corrauts, and Frank Desmond lay upon the grass watching her.

'Bertie,' he said, presently, 'do you know that your lips are a great deal redder and prettier than those currants? The girl colored furiously and compressed her hps forcibly, but made no answer.

Then he laughed. "Why don't you answer me, Bertie?" The girl flashed him a look from her ingry eyes, and asked, in a low angry

"What do you expect me to say ?"

ering together her pans and fruit, and ing irresolutely, with a pale weary face, taking her way towards the kitchen; and for the remainder of that day Bertie was supremely happy.

Ah, how soon some blissful illusions are doomed to be shattered.

Late that night when all her work was finished, and nearly every one about the farm had retired, Bertie crept to her little attic room, over the back kitchen, and knelt down by her opon, vine screen window, her arms folded upon the sill, to wait until she should hear the clock below strike twelve.

As she knelt there, along the lane that ran close by that side of the house. Frank D-smond and Miss Stonor were walking, the lady holding her thin draperics from contact with the dew with fair hands sparkling with jewels, oxe great flashing diamond telling a story that Bertie, had she been less innocent of the world's ways, might have read.

"I wish you to understand, Frank Desmond,' Miss Stonor was saying, 'that I will not tolerate any flirtation on your part with that Talbot girl."

How can you talk so preposterously, Grace? As if I would flirt with a servant girl.' "Well, as it happens, Mr. Desmond, 1

saw you sitting on the doorstep beside her this atternoon, and I must confess it looked suspiciously like flirtation." 'I was only amusing myself with the

little ignoramous,' laughed Frank, 'I hope yon are not getting jealous, Grace, and imagining that I am about to fall in love with that girl,

'Jealous of you?' echoed Miss Stonor. with a contempt that made Frank's blood ingle, but which he dared not resent since he had woed the lady for her money. No, Indeed! But very young and pretty girls are occasionally made the said she, but I have walked the streets victims of young men's ffirtations for anything but laudable reasons, and, since we are engaged, I want it distinctly un. derstood that I will not tolerate any atshould do to-night.' tentions from you to a pretty servant girl that may result in scandal.'

'My dear Grace, pray let us drop this subject. I assure you I have no designs, either good or evil, upon Bertis. The girl is of no more importance to me than any

of the farm hands about here. The next day, as Frank idled in the shady front porch, reading aloud a poem to the ladies, a stranger drove up to the gate.

"What splendid horses!' said Miss Stonor, as the gentleman fastened his fiery black team.

'Sarely I have seen them before,' remarked Frank, meditatively; then, as the visitor opened the gate, 'Well, upon my sonl. it's Charlie Thorn !' and he sprang up to greet the comer.

'Oh, Mr. Desmond, how are you? I did not expect to meet any one here that I knew. This is the farm, is it not, kept by Mrs. Amelia Newton !'

before a closed shop window, attracted, Desmond's attention. With a quick exclamation of trimph

and surprise he sprang forward and caught the girl's hand. 'Bertie, Bertie, darling,' he exclaimed, softly, but eagerly, 'why dil you run

away from me?' The girl's only answer was a slight scream, and a look of terror as she put up her disengaged hand to shield her face from his gaze.

'Bertie,' he went on rapidly for Mr. Thorne was nearing, them, 'you ought be glad to see me, I have brought you such good fortune! This gentleman came to Newton Farm, to find you the morning after you ran away. He had because fortune has smiled upon her !' traced you from the orphan asylum where you were placed as a child, because you are his ward and heiress.' 'And my cousin,' added Charlie

Thorn, who had come up in time to hear the last words.' The poor girl stared wonderingly at the stranger,-too terrified and too sur-

prised to atter a word; but Charlie explained briefly and kindly. 'Your mother, was my own cousin, displeased her father by her marriage,

and he disowned her. Just before hideath he repented, and searching for her discovered that she and her husband had died suddenly, but had left a child who had been sent to the orphan asylum. He was then taken ill, but before he died, he arranged that if you were living you should be the heiress to two-thirds of his fortune and I should be your guardian. And now tell us why you

ran awayay and what you have been doing." 'I cannot tell you why I ran away,'

'You are all right now,' said Charlie, gently. 'I have an aunt living near here where I will take you. Under these circumstances, Mr. Desmond, you will excuse me if I fail to keep my engages ment with you.'

'Of course,' answered Frank, politely. Good evening Miss Bertie,' and he raised his hat gallantly to the pale forlorn girl who trembled under the arm of the wealthy and stylish Thorn.

Bertie gave him a strange glance, and turned away without speaking.

Five years from the night she stood a trembling outcast, Bertie Talbot moved -a stately, handsome and elegantly dressed woman-through the gorgeous ball room of the most fashionable hotel at Scarborough.

'You have seen the new star, of course says Gus Tallboys to Frank Desmond, who stands chatting with his long-ago them from New Orleans in never be force velow fover that they will leave a house at once if they think there is a man near them from New Orleans in never be force who stands chatting with his long-ago sweet-heart Miss Stener. "What new star?" asks the lady.

When he put his fate to the test Bertie turned upon him scornfully. Pray do not think, Mr. Desmond, that I can be deceived as easily as five years ago! Then, for reasons which, perhaps, your conscience knows best, you made an innocent, ignorant girl believe that you loved her. But she was not long in learning your falseness, and she hates and despises you as utterly to-day as she did that night when she ran away from your contaminating presence. And from this hour both Mr. Thorn, my afflanced husband, and myself, must beg leave to be excused from further association with those persons who years ago fixed their estimation of "that Talbot girl,' and need not seek to change it And six months later, when the cards were out for Charlie Thorn's stylish wedding, Frank Desmond and Grace Stonor found that Bertie Taibot had spoken truly and they had been

dropped completely from the anistocratic der.' circle of acquaintances who were to be granted the future entree of the splend id mansion that Charlie Thorn had selected for his bride's home.

BUSINESS AND YELLOW FEVER.

The Hotel Keepers of the City Gainers. The Wholesale flerehants Losets.

The vellow fever in the Southwest has seriously affected business in this city, there being apparently only one class likely to be gainers, and they are the hotel proprietors. Thousands of Southern-ers are staying in the various hotels . and first class boarding houses; but the hotel registers do not indicate the fact. Few registers do not indicate the fact. Few persons arriving from a fever district register correctly, and hundreds of men coming direct from New. Orleans put down as from North Carolina, and many from Boston. They tear that they will be refused accommodation if they write the truth; and the hotel managers care-talls avid having New Orleager ware. two days trying to get a plase, and last night I walked the street or slept on doorsteps, and I did not know what 1 hand the function in the books, fearing that guests might be frightened away. A Sun reporter visited several of the

leading hotels vesterday and inquired of the clerks whether they had many guests from the South. The St. Nichols had a great many Southerners, but "none from the affected district." 'Most of our people,' said the chief clerk. 'camo North before the fever spread, and have been

tially the same thing was said. Au cms ployce of the New York Transfer Coms pany said there was, about two weeks a to, a rush of travelers from the South, and that the company had carried an immense amount of baggage to the va-rious hotels which had been checked at Southern cities. 'But,' said he, 'you' can't flad a man from New Orleans in Gleanings.

NO, 30

* At a Texas' camp meeting recently thirty persons were Laptized by torchlight.

Among the convicts at the Auburn (N. Y.) Prison are forty-two lawyers, twenty seven clergyman, and thirteen physicians.

The Queen of Italy is described as pretty and elegant looking, having light hair, blue eyes, fair skin, and a smile that is the essence of sweetness,

The song of the baker: 'I Knead Thes Every Hour.' The first note of the song is dough .- San Francisca Post.

A man in Western lowa who is a can-dulate for three (ffices has invented a method of shaking hands by postal-card. Hawkeye.

Boyle Roche once said in the Irish Parliament, 'Mr. Speaker is would give the balf of the Constitution-may the whole of it-to preserve the remain-

The Newberne Nutshell truly says, We venture to say that there is no place in the United States, according to popu-lation, that has doue as much for the yellow fever sufferers as Raleigh.

Women in the North, many of them, are paid but fifty cents, for making a dozen fine shirts. And yet some phi-losophers are woudering why there is a revolutionary smell in the tinted gale, -Augusta Chronicle, Dom.

Six weeks of drunkenness and gambling resulted in the lasting disgrace of George C. Snyder of Lexington, Ky., for he spent \$2,000 intrusted to him treasurer of the Knights of Pythias. He has fled.

A Boston lawyer has a letter written in 1814 by a New York firm, saying that they had placed in the hands of Daniel Webster a bill for collection, and asking that the financial standing of Webster be inquired into, as they could not obtain any settlement from him. any settlement from him.

A good circus clown gets from \$100 to \$150 a week, and the best bareback-rider gets \$700 a week. This is enough to empty the theological seminaries whose graduates expect to work for souls and as much of \$800 a year as they can collect.—Buriington Hawkeye.

before the fever spread, and have been staying at the watering places. Now they are afraid to go home, and will no doubt remain in the city until the frost comes. The proprietors of the Southern Hotel told the same story. They had a very large number of guests waiting for the plague to subside, but they were all in the North before the fever broke out. In the Metropolitan, Fifth Avenue, Windsor, and Glenham Hotels substan-tially the same thing was said. An cins

One of the newest wrinkles of fashion, One of the newest winFles of fashion, not yet much seen, is the wearing of bangles or bracelets by very swell young men. The Duke of Edinburgh statted the thing. But we advise our youth to omit the bracelets as unnecessary, and to so conduct themselves that they will never be forced to wear a pair furnished by the States

A Georgian returned to his home after

GRAHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

GRAHAM, N. C.

REV. D.A. LONG, A. M. REV. W. W. STALEY, A. M. REV. W. S. LONG, A. M. MISS JINNIE ALBRIGHT. Opens August 26th 1878, and closes the last Friday in May, 1879 Board \$8 to \$10 and Tuition \$8 to \$4.50

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You might, at least, thank me for my compliment-any lady would do that l' 'But I am not a lady,' cried Bertie,

meau those things when you say them to me-you know you don't.'

'But I do,' persisted Frank, admiring the flush in Bertie's fanned cheek and the angry light in her gray eyes. 'But I do,'

he repeated, again, more carnestly, lazily getting off the grass and seating himself upon the stone beside her. Bertie,' he continued. when he was where he could talk to her in whispers, 'why do you always laugh or get angry when 1

like you ?? 'Because,' said Bertie, fiercely, 'no one me, and I know you are making fun of to London.'

me? 'I am not making tun of you, Bertie, Frank whispered, with an intonation that made Bertie's heart beat so hotly and tumultuously she almost feared her companion could hear it. 'I do think you are pretty, and what is more, I love you, and in token of it I am going to take a kiss-a lover's first kiss. Don't make a noise, please, or you will awaken some of the ladies from their afternoon siesta.

There, that was the first kiss,' he said, when he had withdrawn his arm from long, clinging touch to her trembling ones, 'but it shall not be the last by a great many darling.'

Bye-and-bye gay voices commenced to sound upon the tront porch, and some one came bustlist into the darkened dining room behind them, and Mr. Desmond joined the young ladies, after winning Bertie's promise to meet him by

midnight and moonlight under the walnut tree in the field adjoining the farmyard.

Bertie, hav'nt you finished those currants vet? cried Mrs. Newton, sharply. oming to the dining room door.

'Yes, ma'am,' answered the girl, gath-

'It is, and we are on a visit.' answered Frank, introducing Mr. Thorue to the

ladies. bitterly and passionately, 'and you don't 'Perhaps you can tell me. remarked Charlie, when the introductions were

over, 'whether a girls lives here by the name of Alberta Talbot?'

The ladies glanced at each other significantly, and Frank answered-

"There was such a girl here-a house maid-but it was discovered this morning that she had run away.' 'Run away !' said Mr. Thorne, quickly. 'Why, and where has she gone?' 'No one knows why; and as she was tell you that you are pretty, and that I only a child whom Mrs. Newton took from an orphan asylum to bring up, she

says she shall not take any trouble to find else tells me I am pretty or that they like her. She surmises that the girl has gone

> 'I am sorry, very sorry,' said Mr. Thorn, thoughtfully. his handsome face wearing a vexed look. 'That girl is an heiress, and I am herguardian. I had just tracked her here, and now to have lost her again is provoking. As I drove up from town I cannot possibly think of starting back to-day. I wonder if Mrs. Newton could accommodate me over night?

It was soon ascertained that Mrs. Newton could accommodate him as long as he chose to stay; but the next morning that about her waist and his lips from their gentleman, accompanied by Frank Desmond, set out on his return.

So late was it, on the second day of. their drive, when the gentlemen reached the city, that little could be done that

night towards seaching for the run away heirsss, and he invited Desmond to spend the evening with him at some place of amusement.

After dining they sauntered into the Strand. In no Lurry to be present at the opening of the play, the gentleman walk-

where there was a slight break in the to win Berties handsome face and crowd, the lonely figure of a girl stand- fortune,

'A Miss Talbot, Charlie Thorn's ward, whom he has just brought from abroad, where they say she has made the greatest sensation. There they come now. Isn't she splendid?'

In a moment more the handsome man for whose sake Miss Stoner cast off her lover, but whose regard she had failed to win, and the beautiful Miss Talbot, in her exquisite Parsian toilet have come close to the group, and Bertie recognizes her old acquaintance. Still she waits to be intrduced by Charlie, and acknowledges the presentation as indifferently as if she had never met or

'I am already engaged for it.' 'Then what is the ealiest one I may have.'

"There is none that you may have,' replies Bertic, coolly, 'Not because my card is quite tull, but because, five years ago, I heard Miss Stonor forbid you to pay any attention 'that Tabot girll' And I could not think of allowing you to displease her l' and Miss. Talbot moves smilingly away, leaving Grace furious and Frank cresfallen.

'I am afraid she heard more than that one sentence,' says Frank, laughing dus easily, and doesn't intend to show us much favor.'

not countenance her impertinences,' retorts Grace, angrily resolving to make one more deperate effort to win Charlie's reaches its wearer, how quickly it would heart.

when day after day passed, and Miss Talbot and her guardian quietly ignored ed slowly, talking gayly of society news, the existen of any such person as Grace full of pins as it will hold before she puts but scarcely noticing the people they passed. But near Wellington street, be thus ignored without an attempt

the hotels have any guests from there." The disturbance of business South is felt severely by merchants here, and the sales will fall several millions below the average. Not a case of goods has been shipped to New Orleans or Memphis within six weeks. Goods purchased prior to the breaking out of the fever remain here. Many of the dealers ordering have died. It is understood that this week

the shipment of goods will be permitted to Memphis. Many buyers are here from the South, waiting; but they say that all busines in New Orleans is dead for the time b ing, and that the requirements of the fall trade will be very limited. Among others saffering in business from the effects of fever are tife insur-

nce companies. 'L'hose doing an ex-t nsive Southern business are the New Miss Talbot,' Frank says, presently, 'Miss Talbot,' Frank says, presently, 'you dance? May I have the honor of s the risk is great, decided to add one as the risk is great, decided to add one per cont. to the regular premum. This aroused indiguation, and the Mutual failed to secure much business in Louis-iana. The extent of the losses of the New York and Equitable cannot be as-certained, but the entire claim against New York companies is very large, the fever having carried off many persons well to do, and who had made provis-ions for their families in that way.—

asily, and doesn't intend to show us anuch favor.' "She will soon see that Mr. Thorn will not countenance her impertinences,' re-orts Grace, angrily resolving to make one more deperate effort to win Charlie's meart. But she herem to change her mind dress from the dress maker's gladly, joy-

year-old son loudly welcomed him. everybody we'l, Willie?' the father asked 'The wellest kind.' the boy replied. 'And nothing has happened?' 'Nothing And nothing has happened?" 'Nothing at all. I've beeu good, Jennie's all right and I never saw ma behave as well as she has this time.'

Spurgeon sometimes adroitly insin-uates a rebuke which is for that reason more telling. I a speech lately made he devied that he had ever said that 'three fourths of the Christians in the world lived in such a way as to dishonor their Redeemer; but,' said he, 'it I had said as much, I would not take it back.' back.'

A correspondent of a North Carolina paper says that 'a distinguished member of Congress from Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, once had his 'wile's sister at the same hotel with themselves as nurse to their children. She had to est with the other servants."

'There would be more a doons in this town,' said a native as the train moved north through Montgomery, 'if it wasn't tor one thing.' 'And what is that?' asked the tonrist. 'Ain't any more houses,' replied the native, and the tourist opened his note-book and remain-ed absorbed in thought.-Hawkeye.

He was an entire stranger to the girls weil to do, and who had made provis-ions for their families in that way.-Sun. WHY WOMENCAN'T VOTE. It is no wonder women cant't vote. It's no wonder men tear to trust the ballotin the hands of people who cannot manage their own affairs. No person should be allowed to vote who cannot dress with

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson lives in a pretty country house near Mobile, surrounded by books, pictures and flowers. She is described as the most charming talker in the South, and as the parameter of a broad count brow for them and more before the dress is on. Oh woman, wnman, if yon only knew how your husband hates the man that makes pins.—Hawkeye.