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Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As thistle down it seemed as light,
It passed a moment in the air,
Then swiftly onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a haughty sneer,
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it wings,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry tongues.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain,
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly tortured brain.

At that another page of life,
With burning, scalding tears was blurred;
A load of care was heavier made,
It added weight that careless word.

That careless word, which had been breathed
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart,
'Twas like a smoldering fire that caught
Through every crevice and part.

How wildly absorbed that burning heart!
How deeply absorbed that burning heart!
It calmed, but bitter-ashes mark
The pathway of that bitter word.

[Living Church.]

THE BRIDAL VEIL.

A pretty dark-eyed girl began to work it, whose lover was over the sea. She was a French girl, and came of a family of lace makers.

"I'll work my own bridal veil in my leisure time," she said. "So, when Walter comes to marry me, I shall be a gay bride."

But she never finished the veil. Walter came too soon. She married her English lover, as poor as herself, and went with him to London; and the half-finished veil went along, carefully folded away at the bottom of a trunk, and, for the time being, quite forgotten.

It may have been forgotten in earnest during twelve years, for she knew—certainly it lay that long unnoticed. A lovely little ten-year-old girl was the fairy that broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes like the little peasant girl who had woven her mother's golden hair.

"Oh, the charming little thing! she said, clapping her hands and dancing delightedly, as Elise shook it out of the folds. "Dear mamma, what is it, who made it? and why is it so half done? Can I have it for a dress for my doll, mamma?"

The pretty dark-eyed woman laughed and shook her head, and half-sighed, as she pressed the delicate fabric to her lips.

"Then she told the third the history of its making."

"But it shall not be hidden so long from the light again," she said, tenderly. "I will finish it, and when the time comes for my Adele to be a bride, she will have a veil to be proud of."

Again the little taper fingers toiled merrily and busily over the delicate lace, and fairy like ferns and anemones of graceful flowers grew steadily under them. Adele watched the progress of the work with the keenest interest.

"Mamma, teach me to work it," she said one day. "My fingers are much finer and finer than yours."

After that she would bring her little work basket to her mother's side and work a veil for her doll. The facility with which she learned the graceful art was astonishing. At the age of fifteen so perfect was she that Elise did not fear to let her take part in the creation of the bridal veil itself, but they worked at it now and then as the fancy seized them.

Louis Riviere was from France, like Adele's mother—that had been a bond between them from the first—for Adele loved her mother's country for her mother's sake, though she herself was proud of being called English, and she also loved the young Frenchman.

Louis came of noble blood and was well-to-do. He had some money—not enough to live upon in idle luxury, but plenty to secure him a fair start in business life. Unwilling to enter upon this

course in Paris, where his noble relations would not scruple to oppose him, he had chosen London as the scene of his future efforts, and embarked in business as a merchant there.

The happy weeks and months grew into years. Adele was now seventeen; it was now agreed and promised that, when the spring time came she should be Riviere's bride.

"We must finish the bridal veil," cried Elise, angrily, "I tell you, Monsieur Louis, no lady of your proud house ever wore a lace more exquisite and rich. Ah, shall I not feel proud when I look at my beautiful child in her marriage robes, and think of the poor peasant girl of long ago, who toiled at the lace to earn coarse bread so far away over the sea?"

Louis turned quickly at these words. A look of displeased surprise in his dark eyes.

"What peasant girl, madame?" he questioned, uneasily.

"Myself!" she answered, happily, not marking the look or the tone. "What was I but a poor little lace maker when my generous young lover married me, the father of Adele?"

He answered nothing, and Elise went merrily chattering on; but Adele noted his suddenly downcast eyes and gloomy eyes, though she was far from suspecting the cause of either.

His haughty family pride had received a blow.

"A lace-maker!" he said to himself. "A peasant girl! If I had but known it!"

All that night, and for days and nights afterward, the thought of his bride's humble extraction tortured him; the sting in his pride could not be removed.

Unconsciously to himself his annoyance affected his temper; he became irritable, fretful, impatient, sometimes to the very verge of impetuosity even, above all, he conceived an absurd but violent dislike to the bridal veil!

"I detest the sight of it!" he cried, one evening, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, and when he and Adele were alone.

"It, indeed, you love me, never work at it in my presence, Adele; and if I dared ask one special favor of you, it should be—"

He paused suddenly—she was listening in great surprise.

"Well," she said, "it should be—"

"Wear any other veil fit the world, but that to be married in!"

She folded her work and let her fair hands fall on it in her lap; one could see that those little hands were trembling.

She was greatly surprised at this manner and request, and also vaguely hurt, she scarce knew how or why. Indeed, she had wondered often, lately, at a subtle and unpleasant change in Louis. Could it be possible that she was about to discover its cause?

"You ask a singular favor," she said, with forced quietness. "Are you aware that my dear mother worked this veil?"

The hot, impulsive temper answered instantly, without a thought:

"It is for that very reason that I hate it!"

And then she understood him. This daughter of England had been slow to suspect or comprehend the pride of the French aristocrat, but she would not marry the man who thought he stooped to take her.

She folded up the veil, and gently but firmly said:

"You did not know when first you sought me for a bride, that mamma was a lace-worker in France, if you had, perhaps you would not have loved me. Since you have learned this fact you have regretted our engagement. You need not speak. I have seen a change in you—I feel that it is so! But there is no harm done," she went on with simple dignity, "since I have learned the truth before it is too late; and so—" she held out to him, a little trembling hand, which he took mechanically—"and so I will grant you the favor you covet, my friend. Your byde shall not wear my darling mother's bridal veil"—here he kissed the hand, and she drew it quickly away—"but that is because I shall not be your bride."

No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protestations—humble at first, then angry—his tears, that had no power in them to sap the strength of her resolution. They parted coldly at last—lovers still in heart, for love dies not so easily, but outwardly seeming scarcely even friendly.

She stood proudly as he left the room; when the sound of the street door closing after him struck like a keel of hope to her young, passionate heart, she flew to the window and watched him out of sight.

"Go! Go!" she cried, flushing away the tears that blinded her. "Go from my eyes, hateful tears, and let me see my love for the last time! My love! my love! And I have lost him!"

She sank down, sobbing. Just then the sound of her mother's voice, singing merrily an old French song in a room above, came to her ears. Once more she dashed the tears away.

"Oh, despised you, my darling mamma—you! No, no, I will never pardon him!"

Her parents questioned her in vain. She had quarrelled with Louis; that was all they could learn. And before a chance for reconciliation came Elise was shrouded with mortal illness and died in three days, and Adele, overwhelmed by the awful calamity, was prostrated with brain fever.

At this juncture a summons came to Louis from France demanding his immediate presence there. Strange changes had taken place. Two of the three lives that stood between him and the titles and estates of the Marquis de la Riviere had been suddenly swept away, and the third a frail, and delicate child lay dying. The present Marquis, himself, a feeble old man, was also at the point of death, so they sent in haste to Louis as the heir of the dying nobleman.

The news bewildered him. His heart swelled with exultation and delight, but it sank again. Adele had he not lost Adele? "I care not for rank or wealth unless she shares them!" cried his heart "I will go and implore her pardon."

He made the attempt but in vain. He sought her father, and said a few words to him, however that, that might have made all well again had she ever heard them; but she never did. When her long and wasting illness was over, at last, and she began slowly and feebly, to take hold on life, she found herself an orphan in very truth! Walter had followed Elise to a better world.

Not even then had she drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs; her father's affairs had been terribly involved; when all was settled she was penniless.

Poor Adele! Truly might it be said that sorrows came not single spies, but in battalions! father, mother, lover, home all gone! What had life left to offer her but patience and pain?

And Louis? He would have written her immediately upon his arrival in Paris but that he felt so blissfully sure that her father would make all well. A few weeks later he did write, informing her of his strangely altered fortunes, and imploring her to pardon and accept of him as her true lover the Marquis de la Riviere.

And the letter never reached her. The honest work it came was empty, and deserted, the lately happy home was broken up, and the little English girl, for whom a husband and life and fortune were waiting in sunny France, was carrying a sorrowful living as a lace-maker.

"Such are some of the strange reverses of real life," more wonderful than any fiction.

So the Marquis waited in vain for an answer. The pretty rose up in arms. "She spurns me," he thought. "She a poor peasant's child! I am punished for my folly."

And he resolved to drive her from his heart. But after many months his letter to Adele was returned to him, crossed and recrossed with strange addresses.

It was a messenger of hope to him! She had not slighted, she had not scorned him; perhaps she had not ceased to love. Before another day and night had passed, the Marquis was on his way to London.

Need I tell of his welcome there. When did wealth and title fail to find a warm one? or of the friends of former years who flocked to claim acquaintance? has not prosperity always hosts of friends? but none could tell him of Adele, beyond the history of her bitter sorrows. She, being poor had fallen from their bright world.

And after three months' search he had failed to find her. He had money, influence, despatch heart interest to aid his search, and yet, in spite of all, he failed.

"She is dead," he thought, with anguish. "I have come too late, it is in the grave that I shall find my darling. If it be so; and I prove it so indeed, I will live and die single for her sake. But that was his hearts resolve; unsuspected by anyone. Many a gay belle and brilliant beauty had spread her nets to secure the splendid prize of a fitted husband.

Foremost among the many, Rosalind Hale; she was the fairest and wealthiest of them all, and her golden hair was not unlike Adele's. It was this that had attracted him toward her more than others—the memory of an olden love.

She never suspected that, however. Her vanity made sure that he was in her toils. She arranged charades, tableaux, plays, in which he could sustain a part with her. It never occurred to her that he was once too good natured and too indifferent to refuse.

The tableaux were suggestive enough.

One upon which Miss Hale had set her heart, was that of a bridal—need it be said that Louis was the bridegroom, herself the bride?

"But, no, he only bowed as he led her from the platform, and then one of the buttons of his coat caught in her bridal veil."

It has been said that brides make up the sum of human happiness.

It seemed so now, as the Marquis stopped to disengage the lace, suddenly he uttered a strange cry!

It was Adele's bridal veil!

"I borrowed it of a lace-maker," Miss Hale said, in reply to his anxious questioning. "I had ordered one like it; but her health is bad, and she failed to have it finished in time. So then I made her lend me this. She was quite unwilling, too, she added, frowning, "just because it was her mother's work." Such fancies for a poor person!

"A young girl?"

"Oh, no; very thin and worn, and sad with blue eyes, but too dull and pale to be called a beauty. But an exquisite lace-maker. I shall be glad to give you her address if you have any work for her."

Yes, he had work for her, work that they would share together: the blessed work of binding no man's almost broken heart, of restoring love and happiness to both their lives.

Miss Hale never received her veil—the Marquis claimed it.

It is stand he sent her a complete set of lace that made her—in that regard at least—the envy of society; and Louis married Adele.

Pale and thin, and somewhat careworn still, was the bride of the Marquis on her wedding day, but to the eyes of her old father, who was sitting in the next room, she was the fairest and sweetest face in the world, discolored and wept beneath the bride's veil.

"And he kissed the old hand and blessed it, because through it he had found her again."

"I love it now," said he, "I prize it next to yourself, dearest; it shall be kept as a treasure always."

And so it was. Many a fair and high-born bride wore the bridal veil of Riviere's in years to come; and his story passed through many generations of proud and happy wedded pairs; among them all none were more truly blest than she who through much suffering had attained to joy.

The poor lace-maker, whose mother was a peasant girl, but who, for true love's sake, and for love alone, was chosen from all other women to be Marquis de la Riviere's bride.

Gleanings.

Women are filling the pulpits of Presbyterian churches in Texas.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

Madame Christine Nilsson, for singing twelve times during the wedding festivities of King Alfonso, is to receive \$19,000.

The reason "the boy stood on the burning deck" was because it was too hot to get down.—Will Kennard.

A Miss Nannie Williams has become the wife of Mr. Gov. of Stephenville, Texas. She is now Mrs. Nannie Gov.—Rochester Herald.

We don't believe much in the religion of an individual who has just enough to make him hate those of other creeds. He is not himself more than half converted.

"Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am, I belong to the temperance society—can't take anything strong," replied Digby.

The two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

Think nothing profitable which will ever force thee to break thy word, to lose thy self-respect, to hate, suspect, curse, or deceive any one, or to desire anything that need be covered with walls or veils.—Marcus Aurelius.

It is from within, among yourselves, from enmity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition and inordinate thirst for power, that factions will be formed and liberty endangered.—Jackson's farewell address.

You are more sure of success in the end if you regard yourself as a man of ordinary talent with plenty of hard work before you, than if you think yourself a genius and spend too much time in watching your hair grow long, that you may convince people that you are like other folks.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

Senator Sharon once dined with a literary club in New York. At the table he quoted from history, and a little man at his right joined issue on the question. Sharon waxed a trifle warm, and insinuated that his opponent might be a clever sort of man, but history was not his forte. After dinner Sharon remarked to a friend: "Who is that little cuss there who disputed my dates?" "Bancroft, the historian," was the reply.

A French paper of New Orleans praises the women of that city by saying that the fairest and most carefully dressed ladies, reduced to poverty, have so readily adapted themselves to circumstances that they can do their own household work, even to the washing and cooking, and work with the needle besides to support the family, while their lazy, good-for-nothing husbands loaf around the corners or play keno.

"Well, madame," said John Newton to one who was complaining of the imperfections of others, "if there were a perfect church on earth, it would cease being so the moment you and I entered it." And the remark still has a pertinent application for those, who we fear, won't apply it.

A SENSIBLE REMARK.—Dival the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know exclaimed the intruder. "The Emperor pays you for knowing," "The Emperor pays me for what I know," said Dival, if he paid me for what I do not know the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice.

A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. Once his favorite expression was employed in rather a singular manner. At the close of the assizes, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me," said his lordship, "I beg his pardon—bring him in!"

Evil Effects of Public Hangings.

[Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.]

"One of the most cold blooded murders that ever took place in Baltimore occurred on the night of the day in which a murderer had been hanged, and the man who committed the crime had been to see the hanging. From Cattsburg, Kentucky, a party of men set out to go to Trout Hill, last Friday, to the hanging of Laban Walker. On the way they got into a quarrel, and a man named Burns shot a companion named Jackson through the head. These facts do not stand alone and they go far to show that public executions are unwise. They brutalize the crowd that assembles to gaze on them and do not prevent the commission of crimes.

Dr. J. A. Sellars

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