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NO.44

#### THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WERKLY BY E. S. PARKER

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Is now receiving and putting up his

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A rich and beautiful line of ladles dress goo

#### Cloaks \$3.75 to \$17.00.

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Come and see my low prices,
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SEYMOUR STEELE, PROPRIETOR TERMS:—1.50 PER DAY.

This house is conveniently located in the centre of the plty, the rooms are large and well furnished, and the table is supplied with the best the market affords. Large Sample Rooms

#### Omnibus and Baggage Wagon meet all trains GRAHAM High School,

GRАНАМ, N. C. ESTABLISHED IN 1837, REV. D.A. LONG, A. M., Princhel. 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 Briday in May following: Pupils can enter at any time. No deduction except in east of protracted sickness.

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

## DRUGS Medicines, Oils.

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

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

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

My Store is Just above the Benbow Hotel building, on the same side, 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.

5, 20, 1y. Greensboro, N. C.

#### 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. Ron't forget to call and see us when at the Shops. And send your orders and prescriptions which will be carefully filled.

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Dealers in

DRY GOODS. GROCERIE MARDWARE, MATS, BOOT & SHORS, NOTIONS, IRON. STEEL, SALT, MOLAS-SES, DRUGS, MEDI-STUFF &C &C.

#### Poetry.

#### THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER BOY

BY FATHER RYAN.

Young as the youngest who donned the gray,
True as the truest who wore it—
Brave as the bravest he m irched away,
(Hot feurs on the cheeks of his mother lay,)
Triumphant waves 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, he 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, pure face, not a mark of pain, (His mother dreams they will meet again,) The fairest form and all the slain, Like a child asieep—he nestled.

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

A grave in the woods with the grass of 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 lower is strewn,
But his memory lives in the other.

THE TENEMENT HOUSE.

A Story of a Southern City.

A tall, cheerless, wooden fenement house in an uninviting part of the city. In a meagerly furnished, poorly warmed room in the third story sits a pale won man 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! Let's put on more coal, cries one.

here is no replic mother. Well, can't we have something to eat,

ma? There was only bread and butter for dluner. 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 win-ter 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 ha. she asked, in the next breath.

looked at her daughter, her lips beginning

'Mr. Sanborn has been here," she said. The daughter's countenance fell in any ticipation of ill news. 'And what of that?' she asked.

'He has risen on the rent,' was the faint 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 moms.'. 8 1110 111

'Then we will go elsewhere!' cried the daughter.

"We cannot,' whispered the mother. despairingly. There are no tenements to let; every place is full. They are gos ing 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 town.

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

'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 sorry, 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 him so.'

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

from you.'

'The hypocrite! I have seen him in the prayer-meetings, and heard him make long prayers and pions 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 detend those whom Annie used to say, "Their They have violently robbed the fa life laughs through and spits at their theriess, and stripped the poor common creed; but now the bitter truth came too

We must draw in our expenses," said Annie, in some way. I wiff do the wash- having trod the wine-press, suffer thirst. ing my selt. That will save it."

'I meant to do the washing, dear,' the mother said, eagerly. And perhaps I pass unavenged, may be able to get some work out of the shops to do. You know I have a good let him not walk by the way of the vinedeal of time to spare."

'No, mother, no!' the daughter said, Let him pass from snow-water to You just leave it to me. Wash-

A rambling knock at the door inter; fruitful tree."

Tupled them, and their wash woman entered. She was a large, rather fine look-lered. She was a large, rather fine look-lered woman, with a sober, sensible face.

Lord's prayer, scarcely conscious, indeed of what she was saving.

Cambern was not a look, but he Good evenin'; ma'am; good evenin', Mr, Saphorn was not a tool, but he 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 supper. I am just frem cleaning Miss-Lovell's, of advice.
doorsteps. Do ve want yer washing done to would recommend you to read from

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.'

to-morrow? I have no work for to-mor-

'Oh, Lord!' gasped the woman leaning against the wall. Ow in mont ow an

There is no help for it? the sir! con-thrued, almost snarply, feeling that their own distresses were all that they could bear our reat his been raised, and

we have got to save all we can. the woman, lifting both hands. | sini Why, the best you can, just as we have to do, Annie replied, impatient

The woman looked at them affeir tively, and for the first time perceived signs of trouble and distress in their silewed,

faces. of soone it which and ded with trembling lips. 'I don't blame ve, ye've your own troubles. But my rent is raise ed. too. I've got to pay five dollars a month for the rooms I have, and il don't know where I'll get it, beginning to weep. It's little I though 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 gry, she said. Why, what's the matter? don't let the children be, on the street, Mrs. Lane sat down in a chair and farm, and I'll send ye money enough to live on.' And all Lever 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 months tull, let alone reut. I couldn't Their carriage had a mirrorslike polish, put a stitch on them nor me, and you wouldn't believe how cold I've been this cold winter, with no stockings on my feet, and little enough under my rag of a dress. I couldn't buy coal nor wood, cushions, smoothed their sliks and velvets 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. Mahau—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 1 for an education. He's a pious man, too. I've seen him in church, dressed in his broadcloth, praying and beating his

breast. 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 a sympathizing stranger to visit his pet school, the Excelsior. The best showclass in this school was under the charge of Annie Lane. consequently, the two gentlemen after a patronizing word to sad. the teacher, took chairs and prepared to

listen and see.

The first exercise was a reading from

She choked with the thought, then broke | singling pulses she read, her fine deliberate enurciation, and strong emphasis arresting the attention of her heavers.

'Times are not Ind from the Almighty; but they that know him know not his days.

Some have remeved landmarks, have feken away flocks, by force and fed them: of them

people. 'They have taken their rest at noon

among the stores of them who, after Out of the cities they have made men to groun, and God will not suffer it to

trying to repress the gush of tears that excessive heat, and his sin even to hell. 'Let mercy forget him; may worms be ing makes round arms, and my elbows his sweetness; let him be remembered no are getting pinched.

miss! No, thank you. I won't site down, could hard'y credit such daring. Howhe was preparing to go, he spoke a word

the Gospels of the Epistles to the children, 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 the visitors withdrew.

that young lady has a peculiar manner, the stranger se's,
o 'Yes, was the emphatic answer. —1
was displeased with her this morning.

She will be made to understand, that she is to be more respectful or lose ber place." There was a week of auxiety; then

matters settled into a sort of a carm. Tom was a newsboy, nothing else being open for him. Annie had done one washing, and the bread and butter diet had grown to be a settled thing, and was taken in

Unknown to her daughter, Mrs. Lane had spent whole days walking from shop to shop, trying to obtain some light work to shop, trying to obtain some name while the closet, and drew back with a scream that frightened us both half out of our girl, she might have obtained a place in wils. We talked a little after we wont to bed, but fell asleep quite soon. In some shee, 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. Neiththe 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 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 looked down with bitterness in her heart and in

Evidently those people do not go to his family lives in style, and his daugh- church, Mrs. Sauborn said, in a tone of ters are sent to the convent, in Montreal plaintive horror. I would make it a 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 Appie 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 felt a trembling in her knees as she went upstairs. At the landing, she paused to take her breath and wipe a tear from her lashes. Her mother must not see her

She opened the door and stood fixed on the threshold. The tubs were set out and the washing about half done, The first exercise was a reading from out and the washing about half doue, her mother having attempted it without in a measure, on the good will of this in a measure, on the good will obtain a measure, on the good will obtain a measure, on the good will be good with the good will be good wi

man, and she must stifle her indignation. eyes caught one in passing, and with her face bowed forward, kneh that moth-

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

Still no answer.

Answering her shrill screams, footsteps 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 full 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 bas 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 valu for him to re.
ply 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 bees and and the turs!

Mr. Mahan is also a luminary in his

way, and beats his breast in church, with a care lest his knuckles hit the hard dias mond stude in his bosom.

#### The Wife and the Burglar.

Tom was to begone several days, and 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 successfut, and I felt a little more zervous 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 no been able to get to me bank and deposit n. I had often heard that burglars kept track of all these things, and talked the matter over with Susie as a way of fartifying care. with Susie, as a way of fortifying cur-

We grew more and more nervous every minute, and when bed time came we could hardly get courage enough go and lock the doors. We finally of 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. be could not be helped; and we tried plack up conrage enough to schick if bouse. In We finally did it sand found it one, though Susic thought she had when she put her hand on Tom's overcoat in the closet, and drew back with a seream

spice of our anxiety. Tay wood fand. In the middle of the night we were awakened by a terrific crash in one bed room. I think I never experienced a feeling of more perfect terror than I do as I lay there, breathless, with the thoughts of the evenings conversation Next Sunday was bitterly cold. Neith-rushing over me, and the confused congr Mrs. Lane nor Afmic had wraps warm sciousness of that crash, which had enough to face the blast. They sat at awakened me from a sound sleep. I blinds were closed; it was perfectly dark court in Richard Christmas day and and atterly 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. reached over and touched Susie. cantious

'Are you awake?' I whispered, as near noiselessly as possible. Did you hear anything?' This time

with my head under the clothes; to shut ont the sound, Yes. What do you suppose it is?' '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 you suppose there is any one here?

'Yes. 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 to breathe free again. At the end of another indefinite, or infinite period of time Sasie whispered to me: 'What shall we dusie whispered to me: do? Do you dare strike a light?

'No,' very decidedly.

Another long time of perfect stillness and utter rigidity of muscle, in our attempts to breathe quietly. Then Susie whispered again: 'I dont see how any 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 or 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 remembered the dog. I had not heard him bark, but it must be they had shot him. We did not dare to move after that, and ay 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 even the streak of the streak closed 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

cellar stairs and found a can of tenators lenged of on, on the bread, shelt, we knew what had been sheeting.

Tom said: Just like a couple of wemen, to scare themselbes to death. Wly didn't you load my revolver at night, and have it reads?

#### COST OF THE KNOW ROW.

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

occurred this dialogue:

'Dat was almighty steep charge of the doctor's for cutting on me tudder day."

'How much did de boss charge?'

'Well, Julius, he charge me twentys

five dollars,2 'Go 'long, niggal, dat nin't much

charge. 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 spen I a great many year la nan' how to use dat knife, an' it cost him heaps '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

life is to give good advice. Work to day for you know not how much you will be bindered to-morrow.

From indolence, despondency and in-discretion, may I specially be preserv-

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

Chicago kills six hogs for every minute of every hours of every day he the

"Is it wrong to clear a lawyer?"
asks an exchange v No, not exactly;
but it's rather reversing the order of

things, and are reversing the order of things, and a state of the rest of the Castor bil has been introduced into a school in Galveston Texas, as a disciplinary agent. A boy had it poured down his throat for smoking, and a virt had it rubbed on her lips for swearing.

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

Study of Aminos and Institute white ery 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 at A—, having refused an importunate 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 colored washwoman, "since dey's get dese here big crayvats we don't hab so much to do. De gemmen puts on a big crayvat nowadays instead ob a clean shirt. You don't know much about dese matters, but if you take off all de crayvats in dis town an' make de gemmen show up, landsakes! you'd see the worst lookin' white men you ebber laid yo' blessed eves 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 sinner 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 Christian, you are elected." And Spurgeon was right, whoever, will let him come.—Star.

Miss Belle Leyburn, a native of Appomattox county, who has been living in Greece for some years, has returned to the United States, and has been in Win-chester several weeks, the guest of Mr. Robert B. Holliday. Miss Leyburn was attached to the Presbyterian mission in Greece, but for some time has been living at Valos, in Turkey. In her company was a bright little Greek girl, whom Miss Leyburn has brought to Virginia to be educated,