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THE GLEANER

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August 26th 1878, and closes the last day in May, 1879
\$8 to \$10 and Tuition \$3 to \$1.50

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Cotton & Zephyr Wool, at SCOTT & SELLERS.

Shirts, Checks & Yarns, at SCOTT & SELLERS.

AT LAST

There is a tobacco market in this country.

McCanley & Smith

Many Shoppers are buying Tobacco, and for it in cash or barter at the very highest prices. And also Raw Hides, for which they pay the highest prices.

THEIR STORE

More old store houses, and is filled with all kinds of country produce. We will sell as cheap as anybody. We keep everything and buy everything for the purpose of showing the people that if we cannot give them a liberal share of our goods, they are just starting in business. They hope to succeed by strict attention to their business. They ask the people to try and then of course they can judge for themselves. Understanding they make a specialty of

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ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

From a Hatcher's Note-Book.

BY CARL CANTAB.

"Dobbs," said my intimate friend, Fred Hopkins, as we sat together one summer evening in my cosy bachelor's apartment at the house of my Aunt Penelope, with whom I board, "Dobbs, if it is not an impertinent question, will you tell me your age?"

Certainly," said I; I am twenty-seven, or shall be if I live to see October."

"Very well," said he; "and how does it happen that you have reached such a mature age and have not married? Did you never reflect how pleasant it would be to sit by your own fireside, with your wife opposite and perhaps two or three little ones crowding around you?"

"And did you never reflect," I returned, "on the pleasure of being kept awake all night, baby crying, wife scolding, coming down in the morning tired and sleepy to a comfortless meal, prepared by an unskilful servant? But to answer you in serious earnest, I have thought of marriage. There is but one objection."

"What is that?"

"I should never have the courage to pop the question, and if I did I don't think I could find any one willing to have me."

"Pooh! my dear fellow, this is perfectly folly. 'Faint heart' never won fair lady." Depend upon it, there are hundreds who would jump at the chance of becoming Mrs. Dobbs."

I shook my head incredulously.

"As I shall make evident," pursued Fred, authoritatively, "by referring to statistics. According to the last census, the number of females in Massachusetts was found to outnumber the males by 68,000. From which we may infer that more than sixty thousand of the opposite sex are destined to single blessedness."

"Well!" said I.

"Don't you see, therefore, that this large number will be old maids from necessity, not from choice, and would probably take up with the first offer? Consequently you have sixty thousand chances to marry."

This was certainly a startling conclusion.

"But consider my bashfulness."

"I have thought of that," said he, "and I would advise under such circumstances to advertise for a wife. That, you see, would obviate all difficulties. Shall I draw one up for you?"

Considering that such a proceeding would not necessarily bind me to matrimony, I consented, and Fred soon placed before me for my approbation the following:

"WIFE WANTED!—A young gentleman of quiet and unassuming and good moral character, is desirous of securing a partner for life. He is engaged in mercantile pursuits, which afford him a moderate income. Any one who may deem it worth their while, may hear further particulars by addressing A, B, C, box 55, Post Office."

This document, being considered on the whole sufficiently explicit, I carried it next morning to the office of a daily paper.

"A friend of mine," said I, "not caring to identify myself with the 'Gentleman in Search of a Wife,' wishes this advertisement, inserted in your paper. How many times will it be necessary to insert it?"

"Three times," said the clerk, "will be amply sufficient. 'That sort of advertisement,' he added smiling significantly, "never fails to receive early attention."

I had resolved not to open any letters until the end of the three days on which the advertisement was to appear. I sent to the office three times a day, and never failed to receive a letter for A. B. C.

On the third evening, when Fred and I sat down to examine the pile which had accumulated in my letter case, we counted forty-seven!

"Didn't I tell you, Dobbs," said Fred "that there was still a chance for you? And now let us plunge into the midst of things, for we have a night's work before us."

It was a motley collection—no less

various in outward appearance than in character of the contents. Some were inclosed in envelopes, others without. Some of the former were on delicate, cream-laid paper, others were written on a single half sheet of common letter-paper and inclosed in a brown envelope. Some were sealed with a wafer, pressed by a thimble, others—those of greater pretensions—were fastened with sealing-wax, or with small motto-seal, with various devices and inscriptions. Of these inscriptions I recollect a few as "Wholly thine," "Faithful till death," "We are one," "Forget me not," etc. Then for devices, there was a pair of clasped hands a heart pierced with darts and others of the same character.

Some of these letters were irresistibly ludicrous. One I recollect was from a California widow, who had heard nothing from her husband for a year. "As to waiting for him any longer," she wrote, "I don't intend to do it. Most likely he's dead, but if it should so happen, which heaven forbid! that he should return after my second marriage, I have no doubt he could be persuaded to yield his claims."

"There's an affectionate wife for you," said Fred: "if he should return, which heaven forbid!" Pass that by.

"Mr. A. B. C.,

Dear Sir:—Happening to take up the newspaper the other day, I saw your advertisement. Didn't think much of it at the time. After a while I happened to think—you must know I keep a boarding house—that if I was married my husband could look after the marketing, and do the carving for the gentlemen. Now, I have to get out of them to do it, by boarding him at half price. So, thinks I to myself, as this seems to be a proper sort of a gentleman, (judging from the advertisement, you know,) I guess I'll write and see what he thinks about it. My boarding house is No. 5 Central Street, and I should be happy to have you come and take dinner with us tomorrow. The boarders need not know that you have come for anything particular, and then you can see how it suits you. Yours to command.

POLLY STUBBS.

"P. S.—Dinner hour at one o'clock, please be punctual."

"Mrs. Stubbs is a sensible woman," said Fred, after reading the communication, "and a thorough yankee, I'll be bound. She looks at the practical side of things, she does. Shall you take dinner at No. 5 Central Street?"

"Not I. I never could carve decently, as my Aunt Penelope can testify. But what have we here? I asked, taking up a perfumed note, written in a small hand which could be deciphered with difficulty. I read as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—Or rather, may I not address you as beloved friend? Yes—yes, I will! Away with the cold conventionalities that would deny me the privilege! Yes, my friend, there are some characters that we read at a glance. Yours I read in the terms of your advertisement—so modest, so concise, so appropriate."

"You must apply that to yourself," interrupted I, laughing, "for you know, Fred, you drew up the advertisement. But let me go on."

"My heart is drawn to you—I blush not to confess it; I feel that we were made for each other; I have long pined for a congenial spirit—an intimate of the other sex for whom I might live, and to whom I might cling with fond affection. Trusting to hear from you ere long, I remain, 'Yours in the closest friendship,

GEORGIANA DALE."

"I will leave Miss Dale to you, Fred, as she has evidently fallen in love with your character, not mine. Hope she won't be disappointed."

So we went through the list. We do not intend to favor the reader with the contents of the forty-seven. One was from a milliner—two from ladies in reduced circumstances—seven from widows with large families—seventeen from professional old maids—the remainder were not explicit on this point.

One thing I noticed in regard to these letters. None of the ladies who were over twenty, made allusion to their age.

From so many writers, I found it difficult to select the one who, so far as I could judge, would best suit me. At length, I decided though with hesitation to answer one from a lady who professed to be gifted with an amiable disposition and domestic tastes, and who, moreover, owned a small house in the city, with \$1500 in railroad stock.

I wrote veiling my real name as she had done, appointing an interview with her at the South part of the Common the next day at ten o'clock. She was to car-

ry a white rose in her hand, and I a red one—that we might thus be able to distinguish each other.

Let me, before proceeding further, sketch for you my Aunt Penelope Baxter, with whom I boarded. She was now somewhere about fifty years of age. She had never been very prepossessing in personal appearance. A sharp, wiry figure, nose long and thin, grey eyes, and compressed mouth were my aunt's characteristics, physically. She was a good woman in the main, though somewhat disposed to scold. Aunt Penelope was an old maid—from choice, she said. She often declared she wouldn't marry for any money; "Do you think," said she, "that I would tie myself to a husband and children, when I can live independent?"

To return. About nine o'clock the next day, arrayed in my best, I set out with palpitating heart for the Common. My rose I kept out of sight, till I arrived at the place designated, when seating myself on one of the benches, I awaited my unknown visitor.

I did not have long to wait. My eye soon caught the figure of a lady advancing towards me, with a white rose in her hand. She was thickly veiled, so that I could not catch a glimpse of her face. She seemed to be looking around her, doubtless for the Knight of the Red Rose. I concealed it until she was close at hand.

Summoning all my courage, I rose, and with a rapid step, advancing toward the lady.

"Knowest thou this token?" I whispered, presenting the rose.

The lady who had been looking in the opposite direction, turned round at the sound of my voice. I was quite unprepared for what followed. With a shriek of surprise, she exclaimed: "Good heavens! it is Henry!"

"What Aunt Penelope!" said I, with a surprise equal to her own. "Can it be possible?"

"Yes," said she, trying to recover herself, "as it was so pleasant this morning, (it was very cloudy and the sun had not once made its appearance) I came out to visit your Aunt Mary."

"But," said I, who was determined to confuse Aunt Penelope as much as possible, "I thought Aunt Mary lived in quite a different part of the city."

"I thought," said my aunt, hesitatingly, "that I would take a little walk on the Common first."

"I see," said I, still in the tormenting mood, "that you have a white rose for her. How kind of you! By good luck I have a red one. Please present this with the other."

My aunt stammered some unintelligible answer, took the rose and departed—not to my Aunt Mary's, but homeward.

I did not meet her at the dinner table. She sent word that she was indisposed.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Bridget; "she acted uncommon queer this morning. About eight o'clock she sent me down town, to get a white rose. Said she was very particular about its being a white one. So I got it and she went out about nine. She was very much flustered like, and ran right up to her chamber."

My Aunt Penelope did not soon recover from the mortification of that day. It became painful to her to have one continually present who was acquainted with the circumstances. She sent for me one morning, and told me that as her health was poor, and as it was inconvenient to spare a room, she regretted that I would be compelled to seek another boarding place.

My Aunt Penelope died about a year since. I had firmly expected to be her heir. But she never forgave me for my share in the events which I have described. Witness the following item in will:

"Item.—For my nephew, Henry Dobbs, knowing his partiality for roses, I direct that a sufficient sum be laid aside to purchase for him two rosebushes—one white, the other red."

It was thought a singular request, but I understood it. The house and \$1500 invested in railroad shares went to another member of the family.

who has had 41 children, only 11 of them born alive. She had twins thirteen times and triplets six times. Her sister, Mrs. Carrie Kinney, aged forty three, has had twenty six children, and her husband's sister has had forty one children making a total of 111 for three. This seems almost incredible though the figures are vouched for. Mrs. Austin, a native of South Carolina and reared in Tennessee, is the daughter of John G. Kind a printer. She was extremely loyal during the civil war, and rendered excellent service to the cause by nursing and administering to the sick and wounded in the army of Cumberland, often going on the field and taking wounded soldiers from the front where they had fallen. She is a regular physician, and has practiced for twenty-five years, having been one of the first women doctors in the country. She studied medicine in New Orleans under the well known Dr. Stone. She lost an eye while with the army in the valley of Virginia, received medals for her able and fearless manner in which she had discharged her duty, and was granted likewise a regular commission. She is fifty-four, of good proportions and appearance, and, as may be inferred, of vigorous constitution. Her husband was also in the Union army and must have been a gallant soldier, for he bears the marks of a score of serious wounds, which would have killed any man less tough. The Kind and Austin blood is so prolific that a few members of the families would be welcome immigrants to a new and thinly settled country. Where they were progeny would be assured. Mrs. Austin, judging by Napoleon's standard as revealed to Mine de Steal is unquestionably the greatest woman in America.

It is proposed now to make a centennial celebration of the inauguration of George Washington, which event will occur on the 30th of April, 1889. The suggestion suits us. George was fairly elected, and behaved himself properly while in office. Such a thing as a free lunch route was unknown to him.—Washington Post.

A masked burglar entered a room where man and his wife lay asleep. They both awoke, when the robber pointed a pistol at their heads and quietly backed out of the room, and got off with his plunder. The startled sleepers were terribly frightened, "the man's hair turning white before morning." The woman was as much scared as her husband, but upon examining her hair, which hung over the back of a chair, it was found have not changed a particle. Something strange about this.—Norristown Herald.

It was formerly the custom in Scotland to allow a culprit at the gallows to sing a psalm when a reprieve was expected. One of the chaplains to the famous Marquis of Montrose, being condemned to death for attending his master in some of his exploits, and being ordered at the gallows to name a psalm, he selected the one hundred and nineteenth, being the longest in the Bible. His reprieve arrived when the psalm was about half sung. The selection was fortunate. Any other would have caused him to be hanged.

A young man sends us a long essay on "True Aim of Journalism." We haven't read the article, but suppose the author, like almost everyone else, prefers the Smith & Wesson navy six, No. 44 caliber, to any other pistol. In this locality, especially is the aim of the journalist of the greatest importance, and the man whose hand shakes, and who can't hit an outraged community's third vest button three times out of five has no business trying to run a paper in California.—San Francisco News Letter.

Pierre Soule, grandson of the famous French refugee who left the Roman Catholic priesthood, became a shepherd, fled from Paris for conspiring against Louis XVIII, sought safety in Louisiana, served in the United States Senate, fought a duel with the French Ambassador at Madrid while United States Minister there, opposed secession and afterwards acted as a Confederate Agent in Europe, died at New Orleans the other day leaving the family name extinct.

A Fulton (N. Y.) man laid his finger on the table in front of a buzz saw to feel the momentum of air. The saw was going so fast that the teeth were not to be seen. His finger was taken off. While he was looking at it the foreman came up with the question, "How did you do it?" "Why, I put my finger down so," answered he, placing his other forefinger, as he thought, well away from the teeth. To his horror, the saw took that one, too, clean off at the second joint.

When Shakespear or any old play is performed at the Standard Theatre, London, all the auditors in stall and pit as well as in the upper portions of the house supply themselves with books of the play and closely follow every line spoken on the stage. As the audience follows the actors in some after some the rustle of the turning leaves is heard all over the house. If any unfortunate actor makes a slip, the audience, in chorus, immediately informs him of the fact.

There is nothing like making yourself understood. The other evening a Western gentleman was accosted by two practising communists, who intimated that they would "trouble him for his watch." He at once explained that he carried his watch in his hip pocket; that it was a stem winder, full-barreled, and that there would be "trouble all round" if he was obliged to pull it out. The communists requested him to pass on his way and to keep their share of the watch till they asked for it again.—Boston Herald.

Gleanings

Mr. Hendricks laid out the late campaign Indiana which was so successful.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, is a rigid teetotaler, and firmly refused in his great pain and exhaustion after the recent runaway accident, to taste the wine prescribed by the doctors.

A woman was offered \$1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "Isn't the time nearly up?" She lost.—Exchange.

"What shall be done with our children when they leave school?" asks a cotemporary. Why, give them their dinners and send them back.—Norristown Herald.

"What is your son doing in the battle of life?" asks the Christian Helper. Well, he appears to be drawing nations most of the time, just at present, thank you.—Burlington Hawkeye.

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HOW LYNCHING IS GROWING AT THE NORTH.

[Springfield Republican.]

It will not do for the North any longer to hold up its hands in horror over the disposition of the South to indulge in lynch law. It is only a few days ago that a negro guilty of an aggravated assault on a white girl narrowly escaped lynching at Atsola, Gr.; about the same time Stephen Wade, a black man of 60, out in Darke county, O., was taken out of bed and shot down by a party of masked men for stealing; a few weeks earlier a mob in Sandusky, O., took a negro murderer from the officers and hung him to a lamp post; and now comes this latest and most shocking case from Posey county, Ind. Some half a dozen negroes at Mount Vernon robbed and outraged some white inmates of a respectable house Thursday night. The officers arrested four of the party quietly the next day, but a deputy sheriff who went after a fifth at night was shot dead by the miscreant's father. Friday morning a mob gathered about the jail and demanded the prisoners, but the officers would not surrender them, and so they had to wait till evening, when they broke in with sledge hammers and crow-bars, stabbed the old man, took out the other four and hung them upon the public square. Theday was one of the wildest excitement throughout.

In the morning it was falsely reported that the Governor was sending militia from another town to restore order, and the mob gathered at the depot to prevent their leaving the cars; in the evening some negroes came in to rescue their brethren, and got into a fight, in which two whites were killed, making a total of eight deaths on both sides in the bloody affair. Kentucky and Texas will have to own up beaten in brutality and lawlessness after such a record.

SHOT FROM A CANNON.

Miss Geraldine stands in a mortar and is throwing thirty feet in the air.

[New York Sun.]

The Aquarium is again opened, after a brief suspension of performances, with new attractions. An excellent double trapeze act is done by Miss Geraldine and Mons. Leopold, after which is introduced the sensation of the performance—the shooting of the young woman out of the cannons mouth. This is given a literal exemplification of what it is to be "fired out." The cannon seems to be made of wood, and is mounted after the manner of a mortar. It stands in front of the stage, pointing at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees. Between the upturned faces of the spectators and the rafters overhead.

At the close of her trapeze act, Miss Geraldine comes down the rope head-first by twining one leg around it and with her disengaged toe describing an Archimedeal spiral. She is then assisted to the raised muzzle of the cannon, into the bore of which she slips, feet first, lying on her back. Her head and neck are just visible when the gun is charged. Then she gives the word, the report of the cannon is heard and she flies towards the spectators, going some twenty-five or thirty feet in a straight line before she drops to the net spread to catch her. When she again steps upon the stage and smiles her acknowledgment of the applause, her bright garments are not at all blackened by powder—a fact which is doubtless due to the interior mechanism of the cannon. This act and the performance by the trained horses are attractions at the Aquarium for a season.

A WOMAN WHO HAS HAD FORTY-FOUR CHILDREN.

[New York Times.]

Some persons have given themselves considerable uneasiness lest from the paucity of children born to American parents of late years, the race should die out. Certainly, the size of families, from whatever cause has been greatly reduced in this country during the present generation. Where there used to be eight, nine and ten children, there are not now more than two, three or four at most, two being what may be called the regular number. There are many exceptions, however, to this rule. A conspicuous exception is Mrs. W. Austin, now a resident of Washington,