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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 Winthrop 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, air!" 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 that she had not consented and so they had had one another goodbye 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 got a cough," gasped Bertha, in a choking tone.
"Has Ralph gone home so early? on 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 inks 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, laughing. "Now let me see some of the others," and taking up another, she read in a bold, 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 maid, 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 attentions 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, to be sure; 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 strain 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 out the pretty card attached:
"The rose is red, the violet is 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 if 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 Week.

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 not of 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 witlessness. [Laughter.] Laughter and health. It was good for the house. It oil the joints and the countenance, causing it to smile like that of his friend (Horr). He asked that gentleman, "why should there be proud flesh in the House? If Goliath or Dan Lambert were here would they twist a neck like himself about his size." Isaac Newton, when born, was put by his mother in a quart cup. He wished her to have a quart cup of the gentleman (Horr) with her (Cox) was not proud of his appearance, 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 blabber was intellect, that meat meant manhood or that layers of lard 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 Falstaff damped 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 large doanium, a larger sternum or a longer coccygus 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 criticize him (Cox) on account of his size. It he (Cox) were called upon to write the gentleman's epitaph he would [borrowing from the sweet "Singer of Michigan" and Lord Byron] put in these words: "Here lies the body of Congressman Horr; his grease [Greec], but living grease no more."
After some remarks in reply to Mr. Kennan, 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 speakers desk.
He stated that before he began his reply to the eloquent 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: "Gonial little friend." [Laughter and applause.]
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 this extreme diffidence dropped words which he was sorry after wards. Had he known the sensitiveness of the gentleman from New York; had he known the poetry of his nature, he would have addressed the gentleman in the language of a modern poet as "dear little Buttercup." [Continued laughter.] Alluding to the book "Why We Laugh," which Mr. Cox had sent to 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 far be it from him to contest with him. 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 suit his hair in the middle and wear bangs. [Laughter and continued laughing.]
[Mr. Horr] now approached another subject triumphingly, 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 *Horr'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 had he 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 slab lies the great Sam Cox. Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox. Think it no strange his turning to dust, For he swelled, and he swelled till he finally burst."
Just where he has gone, or just how he fares, Nobody knows, and nobody cares. But wherever he is, be he angel or elf; Be sure, dear reader, he's puffing himself."

TOOLS OF GREAT MEN
It is not the tools that makes the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is probable that the best workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Ojibé by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was the reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel.
Ferguson made marvelous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson.

A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.
An eminent savant once called upon Dr. Welleston, and requested to be shown over his laboratory, in which science had been enriched with so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointed to an old tea tray on the table, containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blow pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have."
Stoddard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say no one knew how much he owed to those tiny insects.
A burnt stick and a barn door served Winkle in lieu of pencil and canvass.
Bewick first practiced drawing on the cartage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail.
Ferguson hid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eyes and the stars.
Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning by means of a kite with cross sticks and a silk handkerchief.
Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection.
Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, with a cobblers apprentice upon small scraps of leather which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

We are all of us very like the poor, ignorant woman who, when asked if she had religion, replied that she had slight touches of it occasionally.

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 beau.
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 security 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 urohin.

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 descanting 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 vexatious.
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. Samplin 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 woman 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 fatted and worn, looking as we American women do, but they get very stout, and their beautiful complexions got to be really 'berry'."
If a man cannot have a downright friend the next best thing is a downright enemy. Friend or enemy, however, it is important to know just where your acquaintance 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 reum 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 he is "square, honest reptile."

SUPERIOR COURT, Alamance County, D. H. Albright

Wm. W. Wells, Ex'r. of William Wells and Solomon Wells.
This is an action upon a bond for the payment of \$316.65, executed by the defendants on the 14th July 1879, 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.

SUPERIOR COURT, Alamance County, Jacob Andrew and wife Nancy, Thomas Marshall, Jonathan Marshall and William Marshall, vs. Alfred Marshall, Joseph Marshall and John Marshall. Special Proceeding.

This is a special proceeding for the sale of lands descending from Joseph Marshall; dec'd 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.

GRAHAM High School,

GRAHAM, N. C.
ESTABLISHED IN 1857.
REV. D. A. LONG, A. M., Principal.
REV. W. STALEY, A. M., Teacher.
REV. W. S. LONG, A. M., Teacher.
DAVID BELL, Graduate C. Ph., U. N. C.

Two 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 \$3 to \$11 per month. Tuition \$6.50 to \$4.50. Send for circular.

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I offer for sale a large stock of fruit trees, at my residence three miles South of Graham, consisting of:
Apples \$ 8.00 per 100
Peaches 10.00 " 100
Pears 38.00 " 100
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Grape Vines 8.00 " 100
These trees and vines comprise the very best varieties, their fruits have taken premiums at our State Fairs for four years in succession. Early varieties of peaches a specialty. I may be addressed at Graham, N. C.
11, 1879. G. K. FADY

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

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