

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 5

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 11, 1880

NO. 48

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
E. S. PARKER

GRAHAM, N. C.

Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:

One Year \$1.50  
Six Months .75  
Three Months .50

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices No Departure from the Cash System

### Rates of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$9.00	\$18.00
2 " "	3.00	4.00	5.00	9.00	15.00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

### GRANDMA SNOW'S VALENTINES,

An Old Fashioned Love Story.

BY G. DE B.

It was St. Valentine's eve, and a cold blustering, windy night, there had not, as yet, been the faintest suspicion of spring time in the atmosphere; indeed, there was every indication of a long and heavy winter lingering in the lap of spring instead, and the bleak wind whistled and blew furiously as Ralph Wayland quickly opened and closed the door of No. 20 Whinlup Square, and strode down the street with rapid steps. The wind might be cold, but his temper was hot enough, and he rather enjoyed the keen nipping air, that fanned his heated brow as he paced the square. Behind that same closed door, there was hidden another pair of hot flushed cheeks, and a feminine form, quite as warm prompted the angry words that fell from Bertha Warren's pretty lips.

"He may just go! He is ridiculously jealous, and unreasonable, and unjust; I will not be dictated to and controlled in this manner, and I don't care; so there, sir!" and with a flourish of silken frills and fringes, and a toss of the brown puffs and braids that adorned the saucy little head, Bertha Warren slammed the parlor door and ran up stairs into the sitting room. It was only nine o'clock, but there was no one up but Grandma Snow, and she was very busy sorting over and reading some old papers at her secretary; so Bertha threw herself down upon the lounge, and pretending to take a little nap, enjoyed a quiet little cry to herself, bemoaning the cruelty and unreasonableness of lovers in general, and hers in particular. It was such a bare trifle, this quarrel, so thought Bertha; all about a simple little paper cutter, Charley Bennett had brought it to her from abroad, and she had accepted it, of course, as from a friend. Why not? She and Charley had been acquainted long before she ever knew Ralph Wayland; so be sure there was a time, before Charley went away, that he wanted to be more than a friend; but to that she had not consented and so they had bade one another good-bye as old friends, no more. During his absence, she had said "yes" to Ralph Wayland's same importuning, and had promised to one day vow to love, honor and obey him; but she was not ready just yet, to submit to his authority, and so she rebelled against his jealous protests concerning Charley Bennett's renewed attentions, and her acceptance of his gift. Love with her did not mean subjection, and she would show Ralph Wayland that she had a spirit of her own, that would not brook a curb—and she 'didn't care if he was angry, and went home without kissing her good-night, and slammed the door—and just here a choking sob put an eloquent end to her brave determination not to care.

"What is it, Bertie?" asked grandma, looking up from her letters with a scrutinizing gaze at the flushed face, hid down among the sofa pillows.

"Nothing, I've—I've got a cough," gasped Bertha, in a choking tone.

"Has Ralph gone home so early?" Valentine's eve, too?—why what is the trouble, dear? on such a night lovers should be happy together. See, I am with mine, in memory, to-night, and Grandma pointed to a little pile of papers by her side.

Bertha lifted her head, and seeing grandma's secret drawer open, rose and came over beside the old lady, and knelt down beside the secretary. There appeared to be a heap of old notes and letters, all written in the same hand, but with different ink and apparent improvement and difference in the style of penmanship.

"All valentines, my dear—every one; and written many years ago," said grandma, with a sigh.

"May I read them?" asked Bertha, taking up a little faded yellow paper, on

which was printed in a childish, sprawling hand:

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two,

"That surely was from a little boy sweetheart, grandma," said Bertha, laughingly. "Now let me see some of the others," and taking up another, she read in a bolder, firmer hand, the same lines:

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two,"

and again another, and another paper, all containing the same refrain.

"Why, Grandma!" cried Bertha in a somewhat puzzled tone, but with an amused look upon her face.

"Yes, dear," replied grandma, nodding her head and looking serious. "Yes they are all alike, I had one every year, from the time when your grandfather and I used to go to school together, little boy and girl, and sit on opposite sides of the school house, up to the time we sat side by side in church; young man and maiden; and—yes dear, it is a fact, way on into our married life, and our old days as well; here is the last one he sent me, the Valentine's day before he—before he was taken and I left—and you see it was always the same

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two,"

—and I did love him, just so dearly, and no knife, no trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, ever separated us, not even death; for I am still his love, as he is mine!" and Grandma Snow's white head was bent down over the little pile of papers, and her face hidden.

The lines had a new sound to Bertha's ears. "No knife can cut our love in two," Was a foolish little wooden paper knife going to separate Ralph and her? Was love so tender a thing, then? Was her love so weak and frail that it could not pardon a lover's reasonable jealousy? A new light shone upon the affair now; she began to look at Charley Bennett's renewed attention through Ralph's eyes, and she was sorry; but she had refused to promise her lover to receive neither attention or gifts.

"He never forgot the day," continued grandma, after a little silence. "There was always a Valentine for mother. Sometimes it was a pretty new silk that I had admired, or a ticket for some lecture or concert, or a book I wanted; but with St. Valentine's day, there always came my lover's lines accompanying some gift,

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two,"

"That was old-fashioned love, grandma. I don't believe the love of to-day is so lasting or so true; is it, do you think?" asked Bertha, timidly.

"Fashioned? there is no fashion in love, my dear; it is worn always in one spot—next the heart; and when once truly adopted, never wears out."

Bertha was silent for a moment; then she asked, gravely:

"Did you and Grandpa ever quarrel, when you were lovers? Was he ever jealous, and were you ever hateful?"

Grandma smiled as she glanced at the blushing, conscious face, and answered:

"Oh yes, we had our little difference of opinion, but love always came to the rescue and smoothed out the wrinkles, and made the crooked places straight; sometimes it was he who was wrong, but as often it was I; and 'no knife' of distrust or jealousy, or petulant temper, could 'cut our love in two'; and thus it is always with pure, true, fond affection; it overlooks and makes allowances, and forgives and forgets every little stain upon its tender spots."

"Thank you, grandma, dear. Your Valentine has been just what I needed to-night. Ralph and I have quarrelled, but I was to blame the most; and I am very sorry, and I will be the first to make amends, and kissing the old lady, Bertha hurriedly ran up to her room, where she wrote the following little note, which was received by Mr. Ralph Wayland the next morning:

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two,"

I do not mean to keep Charley Bennett's present—I am sorry for all I said last night—and I am your true, loving Valentine."

St. Valentine's day dawned bright and beautiful. The high, wild winds had died away in the night, and with the sunshine there came soft promising spring airs that whispered of the new life down in the earth's heart. Sparrows chirped in the park, and blue birds and robins flew over the city housetops singing of "spring, spring, beautiful spring."

At breakfast time a messenger boy brought for "Miss Bertha Warren," a great bouquet of roses and violets, and peeping over her shoulder, grandma read on the pretty card attached:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Nothing can alter my love for you."

"See, grandma," cries Bertha, with a rosy, blushing face. "Here is some real

old fashioned love."

"The lines, perhaps, but not the love, dear; that is always the same, new and fresh, and is true, ever lasting,"

Bertha put the flowers to her lips and sang out loud and merrily:

"If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two."

### FUN IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Sam Cox Makes the Members Laugh for a While.

It was while in the House, in Committee of the whole, was discussing the matter of the revision of the rules. The old rules, Mr. Cox said, had been invented for the purpose of not facilitating, but of impeding legislation. The statement of that day had not been in favor of opening sluices for legislation. But since then the number of bills in Congress had increased from 300 or 400 to about 7,000, and therefore a revision of the rules had become necessary and indispensable to facilitate legislation.

Turning his attention to Horr, of Michigan, who had recently referred to him in a humorous speech, he denied that the committee on Foreign Affairs had only been engaged in manufacturing witticisms. He (Cox) had been useful as well as ornamental. He reminded that gentleman, however, that all humor in debate should have a practical object. All great men were, and had been, witty. It was, therefore, no cause of reproach that the committee on Foreign Affairs had a chairman who sometimes had been accused, but never fairly convicted, of witticism. [Laughter.] Laughter was health. It was good for the house. It oiled the joints and the countenance, causing it to shine like that of his friend (Horr). He asked that gentleman, "why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Why should there be proud flesh in the House? If Gehrah or Dan Lambert were here would they treat a man like himself about his size. Isaac Newton, when born, was put by his mother in a quart cup. He wished he had a cup to try the gentleman (Horr) with. He (Cox) was not proud of his appearance. He did not swell around the House, as some others did. When somebody asked Fallstaff what he was about, somebody said, 'Two yards.' There was no disability under the law in a man's being small. The Constitution forbade a man being a member under a certain age, but it did not say that a man had to be six feet high or two yards in girth. [Laughter at the expense of Horr, who is a large, stout man.] He (Cox) represented large men, fighting men, good men. They had never taken his altitude, and the gentleman (Horr) should not have done it. His constituents never thought that blubber that lay over his head over the abdominal muscles made Gladstones and Disraelis. Shakespeare had said that flesh and frailty ever went together, and that the devil would never leave Fallstaff damned lest the oil in him should set hell on fire. He made these remarks in the interest of Public improvement. Suppose the gentleman (Horr) had a longer coccyus than himself; or suppose that gentleman's ancestors had held on with a prehensile grip of the old Darwinian limb and with a longer and stronger power than his (Cox's) ancestors had done, would that give the gentleman a right to erize him (Cox) on account of his size. If he (Cox) were called upon to write the gentleman's epitaph he would [borrowing from the sweet 'Slinger of Michigan' and Lord Byron] put in these words: 'Here lies the body of Congressman Horr; 'tis grease [grease], but living grease no more."

After some remarks in reply to Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, Mr. Cox closed his speech.

Horr's reply next day.

The galleries were crowded with spectators and the members gathered around Mr. Horr who spoke from the space in front of the speaker's desk.

He stated that before he began his reply to the eloquent and able speech of the distinguished and weighty gentleman from New York [Mr. Cox] he would ask the clerk to read the speech or a portion of it, which he [Mr. Horr] had delivered a few days ago, and which had occasioned that fearful effort which the House had witnessed yesterday.

The clerk read as follows: "Genial little friend." [Loud applause and laughs ter.]

Mr. Horr justified himself for using those words by explaining that they were spoken in the heat of debate. [Laughter.] He had spent his boyhood in manual labor and hard work and was consequently sometimes embarrassed and in his extreme diffidence dropped words which he was sorry after wards. Had he known the sensitiveness of the gentleman from New York he would have addressed the gentleman in the language of a modern poet as "dear little Buttercup." [Continued laughter.]

Adding to the book "Why we laugh," which Mr. Cox had sent him yesterday, he said that he regarded it as the gentleman's best work because it contained very little Cox and a good deal of other men.

[Laughter.] Nothing had been further from his mind than the idea of belittling the gentleman from New York before this assembly. He knew the gentleman's weight and accomplishment and he had to look to his own side. Why, some one had intimated to him that it was thought he was trying to get some belt from the gentleman. Good heavens! What good would it be to him? [Great laughter, caused by Horr's feeling his own waist and insinuating that a belt that would fit Cox would be much too small for him.] No man could surpass him in his admiration for the beautiful form of the gentleman from New York, and he never looked at him without

(thinking of some ancient Grecian model. A thing of beauty was a joy forever. How simple a statement and yet how true. But he wanted to make a suggestion to his friend which he thought would add to his already exceeding grace and beauty, and that was that Brother Cox should put his hair in the middle and wear bangs. [Loud and continued laughing.] He [Mr. Horr] now approached another subject tremblingly, because his friend had told the House yesterday that he once blew a man right through a key-hole, and he (Mr. Horr) did not want such a tight squeeze. His friend had made a speech during the extra session on the "test oath." That speech had marked in it "laughter" fourteen times, "applause" six times, "great laughter" once, "applause and laughter" once, and "long continued applause" once. He wanted to know if the rumor was true that that speech had been printed, laughter, applause and all, three days before it was delivered. [Roars of laughter.] That was a big advantage. Gentlemen who could sit down in the darkness of the midnight hour, and when they got a funny thing just stop and cheer themselves, and write in "laughter" had a great advantage. The gentleman did too much for the world. That was probably the reason for his being so thin. If he furnished the "laughter" and let the world furnish the "applause" it would not draw so on his constitution.

For the purpose, as he explained, of showing that he was not wholly to blame for having applied the term "genial little friend" to the gentleman from New York, Horr sent to the clerks desk a bound volume of Harper's Weekly, which the clerk held up to the full view of the House, opened at a picture which represented Cox as the speaker of the House, with his feet resting on the back of the chair. This action of Horr's was greeted with roars of laughter, which broke out afresh when that gentleman stated that the picture had been published just after Cox had not been elected Speaker. Who over looked at that picture, he said, would notice that the gentleman had been placed with his feet on top of the Speaker's chair, so that he could get his head over the desk. He had heard that his friend had once stated that he had been six inches taller he would have been President. [Laughter.] The Democratic party had fallen into the same mistake as the gentleman in giving heed to muscle instead of brains. If the gentleman from New York had three inches and a lot of votes more he might have been speaker of the House. He wished to say in conclusion that whatever he might hereafter say in debate he begged the gentleman from New York to understand that he had no malice or hardness of heart against him. That gentleman had been kind enough to give him an epitaph. He [Horr] was not a poet, but a friend had written for him an epitaph upon the gentleman from New York, which he thought just covered the case:

"Beneath this pile lies the great Sam Cox,  
Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox;  
Think it not strange his turning to dust,  
For he swelled, and he swelled 'till he finally 'bust.'"

Just where he has gone, or just how he fares, nobody knows, and nobody cares. But wherever he is, he is singing or elf; Be sure, dear reader, he's pulling himself."

### Gleanings.

It is much easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.

We have little moral faith in those who have never been imposed upon.

Often a reserve that hid a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin, to aid them in drawing a bead.

The man who won't work for a dollar a day will spend two hours trying to solve a riddle for nothing.

An ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture; the mightiest force in the world is heart force.

A man's good breeding is the best armor against other people's ill manners.

Where one is fagged, hungry, and depressed, the worst seems most probable.

The colored people own 13,000 acres of land in Halifax county, and 8,000 in Warren.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, dogs cost the State \$6,000,000 annually.

"How dare you swear before me?" asked a man of his son, recently. "How did I know you wanted to swear first?" said the spoiled rohin.

An Irishman who had a very ragged coat, was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad! I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

There is a patient in one of the New York hospitals who, in his delirium, continually calls out, "Next! Next!" The physicians are undecided whether he is a college professor or a barber.

People are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some one behind may at the same time be decanting on their own.

London had a phenomenal fog a few days before Christmas. For nearly an hour it was literally impossible for a pedestrian to see two yards ahead unless he had a lantern.

Do not try to force yourself into the confidence of others. If they give their confidence never betray it.

The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivolous and exactness.

To wipe all tears from all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.

"John, my son," said a dotting father, who was about taking him into business, "What shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the youth, "I don't know—but suppose we have it John H. Stamplin and Father?" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but didn't adopt it.

In Danville, Va., a man named William Fuller, was offered a quart of whiskey by a saloon keeper on condition that he was to drink it on the premises at once. He accepted the offer and was buried the next day.

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself. Is there a fool in all the world who cannot criticize? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

A good story is told of a noted defaulter who had been a "swell". On arriving at the prison after sentence he asked permission to retain his watch. The warden's answer was an imperative "No." "But why not?" still urged the prisoner. "In the first place because it is against the rules of the prison, and in the second because you wouldn't have a watch half an hour after it was generally known you wore one," was the answer. "What?" was the rejoinder, "are there thieves here?"

An American lady, who has lived in England, says: "For the street, English women dress horribly, but for dinner parties and balls they are lovely. They wear usually either white or black, and their skins and complexions are dazzling. But every English woman when she gets to be thirty-five or forty has a rash break out on her nose. I believe it is because they drink so much. They are always drinking wine and all that with their meals. They don't get faded and worn, looking as we American women do, but they get very stout, and their beautiful complexions go to be really 'beauty.'"

If a man cannot have a downright enemy the next best thing is a downright enemy. Friend or enemy, however, it is important to know just where your acquaintances stand. We have a great deal of sympathy with the western hunter who "observed" that "the rattlesnake is a square, honest reptile, that lets you know when he means to ream business, and gives you time to step back." There are so-called friends who love your pocketbook and your influence, and will certainly leave you when these depart, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in knowing of a given person that the is "square, honest reptile."

**SUPERIOR COURT,**  
Alamance County,  
D. H. Albright  
vs.  
Hira-n Wells, Ex'r. of William Wells and Solomon Wells.

This is an action upon a bond for the payment of \$316.00, executed by the defendants on the 14th July 1873, and payable one day after date. The defendant Solomon Wells is a non-resident of the State, and an order has been made for service upon him by publication in this paper for six successive weeks in lieu of personal service. If he fail to appear at the Spring term 1880 of said court, to be held at the court house in Graham, on the 2nd Monday before the 1st Monday in March 1880, and answer or demur judgment will be rendered against him by default.

A. TATE, C. S. C.  
1.5.1880.

**SUPERIOR COURT,**  
Alamance County,  
Jacob Andrew and wife Nancy,  
Thomas Marshall, Jonathan Marshall and William Marshall  
vs.  
Fred Marshall, Joseph Marshall and John Marshall.

This is a special proceeding for the sale of lands descending from Joseph Marshall, dead upon the parties as tenants in common. The defendants are non-residents of the State, and publication in this paper for six successive weeks in lieu of personal service of summons, upon them is ordered; and after such service, if they fail to appear, and answer or demur within 21 days, judgment will be taken pro confesso against them.

A. TATE, C. S. C.  
1.7.80.

**GRAHAM High School,**  
GRAHAM, N. C.

ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

REV. 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 case of protracted sickness. Board, washing, fuel and lights \$6 to \$11 per month. Tuition \$2.50 to \$4.50. Send for circular.

**Company Shops DRUG STORE**

I have very recently purchased, and fitted the store house formerly occupied by Dr. J. S. Murphy, 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 Store. And send your orders and prescriptions which will be carefully filled.

Wm. A. ERWIN.

**Central Hotel**  
Greensboro, N. C.  
SEYMOUR STEELE, PROPRIETOR  
TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY

This house is conveniently located in the center of the city, the rooms are large and well furnished, and the table is supplied with the best market affords.

**Large Sample Rooms**  
Omnibus and Baggage Wagon meet all trains

**Smoking tobacco**

MANUFACTURED BY  
**Graham N. C.**  
BY  
**S. G. McLean**

This is his  
**TRADE MARK**



And indicates, with certainty, a delightful smoking tobacco, inside of any package bearing it. The best leaf is used, and the greatest care taken in manufacturing, favoring our No. 1. No tobacco made elsewhere is of a higher quality. Superior. Orders solicited and promptly filled. Address S. G. McLEAN, Graham, Alamance Co. N. C.

**Fruit Trees!**

I offer for sale a large stock of fruit trees, at my residence three miles South of Graham, consisting of

Apples	\$ 5.00 per 100
Peaches	10.00 " " 100
Pears	38.00 " " 100
Cherries	25.00 " " 100
Grappa Vines	5.00 " " 100

These trees and vines comprise the very best varieties, their fruits have taken premiums at our State Fair for four years in succession. Early varieties of peaches a specialty. I may be addressed at Graham, N. C. 11.19.79.

O. K. FAUR

**JNO. D. MERRICK,**  
Attorney at Law,  
GRAHAM, N. C.

Practice in the State and Federal Courts. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Office in Court House.

**Yarbrough House**  
**RALEIGH, N. C.**  
W. W. BEACONHILL, Proprietor.  
Rates reduced to suit the times.