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GRAHAM, N. C.

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## THE GLEANER

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AT

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Opens August 29th 1878, and closes the last Friday in May, 1879.  
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Knitting Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & DONNELL'S.

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### TO OVERSEERS 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.

## Scott & Donnell

Graham N C

Dealers in

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

## Poetry.

### RETURN SWEET HIRAM RETURN.

O Hiram Ulysses, come back to your home,  
For the clock on the steeple strikes two;  
No longer with Kaisers at a Hospodars roam,  
For your subjects are waiting for you.  
Oh! pause not to drink Bayard Taylor's best beer,  
Nor gaze on the Sultan's great bed;  
The sutlers and whisky thieves shout—do you hear?  
"A crown we have made for your head!"  
Come home, come home, come home!  
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

Ben Butler is cocking his eye at poor Hayes;  
The fraud trembles down to his shoes;  
John Sherman, the brazen, stands struck with amazement;  
Key writes, lest his office he lose;  
"In vain did we steal the electoral vote,  
In vain did we swear truth away;  
The party is dying, while you are remote,  
In short—there's the dickens to pay!"  
Come home, come home, come home!  
Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

There's a horse in the circus for you and Colfax  
The horse that you rode in the South.  
The man Key stands ready to leap on your back,  
And there's whisky to put in your mouth.  
Then, Hiram, King Hiram, come o'er the bine wave  
To the land of the free whisky ring;  
We've played out poor Hayes as our very best knave,  
And now you must trump as our king!  
Then come, then come, then come,  
King Hiram Ulysses, come home!

### TAMING A PRETTY TYRANT.

She was a tall, fine looking, dark-eyed girl, who stood beside the gate, spitefully kicking the little pebbles with her pretty, slippered foot, and now looking defiantly up in the stern face of the good looking young fellow, leaning over the fence, a foot or two away. His brows were drawn into a frown, and his lips compressed, but he tried to make the tones quite steady, in which he said:  
"Very well, Lida, make your choice now."  
"Oh! it's come to that, has it?" asked the girl, with a scornful toss of her pretty head.  
"It has. You've played fast and loose with me just as long as a fellow with my manliness can stand it at all. I've let you toss me about as you please, like a baby would a ball, and now it's got to quit. If you choose to go to the circus to-night with Jim Thompson, it's all right."  
"Jim Thompson's a gentleman!" snapped Lida.  
"He's a tipsey booby!" retorted the young man, hotly, and, as the sequel proved, not very wisely. For the girl turned instantly and answered: "Whatever he is, he don't call other people names! I'm going right to answer his note and tell him I'll go, and you can go where you please. Bob Lewis!"  
"Stop one moment!" the young man's voice recalled her, as she was abruptly leaving him. "That's your choice, is it, Miss Wheat?"  
"That's my choice, Mr. Lewis! If that's all you have to say, I needn't wait."  
"That is not all. I should like to say good-bye, if you please. To-morrow you will find me far enough from here. Indeed! Might one ask where you intend to go?"  
"Never mind that; perhaps you will hear to-morrow. We may never meet again. Will you shake hands for good-bye?"  
The girl's heart throbbed hard, but she was proud and too angry to show her feelings. She held out her hand at once. "Certainly; good-bye, Mr. Lewis; a pleasant trip to you." Bob Lewis pressed her hand hard, and looked firmly in her face, but he said simply "good-bye, Lida." One instant—then he dropped her hand and turned away. As she reached the door she turned and spoke once more to him:  
"Oh, Bob!"  
"Well! He turned back quick as lightning."  
"You'll be apt to see Jim Thompson up town. Would you kindly tell him for me that I accept his invitation and will go with him to-night?" Bob's face flushed, and he ground his heel hard into the sidewalk, as the willful girl thus coolly added insult to injury. But he knew she did it purposely, meaning to aggravate him, and he determined she should miss her point.  
"Certainly, anything to oblige you,"

he answered, with a coolness equal to her own. He walked rapidly away, and Lida went into the house to spend an uneasy day. For she did care for Bob Lewis, and she knew she had treated him shamefully. She did not believe he really meant to go away, but she was half afraid, and when evening came she was more than half tempted to write a note, excusing herself to Thompson, and telling Bob she would go with him.

But a girl's pride kept her from it. "I've got myself in a scrape now, and I'll go through it," she said, as she dressed to go out. "He'll be sure to come around to-morrow, and I'll coax him to make up. It's fun to play off on these fellows once in a while!"  
But when Miss Lida entered the brilliantly lighted circus tent that night, leaning on Jim Thompson's arm, and caught a glimpse of Bob Lewis, stern and gloomy, she didn't think it quite so funny.

"Good gracious! He looks as if he might do something awful!" she said, mentally. "He fairly scares me! I'll send for him the first thing to-morrow morning, and straighten things up with him."  
She could not enjoy the circus at all. She pretended to be in great glee, and laughed and flirted as gay as the gayest. But not even the stale jokes of the most renowned jester and clown of the arena could win a real hearty laugh from her.  
But then, neither Jim Thompson nor Bob Lewis knew her fine spirits were feigned. Neither did they know that she cried herself to sleep after she went home.  
The next morning the first news that Lida Wheat heard was that Bob Lewis had joined the circus and gone off with the troop!  
"I don't believe it!" she cried in consternation.  
"Well, you may," said her little brother Frankie. "I was up at the depot, and I seen him get on the train with my own two eyes! Reckon I could tell you something, too, Missy!"  
"Oh, Frank do then!" pleaded Lida, now pale and scared.  
"What'll you gimme?" queried the cute youth.  
"Oh, anything!"  
"Gimme a nickel?"  
"Yes. Tell me, quick!"  
"Hand her over first! No pay, no tell!" declared Master Frank, extending a somewhat dirty paw.  
In despair, Lida went quickly to her purse; took out the promised nickel, and gave it to the rapacious arch-in.  
"Now, tell me!" she cried.  
"Well, sis, I was standin' on the platform to see 'em pull out, and when I seen Bob Lewis a gittin' on, I hollers out: 'Hallo, Bob! goin' to leave?' And he says, 'Yes I am. Tell your sister I'll never trouble her any more.' So that's all; I'm a-going to buy some marbles, you bet!"  
He ran off, and poor Lida sank back into her chair, pale and faint. She did not cry—she only sat still and thought a moment, deeply. Then her plan was made.  
She jumped up quickly and put on her hat and sash. Not saying a word to any one in the house, she went into the street. The first person she met was Jim Thompson.  
"They say Bob left with the circus troupe this morning," Jim told her after they had exchanged good mornings.  
"So I heard. Wonder if it's true?"  
"I believe so. The wagons went before day, but the actors went over to L—town on the train. They show there to-night."  
"Do they? Well, good-bye, Jim, I'm going to stop here at Jessie's."  
She went into a pretty little house, where lived her intimate friend, Jessie Jager.  
"Come, Jess, get on your hat quick!" she cried. "You've got to go over to L—town to-day, with me, and we've only got time to catch the eleven o'clock train."  
"Well, but what for?" said Jessie.  
"I'll tell you on the way. You must go, it's real important, Jess! Come, hurry up! We'll come back to-day."  
"I must, I must," said Jessie, hastily beginning to brush her hair.  
Lida had cousins in L—town. She went to their house, accompanied by her friend, Jessie, as if she had merely come over on a visit. After a while, she told one of her cousins, a boy of fifteen that Bob Lewis was there, with the circus, and she wanted to see him. If he would find Bob and bring him to

her she would give him money to go to the show.

Well pleased, the lad went on his errand and an hour later, Bob Lewis was in Lida's cousin's parlor, asking for her.

"He didn't ask for anybody else," said the young girl who let him in. "You go, Lida, and the rest of us will stay out here to see the procession pass and, here the band play."

That was just what Lida wanted. She hurried into the parlor.

"Oh, Bob, what are you doing?" was her greeting.

"Talking to you, I believe," said Bob, smiling. "I didn't expect to see you here to-day."

"I came on purpose to see you!" said Lida, blushing red, but determined.

"You did? I am surprised! What can you wish of me?"

"Oh, Bob, I want you to forgive me and make friends, and not go off with the circus."

"I can do the first thing easily, Lida, if you care anything for me. And the last, I never had any idea of doing."

"Didn't you come with those circus fellows?"

"On the same train, yes. As one of them, why no certainly not. What put that into your head?"

"Everybody said so, and Frank gave me your message, and I thought—"

"If you thought I mean to get away you were right. I meant to stay here to-day settling a little business matter, and then I was going out of the State to stay for good," said Bob, very gravely.

"I thought I had driven you off, and I couldn't bear the idea!" began Lida, and then she broke completely down. Bob took up her words.

"I was going on your account, Lida, but, if you'll promise to quit flirting, and marry me before long, I'll go home and stay there. Will you, Lida?"

Well, it was provoking—but Lida knew she must give up now or never. And so—well, the circus passed just then, and that with the band playing and the crowd making a noise, of course I couldn't hear the rest!

But when Lida and Jessie went home, Bob went too. And there is to be a wedding pretty soon, and Bob says "Lida, don't behave herself afterwards, he'll just travel off with the first circus that comes along."

### THE TALLEST MAN AND WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

The tallest man is Capt. M. V. Bates; the tallest woman is his wife, formerly Anna Swan. Capt. Bates was born in Hopkins county, Ky., his parents being of ordinary size. He continued to remain with his parents, who were farmers, doing the ordinary labor of a small farm, until attaining his majority, at which time he concluded to see something of the world. Proceeding to Cincinnati, thence to New York, he was finally induced to proceed to Europe for the purpose of exhibiting himself. In conjunction with Miss Anna Swan, whom he met there, they travelled over Europe. They were married at Martin's Church, London, England, June 17, 1871. They were, by request, guests of the Queen, and received from her Majesty watches and jewels as souvenirs.

Mrs. Bates, formerly Miss Anna Swan, was born in Colchester county, Nova Scotia; is 28 years old, weighs 413 pounds; is 7 feet 11 1/2 inches high.

Mr. Bates is 7 feet 11 1/2 inches high, weighs 478 pounds, wears a No. 9 hat, a 25 collar, and a 15 boot. Both are well formed, well proportioned, good looking and highly cultured.

They are the largest man and woman that live. In fact there is no authentic record of any human beings ever having the enormous height of these people. They returned to New York for exhibition in February last and will shortly make a tour of the West.

"Ever of These I'm Fondly Dreaming" was the burden of his song in the honied days of courtship, but he found out, mighty shortly after marriage, that he must wake up and scratch around to keep the kettle boiling.—*Breakfast Table.*

James Monroe, it is said, when elected President, had only one electoral vote against him. That was cast by a New Hampshire elector who wanted no cue but Washington to be unanimously chosen in the history of the country.

Mr. Hayes is an old-time Free Soiler. He believes in free speech, free soil, free passes and free lunch. He doesn't like to see Tyler's money too freely.—*Wash. Post Dem.*

### The Sanitary Effect of Housework Upon Women.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Many of the ill and diseases prevalent among women in our day are no doubt traceable to the sedentary mode of life so common among them. The progress of modern industrial art has done away with much of the household drudgery to which women were formerly subjected, and the result is, in too many cases, want of sufficient occupation for needed bodily exercise. The fruits of this state of things are strikingly exhibited by certain observations of the late Mr. Robertson, a Manchester surgeon, who, in his practice as a specialist for women's diseases, found that in women who themselves performed all their household work there was no trace of certain complaints; that these complaints begin to make their appearance in women with one or two servants, and worse still with those who have three servants, and so on. He showed statistically that the deaths from child-birth were four times greater in the case of women with four servants than those with none.

### WALKING CASES OF FEVER.

One of the most Horrible Features of the Epidemic in the Southern Cities.

[Indianapolis Herald.]

A New Orleans physician, in a private letter, writes us that he follows the old treatment in yellow fever and has had over a hundred cases, with only sixteen deaths. Two of the latter were "walking cases." The term is a technical one, understood in yellow fever districts. A "walking case" is a patient who refuses to go to bed and keeps his feet until he drops dead. Sometimes the "walking case" manifests the most abject fear, and again he displays the courage and indifference of a spy led out to execution. Sometimes the "walking" is confined to the patient's chamber, and then again he roams the streets, with the seal of death on his brow, the dreadful black vomit oozing from his lips—an object of horror to all whom he encounters. This stalking death is not an uncommon feature of life in New Orleans during the prevalence of an epidemic. Many who passed through the fearful ordeal of 1853, in which nearly eight thousand victims perished, will remember the case of John C—, a Memphis printer. He was a man of splendid physique and handsome presence, but an unfortunate love affair had made him reckless. He developed a "walking case" of yellow fever, and for two days and nights roamed the streets and frequented the drinking-houses of the city, in spite of all his friends' could do, finally falling on the street and dying before he could be conveyed to his lodgings. He would wipe the black vomit from his lips, hold up the handkerchief, critically examine the horrible exudation, and remark with grim humor that his "coffee" didn't agree with him that morning. Death is dreaded at best, but no disease presents so great a horror as a "walking case" of yellow fever.

### EVERYBODY RICH AGAIN.

The Extraordinary Rise in Stock Putting Unpleasantness on Their Feet Again.

[Special to the Philadelphia Times.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—An old army officer of rank has just returned here from San Francisco, and says the whole Pacific slope is crazed over the recent picking up of the stock market. Speculators have waited for years for a market, and a large number of them were what is known as dead broke. Stocks continued to decline, dividends stopped, assessments began and the failures among the heavy operators were countless. A few of the richest weathered the storm, but everybody felt depressed and apprehensive. At this time vengeance was sworn against the bonanza firm who has all the money on the coast and Mr. Flood the head of the firm was afraid to be seen on the streets. The tremendous rise in the Sierra Nevada, the Utah, the Justice, Union Consolidated and some of the other Nevada stocks has everything booming in San Francisco and such wild scenes have not occurred there for many years. Everybody is rich again. Some marvelous stories are told. One man who had been rich met with reverses and became very poor during the past six months. His house, his furniture, his credit, everything was gone and he was, as usual in such cases avoided by everybody. When the gigantic rise in Sierra Nevada occurred he happened to think that he had given his wife a thousand shares of that stock when it was only worth a dollar a share, and he never supposed it would be worth more. He limited up the despised stock, sold it for \$300 a share and pocketed \$300,000. Colonel W. F. Shaffer, of New York, who has had hard times in San Francisco for the past three years, being most of the time dead broke, was put in by a friend, and is now square on his feet again with \$50,000 in the bank; it is said. Chadwick of the firm of Sykes & Chadwick, who kept Willard's Hotel here during the war, who was terribly poor in San Francisco, was one of the lucky ones in the rise. Senator Jones, who notwithstanding the reports, was not worth a hundred thousand when he left here last July, is now again a millionaire. Senator Sharon has also been very fortunate lately. These are the stories that come from San Francisco, and those who have been there and watched the habits of the people and the extraordinary fluctuations of stocks will not doubt the stories, large as they are.

### THE WOMAN WHO WAS AFRAID OF BEING KISSED.

A man was once walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and woman reaching the junction at the same time, walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a deep, dark ravine the woman said to the man, "I am afraid to go through that ravine without; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." "If you were afraid of that," said the man, "you should have walked with me at all; how can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force when I have this great kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman; "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up, and put the chicken into it, then you might wickedly kiss me, in spite of my resistance." "Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such expedients."

And when they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying, "Hold it while I eat some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulders, impressed the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

"FEET." "Maybe," said a husband to his loving spouse, "you wouldn't be so hardy displaying those big feet of yours if you knew what occurred when I took your feet to be mended."

"What was it?—let me know instantly."

"Well, the shoemaker took it in his hand, gazed upon it in silence, and then burst into tears, and wept as if his heart would break."

"Well, what was the mumsquill crying for?—quick, let me know."

"Well, poor fellow, he said he doted on his grandmother—fairly doted on her. She nursed him, you know, because his mother was feeble, and so—well, he came to this country fifteen years ago, and first he set up in the vegetable line, and got along pretty well, and was about to send for the old lady, when hard times came, and he broke. He went into the fruit then, and after that into milk, into all sorts of things, you know; but he got disappointed every time, till his business fetched him out at last, and he sent right off for the old woman. She landed four weeks ago, but died the very same night. It was hard, very hard, after all his toiling for fifteen years, to get her over at last, and have her die in his hands. He—he—he well, he was disgusted. However, he laid her out, and he his friends sat up with her, and by and by the memory of her virtues softened his bitterness, and turned it to a tender grief, a settled melancholy, that lung about his spirits for many days. However, by striving to keep his thoughts employed on other subjects, he was finally beginning to regain some little of his old time cheerfulness, when your shoe reminded him so painfully of his grandmother's coffin—"

A slap in the face, accompanied by "Take that, you degraded old ruffian! put a sharp end to the foot story."

### ORIGIN OF CERTAIN FLOWERS.

Some of our flowers came from lands of perpetual summer, some from countries all ice and snow, some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweetest exotics came originally from Peru; the camellia was carried to England in 1739, and a few years afterward the heliotrope and mignonette. Several others came from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large class was found in ditches there, and some of the most brilliant geraniums or pelargoniums, which are a spurious geranium. The verbena grows wild in Brazil; the marigold is an African flower, and a great number are from China and Japan. The little Daphne was carried to England by Captain Ross, from almost the farthest land he visited toward the North Pole.

Some of these plants are quite changed in form and cultivation, others have only become larger and brighter, while others, despite of all the care of florists and the shelter of hot houses, fall far short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics. Among improved ones is the dahlia. When brought to Europe it was a very simple blossom, a single circle of dark petals surrounding a mass of yellow ones. Others, with scarlet and orange petals were soon after transplanted from Mexico, but still remained simple flowers. Long years of cultivation in rich soil, with other arts of skillful florists, have changed it to what it now is—a round ball of beauty.

A leopard and a fox had a contest as to which was the finer creature of the two. The leopard put forward his numberless spots; but the fox replied: "It is better to have a versatile mind than a variegated body."

Every day strengthens the long ago accepted fact that Rutherford B. Hayes is the weakest and most insignificant tenant of the White House that this country has ever had.—*Boston Post Dem.*