

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

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## THE GLEANER

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Graham, N. C.

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## Wilmington Sun

Under the above name  
A Daily Democratic Newspaper  
of twenty-eight wide columns will be issued in the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, on or about

Thursday Morning October 17th 1878.  
The Sun will be published by the Sun Association, from the Printing House of Messrs. Jackson & Bell. It will be printed in first-class style, on good paper, with new type, and will be the handsomest daily journal ever published in this State. The Sun will be edited by Mr. Cicero W. Harris. The City Editorship and the Business Management will be in competent hands, and a Correspondent and Representative will travel throughout the State.

Probably no paper has ever started in the South with fairer prospects than those of the Sun. Certainly no North Carolina paper has entered the field under more auspicious circumstances. The Sun has

### SUFFICIENT CAPITAL

for all its purposes, and it will give its money freely in furnishing the people of North Carolina with the latest and most reliable information on all subjects of current interest. Above all things it will be a NEWSPAPER.  
And yet no important feature of the Sun's daily issues will be intelligent criticisms of the World's doings. North Carolina matters—Industrial, commercial, educational, social and literary—will receive particular attention. The Sun will be a

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One square, (ten lines) one time, \$1.00; two times, \$1.50; one week, \$3.50; one month, \$6.00; three months, \$15.00; six months, \$25.00. Contracts for other space and time made at proportionately low rates.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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Rates reduced to suit the times.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY MARY E. MOFEAT.

Three gilded balls outside told of a pawnbroker's shop. Within a young girl stood by the counter holding a large package for the dealer's inspection. Her eyes followed his motions wistfully as he took it and removed the paper wrappings, displaying the lustrous folds of a silk dress made in a quaint old-fashioned style.

"How much you want?" he said, at last.

"My mother thought five dollars would be little enough for it. The silk is very good. It was her wedding dress."

The man raised his eyes and hands in astonishment.

"Five dollars? The little Miss is not in earnest. I will give but two."

"The child's lips quivered, but she did not speak.

"Well, I will say three, but it's too much. The—vat you say. The style is old—too old, and with a depressing suggestive shrug of his shoulders, he placed the money in little Adelaide's outstretched palm. As she received the dingy looking bills and the accompanying as-dingy pawn ticket, she turned, with a disappointed sigh, toward the door. What followed was the work of a moment. A rough looking hanger on about the place saw the bills in her hand, as she came out into the street, caught them from her with a jeering laugh, then ran swiftly away with his booty.

For a moment she stood bewildered, hardly realizing what had happened. Then, with a cry of "Oh, my poor mother!" she sank down upon the steps and began to sob bitterly.

But help was near. A passing stranger had witnessed the theft, and had given indignantly pursuit, and forced the young miserant to disgorge his plunder. Then hastening back to the side of the sobbing girl, he said:

"Here is your money, little one. Don't ever be so careless again, especially in a neighborhood like this."

By this time a group had gathered around the two, watching them with sinister looks, evidently in full sympathy with the young ruffian who had been so summarily disposed of by Gerald Carman's strong arm.

He took in the surroundings with one swift glance, and determined not to leave the helpless girl until she was in a safe place.

"If you are willing I will walk a little way with you," he said, in an under tone. "I like not the company hereabouts. They look as though they might work you more trouble."

"Thank you," said the girl, looking up at him gratefully. "I was never here before, but mother was so sick she had to send me."

She was a wee bit of a thing, and looked even smaller walking beside her tall protector. Her face was an interesting one, though wan and pale; and her eyes were of that deep gray color, which in the shadow of the long, dark lashes looked like black. They shone out from beneath a tangle of curly hair, which glistened in the sun like molten gold. But Gerald thought not of any promise of beauty in the child. His memory was busy in the past, when he had pressed a lingering kiss upon the forehead of a little sister who was to be laid away from his sight under the daises. Often had he threaded his fingers through her curls—just such another mass of gleaming, tendril-like gold; and his heart warmed to the owner of the hand resting so confidently in his own broad palm, while she told in artless words her simple story as they walked along.

Her father had been a sea captain. He had sailed away on a three years voyage, hoping to come home rich, enough to stay for the rest of his life with his family. But the news of his death had reached them, and they had heard nothing since.

"Mamma had lived in the country," said Adelaide in conclusion, "and when money was nearly gone she thought it would be easier to find work here, so we moved. She has not felt able to sew lately, and has had to pawn one thing after another, until all was gone but her wedding dress. She was too sick to take it this morning, so she had to trust me. She was afraid I would get lost in the big, wicked city, but I told her God watched over the little birds, and He would surely do the same by me—and so He did. It was God who sent you," and she turned and looked up into his face with admiring, reverential eyes.

Gerald flashed a little, but her simple child-faith was too refreshing to disturb by any commonplace disclaimer; so he said, to turn the subject from himself:

"Was your mamma not very sorry to part with the dress?"

"Indeed she was. I never saw her cry, so but once before, and that was when we heard that papa was dead."

It was easy for the sympathetic listener to form an idea of the destitution which threatened the little family. A paltry three dollars only between them and want!

"They had by this time reached the door of the dwelling house which sheltered the widow and her child.

"May I come in?" he said. "I would like to speak to your mother of a friend of mine—a young doctor. He is very skillful and might help her."

"Oh, sir," said Adelaide, brightly, then her face clouded; "but we have no money to pay him."

"That will be all right," said Gerald. The girl bounded up the stairs with a light heart at these words, and disappeared for a moment. Then she came out and beckoned to him.

"Please to come in, mamma will see you."

Lifting his hat he entered the room softly. All within was cheerful and pleasant. A few flowers, brought from their country home, were blossoming upon the window sill, and a sweet voiced canary thrilled its throat-throated music above them. But his attention was at once concentrated upon the hectic painted face resting upon the snowy pillow.

She smiled faintly as she met his eyes with their expression of kindly interest.

"You are very good," she said. "My little girl has told me of your offer. I shall be glad to accept it for her sake; but I fear I am past help."

"While there is life there is hope," said Gerald, cheerily, "and my friend, Dr. Gilbert, though young, is very skillful. I will see him to-day and interest him in your case."

Then he wrote down her name in his note book—"Mrs. Adelaide Harney, wife of Captain Harney, of the ship Adelaide. No. 3—st."

"May I come in and see how you get along under his treatment?" he asked, as he rose to go.

Mrs. Harney looked up at him for a moment with eyes rendered almost praternally bright by her illness. Gerald felt as though his very soul was being laid bare under that searching gaze, but he did not blush. He had been reared by a tender Christian mother, and though one of the gay world in position, he had reached manhood singularly unspotted by its vices. So he could bear the scrutiny of those clear eyes without uneasiness; for there was no leprous spot in his life to be brought to light.

"Come when you like," she said at last. "And if my days are numbered, oh, kind sir, watch over my child, my poor little Adelaide! She must earn an honest living. Will you see that she is put in the way of it? You have a good face and I feel that I can trust you. If you never have an earthly reward, the God of the widow and of the fatherless will bless you."

She closed her eyes wearily, exhausted by her emotions, and Gerald, deeply moved, went in quest of Dr. Gilbert.

Gerald Carman was junior partner in a large shipping house. One of their finest ships had arrived in port but a few days since, and its captain—a bluff, hearty sailor—had a peculiar charm to the young man. He had spent several evenings with him, and had an engagement to join him at lunch. While eating their oysters together, a matter of business was mentioned, and a slight difference in date coming up, Gerald drew out his note book:

"That will tell the story," he said, quietly.

A humorous twinkle came into the sun-browned sailor's eyes, as he read aloud—"Mrs. Adelaide Harney, wife of Capt. George Harney—"

"I've given you the wrong page I see," said Gerald, smiling at Captain Breese's quizzical expression. "That is a person whom I met to-day for the first time. The poor lady is in destitute circumstances. By the by, her husband was a sea-faring man like yourself."

The captain suddenly caught him by the shoulder.

"Harney—was that the name? By my good ship, man, the hand of Providence is in it! I've been in the country this very day to find the wife and child of George Harney, Destitute did you say? Why, I've a pile of gold sovereigns for them—all honest money fairly earned. Take me to them at once. I'm burning to discharge my mission."

At the end of an hour they reached their destination. They met Dr. Gilbert at the door. He gave a cheering account of Mrs. Harney saying the most she needed was nourishing food and plenty of fresh air.

"Send your coachman around with the carriage every fine morning, Gerald," he said in conclusion. "It will kill two

birds with one stone—maybe save a life and give that idle fellow something to do."

"We'll see to that young sir," chimed in Captain Breese's hearty voice. Then Gerald introduced the two, and they shook hands cordially.

It transpired that Mrs. Harney had never received the letter sent by Capt. Breese. It had undoubtedly gone to the dead-letter office. So she had all the particulars of her husband's illness, and death to hear. She shed bitter tears as she listened to his loving messages to his absent wife, but it was a relief to learn that one of his countrymen had ministered to his wants and closed his eyes at last, with tender, sympathetic touch.

Her heart turned toward the home whence she had received her husband's parting embrace. So Captain Breese took a day from his sailing preparations and saw that all was made comfortable to receive them; and one bright summer morning Gerald bade Adelaide and her mother "good-bye." In parting, he said to her, "Write me how you like your new home, little girl. I shall be interested to hear."

And thus they dropped, after a fashion out of his world.

From time to time the letters came as he had requested. At first in a round school girl's hand; then the more elegant chirography told of culture and aptness for improvement.

Years had passed. One of the dainty missives came one morning just as he had received orders from his physician to stop mental exertion and go to some quiet place where he could have complete rest.

Adelaide's letter decided him. He would write and engage board near them, and renew acquaintance with his little friend and her mother.

Would they know him? Time had worked changes upon his face—deepening the thoughtful lines between the brows and clothing his cheeks with a luxuriant growth of hair. He was no longer a smooth-faced, happy-hearted boy.

Once in the village it was easy to find the cottage; and he was soon sauntering leisurely up the neat walks. Evidences of refined taste were visible on every hand. As he was ascending the steps, he found himself face to face with a young girl, who had come out upon the veranda humming a glad little song.

Thoughts of a pale earnest face looking with its deep, gray eyes out from a tangle of golden curls, had been haunting him all through his journey. It had not occurred to him that the child had grown up to womanhood. So it almost startled him from his self-possession, when, after a surprised, lingering glance into his face, this beautiful stately maiden held out her hand with a glad thrill in her musical young voice, said:

"This is indeed a pleasure! Come in, Mr. Gerald; mamma will be so glad to see you once more."

He followed the graceful figure like one in a dream, and when a fair, matronly lady, with a widow's cap resting upon her glossy hair, came forward to meet him at Adelaide's impulsive—"Oh, mamma! it is our friend, Mr. Gerald!" he seemed still in wonderland. Could that be the emaciated, hectic-painted face he remembered so vividly?

The evening passed on flying wings. Adelaide said but little. It filled her with a strange content to listen to the deep, musical voice of this friend whose kindness dated back so far into the past, and yet whose acquaintance could be numbered almost by hours. Now and then she would glance up into his handsome face to assure herself that Mr. Gerald, as she still called him after the old childish fashion was a real person, not a dream-myth.

His stay in the quiet village was prolonged much beyond his original intention. He was once more a well man physically; but mentally he was troubled with a strange unrest. He had grown to love Adelaide with the whole force of his ardent nature, and like all noble-minded men, he was free from conceit about his own powers of pleasing. He hesitated to break the spell of silence, lest in asking her to become more than a friend he might lose all.

One morning he called to leave a book she had expressed a wish to read. He found her in the garden tying up a vine whose heavy clusters of opening rose-buds had weighed it almost too heavily. For a moment he stood watching her, then she turned and saw him. The light of sudden joy that irradiated her face carried an intuition of the truth to his previously doubting heart, and he said softly, hesitating no longer.

"Has my little friend a rose for me?" With a bright face Adelaide plucked one of the most perfect of the creamy, half-opened buds and held it towards him. As he took it he said:

"I only want it with its full meanings. Without that it is valueless as a gift from you. Do you know why?"

One swift, upturned glance into his eager face, then Adelaide's head drooped low and the hue of her cheeks grew like the "red, red rose," but she did not reclaim her flower!

He gathered her into his arms.

"Oh, my darling! My darling!" he whispered passionately, "I will try to prove worthy of such a precious gift!"

A Story of the Sea—Strange Conduct of a Sea-Gull, and a Pleading Instance of the Power of Human Kindness.

One of the most remarkable, and at the same time pleasing, incidents, showing the power and influence of human kindness and gentleness even upon the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field," has come to our knowledge within the past few days. The incident occurred on board of the light ship off Fraying Pan Shoals, and is to this effect: During the prevalence of the severe storm of the 12th of September last, after the darkness of the night had set in, rendered doubly gloomy and forbidding by the howling tempest that thundered through the rigging, broke with furious violence over the staunch vessel, and sent the salt spray in phosphorescent clouds over the very mast-heads, one of the men was leaning his elbow upon the top rail of the ship, watching the storm as it raged in all its grandeur and sublimity, when a large black-bird dashed through the blinding mist and lit upon the railing near where he was standing. He took the bird, which proved to be an ordinary sea-gull all wet and drabbed by the storm, and warmed and dried it in his bosom, after which he placed it in a little best improvised for the occasion, after first feeding it, as it had been a little chilled. The next morning the storm having subsided, our seaman turned the bird loose, of course with no expectation of ever seeing it again. Very much to his surprise, however, on the very next night at about the same hour of its previous visit, the gull again put in its appearance alighting upon the rail of the ship as before, when it was fed, carressed and cared for as on the occasion of its first call; and from that time up to the 9th just, nearly two months, when the latest information was received from the ship, the bird had continued its nightly visits and had been regularly fed and consigned to its "little bed," where it would remain until released the next morning. This is no fancy sketch or draft upon the imagination, but is an "over true tale" from a source entirely reliable and trustworthy. —Wilmington Star.

HE COULD TREE A BOOT.

Uncle Jabe Cordwinder was pegging away upon a pair of half soles the other evening, and arguing with old Tite Broadacres as to the necessity for dogs in the economy of nature.

"What account," said Tite, "is that old dog o' yours, for instance, layin' there an' waitin' for you day in an' day out? Can he tree a boot?"

Uncle Jabe raised his near eye over the rim of his spectacles, took a spoonful or so of pegs out of his mouth and mildly answered:

"Yes, Tite, I knowed him to tree a 'pair' o' boots one night. 'Twas in an old mill by my hen house, and your Sammy's feet wuz inside of 'em."

And then Tite "allowed that if England an' them other fellers should get to fightin' it would make better times for this country."

HAPPY MAX.—The brighter lights of the Strakosch Opera Troupe gathered around them a few friends on Saturday evening for a quiet little supper. The talk turned on Max Strakosch's new baby.

"He's got a tooth," said the gentleman sitting at the end of the table.

"Max is very proud of his baby," said Miss Kellogg, who was sitting at the other end.

"Yes," said the gentlemen, still carrying out his own train of thought, "and he's got two more coming."

Miss Kellogg shrieked and dropped her napkin and her knife and fork, while the gentleman still further enlivened matters by insisting that his reference was solely to the teeth.—Cincinnati Times.

In Cincinnati the theatres are open on Sunday evenings, as well as a great number of small variety halls in which beverages are sold. There is no law against Sunday entertainments there, like the d's regarded one in this city, but the clergymen are uniting in an effort to stop what they regard as a desecration of the Lord's Day. But the Germans insist that their orderly music gardens shall not be interfered with.

How they name it: The horny-handed workman calls it "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a land-owner "revenue," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same thing at the end of the week.—Funny Folks.

## Gleanings

Watterson gets \$7,500 for editing the Courier Journal.

The editor of the Yonkers Gazette had a cat which he named Plutarch because it had so many lives.

The exportation of American fruit has increased in value from \$269,000 in 1862, to over \$3,000,000 in 1877.

The country pays \$100,000,000 annually as the price of sugar we use.

Nothing can keep an anxious man from a circus, but a little rain will keep him from church for a whole season.

An angry mother at Sittingbourne, England, who threw a knife at her two boys because they quarreled, killed one of them and repents her passion.

Every man is made better by the possession of a good picture, if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred dollar note.—N. O. Picayune.

John Chamberlain swore in open court, in New York a few days ago, that he and his brother paid Genl. Butler, while he was in command at New Orleans, \$1,800 per month for the privilege of keeping their fare band in full blast.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is said to have reserved the noblest poem he has ever written to be published after his death. It is added that the poem is long, is of a tragic nature, and is in every way remarkable and beautiful—in short, worthy of the poet.

Jones, through the lather—Strange, I never can grow a good beard, and yet my grandfather had one three feet long. Hairdresser—Can't account for it, sir—unless you take after your grandmother.

Mrs. Russell, the wife of a Savannah policeman, died a few nights since while her husband was attending Mme. Rentz's minstrel show. She had heard that he had gone there a few moments before her death.

A wedding in Rome, New York, has been indefinitely postponed because the young man in the case declined to give up the habitual use of tobacco. The young lady said choose, and he chews. A fine cut all round.

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child. Why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long."

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Stolen! \$20 Reward

From my stables, in Alamance county, near McRay's Store, on the night of the 2nd of Nov. 1878, one bay horse, small pony built, with mane roached, and not yet grown out, so as to fall over fully, white star in forehead, black legs, and mane and tail black, seven years old, paces under saddle.

I will pay the above reward for his recovery; and will pay liberally for any information leading to his recovery. Address, A. J. HUGHES, McRay's Store, Alamance co., N. C. Nov. 4th 1878.

## Prices reduced

Perfected Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.  
One Horse No. 5 Price \$4.00  
Two Horse No. 7 " 6.00  
Two Horse No. 7 1/2 " 6.50  
Two Horse No. 8 " 7.00  
For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNELLS.

### IMPORTANT TO SURVEYORS!

At the meeting of the county commissioners I was ordered that a premium of twenty-five dollars will be paid for the best map of the county of Alamance, showing the township lines, Post offices, towns, principal streams, location of Factories, Mills, Foundaries, Rail roads and main pub. to roads.

Said map to be finished and handed to the commissioners on or before the 1st Monday of December next.

By Order of the Board  
T. G. McLELLAN, CLK.

## GET THE BEST

I am now prepared to make to order boots, shoes and gaiters from the very best stock and at the lowest prices.

BOOTS FROM \$3.00 TO \$10.00, SHOES FROM \$3.00 TO \$10.00, GAITERS FROM \$3.50 TO \$7.00.

A good fit is guaranteed. Mending promptly and cheaply done.

Call on a few pairs of good gaiters of my own make on hand which I will sell cheap.

Graham, N. C. W. N. MURRAY  
May 7, 1878, ly

## Dr. W. F. Bason,

## DENTIST.

Will attend calls in Alamance and adjoining counties. Address, Haw River, P. O. N. C. R. R.