ALAMANCE GLE

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GRAHAM, N. C.,

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THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

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Months

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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

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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 use 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 teature of the Sun's daily issues will be intelligent positions. things it will be a NEWSPAPER.

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Yarbrough House RALEIGH, N.C.

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THE WATER MILL.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT. Listen to the water-mill all the live long day,

How the creaking of the wheel wears the hon Languidly the water plides useless on and still Never coming back again to the water mill, And a proverb haunts my mind as the spell,

The mill will never grind with the water that

Take the lesson to yourself, loving heart and

to make the most of life.

last,
The mill will never grind with the water that he rassed.

Oh! the good we might have done, lost, withou a sigh. single word,

Choughts conceived but never penned-peris ing unheard. Take the lesson to your heart, take, Oh! hold is The mill will never grind with the water that has

-Journal of Commerce.

A BOMANCE.

SISTER OF MERCY WHO HAD BEEN A CON FEDERATE GUERRILLA.

A remarkable romance has recently come to light by the death o' a young woman by yellow tever in New Orleans. Annie McKeene was the wife of a noted Missouri guerrilla, herself for a long time a veritable rough rider of the border, and finally a Sister of Mercy, in which capacity she met her death during the scourge in the Crescent City. The story of her singular career, as authenticated and told to the Herald correspondent, is as follows:

During the month of September, in the year 1862, there rode up to the farmhouse of Andrew Harris, near Independence, Mo., a band of seventy men armed to the teeth with shot guns and revolvers. They all sat well on their horses. were strong and had an unconcerned air of determined bravery. A few were but boys, while others had beards and long hair. They were dressed in diverse style; some in red, blue or checked flannel shirts; others were coats. All had boots coming over the pantaloons above the knee, and most with big spurs at the heels. Their horses were magnificent and well decked off with fine saddles and showy bridles. At the head of the company rode a small man, with a pale face, light, short hair, blue eyes and slight mustache. It was Quantrell and his men. Who needs be told what they were? Not such robbers nor frightful looking people as some would imagine, but bad enough indeed. They opened the gate of the barnyard, went in and dismounted, having left a guard on the hill half a mile back. They pulled down the hay, opened the corn crib and made themselves at home without saying a word to Harris, the good old farmer they had come to dispoil. But he was not disturbed-he was ready to give them all he had, for he was one of that numerous class who lived in that section who were but too ready to succor any body whose mission it was to fight the Karsas Jayhawkers. The guerrillas then tound Mr. Harris a friend, warm and ready to aid them, even at the risk of his life. Quantiell was invited to take dinner at the house with the family, and his officers were invited to come with

One who went was John McKeene, in courage or stature the peer of any man in the command, and one of the guerilla chieftain's most frusty counsellors. He became famous for daring deeds as well as a handsome appearance. He had come from Cass county, and, in the breaking out or the war, his father and two brothers had been killed by Jennison's men from Kansas. McKeene took an oath that no grass should grow under his feet in his pursuit of the murderers of his father and brothers, and he kept his oath with a trightful vengeance. He, like most of his companions in arms, became a desperado with revenge as the impending motive. He had killed men, both old and young. He had learned to shoot them down with as much deliberateness as if he were engaged in a simple practice of marksmanship. He stepped like an ath- McKeene was shot through the shoulder. lete, and had a rude manner that was The others of the guerillas escaped graceful in its way. He wore a wide When the federals came up to where brimmed, light colored hat, on which was McKeene and his wife were lying one pinned a black feather; a wide belt of red of the soldiers leveled his revolver at the morrocco, with gold embroidery and the head of the woman in disguise but before

the arms that he used and all that he car. ried. With these he was master, ready always, quick as a panther and Jeadly in his aim.

There was tlien, instead or fear, entlinsiasm at the house of Andrew Harris on the September day that Quantrell came to forage on him. Never were corn, hay and oats; as well as food for the men, given away with a better good will. But Andrew Harris was not alone in his hospitality. His wife had a son with Price and another buried on the field of Wilson's Creek.—She was doing a labor of love. And there was another, the only child left at home, a girl seventeen years old, who, like many of her sex in that time and country, had wished a hundred times that she might go into the war. She was rather pretty. Her eyes were blacker than an Indian maiden's and as piercing, and her hair was as long and as straight—a type of woman well known to those who lived in western Missouri in those troublesome days. She had made flags, large and small, which she gave to those of her neighborhood who went out to fight. She had made herself a dress of red and white. Any sort of a rebel soldier to her was a demi god. The wild insanity of the times found in her to splendid representative. Her mane, young as she was, was familiar through s half a hundred counties. She was known at every federal post in the State, and the authorities had often threatened to banish or imprision her. As a woman she was ns notorious as John McKeene was as a man .- They had heard of each other many a time and had longed to see each other. He had said she was the bravest woman in Missouri; she said he was the bravest man of all the rough riders of the border.-Consequently when they met at her father's table it was a cordial meeting, and each was more than pleased.

As the sun went down Quantrell and his men rode away, and as they passed along in front of the house Annie stood at the gate and received a salute from each one. Then it was that she wished more fervently than ever that she was a man, that she migh go along.

On the following morning, before the sun had come up, the advance guard of he pursuing federals came up to the house of Andrew Harris in hot pursuit, They had been told by a dozen friendly citizens of the hospitality extended to Quantrell and his men by the old farmer and this was offence enough. They called him out, and after a few unimportant questions, shot him down, then burned he house. In less than an hour they had made a scene of black desolation, and the girl and the mother had sought refuge with a kind hearted neighbor. It was the way of the times-a characteristic of guerrilla warfare, and something that needs no apology now since time has out the fires. The pursuit of Quantrell continued until he was overtaken. There was a close, sharp fight, which resulted in the defeat of the guerrillas.

John McKeene returned to the ruins of the Harris homestead and learned the whole story. He met Annie Harris, and they pledged their vows of eternal vengeance. There was more than that. She said that she would go with him and deal the blows of death as he did. On horseback they went to an humble preacher's house, and, without alighting, had him to make them man and wife. She threw away her woman's dress and donned a male attire. She put on a belt besides and two revolvers, and her long hair she tucked up under her hat .- She looked as much like a soldier as many a young boy that went out with Quantrell. The whole land was full of Federal soldiers, and John McKeene and his guerrilla wife had to share the dangers and privations of all their /kind. Their nome was the saddle, their sheller the woods. They were together saw more than one ambush attack, and together they saw more than one hated enemy hite the dust. When the winter came and the leaves left the trees they rode away to the South, and waited there until the leaves were again as big as the ears of the squirrels, when they returned to their constant battle ground.

On a June morning, in 1863, as they, with half a dozen others, were riding along over the prairie near where now stands the little town of Lee's Summit. they were met by a detachment of the Seventh Missouri State militia. There was a desperate encounter, in which Mr McKeene was shot dead and Annie eavalry boots of a federal colonel. To the trigger was pulled she threw off her

handled navy revolvers. These were all sat up before him with the face of a woman. The revolver was put up and the mystery solved. She told them all she lived for was gone but that she was not ready to die herself. She begged them to give her companion the best burial they could, and said she wanted to go to Kansas City. There was a tone of voice and style of earnestness about what she said that touched the hearts of the rough soldiers, and they buried John McKeene out in the broad prairie; but there was not a stone nor a piece of wood within a half-dezen miles of the place, and nothing was lett to mark the place of the grave. But it was such a burial many a poor man did not have in those days.

Annie McKeene was taken to Kansan City, where she recovered under the blessed care of some Sisters of Mercy In devotion to her mission there was not one who surpassed her in earnestness. She was always ready to bear the heaviest burden, and manifested the same fortitude in a good work that she had in a reckless guerrila warfare as the wife of John McKeene. the secret of her life well. It was a memory that had grown sacred by the expiration, and around it was the inceuse of a thousand prayers that had gone up

out of a soul of tears. When the late epidemic came on she was among the foremost to go to the bed side of the stricken and the dying. She watched by day and by nightfaithful a nurse as ever saw the spark of life go out out .- Not only with her hands did she aid the suffering, but in word as well did she give errong. to many a poor heart. Thus she labored and thus she fulfilled the sacred yow of her life till a Father of Mercy claimed the Sister of Mercy as his own. Annie McKeene, of 1868, was the Sister Celeste whose death was anounced as follows in the New Orleans papers:

"SISTER CELESTE -- In this city, at the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Sister Celeste, on Wednesday, September 18. 1878.

"Solemn high mass of requiem at the Church ot the Immaculate Conception, next Friday, at nine o'clock a. m.'

THE MONUMENT TO HON, W. A. GRAHAM,

The monument of which we spok sone months ago was erected in the Presbyterian Cemetery of this place during the last week under the superintendence of Mr. John King of Raleigh assisted by Capt. Heavy Richards of Hills-

It is from the works of the N. E. Gran ite Co. Hartford. Ct., and is of Rhode Island Granite of an agreeable bluish white. It is in five pieces; the base, sub-base, die, entablatute, and surmounting obelisk, the whole resting on a brick foundaon, and from the ground to the apex twenty one feet high. The whole is graceful and striking, most pertect proportions declaring that nothing but the most being preserved, and the lines of the component parts blending into each other at graceful angles.

On the east face of the sub-base, appears the inscription.

GRAHAM.

The die has the four faces highly polshed; and on its East face is inscribed. Speaker of the House of Commons, Senator of the United States, Governor of North Carolina, Secretary of the United States Navy

Senator of the Confederate States, Arbitrator of the Maryland and rginia line.

On the North face is inscribed. Fortunate in his descent and in the gifts of nature, he thoroughly fitted himself for the duties of his profession and of public life. Possessing faculties of rare proportion and harmony, he adorned his career by a quiet and dauntless courage, opened and fixed principles of conduct, and unfailing courtesy and a stainless name. "The memory of the just is blessed."

On the West side. WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHA Bozu

September 5, 1804 Died August 11, 1875. The South face has no inscription. Hillsboro Recorder

A henpecked husband said in extenu-ation of his wife's raids upon his scalp. "You see, she takes her own hair off so casily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."—Kingston Free-

A favorite actress appeared in an entirely new role a few evenings ago. She rolled off the stage and created a sensa-tion in the orchestra. She refused to his belt there was swung a pair of iyory hat, snatched her long hair down and Norristown Herald.

THE POISONNO WATERS. They Approach Key West Destroying

(From the Key West Key,)

Our smack fishermen are nearly dis-couraged with their ill-luck. For over couraged with their lil-luck. For over two months they have been unable to get live fish to Havana; they all die on reaching the putrid waters of the bay, which has now extended over one hundred and fitty miles into the Gulf of Mexico. The smack George Storra, Caut. Zeb Allen attempted to run to the westward in hopes of escaping the deadly waters, and when fifty miles west of Tortugas, in twenty five fathoms of water, lost his whole fair of fish in a very short time. He describes the poisoned water to the south and west of him, as far as he could see. The largest fish, such as shark, jew-fish and turtle were floating around his vessel. He pointed his vessel eastward, and entered our port on Tuesday last, almost disgust-

On Saturday last the water had appears On Saturday last the water had appeared near the northwest lighthouse, with its thousands of dead fish floating like tufts of cotton over the sen. On the Monday and Tuesday the water was dotted with dead Portuguese men-of-war, but until Wednesday and the dead fish appear in sight. The strates of dwik reddish water messel the papear of water like water was all the control of the papear of the passed through our island channells, carrying on its surface fish of all kinds—many of them of the largest specimens of sharks, jew fish, bacracoula, grouper, gravis, interspersed with a tow kinds of the fresh water varieties, such as the mud cels, bull-head caffish, breem, perch, &c. The fresh water fish, cels, &c., are found in great abundance in lake Oheechobee, Kissimmee river and Fish Eating Creek.

As these dead fish approach our wharves the stench became almost into-crable, and many plans were attempted and suggested to keep them in dide water. Had this occurred in the heat of summer a plague must have followed. It is even yet te. a... The fish are dying in our harbor, and no one knows where this great evil will stop. Our people are passed through our island channells, car-

great evil will stop. Our people are large fish eaters, and if deprived of this cheap class of food there must necessarily e much suffering

PRIENDS AND THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

From the Salisbury Watchm

At the time of the battle of Guilford C. H. March 1781, the Friends were there holding their yearly meeting. Our army was in great distress for clothing, no shoes to the feet, which were so sore that it was with difficulty they could march leaving their track of blood on the ground, and expecting to see the enemy and have a battle.

In this condition they appealed to Gen. Greene for permission to enter the Friends meeting and furnish themselves with shoes, as their necessities were so great, and this was their only chance. The General replied, "I know your wants my brave fellows; without the power to relieve them, say no more to me," and he turned around from

They went into the house, and ly, showing the men's lacerated feet. imperious nocessity could influence him to take his intended course. Many of them gave most willingly their shoes, while others were forced. Major Jazuett was on the women's side to assure them that they should not be molested. One old lady with large feet and coarse shoes insisted on his taking hers, and she gave them to one of the men herself, while others offered theirs. They took their horses too. This little affair was of great importance to the army, though General Greene never wished to hear of it, as he had great respect for the Friends being educated by his parents in their principles.

E. F. R.

'What,' asks a correspondent, 'causes' the hair to fall out?' Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. 'This is important to a true understanding of the case.

An honest county parson, who in the time of great drought was desired to pray tor rain answered: 'l'll willingly do it to oblige you, but it is to no purpose while the wind is in this quarter.

The New York Express is determined to tell the truth though the heavens fall. It says 'It isn't overwork that's ruining the young men of this great city by any means. No its waiting on the street corners for somebody to invite them into the nearest saloon.'

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different lan-guages to which he replied: "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

The essence of all meanness is selfishhabit it crops out the most petty things and makes an invidual most unenvia-

A man was boasting that he had an elavator in the house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."-Albany ArMULE ARTELERY.

A Lively Sketch by John Phoenix.

Out in a certain Western fort, ime, the major conceived the i artillery might be used effect with gun carriages and fastening to uon upon backs of mules. So he ed his views to the commandant, was determined to try the experion A howitzer was selected and strupon an ambulance mule, with the zle pointed toward the tail. When had secured the gun, and loaded it ball-cartridge, they led that calm steadfast mule out on the bluff and up a target in the middle of the river practice at.—The rear of the mule turned toward the target, and was be ed gently up to the edge of the blue of the target, and was been proceed to the control of the contr The officers stood around in a semi-white the Major went up and inse-time-fuse in the touch-hole of the When the fuse was ready, major lit it and retired. In a moment or two the hitherto unruffled nule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him He reached his head aroun mandant was observed to climb said up a tree. The licatenants were sliding over-the binff into the river if they dan't care at all about the price of uniforms; the adjutant m good time to the fort; the scarge began to throw up breastworks whis bayoner, and the major role over the ground and granged. over the ground and groaned or three minutes there was smoke, a dull that and the the major's quarters, ratified the adobe bricks down into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

puts the ring on her finger amid the prayers of the Brahmins. This is the essential part of the ceremony. The geneology of the husband is then formally read, and the stipulated dowry is paid over to him. After this the festivities begin, and are kept up for several days.

Try to avoid speaking ill of any one, even when you know that they have done what they ought not. It is sometimes hard to keep silent, but speaking evil is an unmistakable habit. Have you not done things that you would not like talked about?

The lowest traits of ladyhood are conventional, but any girl, however poor, may have a sweetness of manner with a dignity of deportment and purity of heart, that will repel ruleness and charm all who chance to be in her company.

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

Onnon Farrar, in answering the question, "What is Heaven?" says: "To be honest, true, noble, sincere, pure, holy, to the heart's inmost core—is not that Heaven? Is not Heaven a state rather than a hauitation? Is it not to be something rather than go somewhere?"

Miss Celeste Winans, daughter of the late Thomas Winans, of Boltimore, is said to be the richest hoiress in America, very handsome, and only twenty. The fortune she inherited from her father is said to by \$20,000,000.

'Pidn't I tell you to call me at six o'clock this morning why did you disobey me, Joseph?'
'If you please, sir I was afraid you wouldn't like it. You were asleep.'

"Ah, women are fickle," you tell me,
"Well—yes—if by fickle you man
A trifle less faise than you men are;
And greatly more true than they se

There are said to be 100 regular female