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HOW THE CAPTAIN SURRENDERED.

'Tub the horse down, and don't feed him 'till he is perfectly cool.' The words were addressed to the hostler of a hotel at Brighton by a handsome middle aged gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse and tossed the reins to an attendant.

'And now,' said the horseman, addressing the waiter, 'show me into a private parlor.' A well dressed man, who rides a handsome nag, is always sure of a welcome at a public house all the world over. Our friend soon found himself in a neat parlor, with flowers and vases on the mantelpiece, and the blinds (for it was a summer afternoon) carefully closed, while the open windows permitted the free current of air to circulate through the apartment.

The waiter remained standing near by the door.

'Any orders, sir?'

'No—yes, stay—who came in that handsome phaeton I saw standing in the yard?'

'A lady, sir.'

'Ah!'

'A young widow.'

'Bah! Go long and shut the door after you!' muttered the traveler, testily.

'A young widow,' he soliloquized; 'I am certainly very fortunate to have attained this age of forty without any feminine attachment. Peculiarly independent—All looking, I think I must admit that—I should make what those busy bodies, matchmakers, call a grand catch. But, thank my stars, I have happily preserved my content and independence so far, and I'm not likely to succumb now. No! no! Jack Champion was born to live and die a bachelor. And now for the newspaper.'

In the meantime another horseman had come to the hotel, his horse reeking with sweat, and literally unable to place one foot before the other.

The same hostler now made his appearance.

'Pat,' said the fashionably attired young man 'put my mare in the stables and do the best you can for her.'

'Och, Mr. Traverse, and she's kilt entirely.'

'I'm afraid so.'

'An what made ye crowd her so?'

'No matter. Is my sister here?'

'Yes, sir; show the gentleman into the ladies' parlor.'

'Ah, Bell,' said the young man, 'you are here?'

'Yes,' replied a beautiful young woman, rising to meet him, 'but what's the matter with you?'

'Nothing, Bell; nothing.'

'Something is certainly the matter. You look flushed and excited.'

'That's not all.'

'Oh, tell me what has happened?'

'I must be brief, for I am pursued.'

'Pursued?'

'Yes. You know that fellow who insulted you in the coach,' said the young man. 'Well, I have been on his track for more than a week. I met him today, in the street, and gave him a horse-whipping. I used him very roughly, I'm afraid. He instantly got a warrant against me, and not wishing to be dragged into court until I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I had better waited and braved it out; but having taken this step I am bound to baffle them. Tomorrow I will surrender myself. Now, Bell, if your pony will take me to your uncle's in five minutes, I'm your man.'

'Poor Charley couldn't do it,' answered Bell.

'Then I'll make other arrangements. By and by, I'll meet you at the villa.'

From the drawing room the young man rushed to the stable.

'Pat,' said he, 'give me a horse—a good one.'

'Sorra the horse we've got in the stable except the black, and he belongs to a gentleman that came just before ye. Och, but he's a good one, your 'anner—2.50 to a cent.'

'I'll borrow,' said Traverse, jumping on his back. 'Tell Bell to drive the gentleman to the villa, and he shall have the horse again.'

'But yer 'anner!' remonstrated the hostler.

In vain. Traverse put spurs to the horse and was off like a thunderbolt.

'Oh, wirra, wirra, what'll become of me? I'm ruined entirely?'

Shortly after Miss Lillie rang for her phaeton and at the same time Mr. Champion, the old bachelor rang for his horse. The pony phaeton came round to the front door, and at the same time the young widow stepped lightly into the phaeton.

'All right,' she said to Pat, with a smile, nodding and taking the reins. 'Give him his head.'

'Och, it's all wrong,' said Pat, keeping a tight hold on the reins.

'Your carriage can take two inside.'

'Very well, but I came alone.'

'You've got to take a passenger?'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, wirra—your brother has been stealing a horse.'

'Stealing?'

'Yes; this gentleman's, and he said you were to take him to the villa, to get his horse back again.'

'Very singular,' said the widow; 'but William was always eccentric.'

At this crisis Mr. Champion appeared.

'My horse ready?'

'Jump in, sir.'

'I didn't come in a carriage.'

'In wid ye,' shouted the hostler.

'Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir,' said the widow, with her most fascinating smile.

Mr. Champion approached the step to inquire the meaning, when the hostler seized him with a vigorous hand and thrust him into the phaeton, while the pony, started by the movement, dashed off at a run.

Poor Captain Champion! Here was a situation! A confirmed old bachelor, bodily abducted by a fascinating young widow. The captain had to lend his assistance to the young lady in managing the pony, who was shortly reduced to his usual slow and quiet gate; for his assistance Mrs. Leslie told him that in a few minutes he should be in possession of his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This was all the explanation she vouchsafed. She required in turn to be made acquainted with the name of her companion after giving her own.

In a few minutes the captain began to be somewhat at ease—in fact he began to like his position. He had never sat so near a pretty woman in his life. He began to ask himself whether if the proximity was so pleasant for a few moments, a constant companionship might not prove agreeable. While her attention was engaged on her pony, he had an opportunity to survey her features. Her large, dark and lustrous eyes seemed to be literally swimming in their liquid luster. Her cheeks were as soft and blooming as the sunny side of a peach. Her profile was strictly Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of pearly teeth white as snow. The most delicate tapered fingers, enshrouded in French kid, closed upon the reins, and the varnished tip of a dainty boot indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.

'Do you live far from here, madam?' said the captain.

'Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry.'

'Not for the world. The pace seems to be a fast one.'

The widow turned those bewitching eyes of hers upon the old bachelor and smiled.

A red-faced old gentleman in a dressing gown received them at the door.

'My friend, Captain Champion,' said the lady to the old gentleman.

'Walk in—warm day,' replied the latter.

'Very,' said the captain.

And indeed his looks seemed to corroborate his statement, for he was as red as a peony.

The captain and the old gentleman were soon chatting together familiarly, and the former felt himself completely at home.

After an hour was spent in this manner his host excused himself, and then the bachelor was left alone.

A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The captain easily recognized the widow's and a glance through the half-open door showed him that her companion was a handsome young gentleman.

'There, dear Bell,' said the young man, 'don't scold me any more. I will not do so again. Give me a kiss.'

A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable, genuine kiss—the captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.

'The only woman I could ever love,' said he to himself, 'and she is engaged.'

The widow tripped into the room. If she was pleasing in her carriage dress she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing-room attire.

'My dear sir,' said she, 'your horse is at your service now.'

Champion arose.

'But,' she added, 'if you will stay and take dinner with us my uncle will be delighted and I shall be very highly pleased.'

'Then we cannot hope to detain you, sir, but you must allow me to present

you to my brother.

The handsome young man made his appearance, and shook hands with the bachelor.

'That's the horse thief, captain,' said the young widow, laughing.

The young man apologized and explained the circumstances which impelled him to take the liberty.

'I'm sorry,' he added, 'that we cannot improve the acquaintance thus casually made by enjoying your company at dinner. I am sorry you are otherwise engaged.'

'Why, as to that,' said the captain, drawing off his gloves, 'your offer is too tempting, and I feel compelled to accept it.'

So his horse was remanded to the stable, and he stopped to dinner. After dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening secured a ten minutes *tele a tele* with the widow, in the summer house overgrown with Maderia vines, and inhabited by a spider and six earwigs.

It was 10 o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight, he was quite romantically inclined.

The next morning he repeated his visit, and the next, and the next. In short the episode of the borrowed horse produced a declaration and an acceptance, and though years have passed away, the captain has had no cause to regret his ride with the widow in the pony phaeton.

A NEW CALENDAR.

Thirty days hath September, if we this almanac remember. Then comes October, brown and sad, the month we chills and fevers fear.—Erratic Enrique, And then November, month of rains, when one is full of aches and pains.—Meridon Recorder. You are all wrong, although it is true November maketh the nose quite blue. December comes, with frosts and snows, and give us chilblains on our toes.—Bradford Broeze, And January with it thaw—no cash on hand from which to draw.—Detroit Free Press. Then February with bracing air, so cold that wicked sinners swear, and even Christians tear their hair. And then old March with piercing winds that whistle round a fellow's shins. Now fickle April takes its place and gladdens everybody's face. But soon the gods of wind and rain conspire to raise the very Cain, and when the thirtieth day is gone we gladly welcome May-day morn. Go on, gentleman!—Boston Post. Then comes the welcome days of June, when lovers sigh beneath the moon. And after these the warm July, when old Sol blazes in the sky. And after these the warm and sultry August follows fast; September comes again at last. Begin once more.

PETROLEUM AS FUEL.

The recent invention by which petroleum is used as a fuel will work a great revolution in iron, steel and gas menu facturing. The time in which iron can be melted is reduced from two hours to ten minutes. Furnaces will no longer need to be cooled every day to replace the firebrick, but will run for three months. A heat of 4,000 degrees can be kept up as long as desired. The effect of the invention will be felt not only in manufacturing industries, but also in the oil trade and in the development of the oil lands. This trade has long been depressed. The inventor of the process and his associates now propose to take all the surplus petroleum that is produced. The invention of a means by which the world can profit by a new and superior fuel, is one of the great achievements of the century. It is probable that the uses to which the new fuel may be put will be found to be much more numerous than those for which it is readily perceived to be adapted. If the sphere of its usefulness does not widen with experiment, it will differ in its history from similar inventions.

NIGHTSIDE OF CITY LIFE.

Rev. De Witt Talmage delivered the second of his series of sermons on the 'Night Side of City Life' at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Sunday morning last, in the presence of six thousand persons. These sermons are based on Dr. Talmage's recent observations in a visit through the New York dance houses, gambling places and other haunts of vice. The preacher declared that he noticed that these haunts of vice were 'supported by men of means, by men who came down from the avenues of New York and across from the finest mansions of Brooklyn.' He said he could call, and might do so, the names of prominent men from all parties who patronized them. 'Call the roll,' he said, 'in houses of iniquity, and the answer will be stockbrokers from Wall street, importers from Broadway, lawyers and merchants from all about.' 'I lift,' said Mr. Talmage, 'one-half of the burden of malediction from the head of an offending woman and hurl it on the blasted pate of offending man.'

Thanksgiving approaches, and the wise turkey will at once commence taking anti-fat.—Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.

'I AM DYING, EGYPT DYING.'

[Exchange.]

The letter of our Louisville correspondent, written on board the steamer General Lyttle, will be found of more than ordinary interest. The name of this steamer recalls one of the most chivalric and pleasing incidents of the late war. It was in one of the battles of the West—which of them our memory does not supply—that General Robert H. Lyttle, a member of the Cincinnati press, who had risen not only from printer to editor, but from private to general was killed far in advance of his command, while gallantly leading an assault upon our lines. His horse bore his corpse into our lines, and stood and his dead rider were both captured. So soon as it was known that the author of that rare poem, as familiar and as greatly admired South as North, 'I am Dying, Egypt, Dying,' lay dead in the camp, officers and men crowded around to take a last look at the face of the poet soldier who had achieved so great a literary triumph. There was no rejoicing over death of this fallen enemy, but there was in truth something on each soldier's cheek that for the moment washed away the stains of powder. Tenderly they took him up, and when the battle was over an escort of honor, appointed from among the leading Confederate officers, bore him back to his own camp under a flag of truce on a rudely constructed funeral bier, with his martial cloak around him. In life he had touched the chord of human sympathy which makes all the world kin—and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentment and thrilled the hearts alike of friends and foes with a nobler passion than hatred or vengeance.

The following are the verses alluded to above, of which Gen. Lyttle is the author:

ANTHONY WITH CLEOPATRA.

'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'—Shakespeare.

I am dying Egypt, dying—

Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,

And the dark Phœnician shadows

Gather on the evening blast.

Let thine arm, oh! Queen support me,

Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,

Listen to the great heart secrets

Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scattered veteran legions

Bear their eagles high no more,

And my wrecked and shattered galleys

Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,

Though no glittering guards surround me,

Prompt to do their masters will,

I must perish like a Roman—

Die the great Iulius still.

Let not César's triumphant minions

Mock the lion thus laid low.

'Twas his own hand that slew him,

'Twas his own that struck the blow.

Here, then, pillow on thy bosom

Ere his star fades quite away,

Him, who drunk with thy caresses,

Madly stung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble

Dare assail my fame at Rome,

Where, the noble spouse, Octavia,

Weeps within her widowed home—

Seek her—say the gods have told me,

Altars, angels, circling wings,

That her blood with mine commingled,

Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, fair-eyed Egyptian,

Glorious sorceress of the Nile,

Light the path of stygian horrors

With the splendor of thy smile;

Give the Caesar crowns and arches,

Let his brow the laurels twine,

I could scorn the Senate's triumph,

Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!

Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,

They are coming—quicken! my falchion!

Let me front them ere I die.

Ah! no more amid the battle

Shall my heart exulting swell,

Isis and Osiris guard thee—

Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

A girl will sit with a fellow all night on the stairs at a ball, with no clothes on above her waist worth speaking of, but would faint away dead if the same fellow were to meet her on the stairs, muffled from head to foot in three night-gowns. Curious, isn't it?

Sir Garnett Wolsey is only forty-five. It was he who visited the Confederate army during the war and formed the opinion that Lee was the greatest military genius since Napoleon, and that he was greater than the German generals of this generation.

In China they behead a physician who loses a patient. If this custom could be introduced in the United States a larger number of young men who are now hanging around medical colleges would immediately turn their attention to agriculture or some other useful and harmonious pursuit.—Rome Sentinel.

Gleanings

Gen. Ben Butler says he has 'but one thing to beg pardon for on his deathbed—that's helping to elect Hayes!'

Rev. Josiah Henshaw, said to be the original 'Uncle Tom,' recently visited a Detroit theatre and for the first time witnessed the performance of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

'Gen. Sherman says the stories about the supposed unpopularity in his family are lies.' But Sherman is such a liar that nobody can credit anything he says.

The late Mr. Vanderbilt's lawyer will swear to the old man's calling him a scoundrel, a fraud, a vulgare, just before he died, thus establishing the old gentleman's sanity.

Inviting President McMahon to retire on the score that 'every one has had enough of him,' has cost the *Pays* \$100, and the imprisonment of those connected with it.

Prof. Peters has got his work in on another new planet. When the professor discovers a planet he simply marks it and turns it loose. Next year he will discover it again.—*N. Y. Picayune*.

'Who'll be the last man on earth?' is the sudden inquiry by a Boston paper. Well, if no one else will accept—if our country calls—if but you proudly see the drift.—*Free Press*.

Napoleon seems to have had an instinctive dread of the *literati*. Besides his persecution of Madame de Staël and others, he attributed the whole of the Revolution to Rousseau, and pronounced him a very bad man.

It frequently happens that United States troops can't overtake the Indians, but, on the other hand, if the United States troops get a fair start the Indians can't overtake them either.

There is so much destitution in New York that men have become desperate, and don't care what they do to make a living. There are no less than five candidates for mayor, all of them men who have heretofore been regarded as highly respectable.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW GOODS, P. R. HARDEN,

Has just received a new and well selected stock of

Ladies dress goods

such as black and white Alpacaes, Satins, Linens, Ribbons, Calicoes, and brown Sheetings, Scarfs, Handkerchiefs, Skirt Elevators, cambric and Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, Shawls and Cloaks, dress Buttons, ball Fringe, linen Collars, Gloves and a full line of Hosiery. Also ready made clothing and mens wear, consisting of cloths, all wool costumers, and Kentucky Jeans, fine dress shirts and wool undershirts and drawers, Collars and Cuffs, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Ladies Ziegler morocco and cloth Gaiters. A fine assortment of Hardware and Cutlery, sole harness and upper Leather, Buggy Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Hame-Strings, Collars, buggy Whips, Cuba and New Orleans Molasses, Bacon, Lard, Flour, corn meal, Sals, Coffee and Sugar, Rice, Drugs and Medicines, Palmis, Oils and Dye-Staffs, Candles, Cakes, canned Oysters, Fine Apples, Strawberries, Sardines, chewing and smoking Tobacco, Cigars, a full line of Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Extracts and Perfumery, German Syrup and Green Anise Flower. Planters Pride Plow and Plow Castings, Crockery, Glass and Earthenware. Indeed any article usually kept in a first class general merchandise. All of which will be sold exceedingly cheap for cash or country produce. We will make it to your interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing. Octo. 20th, 1878.

J. T. CROCKER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.