

THE GLEANER

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E. S. PARKER

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THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes; or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an acute semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hicough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure. IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant. The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS

are not recommended as a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but in affections of the liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. As a simple purgative they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Each box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLane, spelled differently, but same pronunciation.

MRS. GLENDENNING'S HUSBAND.

The Mysterious Insanity of Jealousy.

(From Lippencott's Magazine for April)

You remember Hawthorne's story of 'Wakefield,' a man who, from mere oldity and whim, after parting from his wife to go on a short journey, vanished into the wilderness of London and never returned to her, although he lived so near that he watched curiously her comings and her goings year after year, seeing her change from a happy matron into a melancholy widow, and so go on into cheerless age. Other things have happened quite as strange, perhaps stranger. Let me tell you the true story of Mrs. Glendenning's husband.

Agnes Holt met Hugh Glendenning before she left school: they fell in love, were engaged, and by the time she was eighteen she married him. He was a young fellow of twenty-six, and his most striking qualities seemed to be his good looks and impetuosity of temperament. In person he was of average height; his figure good, his face remarkably handsome, his hair and eyes dark, his complexion pale. Agnes was a quiet, graceful creature, with blue, bashful eyes, and the most charming smile in the world. In speech she was curiously reserved, and rarely expressed herself freely. One of the discomforts of the season of her engagements was that Hugh constantly pressed her for an ample confession of love, which she would never make in words by more than a quiet assent when he demanded it she loved him. She hoped and expected after marriage to be less persistent and more ready to take things for granted, while he, on his side, looked forward to wedlock with a belief that, once a wife, Agnes would no longer torture him with her evasions and denials, but tell him with the same freedom and eloquence which he used himself the whole story of her passion for him. The two probably loved each other equally, but their temperaments were too powerfully contrasted to make mutual understandings possible. Agnes was slow, puritanical, and, however faithful and strong in feeling, utterly destitute of spontaneity, while Hugh was quick, ardent, and given to the powerful expression of whatever feeling or mood came uppermost.

They had been married a month when business arrangements compelled Hugh to go to England, and he insisted on taking his wife. She yielded, but her inclinations were against the journey; she disliked to leave her family, and, besides, in great fear of the sea. She was melancholy and nervous in parting from her friends, and for the first three days on the ocean spent the entire time in tears. Hugh could not understand her error of the water, and felt, beside, that she was using him in feeling the least reluctance at severing her connection with her old home. He tortured her with questions: Did she love him? Did she trust him? If she loved him, if she trusted him, how could she help being glad to accompany him anywhere on the wide earth? These demands, incessantly repeated, insistently urged and pressed, wore upon the young wife; she knew they were actuated by a love which jealousy demanded everything from her, but they developed a sort of coldness and perverseness in her mind.

On one occasion, when Hugh asked if she really loved him, she replied listlessly, 'How can you expect me to love you when you wear me out like this? I shall soon begin to hate you if you go on in this way.' These careless words produced the most profound impression upon Hugh's mind, and were the beginning of calamity. He brooded over them, incessantly repeating them to himself. Agnes, who was a mere child at heart, and of a nature not wide enough fully to absorb the idea of another's realized nothing of the suffering she had inflicted. Besides, Hugh's conduct began to estrange her. It became his wont to sit looking at her, his large black eyes growing gradually cavernous in their depths and unearthly in their brilliancy. At times he would exclaim, 'You do not love me. You will soon hate me.' At night he never seemed to sleep, and, hanging the lantern so that the rays fell on her face, blinding and dizzying her, he would sit on the edge of the berth staring into her face and muttering, 'She hates me!'

The voyage was a short one; in ten days they were in London, where they met friends, and for the three months which followed both Hugh and Agnes had a comparatively happy time. Agnes upbraided her husband for his absurdities, and he himself seemed to see his conduct in the light of day, instead of the lurid glare of an insane, jealous dread. Still, married life was a palpable disappointment to Agnes, who began to feel that if she must bend her every faculty to the task of pleasing a man whose brain seemed in a whirl of false and distorted ideas concerning her and his love for her and her feelings for him, she should soon lose all respect for and belief in her husband.

Towards the latter part of the time they spent in London, her cousin, George Dana, a young man of twenty-two, whom she had known and loved like a brother from her infancy, happened to join in their party. His coming was the signal for the most violent outbreaks of jealousy on Hugh Glendenning's part. His mind seemed all astray. He was indifferent to the fact that he placed his wife in a cruel and humiliating position; he persisted in the chimera that an easy habit of intimacy with her cousin George was the expression of a love which surpassed her affection for himself. Again and again he taunted and insulted her until she implored her cousin to leave London. George Dana, however, still guessing Agnes's actual position with a man who was half insane, could not be induced to go. He was not through with his sight-seeing; he was interested in the races; in

short, he liked being in London at this time of the year better than being anywhere else in Europe, and he insisted on remaining, and even left a sort of boyish satisfaction in augmenting Glendenning's jealousy to the utmost by constant offers of attention to the young wife.

By the 1st of July Hugh's business was concluded, and he took Agnes to France and Switzerland for a month, but the two were no longer on terms of affectionate intimacy. Hugh was still jealous, and regarded his wife's steady coldness as a sign of most chilling indifference. Agnes, on her side, felt that to maintain a semblance of buoyant happiness when she felt so dejected at the way she had been outraged was to lessen her dignity as a woman. The two sailed from Havre for New York on the 14th of August, 186-. On the seventh day out, when they were half way across the ocean, Hugh Glendenning was suddenly missed. There was no trace of him on board the steamer, and it was readily concluded that the rash and unhappy young man had thrown himself overboard.

It was naturally the cruellest possible trial for Agnes when she was forced to believe that her husband had committed suicide. She knew, too, that he had been frightened by her coldness. Again and again she had repulsed him when he had tried to have an explanation. Naturally, now that he was gone, all the generosity of her first love returned; she forgot his faults, and remembered only her own; and accused herself of cruelty and heartlessness, and sorrowed like the despairing of widows.

It seemed natural, under the circumstances, that Agnes should not only mourn, but mourn with peculiar hopelessness for her young husband, who had been taken from her only a few months after their wedding day. She sorrowed a year, two years, three years; but by that time her family all began to make an effort to persuade her that it was wrong thus to continue oppressing herself by them with this long past affliction. She was faithful and tenacious of impressions, but at the end of four years she had resumed her ordinary dress and begun once more to mingle in the society of her mother's house. She was more attractive than in her girlhood, and her story was too well known and created a touching interest in her youth and beauty. She had several admirers, but not until George Dana returned did she allow any one to come near her as a lover. George had, perhaps, always been fond of her; he was, at any rate, now ardently in love with her. Remembering as Agnes did poor Glendenning's jealousy of the young man in London, it was with some mental disquietude and outward struggle that she allowed herself to yield to the feelings that she could love again, and love her cousin George.

However, his courtship was so far successful that she promised to marry him when she had passed the fifth anniversary of her husband's death. That date, which was to divide her old allegiance from her new, was the 26th of August, 186-. The day passed quietly in the pleasant country-house. George Dana was to come in the evening, and Agnes rose when she heard the train whistling at the bend, and said she would walk across the field to meet her lover. Every one smiled and no one offered to accompany her. The family, consisting of the father and mother of Agnes, her three sisters, and four of her married sisters' children, all sat on the piazza waiting for Agnes and George to return to tea.

Suddenly Mary Holt exclaimed, 'If Hugh Glendenning were alive, I should say that was he; and she pointed to a man who passed the house at a distance of some two rods, and who now at her exclamation, lifted his hat and bowed. The sight of this man created the most powerful sensation in the group, and Mr. Holt sprang to his feet and went down to the gate, but he had vanished. The likeness to Hugh Glendenning had been startling; not only his face, but his attitude and gesture and gait seemed to have declared that it was Hugh Glendenning himself. In another moment George Dana came running up, calling for help. He had, he said, while crossing the fields to meet Agnes, seen her in conversation with a man who looked like Hugh Glendenning, and who strode away, on his approach, and when he himself reached her she had swooned away and was lying on the ground.

Th troubled which now overwhelmed Agnes and her family was one of those cruel enigmatical troubles which take all freshness out of life. Agnes, when restored to consciousness, declared that while she was crossing the fields her husband had suddenly started out from behind a tree, caught her by the arm, held her tightly clutched, and said to her in a horrible tone, 'Do not dare to marry that man! and that she remembered no more until she opened her eyes and saw her mother bending over her. A frightful bruise on the tender flesh of her arm corroborated her story. The family had all seen a man who, if not Hugh Glendenning, was his absolute likeness.

George Dana was the only one who combated the truth of these. He declared it to be wholly impossible that Glendenning should be alive; he himself had questioned the captain and officers on board the steamer after the suicide five years ago. Everything pointed conclusively to the belief that the unhappy man had been drowned. The steamer had been searched over and over. On the fatal day of the disappearance they had not even sighted a vessel or boat; thus there could have been no rescue from the sea. He was dead, George declared with irrefragable decision. When confronted with the fact that they had all seen Hugh or his ghost, he declared it to be a chance resemblance; that Agnes was dispirited and nervous, and when the man touched her, disordered imagination supplied the words she believed him to have spoken.

George, however, being broken-hearted at the failure of his engagement, was not to be trusted as a counsellor in such a crisis. The marriage was given up. Advertisements were put in the principal papers for a year imploring Hugh Glendenning, if alive, to communicate with his wife and family, but not a word was heard from him. Agnes naturally suffered the cruellest form of suffering—suspense and dread and helpless and hopeless misery. Her past was embittered, present she had none, and the future was full of doubt and terrors.

Gradually, as two years, then three years, passed, every one save herself ceased to believe in the reality of the apparition which had startled them all on the 26th day of August. And at times even Agnes herself doubted the evidence of her senses. How could it be possible that Hugh was still alive when all these past eight years he had never disclosed himself to the sight of any of his friends? When he might come and claim her before all the world, what possible object could he have for lurking in shadow only caring to overwhelm her when she made an effort at renewed ties?

George Dana naturally was not slow to help her in these questions and doubts. He tried, too, to inspire her with courage, that instead of cowering helplessly before vague and nameless shadows in the darkness, she should resolutely go on and meet and grasp and defy them. By this time, too, she was legally freed from her husband, even if he were alive, according to the laws of her State; more than eight years had passed since his apparent death. Agnes was at last persuaded to end the long suspense. She suffered not only for herself but for George, whose life was spoiling, and finally consented to marry him privately from her sister's house, in New York. Their plans were not discussed beyond the family circles; it was decided that the two should quietly walk out to the city church, and then and there be married by a strange clergyman. Thus everything unpleasant would be avoided, and before consequences were faced they would be actually met and conquered.

The plan seemed destined to bring the happiest results. The morning of the wedding-day dawned. Agnes quietly ate her breakfast, then went to her room and put on her bonnet to go out and get married. As she stood at the window drawing on her gloves a man stopped suddenly on the pavement, looked up and gave a warning gesture, and then ascended the doorstep. A moment later her sister entered the room and found her sitting down by the fire, huddling as if to warm herself. 'Why, Agnes,' said she, 'I expected to find you all ready to start. Here is a little package which some one has just brought you. Unless it were a secret about the wedding, I should suppose this was a present.'

'There will be no wedding,' said Agnes in a hopeless tone. 'I have just seen Hugh again. It was he who brought that. Let me see it.'

She opened the little parcel listlessly. It contained a ring—a man's wedding ring—the very one she had given Hugh nine years before.

Agnes has never seen her husband since. Whether he is alive she does not know; whether he died on the 26th day of August at sea she does not know; whether the chain of contradictory circumstances we have narrated were actual and based upon correct hypotheses that he himself appeared twice before her in the flesh she does not know. George Dana, urged by her entreaties and her prayers, finally renounced all hope of overcoming her reluctance to even think of him after her double warning and married. Agnes is a hopelessly-saddened, changed and melancholy woman.

MORRIBLE STORY FROM MEXICO

(Logansport Journal)

Last week, in Chiluhua, a woman went in a shoemaker's shop in front of his dwelling and was measured for a pair of shoes. The son of Crispin said to the woman; 'You have a very pretty foot.' 'Do you think so?' said she. He replied; 'Yes; that is the prettiest foot in Mexico.' The woman was to come back next day and leave one dollar when the shoes were to be commenced. The shoemaker's wife, hearing all, said nothing. The next day the shoemaker was out when the woman with the pretty foot called, according to the agreement, and the wife got her into the back room and stabbed her to death. The wife then cut a steak out of the dead woman's leg and packed the body under the bed. The shoemaker came home and ate his dinner. The wife asked him how he liked the meat. He answered that it was the best he had ever eaten. The wife then told him he had eaten a part of the prettiest leg in Mexico. He asked her what she meant. She showed him the body under the bed, and made a dash at him with a knife, but he escaped and ran to the Palacio and told the judge what had happened. The judge summoned a guard of soldiers and went to the house. He asked the wife if she had committed the murder, and when she answered yes and attempted to justify the act he ordered her to be shot on the spot by the soldiers, and his orders were promptly obeyed.

LONG AND SHORT SLEEPERS.

Seaman and soldiers, from a habit can sleep when they will, and wake when they will. Capt. Barclay, when performing his wonderful feat of walking 1,000 miles in as many consecutive hours, obtained such mastery over himself that he fell asleep the minute he lay down. The faculty of remaining asleep for a length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quinn the celebrated player, who would slumber for 24 hours successively; with Elisabeth Orving—who slept three fourths of her life; with Elisabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyell, who did the same for successive weeks; and with many others more or less remarkable. A phenomenon of an opposite character is sometimes observed, for there are individuals who can exist on a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliott was an instance of his kind; he never slept more than four hours out of twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent, his food consisted wholly of bread, water and vegetables. In a letter addressed to Sir John Sinclair by John Gordon, Esq. of Swine, mention is made of a person named John Mackey, of Skerry, who died in Strathnave in the year 1797, aged ninety-one; he only slept on an average of four hours in 24, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Fredric the Great of Prussia and the illustrious surgeon John Hunter only slept five hours during the same period. The celebrated French General, Pichegro, informed Sir Robert Blaine that during a whole year's campaign he had not allowed himself above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four.

Senator Logan, of Illinois, has been accused by the editors and correspondents of some of the papers of using ungrammatical language, and the editor of the Cincinnati Times called upon the editor of the Baltimore Gazette to say whether or not the charge was true, and the Gazette editor responds as follows: 'Our genial friend, Col. Boyden, of the Cincinnati Times, desires that we should publicly state whether we heard Senator John A. Logan in his recent speech commit any outrage on grammar or do violence to the agreeable relations which should exist between nouns and verbs. Being duly sworn, we proceed to say that we were present in the Senate sitting in the seat with Senator Davis, of Illinois, when Mr. Logan delivered his great speech. We heard him distinctly make use of the following expressions: 'If I had of known it,' I have saw the time,' etc., 'he done this without reflection.' Mr. Logan also used the following sentence, which we do not find recorded in his speech in the Record: 'I ain't been yet in a position to hear such sentiments as those nored to through the settlement, but I have long suspicioned in my own mind that there is men in this here body' which would, if they have the power, pluck the blue empyrean from the axis of the American country was going to or drifting at.' We submit that some portions of this sentence will not bear critical analysis.'

THE FRUIT CROP OF THE UNITED STATES.

The value of fruit crops in the United States is estimated by the government statistician at \$149,000,000 annually, or about half the value of the wheat crop. (The value of the annual crop of Michigan is put down at \$1,000,000. California has 60,000 acres of vineyards producing 10,000,000 gallons of wine annually, besides vinegar, raisins, brandy and fresh grapes. The other States produce 5,000,000 gallons of wine annually. The single port of Norfolk, Va., reported \$3,000,000 worth of strawberries last year. Illinois, a prairie State whose fruit growing is of recent origin, now has 32,000 acres of orchards. According to recent official statements, the land appraised to this branch of industry is 5,600,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, and 113,270,000 peach trees, and 141,260,000 grape vines.)

SENATOR LOGAN'S RECENT UNPROVOKED ATTACK UPON LINCOLN

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Gleanings

There is one thing which you can give to other people and still keep it, and that is your word.—N. F. Trivette.

A disobedient little girl being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said: 'Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform, first?'

There are 9,000,000 pair of corsets made in the United States annually, which may be taken as some evidence of how much squeezing a woman can stand before they scream.

A man was hanged for horse-stealing down in Southwestern Missouri, last week, and just before he swung off he confessed that for nearly two years he had been addicted to wearing a liver pad.—Hawkeye.

What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than first love of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl when an undivided interest in eight corner lots and fourteen three-story houses.

Artificial ice, is said to be superior to nature's product, is manufactured in the South at a cost of only 70 cents per ton. It is turned out in blocks two and a half feet long by ten inches in thickness.

Of the leading candidates for Presidency, Grant is 57, Hayes is 57, Sherman 46, Conkling 51, and Blaine 48. On the Democratic side, Tharman is 66, Tilden is 65, Davis 64, Hendricks 60, Bayard 51. Grant and Hayes were born in the same year, 1822.

It is well enough to hang up a chromo with 'God bless our home' on it; but it will do no harm by helping on the matter by a little less fretting. A great many people ask the Lord to do what they won't lift their little fingers to do themselves.

The Silver Springs, of Florida, cover an acre of ground, are nearly 100 feet deep, and send off a stream 60 to 100 feet wide, extending eight miles to the Ocala river. Sixty boats can lie at anchor in the spring, and the water is so clear that a fish or pebble can be seen at a depth of eight feet.

At the funeral of General Jas. Shields in Carrollton, Mo., last Wednesday, the two swords presented to him by the States Illinois and South Carolina, for gallantry in the Mexican war, were crossed over the coffin. The gift of Illinois cost \$2,000, and that of South Carolina \$8,000, both are richly studded with jewels. The immediate cause of the death of General Shields was the opening of the old wound received by him at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Children have their own way of solving great mysteries, and who shall say that science knows better than they? When it was thundering little Mary sat thinking, what to make of the awful noise she did not know. At last, however, she brightened up and said, 'Mamma, I reckon Dodd is pounding on the floor to make the people believe. Of the same kind of philosophy was the reply of the boy who gazed at the stars, and then guessed that that they were gimlet holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through.—N. Y. Herald.

FASHIONABLE SYMPATHY.

A rather flashy-dressed young lady in company with her mother was coming out of a church in a city, and while walking down the massive stone steps the lady slipped and went headlong to the sidewalk. The daughter, horror-stricken hid her face in a \$25 handkerchief, and instead of helping her mother up blurted out, 'Oh, mother, such an ideal how could you fall here? You are perfectly awful! I am sorry I came out with you!'

POLITENESS IS KINDNESS.

At the table the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocracy of Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite a fault thirty years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank therefrom. 'This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease.'

Dream Fulfilled After Thirty Years.

Two young men, residents of Norridgewock, Me., met one morning, and one said: 'Charles, I dreamed last night that you were a judge of the supreme court of Maine, that I was a minister, and that you called on me to open your court with prayer.' Just thirty years after this the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Allen, late president of the State College, happened to step in the Supreme court room in Augusta. Judge Charles Dana forth beckoned to him, and asked him to open his court with prayer, and behold the dream was verified.