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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

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K. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices

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GRAHAM, N. C.

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TO OVERSEERERS 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.

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Graham NC Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON, STEEL, SALT, MOLASSES, DRUGS, MEDICINES, DYE STUFFS & C.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following incident actually occurred on board of a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer, several years ago, by an old man-of-war's man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain's orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain's mate was commanded to lash like him like a dog until he learned to run aloft. The poor fellows legs and arms trembled, he grasped the shrouds, he cried, he prayed the inhuman captain for God's sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain's mate was ordered to lay on harder, regardless of the boy's piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust. His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, "Lay on, boatswain's mate!"

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast and topgallant rigging with undiminished speed, shinned the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the pennant which streamed from the masthead. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands came up to see him—his cries and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and, it possible, had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the cat, properly applied, could make men do anything. Still he was apprehensive that the boy might destroy himself, and the circumstances he used against him at the Admiralty, where he knew representations of his cruelty had already been made. The men gazed in silence, looking first at the boy and then at the captain, who was seated near the taffrail. They dared not to be seen speaking to one another—it was a flagrant offence; even at night spies passed under their hammocks to ascertain if they whispered. The officers walked the lee side of the quarter-deck, occasionally casting their eyes aloft, but were as silent as the men. Still the boy clung to the masthead, playing with the pennant, apparently unconscious of the interest he excited below. "I red with gazing aloft, the captain sung out through the speaking trumpet. 'Down from aloft! Down!'

The boy sprang upon the truck at a bound, and raising himself erect, waved his cap around his head; then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on deck; but when clear of the shade of the sails he saw him sliding along the main royal stay towards the foretop-gallant mast-head, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the masthead in safety, and then descended along the top-gallant backstay hand-over-hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with the blood which still trickled from his back. He was a maniac. The surgeon's skill in the course of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal. He would run over the yards without holding, pass from mast to mast on the stays, ascend and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run over the studding sail booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them—he did as they did but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, 'A way aloft,' he was off, and never paused until he reached the masthead. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and, in the course of a year, sent him aloft for amusement. His strength increased with his years, but his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like pillared columns. He was fair, with light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid

outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and when he spoke, there was rarely any meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain's mate he ran up the main rigging screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed the first evolution which had made him a maniac.

As the sailor's story runs, the ship arrived at Plymouth to be docked and refitted. The captain availing himself of the leisure was going to be married, and the news was communicated by his servant to the cook, who soon circulated it on the berth deck among the men who cursed him and all his kind. His servant came on board of the hulk where the men were lodged, the evening the captain was to be married. Crazy Joe (the name the boy was known by) met him at the gangway, and asked intelligently if the captain would be married that evening and where? The servant gave him the information he desired, and went about his business.

That night, while the captain was undressing he was seized by the throat and dragged to the bridal bed. 'Look, fair lady on me,' said Crazy Joe, 'but do not scream, or I will kill you. Look on me. I hold within my grasp a devil, who delights in cruelty—a merciless fiend who has scourged the backs of hundreds of brave men; a ruffian who has rubbed me of my reason; I hold him within the grasp of death, at the very moment his black soul thought itself within the reach of bliss. Monster! look upon your lady—think a moment of the heaven of earthly joy almost within your reach—then think of me poor Crazy Joe! and of the hell to which I send you! Die, wretch, die!'

When the alarm was given, the strangled body of the captain was found lying alongside of the bridal bed; but the maniac who killed him was never recognized afterwards. He belonged to Cornwall, and probably found shelter from pursuit in the mines until the excitement passed away. The lady stated at the time and many years afterwards, that the attack of the maniac was so sudden and silent that she knew nothing of it until the curtains were pushed aside and she felt the pressure of the captain's body bent over the edge of the bed. Joe held his victim around the neck with the right hand, and turned him from side to side as easily as if he had been a child, while the forefinger and thumb of the left hand grasped her own throat, ready to extinguish her life if she attempted to raise an alarm. His face was pale and deathlike, his eyes started but were motionless, and every word he uttered seemed to issue from the very depths of his soul. The captain's looks were terrible beyond description—death left the impress of ferocity upon his darkened features. How the maniac entered or left the room she never knew; his departure was as noiseless as his entrance. So paralyzed was she with fear, that an hour elapsed before she could muster courage to call for help; but she thanked God, when the captain's cruel character became generally known ashore that she had been rescued from his alliance.—London Nautical Magazine.

SELLING HIS WIFE'S WOODEN LEG

[From the New York Sun.] Mrs. Mary Johnson kept an apple and peanut stand at Washington and Vesey streets for many years, and saved enough money to purchase a home in 119th street, near Fourth avenue. She also saved money enough to buy an artificial leg, having lost one of hers in childhood. In July, while sitting behind her stand, she was sunstruck and taken to the hospital. Her husband then sold the house and furniture, and tried to pawn the wooden leg. Failing to dispose of it in that manner, he sold it for twenty-five cents. Mrs. Johnson, since her discharge from the hospital, has been unable to purchase another artificial leg. Johnson was arraigned before Justice Smith, in Harlem police court, on Thursday, on a charge of abandonment. After having investigated the case the Justice said to him: "This taking sections of your wife and trying to sell them won't do. You'll be pawning the baby next." Johnson was sent to the penitentiary for twelve months.

Norristown Herald: "A snake was recently caught in a Welsh church by 'charming' him from his retreat by the music of a harmonium. A snake is probably the only living creature that can be charmed by a harmonium. And no doubt the reptile preferred to out and die than to listen any longer to its strains."

BISMARCK'S COURAGE.

(Harper's Magazine)

It was in 1866, Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobling have since attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply around and saw a young man who, with smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with the other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer, who, however, had had time to pass his weapon to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace and reached his own house long before any body there could know what had happened. The Countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, had begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood and wrote to inform the King of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the drawing room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife: "Well, are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the Countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, *Gesundheit!* (May your meal be blessed!) and then added: "You see I am quite well." She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."

APPRECIATING A SERMON.

[Chambers Journal.] I cannot resist repeating a conversation between a friend and his farm servant, which illustrates the remark already made, that an Irishman is rarely at a loss for a reply or excuse: 'That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?' said the gentleman. 'True for you, yer honor, an' illigant one! It done me a power of good intirely.' 'I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?' 'Oh, well,' scratching his head, 'I don't rightly—not just exactly know. I—a—I—A' where's the use of tolling lies? Sure I don't remember one single 'dividual word of it, good or bad. Sora a bit of me knows what it was about at all.' 'And yet you say it did you a power of good?' 'So it did, sir; I'll stick to that.' 'I don't see how.' 'Well, now, yer honor, look here, there's my shirt that the wife is after washing, and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water, and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water or soap, or starch or blue—has staid in, d'ye see. And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honor, and it's dried out of me; but all the same just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and cleaner after it.' There was more philosophy than he was aware of in the quaint reasoning of the man. An impression for good or evil is often left upon the mind and bears fruit when what has caused the influence has passed away from our memories.

PLAIN TRUTH.

[Texas Christian Advocate.]

Agricultural fairs, are no doubt, valuable agencies for the material development of the country, but we see no reason why they should be turned into race grounds and gambling establishments. Very often they are the rendezvous of the leading gamblers and sportsmen of this and surrounding States, and their influence, especially on young men, is demoralizing. Gambling at a horse race is as clearly a violation of the law of the land as gambling at the faro bank, or keno table, and the fact that it transpires at an agricultural fair does not justify the offense. Many Christian men are driven by these vicious influences from the fair ground, and in many instances these exhibitions are passing under the control of professional sportsmen.

DEAN STANLEY PORTRAYED.

[Philadelphia Press]

As he stood in the pulpit surveying the vast concourse assembled to greet him, the Dean accomplished two objects. He had leisure to survey the multitude and to gage them as a fairly representative gathering of the better class of American citizens; and he gave the multitude an opportunity to study him as the representative of a higher and nobler class of the theologians of to-day. Clad in the vestments of the same style as those of other clergymen present, he differed from them in one particular. Around his neck he wore a broad band of crimson, to which was suspended a small golden symbol. This simple ornament—one sought by the proud and noblest peers of England, and a patent of nobility only conferred upon the highest and the best—was the insignia of the Order of the Bath. Of this order the Dean is Chaplain. There is something singularly winning about the expression of this old man's face—for he is an old man now, having passed his seventieth birthday. It has nothing coarse or commonplace about it. A fine, high, broad forehead, encircled with iron gray hair, now rapidly turning white; a pair of keen and yet withal kindly, sparkling eyes, a long straight nose—perhaps the best proof of good blood in England; thin—marvelously thin—lips and a well formed chin; these, with a pair of whiskey grey side-whiskers, small and rather closely cut, giving a fine chance for the display of the workings of the noble features, complete the description of the fine face which gazed with such an interested expression at the congregation assembled to do him honor yesterday morning. Dean Stanley is not, as the expression goes with us, an able speaker. In point of fact nine out of ten Americans would call him a very bad speaker. His style of utterance resembles nothing so much as a school boy's manner of reciting a lesson he has learned by rote. In a word, it is monotonously "sing song" to American ears. In this he greatly resembles Lord Beaconsfield, whose speeches are uttered in exactly the same tone and with precisely the same inflection. And yet this very style is, according to the English tastes, the acme of perfection in cultured elocution. Indeed, it must be admitted that after the first ten minutes the measured cadence falls on the ear with anything but a disagreeable expression, whatever we may think of the style. He used no gestures, and rarely deviated from the tone in which he began, and relied solely for effect on the grand teachings and the fine thoughts and the splendid sentiments with which his sermon abounded.

THE FACE.

BY ORCLE ELBERT.

How much there is in the human face! What a volume, nay, what a library may be found there! All thoughts, all passions, all that can stir or move this mortal frame, may be read in its expressions. There is what may be designated as the home face and which often differs much from the face that is seen in public or society. The real face is worn at home—the artificial abroad. There is no single thing in any home, high or low, worth more than a bright, cheerful, hopeful, sympathetic face. It soothes little irritations, it encourages the faint, it brightens even the raven down of care, and throws light which may be more precious at times than the light of day. The beauty of the face is in its expression. Whether it be Greek, Roman or Saxon, its power to attract or repel lies in the combined epoch of its several features. A homely face may be most comely and winsome when the high qualities of the soul are regnant there. Close observers always try to read beneath the surface, and beyond the mere title-page of the external face; and still it is most true that the human countenance is taken as an index of character. A heart full of gracious sentiments and emotions will transform the plainest face into one of great loveliness.

IS THE CIRCUS IMMORAL?—A country editor says, after discussing the question all winter, he comes to the conclusion every spring that the circus is immoral, but when the bill poster comes along with the big pictures, his mind changes. He adds: As we gaze at the lions, tigers and monkeys, and that nature made all of them, we are not sure. And when we look at the beautiful young lady, with nothing on but a blue ribbon round her waist, with one leg pointing to six o'clock and the other to high noon, and think that nature made her, too, just as she was except the ribbon, we begin to lean up to the circus. But when the brass band begins to play, and the elephants go round we rush for a front seat to get in ahead of the deacons, who always wear stove-pipe hats, and won't sit down in front.

Gleanings

Frank Becklaw, the naturalist, declares that babies will swim naturally and without difficulty if put into water.

Stanley, the explorer, is about to lecture in England upon his African discoveries. He has made arrangements for one hundred lectures.

Robert J. Smith, a negro lecturer, is delivering lectures in England on "The Negro Race in North America—Past, Present, and Future."

Some of the Chinese Embassy wear outside garments of white silk so closely resembling night shirts as to make an old man dodge around the first corner.—Exchange.

One of the enigmas of this life is how a man can have the impudence to sing, "There is rest for the weary," in the front parlor, while his wife is down in the cellar cutting wood!

They are talking of abolishing funerals in Ohio. Not that people will cease to die, but the funeral is expensive, and the medical colleges get the corpses anyhow.—Buffalo Express.

A gentleman tells of hearing Juliet remark to Romeo, as the former was passing the City Hall last night: "How beautiful the moon is, but them stars look sick!"—Kingston Freeman.

Ours is emphatically a country of railroads, for more than 83,000 miles of track are distributed over the surface of North America alone, and of this length 77,470 miles fall within the United States.

"Does lager beer intoxicate? That's the question which thousands in the community are industriously trying to settle just now. Important questions like this require any amount of experimentation."

Inasmuch as Mrs. Jenks declared that Ben Butler was "perfectly lovely" and Mr. Butler described her as "a hell of a woman," it looks as if it would be necessary for the two to "poop" their issues before the Jenks goes on the stump for Old Cockeye.

Six years ago two young men in Philadelphia inherited from their father about \$80,000 each. Since that period one has died poor, and the other is now driving a furniture car for a living. The name of the daily paper they started is not given.

Mr. Hayes is said to be confident that the Republican party will, as a general thing, hold its own in the October and November elections. We presume Mr. Hayes himself expects to do still better than hold its own; that is to say, he expects to hold on to what belongs to Mr. Tilden.

A dying man in Burlington crawled out of his bed, dragged himself to the rocking chair, pulled the tidy down, rolled it up and sat down upon it, and died with a sweet smile of triumph lighting up his face.—Burlington Lankester.

Boston Post: "As much as the ocean has been plowed, you can't raise anything there but fish, snakes, torpedoes, old hunks, dead cats, and other minor side dishes." You can raise your previous dinner if you walk industriously on the ship's deck while sailing down the harbor.—Piscayune.

A Cincinnati man is responsible for the following: Some years ago at the funeral of a friend, I was seated in a carriage with a person who in fact carried all the habiliments of woe. I was not aware he was acquainted with the deceased. I became inquisitive. Says I, "Are you a relation?" "No." "A friend?" "No." In Yankee fashion, I said, "Why attend his funeral, and look so sad?" He said, "In fact, I am troubled with dyspepsia. My doctor advised me to ride. I am too poor to hire a carriage, and therefore ride free to funerals." A cheerful situation for a dyspeptic, we should say.

Dr. J. G. Holland, talking to the assembled boatmen of Alexandria Bay the other day, said: "I neither drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. Sixty thousand men in America every year lie down in the grave of the drunkard. Drink has murdered my best friends, and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance, on which every honest man should put his heel. I do not ask you to put your heel on the drunkard, but to make the spirit of your guild so strict and pure that no man of your number will dare to trifle with your opinion and sentiments on the subject."

When the black clouds gathered in the north and betokened the coming of a thunder-storm, a citizen who was coming down a Jefferson avenue, was surrounded to an elderly man beside him:

"A storm is portending."
"Hey? inquired the other."
"I say there are tokens of a storm," continued the first.

"Hey? was the brisk inquiry again."
"Appearances indicate a storm!" exclaimed the citizen, a trifle embarrassed.

"Hey! What did you say about indelicate?" queried the other.
"There's going to be a thunder-storm!" shouted the citizen, dropping his big words all of a sudden.
"Ah! Now I understand," said the old man—going to be a thunder-storm. Well, what do you want me to do about it?"