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GRAHAM, N. C.

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THE GLEANER

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K. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

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Opens August 26th 1878, and closes the last Friday in May, 1879.
Board \$8 to \$10 and Tuition \$3 to \$4.50 monthly.

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. Clever 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 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 NEWS PAPER.
And yet no important feature of the Sun's literary will be intelligent criticisms of the World's doings. North Carolina matters—literary, commercial, educational, social and literary—will receive particular attention. The Sun will be a

NORTH CAROLINA NEWSPAPER.

SUBSCRIPTION.

The WILMINGTON SUN will be furnished to subscribers at the following reasonable and uniform rates:
For one week 15 Cents
For three months \$1.75
For six months " " 3.50
For one year " " 7.00
At these rates the Sun will be mailed to any address in this country, or left by carrier in the city.

ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines) one time, \$1.00; two times, \$1.50; one week, \$3.50; one month, \$9.00; three months, \$20.00; six months, \$35.00.
Contracts for other space and time made at proportionately low rates.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting correspondence solicited. Address, THE SUN, Wilmington, N. C.

Yarbrough House

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor.

Rates reduced to suit the times.

Poetry.

MOTHER'S FOOL.

"Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,
"These boys will make their mark in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to college they ought to go;
Yes, John and Henry, 'tis clear to me,
Great men in this world are sure to be;
But Tom, he's little above a fool—
So John and Henry must go to school."
"Now, really wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
"As he sets his mug of elder down,
"Tom does more work in a day for me
Than both of his brothers do in three.
Book learnin' will never 'plant beans or corn'
Nor hoe potatoes, sure as you're born—
Nor mend a rod of broken fence;
For my part, give me common sense!"
But his wife the most was bound to rule,
And so "the boys" were sent to school;
While Tom, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.
Five years at school the students spent,
Then into business each one went.
John learnt to play the fute and fiddle,
And parted his hair (of course) in the middle.
Though his brother looked rather higher
Than he,
And hung out his shingle—"H. Brown, M. D.
Meanwhile his brother Tom,
Had taken a "notion" into his head,
Though he said not a word, but trimmed his fees
And hoed his corn and sowed his peas;
But somehow, either by "hook or crook,"
He managed to read full many a book.
Well the war broke out, and Captain Tom
To battle a hundred soldiers led;
And when the enemy's flag went down,
Came marching home as "General Brown."
But he went to work on the farm again,
Planted his corn and sowed his grain,
Repaired the house and broken fence,
And people said he had "common sense."
Now common sense was rather rare,
And the state-house needed a portion there;
So our "family dunes" moved into town,
And the people called him "Governor Brown."
And his brothers that went to the city to school,
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

HOW HE WON THE WIDOW.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning,
"As he sat stirring his coffee with one hand
and holding a plum cake on his knee with
the other, and looking across the table
at his little wife; 'wouldn't it be a good
joke to get Bachelor Bill Smiley to take
Widow Watson to Barnum's show next
week?'
"You can't do it, Ed; he won't ask her;
he's awful shy. Why, he came by here
the other morning when I was hanging
out clothes, and he looked over the fence
and spoke, but when I shook out a night
gown he blushed like a girl and went
away."
"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; but
I'll have to lie just a little. But then, it
wouldn't be much harm under such cir-
cumstances, for I know she likes him,
and he don't dislike her, but as you say,
he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place
to borrow some bags of him, and if I
don't bag him before I come back, don't
kiss me for a week to come, Nell."
So saying, Ed. started, and while he is
mowing the fields, we will take a look
at Bill Smiley.
He was a rather good looking fellow
though his hair and whiskers showed
some gray, and he had got in a set of
false teeth. But every one said he was
a good old soul, and so he was. He has
as good a hundred acre farm as any in
Norwich, and a new house and every
thing comfortable, and if he wanted a
wife, many a girl would have jumped at
the chance, like a rooster on a grasshopper.
But Bill was so bashful—always was
—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom
he was so sweet on, though he never
said 'boo' to her, got married to old
Watson, he just drew his head in like a
mud turtle into his shell, and there was
no getting it out again, though since she
has been a widow again he had paid
more attention to his clothes, and had
been very regular in his attendance at
the church the fair widow attended.
But here comes Ed. Wilbur.
"Good morning Mr. Smiley,"
"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's
the news your way?"
"Oh, nothing particular that I know
of," said Ed. "only Barnum's show, that
everybody is talking about, and every-
body and his gal are going to. I was
over to old Sockriders last night, and I
see his son Gus has got a new buggy and
was scrubbing up his harness, and he's
got that white faced colt of his as slick as
a seal. I understand he thinks of taking
Widow Watson to the show. He has been
hanging around there a good deal
of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I
would. Susan is a nice little woman,
and deserves a better man than that
young pup of a fellow, though I would
not blame her much either if she takes

him for she must be dreadful lonesome,
and then has to let her farm out on shares
and it isn't half worked, and no one else
seems to have the spunk to speak to her.
By jingo, if I was a single man, I'd show
you a trick or two."
So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags
and started around the corner of the
barn, where he had left Bill sweeping,
and put his ear to a knot hole and lis-
tened, knowing the bachelor had a habit
of talking to himself when anything wor-
ried him.
"Confound that young Sockriders!" said
Bill; "what business has he there. I'd like
to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well,
so have I, and new harness, too; and his
horse can't get right of milne, and I
declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will!
I'll go this very night and ask her to go
to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wil-
ber that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I
am, if I did let old Watson get the best of
me in the first place!"
Ed. could scarcely help laughing out-
right? but he snatched the bags on his
shoulders, and with a low chuckle
at his sneeze, started home to tell the
news to Nell; and about five o'clock
that evening they saw Bill go by with
his horse and buggy, on his way 'to the
widow's. He jogged quietly along, think-
ing of the old singing-school days, and
what a pretty girl Susan was then, and
wondering inwardly if he would
have more courage to talk up to her—
until at a distance of about a mile from
the house, he came to a bridge, when he
gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his
teeth out of his mouth and clear over the
dashboard, and striking on the plank,
they rolled over the side of the bridge
and dropped into four feet of water.
Words cannot do justice to poor Bill
or paint the expression of his face, as he
sat there completely dumfounded at his
piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped
out of his buggy, and getting down
on his hands and knees, looked over into
the water. Yes, there they were at the
bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rub-
bing their noses against them, and Bill
wished to goodness his nose was as close
for one second. His beautiful teeth had
cost him so much, and the show coming
out and no time to get another set—and
the widow and Sockriders.
Well, he must try and get them some-
how, and no time to be lost, for some
one might come along and ask him what
he was fooling around there for. He had
had no notion of spoiling his clothes by
wading in with them on; and besides, if
he did, he could not go the widow's that
night; so he took a look up and down
the road to see that no one was in sight,
and then undressed himself, laying his
clothes in the buggy to keep them
clean.
Then he ran around the bank and
waded into the almost icy cold water
but his teeth didn't chatter in his head
—he only wished they could. Quietly
he waded along so as not to stir up the
mud, and when he got to the right spot
he dropped under the water and came
up with the teeth in his mouth. But
hark! What noise is that? A wagon,
and a dog barking with all his might,
and his horse is starting.
"Whoa! Whoa! Stop you brute, you,
stop!"
But stop he would not, but went off
at a sparkling pace, with the unfortunate
bachelor after him. Bill was certainly
in a capital running costume, but though
he strained every nerve he could not
catch the buggy or reach the lines that
were dragging on the ground. After a
while his plug hat shook off the seat, and
the hind wheel went over it, making it
as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as
he ran, and, after jamming his hat into it,
stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his
head. And now he saw the widow's
house on top of the hill, and what, oh,
what will he do? Then his coat fell out
and he slipped it on, and then making a
desperate spurt he clutched the back of
the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the
buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the
other things beneath. Now the horse
happened to be one he got from 'Squire
Mocre, and he got it from the widow,
and the animal took it into his head to
stop at her gate, which Bill had no power
to prevent, as he was too busy but-
toning his coat up to his chin to think of
doing much else.
The widow heard the rattling of the
wheels and looked out, and seeing that
it was Smiley and that he didn't offer to
get out, she went to see what he wanted,
and there she stood chatting, with her
white arms on the top of the gate, and
her face towards him, while the chills
ran down his shirtless back clear to his
bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and
the water from his hair and the dust from
his hat had combined to make some
nice little stream of mud that came
trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in.
No, he was in a hurry. She did not
offer to go. He did not ask her to pick
up his reins for him, because he did not
know what excuse to make for not doing
so himself. Then he looked down the
road behind him, and saw a white-faced
horse coming, and at once surmised it
was that of Gus Sockriders? He resolved
to do or die, and hurriedly told her his
errand.
The widow would be delighted to go—
of course she would. But wouldn't he
come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said;
and would go on to Green's place.
"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to
Green's are you? Why, I'm going there
myself to get one of the girls to help me
quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while
I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride
with you." And away she skipped.
"What a scrape," said Bill, and he has-
tily clutched his pants between his feet
and wriggled into them, when a light
wagon drawn by the white-faced horse,
driven by a boy, came along and stopped
beside him. The boy held up a pair of
boots in one hand and a pair of socks in
the other, and just as the widow reached
the gate again, he said:
"Here's your boots and socks, Mr.
Smiley that you left on the bridge when
you were in swimming."
"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are
not mine."
"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man
that had the race after the horse just
now?"
"No sir, I am not. You had better go
on about your business."
Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday
boots, and turning to the widow, said:
"Just pick up those lines, will you
please? This brute of a horse is always
switching their out of my hands."
The widow complied; he pulled one
corner of the robe cautiously down as
she got in.
"What a lovely evening," she said; "and
so warm! I don't think we want the robe
over us, do we?"
"You see she had on a nice new dress
and a pair of new garters, and she want-
ed to show them."
"Oh my," said Bill earnestly, "you will
find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have
you catch cold for the world."
She seemed pleased at this tender
care for health, and contented herself
with sticking one of her feet out. As
she did so a long silk necktie showed
over the end of the boot.
"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a neck-
tie?"
"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other
day, I must have left it in the buggy.
Never mind it."
Then he went on quite a distance, he
holding her hand in his, and wonder-
ing what he should do when they got
to Green's; and she wondered why his
coat was buttoned up so tightly on such
a warm evening, and what made his face
and hat so dirty, until they were going
down a little hill and one of the traces
came unhitched and they had to stop.
"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what
next?"
"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said
the widow, with a start, which came
very near jerking the robe off his knees.
"One of the traces is off," answered
he.
"Well why don't you get out and put
it on again?"
"I can't," said Bill, "I've got—that is,
I—I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick!
What shall I do?"
"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, "what
is the matter? Do tell me!"
She gave his hand a little squeeze, and
looked into his pale face; she thought
he was going to faint, so she got her
smelling bottle with her left hand, and
pulling the stopper out with her teeth,
stuck it to his nose.
Bill was just taking in breath for a
mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made
him throw back his head so far that he
lost his balance, and went over the low
back buggy.
The little woman gave a low scream
as his bare feet flew past her head, and
covering her face with her hands, gave
way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell
which. Bill was up in a minute, and
leaving over the back of the seat was
humbly apologizing and explaining, when
Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove
up behind and stopped.
Poor Bill felt that he would rather have
been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch
him in such a scrape, but there was no
help for it now; so he called Ed. to him
and whispered in his ear. Ed. was
likely to burst with suppressed
laughter, but he beckoned his wife to
draw up, and after saying something to
her he helped the widow out of Bill's
buggy and into his, and the two women
went on leaving the man behind.
Bill lost no time in arranging his
toilet as well as he could, and then with
great persuasion Ed. got him to go home
with him, and hunting up slippers and
socks, and getting him washed and
combed, had him quite presentable when

the ladies arrived.
I need not tell you how the story was
all out of his hand, and how they all
laughed as they sat around the tea-table
that night; but will conclude by saying
that they all went to the show together,
and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockriders
now.
FUNNY THINGS IN NATURE.
We have all noticed, perhaps, that a
monkey never laughs itself, though its
very appearance, its every movement
and gesture cannot fail to excite mirth in
ourselves. We cannot speak of a mon-
key gravely, even the name is not men-
tioned without a smile or a laugh. How
amusing its antics. The care of its
young, inspecting closely what is given
it, and every action eliciting screams of
laughter from grown-up people as well
as delighted children.
The maternal kangaroo is a comical
animal, carrying her young family in a
pouch or bag-pocket, from which they
may occasionally be seen peeping like
so many juvenile bipeds from a huck-
ster's panniers. Just think what a
monstrous crime pocket-picking must
appear to a female kangaroo with a
charge of young children.
Then there is a little animal, also in
Australia—that land of contraries and
conicalities—that is a good living joke.
It is like a rat, but much larger, furnish-
ed with a duck's bill and web feet, which
gives it a very queer and funny person-
ality. It is called the ornithorhynchus—
a hard name, young folks, but the only
one for it that I know.
The whole race of parrots is amusing,
and, to me, wonderful. I do not think
their power of repeating words and
phrases is merely mechanical, taught by
human masters, for, by timing their
jokes, they often show that they enjoy
them. It is said that parrots, monkeys
and mocking-birds are undoubtedly pos-
sessed of the same power of imitation
which men employ to the excitement of
jazz in comedy or the mimic art. So
I should think that these birds, and the
monkey were the star actors among the
feathered tribes and the brute creation.
As the monkey is such an imitable
imitator of the human animal, that is
why Mr. Darwin insists upon claiming
him for an older brother.
We have often heard some persons
make use of the improper and exagger-
ated expression, "I thought I would die
laughing." While they did not die,
were in no danger of such a result, it is
recorded that some persons have died in
this manner, as there is said to be a poi-
sonous plant growing on the island of
Sardinia that causes those who eat it to
die of laughing. I do not know its name,
but it resembles parsley, and those who
eat it begin to laugh and cannot stop till
death ensues. I don't mention this as a
"funny thing," but as a fact, would cer-
tainly be amusing if it were not for the
inevitable and sad result. It is also
strange that this is the only poisonous
plant on the island.
But there is another specimen of the
vegetable world that is indeed a comical
plant. I have forgotten where it grows
but it is called the *cactus scintilla*.
The latter word, my young friends will re-
member, is a Latin term that means
pertaining to old age, and the ludicrous
peculiarity of the plant shows at once
from what it derived its name. The
plant is simply a kind of stump covered
with long, white, streaming hair, and
exactly resembles the head of an old
man. In its native country it grows to
the height of ten or twelve feet, and
when it approaches a flowering state, a
circle of short, black fur appears around
the summit, which gradually increases
till it takes the very form and appearance
of a lady's fur muff. The flowers are
crimson and are produced at the top in
a circle. The reader may therefore
judge what a comical figure our old
gentleman plant cuts in his native wood,
with his body all covered with long
white hair, surmounted by a black muff,
and above all a wreath of crimson flow-
ers.

Gleanings
Speech has been restored by use of
chloroform.
When a mule weeps does it shed
muleteer?
We have seen storms that were laid
follows well met.
Persons of abandoned habits—Dealers
in old clothes.
Chief Joseph wears coal black hair
banged on his brow.
A paste-pot doesn't denote time, yet
it is known by its stick.
The solar eclipses invisible in this
country, are down for '79.
Why is the letter R like a hot fire?
Because it makes oil boil.
"Give him the rest of it in a pall" is
the fastest slang among the gamins.
Success is much like starvation. It's
nothing when you are used to it.
The fitful crowd always goes for a
free lunch before the napkin rings.
Birds are supposed to have, in com-
mon with all living creatures, certain
reasoning faculties, and yet they are the
most flighty.
Tassels are coming in style again—
Fashion Papers. Yes, we noticed them
on the corn, last autumn.
The American people are treading on
100,000 cords of wood all the while—
shoe-pigs.
A new book like a fresh lobster,
does not benefit a man until it is read
and digested.
A book is a man's best friend, and
the only one he can shut up without
giving offense.
The year 1879 will be notable for the
death of distinguished persons in nearly
all communities.
Under old Saxon laws the larceny of
anything over twelve pence was punish-
able with death.
A man sometimes seems to be asleep
when he is merely rocked in the cradle
of the deep thought.
Persons who write anonymous letters
for publication should send their foul
names to the publishers.
The man who unexpectedly sat down
in some warm glue thinks there is more
than one way of getting badly stuck.
We rather think that the most reluc-
tant slave to vice that we ever saw was
a poor man who had his finger in one.
During the last year 5,314 books have
been published in England; of these
3,730 are wholly new, and 1,584 are
new editions. The number exceeds by
250 to total of the previous year.
The man who now shakes a five-dollar
gold piece under the public nose
doesn't measure any more around the
chest than the owner of a five-dollar
greenback.—Detroit Free Press.
The tradesmen at the corner ac-
knowledge that to give only 140 eggs
in a box mark "12 doz," is a gross mis-
take, but holds that to have put in
135 would have been a grocer one.—
Pack.
What a grand idea it is to congratu-
late ourselves on having escaped dangers
we are really too pusillanimous to risk
encountering.
He rose to a point of order, but the
presiding officer sat down on him, ere
he had a chance to bloom. No flowers
of rhetoric were gathered at that meet-
ing.—New York News.
She was plump and beautiful, and he
was wildly fond of her; she hated him
but woman-like she strove to catch him.
He was a flea.
"Doesn't Boston harbor remind you
of the Bay of Naples?" asked an en-
thusiastic yachtsman yesterday. "Yes,"
was the answer, "at least in one respect.
They are both full of water."—Boston
Transcript.
Alexander the Great had a soldier in
his army who bore the same name but
was a great coward. The Emperor, en-
raged at his conduct, just said to him,
"Either change your name, or learn to
honor it." The Captain of our salva-
tion, not enraged like the earthly emper-
or, but with calm dignity and authori-
tatively, says to every one of us bearing his
illustrious name, "Either change your
name, or learn to honor it."—Western
Christian Advocate.
Does your wife lie awake until after
midnight awaiting your return from the
lodge, so that she impart some impor-
tant information before you go to sleep?
It she does, just call her attention to the
fact that a woman in Manayunk who
was afflicted to this reprehensible prac-
tice so fearfully strained the optical
nerves that she cannot shut her eyes, and
has not had a wink of sleep for more than
three weeks, and the doctor says her
eye-balls will eventually burst and cause
her death. (This is a lie, of course, but
it will do no harm to make your wife be-
lieve such a painful incident actually
happened. American women lose too
much sleep for their good.)—Norr.
Herald.
"What" asked one, "will be the end
of all this discussion about tobacco?" "I
fear that the most of it will end in
snuffs," replied a witty Senator.