

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

VOL 5

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20 1879

NO. 24

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rate of Subscription, Postage Paid:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

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where I am prepared to do all kind of work such as Photographs, Chromotypes, Chromo-crayon &c. Old faded pictures copied, enlarged and made new in the most approved style.
Respectfully
W. F. PRATHER.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S Celebrated American 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 azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; 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 frequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; 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.

A FAMILY GENIUS.

Fortunate is the family that is without its 'black sheep,' but blessed is the family that is without a genius.

It not infrequently happens that the poor 'black sheep' has been dyed his Platonian hue by malice or ignorance, and that after leaving the unappreciative fold for new and more congenial pastures, his wool is washed as white as snow by those who more properly value him.

But the family 'genius'—oh, well! we have all met a specimen here or there, and are almost ashamed to confess that in not a few instances we were sadly disenchanted.

Nancy Develin was a family 'genius.' The divine seal was set upon her the moment she came into this cruel, censorious world; the divine afflatus was heard in the first faint cry and seen in the far-away gaze of her wondering eyes. Assuredly she was a marvelous child, and surprising possibilities lay before her. It is not strange, considering that the world is proverbially blind to genius, and especially family genius, that she was given a most unpoetic and unsuggestive name.

However, the misfortune was alleviated a few years later, when the genius discovered that 'Nancy' was convertible to 'Anne,' and that 'De Velin' was the proper and aesthetic form of the prosy cognomen 'Develin,' so henceforth she was known as Anne De Velin.

The gifted girl had many talents, undoubtedly, although the simple people among whom she dwelt did not always recognize them. But she was admired and flattered for more prosy considerations. She was the only child of a wealthy but practical and unlettered farmer, who was fondly indulgent toward her in all things. She was really a bright and pretty girl, fairly educated and accomplished, and her wardrobe was expensive and stylish.

At eighteen, Anne De Velin was highly dissatisfied with a country life, and yearned to know something of the gilded world wherein dwelt men who were not all bores and women who were not all drudges, and where on the wings of genius she might rise to that dazzling station she felt she was fitted to adorn.

'Nan ain't good for much at hum,' said the maiden aunt, who was housekeeping for Anne's widowed father, 'and I reckon never will be. She was born for the pinner, and the books with the yaller kivers, and them ar things she paints and call pictures; but that is about all, I guess, seeing she kinder hankers fur it, you'd better let her go to town.'

'What kin she do there?' inquired the practical farmer.

'Wall, urged the aunt, 'she thinks she might git somethin' she calls fame from her verses and pictures; and the gal's rale handy at 'em, and she's party, tu, and knows how ter rig herself in them ar far-bowls of hern like a rale princess born to 'em.'

'Goll darn the verses and the pictures, and that ar other thing she'll get. Fur my part, I don't value nothin that hain't a good square money value. I allers said it, and I say it yit. But the gal kin have her way, and she's set on it, and ye kin write to Aunt Crowley and tell her 'Nan is comin'.' If there's anything in the gal she'll have a right good chance with Aunt Crowley. But I reckon she'll be glad enough to git back to the farm agin arter a spell. Her wisdom teeth ain't out yit, and the sooner they be the better.

Anne De Velin was in an ecstasy of delight. Her Aunt Crowley was a gay and fashionable lady, and had spoiled the girl by profuse compliments. Anne had yet to learn that the praise and flattery of a summer guest, are not always sincere, however agreeable they may be; and she had never yet visited Mrs. Crowley in the city.

I wonder what Joe Sanders will think?

Thought Anne, when she knew she was really going. She rather liked Joe Sanders, who was a sensible and fine looking young landholder, and who adored her. Him she had never considered boorish, nor was his persistent devotion obnoxious to her, although he was not at all the sort of a gentleman she wanted for a lover.

Anne De Vehn's ideal lover was not broad shouldered and muscular, and bearded like a Turk, but he was tall and shapely; he was dark eyed, aristocratically pale, and had a gracefully curved moustache. He wore elegant clothes, a diamond on his white hand, and a pink bud in his buttonhole, and was as unlike Joe Sanders as a prince is unlike a plough boy. And this was the sort of Romeo in whom she expected to play Juliet, in the new, grand city life before. But she was quite too much of a coquette to part lightly with Joe Sanders.

I really can't see what you want to go

to the city for, Anne,' he observed, very soberly.

The girl twisted a showy amethyst on her plump finger, and looked as a family genius is supposed to look when talking with an inferior sort of person, who is too hopelessly stupid to comprehend her noble aspirations.

'Well, you see,' she answered with dignity, 'I was not born for this kind of life. Something higher and sweeter is necessary to one like me. You men here sow and reap, toiling on and plodding on year after year, never thinking of the beautiful things you might give to the world by a stroke of the pen or the pencil. Joe, life is a grand glorious thing if lived as it ought to be. O, how I despise these poor, unrefined women, who are content to drudge like oxen, with no rest and no amusement. A little gossiping, a little church going, and a great deal of soul-crushing work is enough for me. But one like me, Joe, must have something different.'

'Ah, indeed; that is it, is it?' returned the young man, eyeing the pretty egoist with an amused smile. 'What do you mean to make your life, Anne? What will you be?'

'I mean to be a great and famous woman,' she asserted; 'I have not yet decided how. Perhaps I shall be an artist or a prima donna.'

'And perhaps you will be my wife,' was the thought that he did not utter.

'After a few days of pleasant preparation, Miss Anne De Velin became the guest of Mrs. Crowley, who received the girl affectionately enough, but not with the manner of one who realized the auspicious presence of a family genius. Anne soon learned that her relative cared a great deal for social pleasures, but did not appreciate her marvelous talents in the least.

'You sing on the stage? What an absurd thing you are!' she cried, laughing heartily.

'I have been told that my voice is very fine,' persisted Anne, much nettled at the critical and incredulous manner of her aunt.

'Of course you have a fine voice,' said Mrs. Crowley soothingly; 'but not nearly fine enough for a public singer. Besides you would be obliged to study for years to perfect it.'

Anne's face grew hot, and angry tears gathered in her eyes.

'You had better learn to dress well, the first thing you do, Anne,' continued Mrs. Crowley, seeing the girl's agitation; 'I want you to look very nicely at my party to-night. Fred Fitch is coming.'

'I am glad that,' answered Anne, with charming frankness. 'I think Mr. Fitch is really the only gentleman whom I ever admired.'

His dark eyes could look unutterable love, and the touch of his white hand was mesmeric, and every accent of his voice was as thrilling as a caress. Miss Anne De Velin fondly believed that she had found favor in his sight, and she determined to sacrifice ambition for love, as the most heroic thing she could do, considering how persistently blind her friends seemed to be to her genius.

She had known Mr. Fitch some months when Mrs. Crowley gave another party to which he was invited.

'Dear Fred will certainly propose to-night,' she thought, as she made her toilet for the event.

The dress she chose for the evening was the most expensive she had ever worn, and would have been a charming affair if worn by one of an opposite style of beauty. Miss De Velin was highly pleased with her appearance as she went down to the parlor and encircled herself snugly in a curtained niche where she could watch the guests unseen until Mr. Fred Fitch should arrive.

Presently he came, and leaning on his arm was a lovely woman. They stopped by the window where Anne was sitting, so close that she could have touched the dazzling jewels the lady wore.

'I wonder where Mrs. Crowley's little rustic is to night?' observed Mr. Fitch. 'Have you met her, Maud? No? Well, she is a curiosity. You ought really to see her and hear her talk. It is better than a comedy. She thinks herself a genius, you know—fancies she sings like an angel and paints like a prodigy.'

'Is she really talented, Fred?' inquired the lady with polite indifference.

'Talented?' he laughed, 'she is one of the most ordinary girls I ever met in my life, but her style and self conceit are stunning.'

'I suppose you found her tiresome, did you not?' observed the lady carelessly.

'Unpleasantly so,' he returned, more seriously. 'But of course one has to treat her nicely, although no doubt she mistakes one's courtesies for the partial attentions of a most infatuated admirer. Really, Maud, I have fancied at times that she believed I loved her.'

'I hope you have not trifled with her, Fred?' said the lady.

'I assure you I have not, answered he, very gallantly. I could not do that, especially as I am promised to your fair self, sweet *ma belle* Maud.'

They moved away presently, and then poor Anne slipped unobserved out of the grand parlors.

She sobbed a little when she at length reached her own room. Her last illusion was gone, but had left her much wiser and much less hurt than might be sup-

posed. She was only eighteen, be it remembered; and, after all, her fancies had not been more extravagant than those of many others who, unfortunately, for lack of this sort of salutary lesson, have remained fools to the end of their lives. And she was, quite certainly, not too much of an idiot to know how foolish she had been, nor to feel a womanly, resentful desire to confuse the elegant and vain M. Fred Fitch with some pretty and seemingly ingenious sally of strategy. She thought of manly, noble Joe Sanders, and smiled contentedly as a bright plan suddenly took shape and form in her giddy, egotistical brain, so rudely stung to defensive action. She sprang to her feet, and hurriedly flung aside the golden tatted silk, the crimson carinations, and the set of rubies borrowed from her indulgent Aunt Crowley—all of which finery had become to her, in her abruptly awakened sense of taste and discernment, correctly and odiously unbecoming and incongruous. Then still smiling with a strange and new feeling of satisfaction, she put on a plain pretty, dress of white cashmere, arranged an exquisite affair of soft black lace about her neck and shoulders, fastened a pale pink rose in her dark fine hair, and so went again down to the elegant parlors.

'Auntie, please do introduce me to that beautiful young lady whom Mr. Fitch is entertaining,' she solicited, slipping to the side of her relative at a moment timely chosen.

'Certainly, my dear child,' complied Mrs. Crowley, at the same time favoring her niece with a glance of sincere but surprised admiration. 'Really, Anne,' she whispered, 'you are looking remarkably well this evening. What fairy helped you to dress with such exquisite simplicity?'

The compliment was very gratifying to Anne, but she had no time to respond, for Mr. Fred Fitch and his stylish betrothed were very near. And that gallant young gentleman was somehow very attentive to Anne during the evening that followed. He thought her very pretty and graceful in her simple dress, and he began vaguely to wonder if she were really quite as much of a country simpleton as he had supposed her to be. Albeit her new mood, that was charmingly naive and shyly coquettish, puzzled and piqued him.

'I protest, Mr. Fitch,' said Anne, with an arch and saucy smile, when his soft flattery became somewhat profuse, 'I must not listen to such nonsense.'

'Why must you not?' he asked tenderly.

'Because,' she returned demurely, 'the dear fellow who is to be my husband would certainly object if he knew it.'

'Ah indeed,' observed Mr. Fred Fitch, dropping the little brown hat; and Anne smiled and mentally blessed the woman wit that had helped her to nonplus him who had ridiculed her.

She went home the next day, quite convinced that she preferred the rustic life she had once thought so prosy and inferior. Joe Sanders, the sensible, and faithful, met her at the station.

'Has my little girl come back to be my wife,' he asked, lovingly, reading bright the expression of her tired and wistful eyes.

Anne's answer must have pleased him mightily, for he kissed her then and there, regardless of the gapping crowd.

Her father was delighted.

'I knowed how it would be,' he declared, 'cause the gal was bright and handsome, the rest of yer made her believe she could beat all creation at the big things them can do as was born to 'em. Many is the gal as would make a right smart and happy wife as has been poked into civilized ways for nuthin' but misery. But I tell ye rale genius is allers satisfied with the life the good Lord provides. Kiss me, my little gal, and God bless ye.'

A FLIRTING GIRL WELL CURED.

(Forney's Progress.)

Scene in a theatre. Seated in the orchestra a lady and gentleman; the former much enamored of the latter, in fact desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies, and indulges them with a handsome party in the circle. The escort is not unobservant of this little play, and finally asks smilingly, "Do you know that gentleman with whom you are flirting?"

An embarrassed negative is the reply.

"Then excuse me a moment."

The escort immediately crosses the theatre, puts a similar question to the other conspirator, "Sir, are you acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this last half hour?"

"Not."

"Would you like to be?" pleasantly.

Very much surprised, "Certainly."

A moment later the escort introduces the not altogether comfortable pair. Then the mild expression leaves the insulted gentleman's face, and he says sternly,

"Now, sir, you may accompany this lady home!"

With a bow he takes his leave, and the woman who loves; him never hears his voice again.

A San Francisco man named Howland has invented a machine that will tell to within a small amount the quantity of gold a person has about him. When this machine collides with an editor it is so hard worked that the perspiration rolls off its face in big drops, and it falls exhausted in two hours. The inventor should build one of forty horse power for the special use of newspaper men.

ANOTHER GREAT INVENTIVE TRIUMPH.

(Philadelphia Times.)

The manufacture of ice was properly considered a great inventive triumph, but a discovery has recently been made which leaves this far in the shade. This is nothing less than a system of refrigeration which involves the use of no ice at all. The system has been put into practical operation at Boston, and is already a great success. Ammonia is the chemical agent depended upon, and by its use the air in a large six-story granite building is kept nearly down to the freezing point event in dog days. The building was first rendered impenetrable as possible to outside atmospheric changes, and then intricate machinery was introduced by means of which the heat and gases are drawn off, condensed and purified and retained to do the work of refrigerating. The process goes on all the while and the air is constantly changing, but the machine is so nicely arranged that the temperature is kept at the uniform point of about forty degrees. A curious feature of the performance is that the absorption of the heat, gases and moisture constantly accumulates a great quantity of snow in the machine room every day, and the novel spectacle is presented of men shoveling up snow from the floor of a building outside of which the thermometer stands among the nineties and spreading it out on the roof to melt in the midsummer sun. The building is kept nearly full of perishable provisions, a hundred thousand packages of butter, three hundred barrels of beef and thirty five hundred dozen of eggs being among the present stock on hand, and the produce and commission houses which patronize it report their goods are kept better than in vaults filled with ice. Indeed the experiment has proved so successful that it is expected mammoth refrigerators of this sort will soon be introduced in all the large cities, and there seems to be no reason why the system cannot be applied to ocean steamships in which case meats and other perishable merchandise could be transported across the Atlantic more successfully than heretofore. There ought also to be a hint in this discovery for the application of a system of artificially cooling dwelling houses in the hot weather. There is a chance here for some inventor.

BECOMING RICH BY ACCIDENT.

The Pittsburg Telegraph tells this story which it says is reliable: "During an excursion from this city to Niagara Falls, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard of it. The Kennard House at that city was crowded with guests, when an eccentric and witty druggist of Smithfield street appeared late at night at the hotel office and demanded a bed. The clerk replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house, and was required a Pittsburg morning newspaper man, who were with the excursion. "To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk, so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in." The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chances with the evening journalist, as they excelled the morning men in more ways than one, and he would doubtless be quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about 12 o'clock, and thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself, unconsciously, in the druggist's clothes and sailed out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered as he treated all present, "Funniest thing I ever heard of. When I went to bed last night, I only had twenty five cents to my name, and now I've got over a hundred dollars (showing a corpulent roll of bills) and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.

LITTLE JOHNNY ANECDOTES.

(San Francisco Argonaut.)

Gotes butts, and Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny, one day there was a gote in the field, and it took after Bildad, which you better explain to yure united readers is the new dog. Bildad he ran toward a hi fence for to git over, but the gote it cot him and butted him cruil on the tail, and he whirled over and over, and lit on the other side of the fence but didn't kuo it cos he was bewildered and scrambled back over the fence agin, lifely as he cude, and the gote it let him have it a other time, and worked away. Bildad he was astoish dog, and shake his hed, much as to say, 'I never see so many buttigotes, one in evry field!'

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the judge asked an unwilling witness: "What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was: "Well, your honor, it was marked 'whiskey' on one end of the barrel and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

When an honest hen is laying the foundation for a family and doing the work, some absurd rooster is ready to do the crowing.

Gleanings.

It doesn't do to look squint-eyed at a man with a pistol in Texas, unless you prefer to look like a porous plaster.

'Alred: your poem must lay' over, it having some minor defects. For instance gorge does not rhyme with morgue.

Speaking of Sara Bernhardt's children Simon Cameron declares that he can prove an alibi.

About 9,000,000 tons of coal are annually consumed in the city of London.

Too much of a good thing, as the kitten said when it fell into the milk-pail.

Why is it the merchandise? Because he doesn't advert-yes.—Yonkers Statesman.

More than eighteen thousand persons live by rag picking in Paris and its suburbs.

China merchants never have to invite sea captains to dine, as they always come in after tea.

Many a young man who sows his wild oats trusts to the grasshopper of forgetfulness to destroy the crop.—Steuenville Herald.

Nothing surprises a young man more than the shape of his head as he sees it for the first time after his hair has been cropped close.

Two naked cherubs, over the portal of a new court house at Rockford, Ill., so offended the moral sense of the city they were chiseled off.

When Patrick was told that the price of bread had fallen, he exclaimed: "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

Father (to sleepy boy): Come James, you ought to be up with the lark on such a beautiful morning. Matter-of-fact boy: "All right; but how'm I to get up there?"

One of the latest western notions in the substitution of bats for pigeons in shooting matches. Would it not be still more beneficial to substitute potato bugs.

A physician at Salem, Ind., was addicted to opium eating and his neighbors tried to cure him by tying him to a tree, whipping him severely, and making him take a vow of reformation.

The girls base ball club is making a lively tour of New England. The spectators treat them unceremoniously, sometimes trip them up as they run, and even seize and kiss them.

'Marriage with a tinge of romance' is what they call it in Kansas when the old man rides after the couple and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with a bullet from an army carbine.—Free Press.

The Rockland Courier has named its candidate for 1880. He must be a man who can design a railroad time-table that a common traveler may understand without wrenching his intellect entirely out of running order.

Vanderbilt controls an aggregate length of 3,630 miles of railroad, comprising 6,102 miles of track. On these are employed 27,706 men, who receive in round numbers, \$1,178,000 a month or \$14,146,000 a year.

The young lady who doesn't scream when a candle bug crawls down her back is she who, later in life can spank a baby till it thinks the day of judgment has arrived; then go smiling to the parlor, and receive her friends with an easy grace that is as soothing as a dose of morphine.

It is said that among the merchants spending the summer at Nahant, Mass., wholesalers never associate with retailers, and this unwritten law is carried so far that a certain retail merchant and family are no welcomed into the circle in which his son, a wholesaler, moves, notwithstanding the father furnishes the money with which the son carries on business.

As they sat upon the steps on Sunday evening he claimed a right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded. She was even so accommodating as to call his attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation, and then got to 'calling' him on lightning bugs, and at last got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern that a man was swinging about a depot in the distance were trains were switching.

In Washington, D. C., a temperance reformer of prominence makes the yellow fever scourge a basis for a temperance argument. He finds that the total deaths from yellow fever in the United States for the past ten years is only 21,000, 14,000 of whom died last year. In the same time, according to a careful and probably reasonable computation, 650,000 men have died from intemperance, or at the rate of 65,000 annually. This gentleman proposes to quarantine again whiskey as a more destructive destroyer than the Yellow Jack.