THE GLEANER

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Is now receiving and putting up his

New Goods.

A rich and beautiful line of ladies dress good

Cloaks \$3.75 to \$17.00.

A fine lot of cheap ready-made clothing SUITS FROM \$4.00 to \$27.00 These goods were bought in Philadelphia hrough the agency of my son, on such terms as a comble me to sell low.
Come and see my low prices,
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Central Hotel

Greensboro, N. C.
SEYMOUR STEELE, PROPRIETOR
TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY.
This house is conveniently located in the centre of the city, the rooms are large and well furnished, and the table is supplied with the best the market affords.

Large Sample Rooms s and Baggage Wagon meet all trains

GRAHAM High School,

GRАНАМ, N. C. ESTABLISHED IN 1837, BEV. D.A. LONG, A. M., Principal. REv. W. W. STALEY, A. M., REV. W. S. LONG A. M. DAVID BELL, Graduate C. Ph., U. N. C.

The sessions always open the last Monday in August and closes the last Friday in May following: Pupils can enter at any time. No deduction except in ease of protracted sickness.

Board, washing, fuel and lights \$8 to \$11 per month. Thition \$3.50 to \$4.50. Send for circular.

DRUGS Medicines, Oils.

Paints, Glass, I have succeeded to the business of R. W. Glenn & Sour, and shall be glad to serve those wanting any article kept in a first class Drug Store, either by

-wholesale or retail.

My stock is large, and my assertment complete, and they will be kept so all the time.

My experience in the business is long, and I think I may safely claim to be a well able to serve the intense of those favoring me with their patronage as any one.

My Store is just above the Benbow Hotel building on the same tide, where I shall be plessed to wait upon customers, either in person, or by experienced clerks.

ORDERS FROM A DISTANCE PROMILY AND CAREFULLY FILLED.

R. G. GLENN.

R. G. GLENN. Greenshow

Company Shops DRUG STORE

I have very recently purchased, and filled the store house formerly occupied by Dr. J. S. Mur phey, with a fresh stock of

Drugs and Medicines Also a handsome stock of fancy articles, and everything else generally found in a

First Class Drug Store The services of an experienced Druggist have been employed, who will ALWAYS BE FOUND in the Drug Store. Don't forget to call and see us when at the Shops. And send your orders and prescriptions which will be carefully filled.

Wm. A. ERWIN.

Scott & Donnell

Graham N C-

Dealers in

MARDWARE, HATS, ROOT & SHOES, NOTIONS, IRON. STEEL, SALT, MQLAS-STUPP &C &C.

Poetry.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY

BY FATHER RYAN.

Young as the youngest who denned the gray,
True as the truest who wore it—
Brave as the bravest he murched away,
(Hot feurs on the cheeks of his mother lay,)
Triumphant waved our flag one day,
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led, He harried without a falter;
Bold as the boldest, be fought and bled,
And the day was won—but the field was red,
And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain Where the forenost ranks had wrestled,
On his pale, pune face, not a mark of pain,
(His mother dreams they will meet again,)
The fairest form-awid all the shin,
Lake a child asieep—he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the woods that swept. The field where his comrades found him. They burned him there—and the hot tears crep into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept. (His mother—Got pity her—smiled and selpt, Dreaming her arms were around him.)

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown A grave in the heart of his mother—
His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone:
There is not a name there is not a stone—
And only the voice of the wind maketh moan
O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

A Story of a Southern City.

A tall, cheerless, wooden tenement house in an uninviting part of the city. In a meagerly furnished, poorly warmed room in the third story sits a pale woman before a pile of old clothes which she is trying to mend-trying, because now and again she is stopped by tears that gather in her sad, hopeless eyes. Two children-a boy and a girl-came bounding in from school with appetites sharpened by the cold, bright weather outside.

Oh, my! what a poor fire, mother! et's put on more coal,' cries one.

'There is no more coal,' replies the

Well, can't we have something to eat ma? There was only bread and butter for dinner.'

And there is only bread and butter now, my dears, and no money to get anything else. We must learn to be content. We may not always have even that humble fare. I find it impossible to get sew. ing, or any other kind of work, and winter is approaching. We have only your sister's school money.

The children's countenance fell as she spoke, but brightened as a light step was

heard on the stairs. That's sister, they cried, running to open the door. A little lady entered and tossed aside a brown veil to kiss the children that caught hold of her. Then she went up to her mother and kissed her lips and pale forehead. She tucked the brown, wavy hair behind her cars and sank into a scat.

'There, mother, Ldo feel tired and hungry,' she said. 'Why. what's the matter?' she asked, in the next breath.

Mrs. Lane sat down in a chair and looked at her daughter, her lips beginning

'Mr. Sanborn has been here," she said. The daughter's countenance fell in any

icipation of ill news. 'And what of that?' she asked. 'He has risen on the rent,' was the

aint answer. A deep red glowed over the girl's face and faded, leaving it pale.

'How much?' she asked. 'Eight dollars a month.'

'Impossible!' cried the daughter, flushing again with excitement. We pay now all the three rooms are worth. He knows what my salary is, and that I can't pay any more.'

'He says that he can get that for the

'Then we will go elsewhere!' cried the

daughter. "We cannot,' whispered the mother. despairingly. There are no tenements o let; every place is full. They are going to tear down all the houses in A and B and C streets, and Mr. Sanborn says the people in them will have to go out of

'Good heaven!' exclaimed the girl, pacing excitedly to and tro, forgetful of her fatigue.

town.

'What are we to do? Why, we just managed to live before. It is shameful. Did you tell him, mother?

'I told him everything, Annie, and he said that he was very corry, but that he could get more for his rooms. He means to have it.

'He's a villian!' cried the girl, clenching her hands, 'A villian, and I will tell

'Don't say anything to him, Annie.' pleaded the mother in a trightened tone. Remember he is one of the school committee, and can take your school away from you.'

The young teacher's countenance fell.

'The hypocrite! I have seen him in the prayer-meetings, and heard him make long prayers and pious speeches.'

The mother sighed and was silent. She had been wont to check her daughter's somewhat free animadversions, and even against her better judgment, to defend them. those whom Annie used to say, Their life laughs through and spits at their creed;' but now the bitter truth came too

'We must draw in our expenses," said Annie, in some way. I will do the washing myselt. That will save it."

'I meant to do the washing, dear,' the mother said. eagerly. And perhaps I may be able to get some work out of the shops to do. You know I have a good deal of time to spare."

eal of time to spare.'
'No, mother, no!' the daughter said, trying to repress the gush of tears that came. 'You just leave it to me. Washing makes round arms, and my elbows his sweetness; let him be remembered no are getting pinched."

A rambling knock at the door inter- fruitful tree:" rupled them, and their wash woman entered. She was a large, rather fine-looking woman, with a sober, sensible face.

'Good evenin', ma'am; good evenin', miss! No, thank you. I won't site down, could hard'y credit such daring. How-I must go home and take my young ones ever, when the recitations were over, and off the street, and get 'em a bit of sup- he was prepa per. I am just from cleaning diss Lovell's, of advice. doorsteps. Do ye want yer washing done to-morrow? I have no work for to-mor- the Gospels of the Epistles to the children,

We are sorry, Mrs. Conner.' Annie said, her mother having looked appeals. ingly at her to answer, but we will have to do our own washing this summer.'

'Oh, Lord!' gasped the woman leaning the visitors withdrew. against the wall.

There is no help for it, the girl cons tinued, almost sharply, feeling that their own distresses were all that they could bear. Our rest has been maked, and we have got to save all we can-

'Oh, what'll I do entirely?'lexclaimed the woman, lifting both hands.

Why, the best you can, just as we have to do,' Annie replied, impation:

The woman looked at them affertively, and for the first time perceived to be a settled thing, and was taken in signs of trouble and distress in their silence,

'The Lord pity ust she said with trembling lips. 'I don't blame ye, ye've your own troubles. But my rent is raise but my ain. There was nothing she ed. too. I've got to pay five dollars a could get. Had she been a pretty young month for the rooms I have, and I don't know where I'll get it,' beginning to weep. 'It's little I thought I would come to this when John was alive-the Lord have mercy on him! And the last thing he said to me when he went away to California was, Mary, keep up contrage and don't let the children be, on the street, and Pil soon come back and bay a little live on.' And all I ever got from him since the day he left me is the news of his death. Now, I'll have to take the children and go to the poor house. All I could do last winter only kept their mouths tull, let alone reut. I couldn't Their carriage had a mirror-like polish, put a stitch on them nor me, and you wouldn't believe how cold 1've been this cold winter, with no stockings on my feet, and little enough under my rag ot a dress. I couldn't buy coal nor wood, to keep us from freezing, and I had to go down to the dump after my work was over, and pick coal till my back was broke.'

Who is your landlord? asked Mrs. Lane, when the woman paused for breath.

'Old Mr. Mahan-Teddy Mahan-that lives in the big house at the corner of the square.

But he is an Irishman, and a member of your own church,' exclaimed Annie.

'Yes, Mr. Mahan is a rich man, and his family lives in style, and his daughters are sent to the convent, in Montreal plaintive horror. 'I would make it a for an education. He's a pieus man, too. I've seen him in church, dressed in his broadcloth, praying and beating his

Annie Lane went to school the next morning with a burning heart, and she did not feel better for seeing Mr. Sanborn and a stranger step from a stylish barouche at the school gate as she went

up. Mr. Sanborn, though not a man of liberal education, chose to consider himself a patron of schools, and he had brought school, the Excelsior. The best showof Annie Lane. consequently, the two lashes. Her mother must not see her gentlemen after a patronizing word to sad. the teacher, took chairs and prepared to

listen and see. The first exercise was a reading from the Scriptures and a prayer by the teach- her mother having attempted it without

man, and she must stifle her indignation. eyes caught one in passing, and with her face bowed forward, knell-that moth-She choked with the thought, then broke | tingling pulses, she read, her fine deliterate enucciation, and strong emphasis ar

resting the attention of her hearers. 'Times are not Ind from the Almighty; but they that know him know not his days.

Some have remeved landmarks, have foken away flocks, by force and fed

They have violently robbed the fatherless, and stripped the poor common people.

'They have taken their rest at noon among the stores of them who, after having trod the wine-press, suffer thirst.

Out of the cities they have made men to groun, and God will not suffer it to pass unavenged. 'Cursed be his portion upon the earth

let him not walk by the way of the vine-

Let him pass from snow-water to excessive heat, and his sin even to hell. 'Let mercy forget him; may worms be

more, but be broken in pieces like an un-Bowing her-face then, Annie said the Lord's prayer, scarcely conscious, in-

deed of what she was saving. Mr. Santorn was not a tool, but he he was preparing to go, he spoke a word

would recommend you to read from he said. 'Of course any part of the Bible is good, but some parts are better for

sometimes." Annie bowed before that keen, hard, dogmatic glance, but said nothing; and

'fhat young lady has a peculiar manner,' the stranger said,

o 'Yea,' was she emphatic answer. 'I was displeased with her' this morning. She will be made to understand that she is to be more respectful or lose place."

There was a week of anxiety; then matters settled into a sort of a caim. Tom was a newsboy, nothing else being open for him. Annie had done one washing, and the bread and butter diet had grown

Diknown to her daughter, Mrs. Lane had spent whole days walking from shop to shop, trying to obtain some light work could get. Had she been a pretty young girl, she might have obtained a place in some shop, but there was no work that a poor widow could take home.

These walks did her no good, and the anxiety and fatigue had several times brought on attacks of palpitation of the

Next Sunday was bitterly cold. Neither Mrs. Laue nor Abuie had wraps warm enough to face the blast. the window, watching the elegant equipages go by on the way to church, their occupants warmly clad in furs, velvet and chinchilla. Among them was the carriage of their laudlord, Mr. Sanborn. their horses' bay coats shone like satin. and they stepped with a moderate dignity befitting the day. Mrs Sanborn and her daughter feaned back upon their cushions, smoothed their silks and velvets with delicately gloved hands, and looked as delicately serene and pions as they could. Mr. Sanbarne, sitting opposite them, was a little more worldly in his manner. He ran his eye over his houses as he passed them, and seemed to be

making mental calculations. Mrs. Lane only looked sorrowfully on them, but the two children set up a chorus of childish abuse, and Annie tooked down with bitterness in her heart and in

her eves. Evidently those people do not go to church,' Mrs. Sanborn said, in a tone of point, Mr. Sanborn, never to let my houses to persous, who do not go to

church.' 'I don't care about ordinary tenants,' he replied; 'but that young lady is a school teacher, and should set a better example. We need more plety in our schools.'

Monday noon Annie Lane went home with a heavy heart. She felt tired and weak. Their fare was not such as she needed to support her strength, and she a sympathizing stranger to visit his pet felt a trembling in her knees as she went upstairs. At the landing, she paused to class in this school was under the charge take her breath and wipe a tear from her

She opened the door and stood fixed on the threshold. The tubs were set out and the washing about half done, It was true; her employment did depend er, and Annie's fingers trembled as she her knowledge. And before a sub. with in a measure, on the good will of this purned over the leaves for a chapter. Her one arm thrown up over its edge, and

The girl's heart stood still an instant: then she whispered hoarsly "Mother!" There was no motion nor answer. 'Mother!' she called sharply.

Still no answe:.

Answering her shrill screams, foot-Answering her surill screams, loos-steps came crowding up and down the stairs, neighbors came and raised the lifeless for a, and cared for the girl, who only came out of one swoon to fall into

Mrs. Lane had died of an attack of heart disease, brought on by anxiety and over exertion.

This is no love tale. nor any article which admits of a proper finis; it is a fragment cut from a long web of sorrow and oppression.
We leave Annie Lane an orphan, with

forever a memory of agony and bitter-ness in her heart. Her young sister, a strong willed girl has no one to command her, no home restraints to guide and pro-tect. Her future may be dark or bright Tom is a waif on the street.

Think you that God will not one day ask the rich man after these children - ask when it will be in vain for him to reply with Cain's question. 'Am I my brothers keeper?'

Meantime, Mr. Sanborn is a light in society, and grows richer every day; and the church of which he is a member blesses his name And Mrs. Sanborn wears yearly the rent of three houses on ber shoulders. I wonder it the sin and sorrow of those houses rests also on her shoulders, with the velvets the faces and

and the lurs!

Mr. Mahan is also a luminary in his way, and beats his breast in church, with a care lest his knuckles hit the hard dia-mond studs in his bosom.

The Wife and the Burglar.

Tom was to begone several days, and I did not like to stay alone, and get Susie to come and stay with me, There had been several burglaries attempted and successful, and I felt a little more zerv-ous than usual. Besides a man who owed Tom quite a large sum of money had come to pay him, and I had taken the money, and had not been able to get to the bank and deposit ft. I had often heard that burglars kept track of all these things, and talked the matter over with Susie, as a way of fortifying car-

We grew more and more nervous every minute, and when bed time came we could hardly get courage enough to go and lock the doors. We finally did it, however, and then the consoling thought came to us that we should have done it several bours sooner—that if there were any burglars about, they had had a glorious time to get in and secrete themselves. It was not comforting, but could not be helped; and we tried to pluck up courage enough to scatch the house, le We finally did it and found oue, though Susic thought she had when she put her hand on Tour's overcoat, in the closet, and drew back with a seream that frightened us both balf out of our

wits. We talked a little after we wont to bed, but fell asleep quite soon. In spice of our auxiety. The might we were awakened by a terrific crash in one bed room. I think I never experienced a feeling of more period terror than I dut as I lay there, breathless, with the thoughts of the evenings conversation rushing over me, and the confused consciousness of that crash, which find and utterly impossible to see any one it a person were there. I imagined he had knocked over something in his atto go about in the complete darkness. I reached over and touched Susie. cautious-

'Are you awake?' I whispered, as near oiselessly as possible.

'Did you bear anything?' This time with my head under the clothes; to shut ont the sound.

What do you suppose it is?'

you suppose there is any one here?

'I don't know.'
Then we lay perfectly motionless, and fairly shivering with terror. After what seemed an hour, but I suppose was not half that time, I whispered again: 'Do

Don't whisper, Then we lay still again; so perfectly still that I felt as if petrified, and it seemed as it we should never be able breathe free again. At the end of another indefinite, or infinite period of time Susie whispered to me: 'What shall we do? Do you dare strike a light?

'No, very decidedly.

Another long time of perfect stillness and utter rigidity of muscle, in our at-tempts to breathe quietly. Then Susie whispered again: 'I dont see how any one could keep still so long. It must be

a mistake, Just then there came a report like that of a pistol, but not as lond, though we felt sure that was what it was; and it seemed as if it were in the kitchen down in the cellar, we could not tell which. We became breathless with terror then. What could it be? Whom could they be shooting? Then I remem-bered the dog. I had not heard him bark, but it must be they had shot him We did not dare to move atter that, and and lay there perfectly still until it began to grow daylight. Such a time as it seemed—judging by our feelings, we should have been old an toothle's when that taint streak of dawn crept in through the blinds. What do you think it disclosed to our terrified eyes? ed—judging by our feelings, we should have been old an toothless when that faint streak of dawn crept in through the blinds. What do you think it disclosed to our terrified eyes? A set of hanging shelves, loaded with books, in an ignominious heap on the floor, with cord broken where it had been worn by the picture mail which had supported it, and so not leaving us the chance to be lieve that some one had knocked it down. And when we went to the head of the

cellar stairs and found a can of temators

topped of cn, on the bread shelt, we knew what had been sheeting.

Tom said: Just like a couple of wemen, to scare themselbes to death. WI v didn't you lond my revolver at night, and have it ready?

COST OF THE KNOW ROW,

There was much gumption, according to Harper's Magazine, evinced by thus particular datkey whose master was a surgeon, who had performed on another darkey an opperation requiring a bigit degree of skill. This latter, darkey was wellsto do, and the surgeon charged him wenty five dollars for the operation .-Meeting the doctor's servant afterward,

ocentred this dialogue:

Dat was almighty steep charge of the doctor's for cutting on me tudder day." 'How much did de boss charg-?'

Well, Julius, he charge me twentyive dollars.2 'Go 'long, niggah, dat pin't much

harge. Well, he wasn't more dan three or four minutes doin' it, and I tink five

dollars was all he oughter took." 'Look a heah, Sam; you don't un'stan' 'bout dat ting. You see, de boss have to spend a great many year la nan' how to use dat knife, an' it cost him heans 'o money. Now de fact am dat he only charge you five dollars for de operation; de tudder twenty he charge for de know

Gleanings.

One of the easiest things done in this ife is to give good advice.

Work to day for you know not how nuch you will be bindered to-morrow.

From indolence, despondency and in-discretion, may I specially be preserve The exaltation of talent, as it is called,

above religion, is the curse of the age. The whole question is not whether sin tempts or not, but whether it reigns or not,

Chicago kills six hogs for every min ate of every hour of every day he the year, symi

year; "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" asks an exchange vivo, not exactly; but it's rather reversing the order of Things.

In Extremis.—Pat.—Do you buy rags and bones here? Merchant—We de, sue...—Trilo; be fabbers! put me on the schkales!—Puncheding dream to things.

Castor oil has been introduced into a school in Galveston Texas, as a discipiluary agent. A boy had it poured down his throat for smoking, and a girl had it rubbed on her lips for swearing.

Alexander Stuart, the wealthy sugar refirer, of New York, who died last week leaves his whole estate, valued at \$7,000,000, to his brother Lobert L.

Study, and so metabate had been There w awakened me from a sound steep. I was sure some one was in the room. The blinds were closed; it was perfectly dark and utterly impossible to see any one it a person were there. I imagined he are something in his atery case.

> King Alfonso is a man of sentiment; close to his writing desk, in the study, where he is fond of receiving his visitors, hangs a water colored picture of the small, simply furnished room where his earliest lessons as a child were learned. Lord C-, whose popularity was not

excessive in the Scotch town of A—, having refused an importante beggar, she renewed her application with, "Now me lord, if ye'd just give me one httle sixpense I could treat every friend ye have in the town." "You see, massa," said the old color-ed washwoman, "since dey's g t dese here big crayvats we don't hab so much to do. De gemmen puts on a big cray. vat nowadays instead ob a clean shirt. You don't know much about dese matters, but if you take off all de craveats in dis town an' make de gemmen show

up, landsakes! you'd see the worst look

in' white men you ebber laid yo' blessed eyes on." Spurgeon had preached one of his strongest sermons on the doctrine of election. He was already drawing his discourse to a close, when, stretching his hand toward the gallery, he said, "Perhand toward the gallery, he said, "Perhaps there is some poor suner way up there in the gallery, saying, 'Oh, I wish I knew whether I am one of the cleet.' I can tell you," said spurgeon, "it you are willing to be a Caristian, you are elected." And Spurgeon was right, whoever, will let him come.—Star.

Miss Belle Leyburn, a native of Apcomattox county, who has been living i