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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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NEW ARRIVAL

AT

P. R. Harden's,

Who keeps constantly on hand a full line of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES and GENERAL MERCHANDISE at

Bottom Prices.

Allens Prints at 7 1/2 cents.
A full line of Vestments and Jackonets.
New crop Cuba Molasses.
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The highest market price paid for all kinds of Country Produce

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GRAHAM, N. C.

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Opens August 26th 1878, and closes the last Friday in May, 1879.
Board \$8 to \$10 and Tuition \$3 to \$4.50 month.

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

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Dealers in

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

Sheetings, Checks & Yarns, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S.

Flow Points, Mould Boards, Land Sides & Flow Bolts, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S

TO SUPERSEEDERS OF PUBLIC ROADS

You are hereby notified to return your road orders on the first Monday in October 1878, with the names of hands on your road endorsed on the same.

By order of the Board of Commissioners for the county of Alamance. T. G. McLEAN, Sept. 2nd 1878, Clerk.

Poetry.

IF WE KNEW,

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er could be?
Would we wait with such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be stiff and cold to-morrow—
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossom in such beauty
As adorns the month to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
From the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

JOHN FURBER.

THE SHORT STORY OF A LONG LIFE.

The Landlady's Charity Guest and Her City Visitor—A Gentle Man and Her Prose the Precursor of a Noble Heart—A Tale with A Moral.

'Miss Cameron.'
Leonie Cameron, lazily looking out of a bow window upon the garden flaming with autumn tints and sunset glow, lifted a pair of soft dark eyes to Mrs. Tollman's face. It was an anxious face just at that moment, and being usually full of happy content, the anxiety was very apparent to Leonie. So, after her first careless glance, she straightened herself in her low chair and said quietly, yet with every appearance of interest:

'What is the matter?'
An awkward pause followed that question.

Mrs. Tollman fidgeted under the inquiring glance of the dark eyes, cleared her throat twice, and finally said with nervous emphasis:

'John Furber.'
Miss Cameron's face seemed to freeze. It was a very beautiful face, with pride as a leading expression. Sweetness lurked in the mouth, intellect beamed from the radiant dark eyes, but pride shadowed all. It carried the small head gracefully erect, it swept the folds of the rich dresses with a royal motion. It touched the small patrician hands and it was evident in the well-modulated tones of the refined voice.

'There,' Mrs. Tollman said, despairingly, 'I've made you mad already, and I have not said anything.'

'I am not mad,' Leonie answered, and there certainly lurked a smile in her mouth at the good woman's consternation. 'But you have not told me what troubles you.'

'It's, it's John. Miss Cameron, and—' then rapidly, as if the words were forced by a fear of her own inability to finish her self-appointed task she hurried on. 'He's my nephew, Miss, as you know, though his father is a rich man, very rich, and John is above his mothers place in her life. She's dead, and John was spoiled somewhere between the year she died and two years ago. I don't know where he took the bad ways. He was brought up an idler upon his father's money, and from idleness to drinking, gambling and bad ways is an easy road. His father is a hard man, and thrust him out nearly a year ago and disinherited him. He came here, for I loved him. I've nothing else to love; husband and children in the grave-yard; so I love John.'

There was a piteous pleading in the woman's face, but Leonie's was blank, save for an air of polite interest.

'He's most desperate when he came here, but I've coaxed him up a little. But—O, Miss Cameron, you know what I want to say. You are beautiful, rich—a lady far above me in education

and position and only staying here for country quiet. I've no right to find fault but—but don't flirt with John. He is in trouble, despondent, disinherited, and he is falling in with you as fast as he can. I believe if you play with him he will kill himself, body and soul.'

Fairly out of breath, with her own earnest utterances, Mrs. Tollman paused, looked pleadingly in Leonie Cameron's face. The expression of polite interest never wavered as that young lady said:

'If I understand you aright, you wish me to ignore your nephew. It is not easy, as he is in your house, so I had better leave it.'

'Goodness!' cried the widow aghast at this interpretation of her words, 'I never meant that. Where can you find another boarding place here?'

'I can return to London.'
'I've put my foot in it. John will never forgive me,' said Mrs. Tollman disconsolately.

But there was no sympathy in Leonie's face, and she turned away at last, perplexed and more anxious than ever. And Leonie, sinking back in her chair again, looking at the sunset clouds and variegated foliage, and thought perhaps it was time to return to London.

She had come to London, weary with a round of fashionable life, tired of flattery, dancing and flirting, and she had found rest and quiet under Mrs. Tollman's motherly care. She was rich, richer far than the landlady had any idea of, but she had no near relatives, only a second cousin to keep her lonely home, and play propriety.

Society constituted itself her amateur guardian, and lying back in her cushioned chair in the sunset glow she wondered idly what society should say about John Furber. It would grant him a rare perfection of manly beauty of face or form, and forgive the evident traces of dissipation, if it was only known that he was the son of a rich man, and had been educated an idler by profession. But in what holy horror it would turn away with uplifted hands when it was known that he was disinherited, with no home but a room in the house of a widowed aunt eking out her narrow income by taking boarders. It would smile at his biting sarcasms, his brilliant conversations, his cynical sneers, if he was reinstated in his father's favor, but how rude these would be in a poor man.

Leonie, from thinking of society's opinion, quite unconsciously glided into considering her own. This dark-browed man had made a fair portion of her summer pleasure for three months, had been her cavalier in many country walks, drives and sails; had quoted poetry under trees, sung in superb baritone upon the murmuring water, looked into her eyes on a moonlit porch and whispered delicately-voiced flattery. No more than many another man had done. A beauty and rich, Miss Cameron had looked upon more than one languishing suitor, and forgotten him when his amusement wearied her. Scarcely a flirt—for she encouraged no down-right love-making, but a beautiful, fascinating woman, who wounded hearts with mere careless grace.

Musing in the sunset, it impressed upon the proud heart that unconsciously she had poisoned a lie that was already sinking. There were capabilities for better things than dissipation and suicide in John Furber, and she shivered as she thought he might be upon some dangerous precipice, waiting for the clasp of a hand to draw him back, or its repulse to thrust him over. She passed in review of her host of male friends, and found none who had awakened her heart to hours of such keen pleasure as John Furber had given her. She tried to recall one mind whose grasp of intellect had dwarfed her own as his had done, who had met her fairly in so many arguments and worsted her, and she could only remember soft flattery of her 'wonderful mind.'

Finally lifting her eyes with a soft sigh, she saw him leaning against a tree opposite the low window, looking at her. A vivid flush stained her cheeks as she said:

'What can you have been thinking of? You have not stirred for half an hour. Only that your eyes were wide open, I should have thought you were asleep.'

'Your powers of observation are marvelous,' she answered lightly. 'I was dreaming.'

'Of what?'

'The world in general, my world in particular. It is almost time I returned there.'

She was prepared for some polite show of regret, but not for the ghastly change in his face.

She shuddered remembering his aunt's words.

'Going away! Why of course you would be soon,' he said, trying to speak carelessly, while his eyes hungrily devoured her face, and his white, parched lips were drawn as if in sharp, physical pain.

'I have been here three months,' she said, feeling her own heart ache at his misery.

'Yes, yes! you will go, certainly.'

'And you,' she said very gently, 'you will be in the city, I presume. I would be glad to welcome you to my house.'

'No,' he said, harshly; 'I will not take such advantage of your kindness; I am a man your friends would tell you to shun, Miss Cameron—a man who has wasted his life till it is too late to take up the threads again. You do not know perhaps, that my aunt keeps me here from charity.'

'I know you have offended your father,' she answered; but you are a man scarcely thirty, and it is cowardly to talk of despair at your age.'

Her words cut him like a whip lash. The dark blood mounted to his forehead as he repeated:

'Coward! I might fight the whole world yet, but, and here his tone was bitter, and yet strangely pathetic, 'the battle is scarcely worth winning. What would I gain? Money I do not value it. Position I have thrown it behind me. I have played the fool and must take the fool's wages.'

'I will not have you say so,' she cried, roused by an earnestness she could never have intended to betray. 'You shall not uselessly throw away your life.'

A new hope sprang to his eyes, new there, lighting them to dazzling radiance.

'Miss Cameron—Leonie,' he cried, 'were there a prize to win, were one's heart's hopes centered upon me, I would trample down these demons of temptation, I would prove myself a man if I had any motive.'

There were no mistaking the prayer in his eyes, the pleading in his voice.

Only for a moment, close to the low window, before a land like a snowflake fell upon his shoulder, a voice low and sweet, murmured low in his ear:

'Be a man for my sake.'

She was gone before he spoke again, and he wandered off to the woods to muse upon the possibility of this new life.

The next day Mrs. Tollman lost her summer boarder. Society, languidly contemplating Miss Cameron for the next three years.

She was gay and grave by flashes, fascinating in either mood, but she was mysteriously unapproachable.

od diamonds on throat and wrists, and in the little cats, when, as she took the opera cloak from the maid's hand, she looked at the card—

'John Furber.'

A great heart-throb sent the blood over her brow and neck; then it faded, leaving only a soft tint upon the fair cheeks, and in the dark eyes a light of happiness harmonizing well with the smiling lips.

She looked like some visitant from another world, in the radiance of her beauty, as she came across the wide drawing room to the window where he stood.

He had not heard her slight step, but he turned when she was near, showing the stamp of his better life in his noble face.

He held out his hand, looking earnestly into her face, and seeing she only spoke a happy truth as, taking it, she said:

'I am glad to see you.'

'Leonie,' he said, 'you gave me a hope three years ago that has borne me above temptation and suffering to a position where I am not ashamed to look any man in the face. Leonie, you bade me—'

Blushing brightly, she took up the words as he paused—

'To be a man, John, for my sake.'

'And I obeyed you, my love, my darling. I have come for my reward, Leonie, loving you with all my heart, daring now to ask for your love in return.'

So, society had a ripple of sensation in a fashionable wedding, when John Furber married Miss Leonie Cameron.

But only you and I, reader, know the romance of the Summer in S—, of how John Furber redeemed his manhood for Leonie's sake.

MRS. LINCOLN'S TWO TAME LIONS.

Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, has two tame lions—great, tawny, handsome beasts, about two years and a half old. She took them when they were first born, and has brought them up as household pets. Until very lately they were in her parlor, and went about the house as freely as a dog would, but the city authorities requested that they should be kept under some restraint. They now live in a room back of the parlor, and opening into it by a grated door, which is said to be strong, but which is often open, as Mrs. Lincoln goes in and out of the room, playing with the lions, petting them, and making them do their tricks. 'When I saw them,' says a correspondent of the Worcester Spy, 'Willy, as the lion is called, was eating his breakfast and did not like to be disturbed. However, at Mrs. Lincoln's command he stretched upon his hind paws, to show how big he was, rolled over, and did other infantile tricks. Mrs. Lincoln then opened the low parlor window and called pleasantly, 'Martha, little girl, come here,' and up trotted the lioness, who was taking her morning walk in the yard. Both lions kissed Mrs. Lincoln, and she had no fear of them. They seem to her so thoroughly tame, in spite of their heavy diet of raw meat, that she cannot understand how any visitor can be afraid.'

A JUDGE WHO PUTS ON AIRS.

[From the Chicago Legal News.]

Gleanings.

If Butler doesn't help us to four Congressmen in Massachusetts this fall we shall return to the belief that he took those spoons.—Washington Post.

You may talk about the 'lean and hungry Casius,' but did you ever take a store view of a man who has run a store ten years without advertising.

Ben Hill in Georgia: 'I begin to think that the Democratic party can never be killed. Secession did not kill it; the war has not killed it; fraud has not killed it; it has not killed itself, and will not die.'

Boston Corbett, who, in disobedience of orders, shot Wilkes Booth, is a wanderer through the land in the great army of tramps and an applicant for charitable aims. Republics certainly are ungrateful.

Christopher Mann of Independence, Mo., has just celebrated his 165th birthday. He has a son only eight years old, and is the father of twenty-eight children.

The wonderful vitality of Loman Griffin, who has lately died in Lodi, O., aged 106, was shown by the fact that he breathed several days after his limbs were lifeless, although he had not eaten for a week.

Elder Stevenson, a Mormon missionary, incidentally proposed matrimony to a widow and her two daughters in Hickman County, Tenn. They said yes, and are on their way to Salt Lake City, where the marriage ceremony is to be performed.

In the St. Louis Female Hospital last Friday night, Miss Emily Moeler a nurse, administered a solution of corrosive sublimate to Alice Wood, a patient, through mistake, causing her death, whereupon Miss Moeler took carbolic acid, and thus ended by death her agony of regret.

'Speaking of bathing,' said Mrs. Partington, 'some can bathe with perfect impunity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands, but, for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid.'

In a church in London is a tomb stone with the inscription: 'Here lies Sarah Smithers, the loved wife of Thomas Smithers, marble-cutter. The monument was erected as a tribute to her memory and as a specimen of his art. Monuments of the same style \$25.'

Postmaster-General Key, when in Los Angeles, Cal., must have been in a repellent mood. One of the local newspapers says that he 'sifted the few personal attentions proffered,' and the other, 'The Postmaster-General neglected some of those small, sweet, courtesies which are expected from a public man in his intercourse with the people.'

They ring the fire bell here by blowing a steam whistle. The whistle graduates its efforts to the size of the fire. When a shafty blazes up it toots sleepily. When a residence is in flames they can hear it screech in Albert Lea. But when a big mill or a business block aluminates itself, that whistle just pulls itself wide open, sun stands still, the earth yawns and the dead get up and put their fingers in their ears and pound with their heels and cry. Hawkeye.

Timothy Lynch said ten years ago that he would kill his wife, and she was very much frightened; but he did not then carry out his threat. They moved to San Francisco and there he declared his murderous intention so that Mrs. Lynch at length came to pay little attention to what he said on that subject. A few months ago, being seventy years old, and possible fearing that he would die without making his word good, he took a knife and deliberately killed the unoffending woman. His trial is in progress.

Frank Polk felt resentful because the Mayor of Pisgah, Texas, fined him for drunkenness. He got a rifle and rode up and down in front of the Mayor's office, daring him to come out. The Chief of Police drew a revolver and ordered him to throw down his gun. Polk fired hitting the officer, who in falling, shot Polk in the body. The Mayor ran out and shot three balls into the desperado. The latter fired several shots at the Mayor, but he escaped unhurt. Polk and Powers died.

LUMBER CONSUMPTION.—The consumption of lumber in this country is enormous altogether beyond what is generally supposed. The annual demand for ties and sleepers of our 90,000 miles of railway is estimated to 40,000,000 square feet, and to inclose the road would require 180,000 miles of fence. We have 75,000 miles of telegraph wire to put up, for which 80,000 trees are needed, while repairs would need near 800,000 more trees a year. The common lucifer match uses up 300,000 cubic feet of the finest pine annually. The bricks baked every year require 5,000,000 cords of wood, which would be all that 50,000 acres of average timber land would contain. Shoes are exhausted annually 100,000 cords of wood; lasts and boot-trees some 500,000 cords of beech, birch, and maple, and about as much more is required for the stock of planes and other tools. The packing boxes made in the United States in 1874 cost \$12,000,000; the lumber manufactured into wagons, agricultural implements, &c., was worth \$100,000,000. An immense quantity of lumber is employed for fences of houses and farms, though these may decrease with time, as hedges are likely, to a great extent, to take their place. Our consumption of lumber increases steadily, and so do our foreign shipments, our exports of pine, maple, walnut and oak being very large. Lumber as our resources are, the supplies must, ere long, be exhausted.