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THE GLEANER

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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.

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ONE ANGRY MOMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'No,' said Mr. Bray, looking up from the newspaper he was reading, and speaking with unusual sharpness of tone.

A young man, one of his clerks, stood before him.

'Do you understand me? No—I said no? Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend.'

The clerk had hesitated about sending back the rough refusal of Mr. Bray to accommodate a neighbor with the loan of a couple of hundred dollars, within an hour of bank closing, even on the explanation that he was 'short on a note.' But, on this emphatic confirmation of the first refusal, he turned from his employer and went forward to where the messenger of Mr. Carlton awaited an answer.

'I'm tired of this eternal borrowing,' said Mr. Bray to himself, in justification of his angry refusal to accommodate a neighbor. 'Why don't he make timely provision for his notes as I do, and not go money-hunting at the eleventh hour? I'm not going to reduce my bank balance to meet his careless deficiencies. There is too much of this idle dependence among traders to suit my notions of things.'

But these words of justification did not bring the mind of Mr. Bray into a state of calm self-satisfaction. Reason did not approve his hastily uttered denial; and self-respect was hurt by this sudden ebullition of anger.

'Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend.'

'I needn't have said just that!' Mr. Bray was already in a repentant mood. 'I could have refused on any decent pretext. There was no call for an insulting denial.'

'Ah no! How blinding is sudden anger? For a while Mr. Bray sat communing with himself, and then, taking up his pen, drew a check for two hundred dollars. Calling to his clerk, he said:

'Here Thomas, run in with this to Mr. Carlton.'

The young man took the check and went out hurriedly. He came back in a few minutes with the check still in his hand.

'Why didn't he take it?' asked Mr. Bray, his face deepening in color as he put the question.

'He said he was much obliged to you, but Mr. Agnew had accommodated him.'

Mr. Bray, in a very quiet manner, tore the check into small fragments. He felt badly. Mr. Agnew had the reputation of being the roughest, most unaccommodating man in the neighborhood; while he took pride in the thought of being held in very different estimation. Even Mr. Agnew had exceeded him in amiable compliance and prompt business courtesy. He felt rebuked and humbled.

'Oh, dear! I wish I had a little decent self-control!' he said, sharply, to himself. 'This quick feeling, and hasty action therefrom, are always getting me into some kind of trouble.'

As Mr. Bray walked homeward, after leaving his store that afternoon, he saw Mr. Carlton approaching at the distance of half a block ahead of him. He was conveniently near the corner of a street, and so taking the flag-stones he crossed over and thus avoided meeting his neighbor.

'I don't like this,' he said, in some humiliation, to himself, as he breathed a little more freely. 'Skulking like a criminal don't suit me at all? Why should I fear to look any man in the face?'

Mr. Bray was, usually, a cheerful man at home; though he sometimes darkened the homelight for a season through fits of sudden anger, that soon subsided. But even the briefly ruling tempest leaves usually some mighty traces of its course that requires many days of sunshine, gentle rains and refreshing dews to obliterate. It was so with the tempest of Mr. Bray's too easily awakened anger. It never darkened the sky, nor swept fiercely along the earth, without leaving its ugly marks behind.

But usually he was cheerful in his family, bringing home with him the bright, warm sunshine. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. This little act of discourtesy to Mr. Carlton had not only shadowed his feelings but left his mind disturbed. He was just in a state to be annoyed by the merest of trifles.

Two little boys were playing in the passage as he came in from the street. At the very moment of his entrance one of them hurt the other by accident. The latter screamed out, and, under the passionate impulse of the moment, charged his brother with striking him. In a different state of mind Mr. Bray would have

tried a little moral suasion in the case; or at least, withheld punishment until he saw clearly that duty to his child required its administration. But now, obeying an unhappy impulse, he caught up the child who was charged with the offense of striking and punished him with smarting strokes. At the moment of his doing so the mother of the children, who had seen all that passed between them, called out earnestly:

'Stop! Stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident!'

But this appeal came too late. The wrong had been done.

'It's a shame!' said the mother, who felt every painful blow the child had received, and who spoke from the moment's indignant impulse.

Mr. Bray did not feel any better. Setting the child down, without venturing a reply to his wife's remark, he strode up stairs to the sitting room and threw himself into the great arm chair. No one ventured to come near him for some time; so he had fair opportunity for self-communion. At last a toddling little curly-head, who generally hailed her father's return with joy, came sliding into the room, and with a half timid air made her way, by almost stealthy approaches, to the side of the moody man. Curiously she lifted her eyes to his moody countenance; stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then clambered up and laid her golden tresses against his bosom. As she did so the father's arms were drawn around her. But little curly head was not, in her selfish innocence, content with the sunshine of favor for herself alone.

'Papa! Her voice had in it something of doubt.

'What is it, my little pet?' And Mr. Bray, who was penetrated by the child's sphere of tenderness, kissed her pure lips.

'Willy didn't hurt Eddy a purpose. He didn't strike him.'

'But Eddy said that Willy struck him. The father sought to justify himself in the eyes of the child.

'Eddy only thought so,' replied little curly head. 'Willy didn't strike him at all.'

Mr. Bray said nothing more; but he felt very uncomfortable. When the tea-bell rung he went, with little curly-head to the dining room. All the rest of the family had kept away from him. Mrs. Bray looked particularly sober; and Willy, who had been set all right as to his conduct by his mother's declaration that he had not been guilty of striking, put on an air of injured innocence. Mr. Bray did not speak once during the meal, but sat in silence, with a heavily clouded brow.

For that evening the accustomed pleasant talks, cheerful smiling faces and merry laughter were banished from the home of Mr. Henry Bray. A single moment of anger had done this unhappy work. It was something better at the family reunion the next morning. Sleep had wrought its usual work of restoring the mind to its better state and calving its pulses to an even beat.

As Mr. Bray left his house something earlier than usual, and was walking along, with his eyes cast down, thinking over certain matters of business that would require his attention, a man came to his side, and, in a pleasant voice, said:

'Good morning, Mr. Bray!'

The merchant glanced up, with a heightening color, into the face of this person who had overtaken him in his rather deliberate walk. He knew the voice. It was that of Mr. Carlton.

'Good morning,' The response was not hearty. How could it be.

'I was sorry to trouble you yesterday,' said Mr. Carlton, speaking in a frank, cheerful way. 'But a friend to whom I had loaned a sum of money disappointed me at the last moment, and I was compelled to borrow at an unreasonable hour. Your kind effort to serve me was none the less appreciated because I had no need of the check when you were so obliging as to send it in. Mr. Agnew had already supplied my trifling deficiency.'

Now, what answer could Mr. Bray make to this? Was Mr. Carlton actually in earnest? Was he really so dull as not to have appreciated his rough, insulting message of the day before—or was this courteous acknowledgment of an almost extorted favor a rebuking piece of irony?

'It would have gratified me if you had used the check,' replied Mr. Bray, his voice a little below its usual firmness of tone. 'It was tendered in all sincerity.'

'I never doubted that for an instant,' said Mr. Carlton, as it surprised that his neighbor should intimate, even remotely, a question of his right appreciation of the favor. 'Mr. Bray's reputation as a

courteous, gentlemanly merchant and a kind-hearted man forbid any other inference.'

Now this, Mr. Bray felt, was crowding him a little too hard, and he was considerably annoyed. 'Tell Mr. Carlton that I neither borrow nor lend.' Could he forget that rough answer to his neighbor's request for a couple of hundred dollars, at a late hour in the day, when his bank account was still short? No, he could not forget it; and that neighbor's compliments upon his mercantile and mainly virtuous conduct too much like a covert rebuke to be in the smallest measure agreeable. So he changed the subject, by referring to some general topic, and managed to appear interested, until, their ways diverging, they parted with courteous forms of speech.

'I don't like that,' said Mr. Bray, to himself as he walked on alone. 'All this is mere hypocritical assumption; and under the circumstances, I can scarcely regard it as less than insulting; and if he talks to me after this fashion I will tell him so.'

The opportunity soon occurred. It was, perhaps, about twelve, when the merchant saw Mr. Carlton enter his store and come back to where he was sitting at his desk. There was a familiar smile upon his countenance, and he looked altogether self-possessed.

'Good morning again,' said he with much apparent frankness of manner.

'Good morning,' Mr. Bray tried to look pleasant, and tried to assume a perfectly composed exterior; but the elements of excitement were moving within him. There was always a point beyond which control was impossible, and he felt that Mr. Carlton was pressing him beyond that point. In his uncharitable refusal to lend him two hundred dollars he had done wrong; but, to the best of his ability, he had endeavored to repair that wrong, and Mr. Carlton should have accepted his tender of repentance and not insulted him by throwing Mr. Agnew in his face along with his rejected loan. Mr. Agnew! known throughout the trade as one of the most courteous and obliging of men in that set he had given sufficient rebuke; and there in Mr. Bray's opinion, he should be willing to let the matter rest.

But it seemed that Mr. Carlton felt differently, as he had shown in his ironical reference to the matter at their meeting on the street; and it was plain to Mr. Bray, from the manner of his neighbor, that he had come to annoy him again with some reference to a circumstance that he desired to forget as quickly as possible. Following the 'good morning again' of Mr. Carlton succeeded this sentence, as spoken with cheerful frankness of a man in earnest:

'Your kindness yesterday makes me a little presuming today. I will take that check now if you have it to spare. My friend has disappointed me again, and I have several payments to make.'

The smile had faded from Mr. Carlton's face ere his sentence was finished, for, instead of meeting a countenance of kind compliance, stern, almost flashing eyes looked steadily into his, and compressed lips gave a warning of a refusal.

'There has been enough of this already,' said Mr. Bray, with repressed excitement.

'Enough of what? Mr. Carlton looked surprised.

'Enough of insulting reference to my act of yesterday!' answered Mr. Bray.

'Insulting! What do you mean? And Mr. Carlton drew himself up and looked quite as indignant as his neighbor.

'My words are very plain. You understand the king's English I presume?'

'I had supposed so. But yours is a dialect with which I am not familiar, and I must beg you to supply the glossary.'

'Let me do that,' said the clerk of Mr. Bray stepping forward at this juncture.

'Do so, if you please, and I will be a thousand times obliged.' And Mr. Carlton moved back a pace or two awaiting the clerk's expatriation.

'Permit me?' The clerk looked at Mr. Bray.

'Say on, Thomas?' was answered.

'When Mr. Carlton sent in for the two hundred dollars yesterday you were annoyed about something, and returned a rather uncharitable refusal—one altogether so unlike yourself that I could not do you the injustice of letting it pass to our neighbor unjustified. So I softened the refusal, to make it sound as much like a regret for not complying as I possibly could, I knew that you would think and feel differently in a few minutes, and I was not mistaken, as the offered check proved. This is the glossary Mr. Carlton, which you asked, and I trust that it will make all clear. Did I do right or wrong, Mr. Bray? The young man turned, with a half timid look, to his passionate employer, whose words were of so

uncertain a character that it was hard to calculate the direction of their impulse. A moment of silence passed, and then Mr. Bray said with feeling:

'Right, Thomas, right! And I thank you for such judicious conduct.'

The young man bowed and retired to wait upon a customer.

For a little while the two men stood looking at each other, each so impressed with a sense of the ludicrous that the muscles of risibility were all in play.

'You have the glossary,' said Mr. Bray, at length, a broad smile covering his face.

'Giving the clearest meaning to your words of a moment ago so full of mystery,' was answered, with as broad a smile in return.

'You won't refuse my check I presume,' and Mr. Bray turned to his desk.

'Just try me, said Mr. Carlton, in a voice that left no doubt of his meaning.

'Will two hundred be sufficient? You can make it three if you are over to-day.'

'Three hundred it is, Mr. Carlton,' said the merchant, the thermometer of whose feelings had risen from zero to summer heat, and whenever I can accommodate you in matters of this kind don't fail to command me. It, as it may happen sometimes, I should be a little untamable, my clerk there will act as a cushion and prevent you feeling the shock of my temporary ill-nature. I didn't know before that I had so discreet an assistant.'

There was a warmer atmosphere in the home of Mr. Bray on the evening that succeeded the cloudy morning, than on the one which preceded, when the shadow of an angry moment was large and dense enough to cover the whole household with a leaden pall. Little curly-head leaped into her father's arms almost upon the instant of his return, and hugged him with all the outpouring love of her innocent heart; and Eddy and Willy the trouble of the past evening forgotten, were ready for their romps and enjoyed them to their heart's content. The mother, too, was smiling and happy. That evening was marked as one of the green places in the home-life; and but for the impulsive act of a single angry moment the previous evening would have left with every heart as sweet a remembrance.

MURDER TRIAL IN VIRGINIA

A JURY COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF NEGROES.

RICHMOND, July 15.—George Lewis, the negro, aged nineteen, who murdered his grandfather in January last in Chesterfield county, and was subsequently sentenced to be hanged, having obtained a new trial, was again arraigned yesterday. The jury, much against the prisoner's wish and the earnest protest of his counsel, was composed entirely of negroes, and is the first of this kind empanelled in Virginia to try a capital offence. The testimony at this trial was much stronger than at the first, as the prisoner's confession, showing premeditation, was admitted as evidence. The crime for which Lewis was tried was most brutal and unprovoked, as according to his own admission his victim ordered him to perform some trivial service which was not to his liking. He thereupon made up his mind that he would put an end to her dominion over him, and in the afternoon of the same day shot her deliberately with an old army musket, literally blowing off the greater portion of her head. The trial occupied all day, until near midnight, when the case was given to the jury, who, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder in the second degree, and fixed his punishment at eighteen years in the penitentiary.

MEN WANTED.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men who have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for.—Times.

GRANT'S PALACE IN JAPAN.

Forty thousand dollars was set aside by the Japanese government for the entertainment of Gen. Grant, and a palace was especially prepared for his reception, containing all modern conveniences, the carpets, linen, equipments, &c., having been imported from France for the purpose, and a corps of French and Japanese cooks engaged. It is not improbable that the general will visit the battle fields of the late war in Korea, a western island of Japan, before returning.

STEWART CASTLE.

(St. Paul Pioneer in Washington Letter.)

It is rumored here that the wife and daughter of ex-Senator Stewart are to return to Washington and inhabit that great pile of sandstone that is known as Stewart Castle. It is the largest and most expensive house in Washington, but, as the Yankee ladies would think, the \$500,000 expended upon it was a wasteful waste. It has been closed since the expiration of the Senator's term of office in 1875 and has been advertised for rent at the modest sum of at first \$20,000 per annum and later at \$15,000 and \$10,000. But no one has had the money to pay such a rental and keep up the house besides, for it will require several thousands a year to heat it alone. The moths have destroyed the greater part of the furniture, which was very handsome and costly, having been made to order in Paris, the fabrics of upholstery having been purchased at the Exposition of 1873. The house was occupied only one year. Miss Stewart was married there and her baby was born in the house, but after the Senator's term expired and the Emma Mine pulled down his fortune the family moved to the Pacific coast, where they have since been.

Gleanings.

Parlor magazines—Kerosene lamps. A useful thing in the long run—Breath. A touching incident—A physician feeling a patient's pulse.

The Princess Louise is not always sad if she is for Lorue.

The snow has not all gone from the Adirondacks yet.

Kentucky has a father of thirty seven children. He once lived in Rhode Island but had to move out of the State.

The flowers used for decorating Queen Victoria's apartments at the British Embassy, in Paris, on the occasion of her two recent visits there, cost \$3,000.

John Campbell, aged 12, was killed at Providence, R. I., Saturday, by an accidental blow from a bat in the hands of a boy named McClade.

They have an organized life guard at Long Branch who patrol the beach during the regular bathing hours. The members are all expert swimmers.

Uncle Jumbo was caught with a stolen chicken hid in his hat, and when asked how it came there he replied, "Fore de Lord, boss, dat fowl must a crawled up my breeches leg."

The only real bitter tears, says some one, "are those shed in solitude." You may bet your life that philosopher never saw a ten-year-old boy coming out of a wood-shed in company with his father and a skate strap.

'Are you building air castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?' said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee cup. 'No indded; only looking over my grounds in Java,' replies Jones.—N. Y. Star.

'Green street?' called out the conductor. 'Green's treat, eh?' ejaculated an inebriate individual in the corner of the car. 'All right, (hic) just's fieve drink off of Green (hic)' any other man.—Salem Sunbeam.

Senator Mitt Carpenter was interviewed the other day upon the subject of his health, and said: 'I tell you no man can smoke twenty Havana cigars a day and keep up the practice without encountering certain death.' Mr. Carpenter is wrecked body and mind by excessive indulgence in tobacco.

A servant girl in one of the summer cottages recently burned in Lenox, Mass., carefully gathered \$7,000 worth of jewelry in her apron and started down stairs. Before getting out she remembered that her own money was in her room in the attic, and so threw away the contents of her apron and rushed back to save \$100.

The counsel for Christine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, in New York, announces that they will maintain on his trial that the accused is not responsible for his actions, being 'a homicidal maniac.' They will further maintain that Mrs. Hull did not die from injuries received at Cox's hands, but that she died of apoplexy, heart disease or syncope.

De Wit Talmage, Beecher's clerical brother of Brooklyn, is 'drawing' worse than a circus in London. He preached on Sunday, to two congregations of twenty thousand listeners each. Thousands upon thousands thronged the streets leading to the hall for miles almost blocking the passage of vehicles. Many people were crushed and Talmage's carriage was almost demolished by the crush of the crowd, every individual in which clannored to get a glimpse of the great American Pulpit, Pounder, and expounder. Beecher had better go and hang himself, unless he can break out in a new place of some sort.

A little more formality in serving the family meals would not harm some households. There is no need of saving all the 'company manners, for company if you do, the children, at last, will be found wanting when the occasion comes. The necessity of cheerfulness and contentment at meals cannot be too often enforced. The wisdom, on purely physical grounds, of a tranquil mind at meal times, is old as Babel, in our language and as ancient as the patriarchs in practice. The time given to the table ought to be doubled in many instances, and the cheerfulness, good nature, and domestic conversation increased in a like ratio.—Golder Leaf.