

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL 5

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 25 1880

NO 50

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
E. S. PARKER

Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:  
The Year \$3.00  
Six Months \$1.50  
Three Months .75  
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 at extra cost.

### Advertisement

Transient advertisements payable in advance, quarterly advertisements quarterly in advance.  
1 in. 3 m. 5 m. 12 m.  
4 square \$3.00 \$2.00 \$1.00 \$0.50  
6 square \$4.00 \$3.00 \$2.00 \$1.00  
12 square \$7.00 \$5.00 \$3.00 \$1.50  
Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

### A NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS.

There were two of us chatting and smoking cigarettes at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets in that quaint and strange old city, New Orleans—a city of never-ending charms and queer phases of life and mystery without number; a miniature Paris, with its *dijon* theaters in the French quarter, where the play is in French and the English language is a foreign tongue, and where the men wear their hats and the ladies slip absinthe and puff dainty rings of cigarette smoke from pretty mouths.

“Where shall we go to-night?” Morlan asked me.

“Grand Opera House,” I suggested.

“Aren’t you tired of Januschek’s diamonds yet?”

“Well, say the Varieties.”

“Nothing there but frescoing in the lobby.”

“Academy.”

“Bah!”

We smoked awhile in silence, and finally decided to see *Mlle. Mathilde* at *Le Petit Theater Francaise*, away down on Chartres street. If Golson is in the crowd, said Morlan, “well appropriate him. Ah! there he is now. Golson, come hither!”

A number of the young men had crossed Canal street, and were passing up St. Charles toward Common, others continuing their way along Canal to Bar none. A handsome, small, delicate student emerged from the crowd. He had hands as white and small as a woman’s, long black hair, a pale, thoughtful face, and large, calm, expressive eyes. I was introduced to him, and he grasped my hand warmly and firmly.

“Have you anything to do to-night, Golson?”

“Anything to do? Oh, yes, some infernal thesis, I believe; but hang the thesis—and by George! the dissection too. Where are you going?”

“To *La Petit Francaise*, we were thinking.”

“What! the absinthe and the headache? Come with me to the college. My little girl will do the tight rope from the roof, and I’ll introduce you.”

We turn up St. Charles street to Common, down Common to Baronne and the college. Crowds were beginning to gather at this point. We threaded our way through the throng that pressed against the railing around the college yard, and entered a small door at the side. We climbed four flights of dark, dismal stairs and stumbled at the turnings. We felt our way along a hall, pervaded by a stifling blackness and a musty smell, from the dissecting rooms. The light from the street below streamed meagerly through a window, and showed us the dim outline of a perpendicular ladder and crawled through a hole in the ceiling. Here the darkness was intense. We found another close at hand, and by feeling for the rings, gained the top and emerged upon a steep roof covered with slate. We looked around. New Orleans lay at our feet in all the glory of a starry night. On the south we could trace the river winding in a crescent form around the city, and reflecting the colored lights from the shipping. Away to the northeast could be seen the dark, flat surface of the lake. To the southeast lay the French Quarter with its tall, old-fashioned houses and its narrow streets. To the westward Upper Town stretched its wealth and grandeur over a large area. Under our feet was the glare from Canal, St. Charles, Camp, Common, Carondelet, Tchoupitoulas and

Baronne streets.

A parapet about twelve inches high was all that could have preserved us from the morgue, if the treacherous slate had broken, or the foot slipped an inch. Three persons were standing in the gutter against the parapet. Of these, two were rough looking men; the third was a woman in-tights and short skirts, and covered with spangles and stars and gold faces. The men were engaged with certain pulleys and cords in drawing to a greater tension the wire cable that stretched from the parapet of the college to the building opposite. The woman was standing in the shade of the parapet and looking down abstractedly upon the thousands of human beings who pecked the street, and whose upturned faces, expressive of anticipation, also seemed to be studying attentively.

“Already here, Zoe?” asked Golson, in his soft, smooth voice.

The woman started and turned quickly, an expression of intense happiness lighting up her face.

“I was looking for you below,” she said.

“I was afraid, but I am strong now. You don’t think I’ll fall do you?”

“Certainly not! You are very foolish to ask such a question.”

He introduced us as his friends, and she shook our hands pleasantly. She had a rather agreeable face, though we could not see distinctly, the only light being that of the stars and the faint glow of from the lamp and torches below. In any event she had a pleasant voice, and that was sufficient. She also was small, and delicate and young. A shawl was thrown over her bare shoulders and arms, but her little hands were cold and she shivered in the night air.

“I was thinking, Goldy,” she said, “that if I should fall, and a more decided shivering shook her delicate frame—I wonder what they would think, and how they would feel down there?”

“Nonsense, little Zoe!”

She laughed softly and put her arm through Golson’s, and looked up into his face with a touching tenderness and reliance. She again scanned the crowd, and was thinking.

“Well, but suppose I should. Do you think they would care? Or would they say she was a little fool, and it served her right?”

“What is the matter, pet?”

“Oh, nothing—nothing whatever, and she laughed again mistically, “I was simply thinking. I remember that a long time ago, when I was a child, and my father was letting me stand on his head while he rode two horses bare back around the ring—and I was terribly frightened once when the horses became wild with fear or something, I don’t remember what—and he caught me strong and close in his arms as I was falling, and kissed my lips, and cheeks, and eyes, and forehead, and held me in his arms quite a while, and called me his dear precious baby. What was I going to tell you? Oh, yes; about the man who fell from the tight rope. That was terrible. One end of the rope was passed over the roof of a house, carried down the side, and made fast to a wooden block underneath. It had so happened that the block had rotted off next the ground, and there was no weight upon it whatever. Well, anyhow, they tied the rope around the block, and the professor was half way across the street, when he began to give an exhibition of jumping. Suddenly we saw that the rope was giving way. The jerking had pulled the block from under the house, and was dragging it up the side. The professor turned quite pale, and stood and waited. He came down slowly with the rope. It seemed as if it would never stop slipping over the roof like a long ugly snake. It soon became slack, and it was, of course, much harder to balance on it; but he never lost his presence of mind, and stood perfectly calm and straight. When the block had nearly reached the roof—it was a two story house—the rope slipped off, and I heard the block drop to the ground. I hid my face and crouched down against a wall, and I heard him strike the ground like something dead. Oh, it was so horrible! She peered around into the darkness and shuddered. “Poor fellow! he fell flat on his face. It was the cruelest thing that ever happened.”

“She sighed, and still gazed at the crowd below.”

“Did it kill him?”

“No, not quite, but he was delirious for several weeks. When they picked him up the blood gushed from his nose, his eyes and his ears, and a bloody froth came from his mouth. I was a little child then and I dreamed of him every night for two or three years. I dreamed of him again last night for the first time in a great while. I thought I went to pick him up, and could feel his poor

broken bones grating against each other, and his poor bloodshot eyes stared wild and cold at me.”

“You are not well to-night, Zoe,” said the man of science, examining her pulse attentively. He became thoughtful. “I don’t think you ought to risk it,” he said.

“Oh, I am not afraid now that you are here,” she replied in her charming way.

“I think you had better wait.”

“Now don’t get naughty. I want to go. I want to go. Why, there’s two hundred dollars in that crowd, and my manager would be crazy if I didn’t walk. Besides I contracted to do our street walk every two weeks in addition to the lofty centripetal walk every day. Why, I’ve done the lofty five-hundred times and never lost my head, and why is there danger now?”

“But it’s more difficult to see the rope at night.”

“I never look at my feet anyhow, when I walk.”

“You are feverish and nervous.”

“It will make me all the more careful.”

“Well, walk then,” said Golson, with a shrug of the shoulders.

“Now, Goldy, don’t look that way.”

He became cheerful and beaming in a moment. The manager appeared on the opposite roof and beckoned the girl to proceed. The attendants at both ends examined the fastening of the rope to see that they were properly secured. They produced trays in which to burn colored fires and heaped lumps of the combustible material upon the parapet. Zoe mounted the parapet with an elastic step, and threw kisses at the shouting crowd below as the red fires brought out her frail form. She looked very charming and pretty, standing, smiling, in the intense red glare of light.

“Give me the pole,” she demanded, smilingly, of Golson, holding on a small hand and dimpled arm.

He picked up the cumbersome balancing pole and placed it in her hands. She found the centre, shook hands with Golson, threw us a smile, rained a shower of kisses upon the crowd and stepped firmly upon the rope. She soon found a safe pace, took a few steps, and halted. She glanced back at the attendants, and regarded the pile of fire.

“You are burning it too fast,” she said.

“Good-by Goldy,” and she picked her way over the narrow bridge that spanned the yawning chasm beneath. She was graceful and walked with considerable ease apparently, stopping occasionally to shift the pole and steady herself.

“She is walking slow and shaky to-night,” said one of the men.

“She is not walking as well as usual?” asked Golson, hurriedly, and looking at her steadily. His glances never left her a moment.

“No; she can beat that. I think she’s in the sulks.”

Golson paid no attention to the insult and watched her with fascinated gaze. His face was somewhat paler than usual, in spite of the red glare. He did not move a single muscle. Zoe had passed the middle of the street—the most dangerous place—and continued her walk toward the other end. She toiled up the incline, the rope depressing under her tiny nimble feet, and at last jumped safe and sound upon the opposite roof. A tremendous deafening shout arose from the mob, and the plucky girl threw a bunch of kisses at Golson. The color had returned to his face with unnatural intensity, and the look of absorbing anxiety had passed away. His chest was broader and his eye brighter. He simply smiled at Zoe, and did not even applaud her.

The shouting below continued. The men made no preparations to remove the rope, but Golson started for the ladder.

“She’s comin’ back,” said one of the men.

Golson stopped as if he had been shot through the brain. The hard anxious look returned, and the deathly palor came back all in an instant.

“I didn’t know that,” he said, calmly and resignedly. He resumed his old position, and watched the girl with intense interest—with a gaze in which was concentrated his soul and heart and mind and strength—a look in which was expressed the profoundest feelings of a strong nature.

Zoe rested a moment, and again stepped upon the rope. She had proceeded about ten feet when one of the men remarked:

“She’s scared.”

Golson noticed it; we all saw it. Her teeth were so tightly compressed that in the dazzling light we could see the ridges in her cheeks. Her nostrils were expanded, and she stared fixedly ahead at the rope. Her breathing was short, and a tremor appeared in her arms and knees.

Instead of her usual erect carriage, there was a perceptible leaning forward. When she had made but a dozen steps she stopped and appeared to be in doubt. She then apparently made an effort to walk backward, but was evidently afraid to undertake it. She stopped again, mustered her courage, threw a quick glance at Golson, and recommenced her dangerous journey. The rope trembled and swayed under her feet, and in this way caught a swinging motion that tries the nerve of the most experienced balancers. When she had reached the middle it was impossible to proceed. She might have crossed safely, but the fire on our side is exhausted. She had walked more slowly than usual, and the fire was consumed too soon. She could not see the rope distinctly enough. She stood still for several seconds. The light behind her continued to burn, but it was of no assistance to her, and immediately after it was also exhausted. We could distinctly see the poor frightened girl by the light from below, but her face was obscured. The crowd sent up hisses and groans. The rope-walker attempted to take another step. She succeeded. She tried a second and failed. Her foot suddenly slipped, but she was active and alert, and caught upon her knee. Her fright increased, and in the terrible excitement of the moment she dropped the pole. It struck the rope, balanced a moment, and slipped off upon the crowd below. There was a great scattering, and the crowd realized that the young girl was falling. Every sound was hushed. The child steeled herself wildly and instinctively a moment with her arms as she knelt on the rope and then fell.

Golson’s appearance was painful and pitiable. Great cords stood out upon his face, which was overspread by an agony of ghastly pallor. His muscles swelled with ridges and knots, and his hands assumed the appearance of an eagle’s claws. He gazed at the rope where the girl had a moment ago stood. She had caught by the right hand, and hung suspended over the cobbles. In another moment she grasped the rope with the other hand, and hung perfectly still. Golson waited but a few moments when he saw that fright had taken the strength from her arms, and that she could not climb upon the rope. He dashed off his hat, and grasped the rope with both hands, and threw one leg across it. He crawled along carefully (the shaking might not cause the girl to lose hold). The crowd watched him in breathless silence. The rope swung lower under the double weight, and the fastenings creaked and groaned.

“Hold tight my child, we could hear him say to the fainting girl. ‘Hold on, for God’s sake, and I will save you!’

She raised her head and looked at him for a moment, and then dropped it again between her arms. He approached her slowly and painfully, for he was a stranger to the situation, and was afraid of shaking her off. At length he reached her. He whispered something to her, and she looked him full in the face. He allowed his right knee to remain across the rope, throw his right arm over it at the elbow, and twisted the right hand around underneath to secure a firm hold and passed his left arm around the girl’s waist. The strength of six men was in those supple limbs and clean-cut muscles. He drew her toward him. She released her hold, her head drooped, and she faint.

“Pay out out at the college end!” he shouted.

His feet were in that direction. It required four of us to let it out. It slipped over the parapet slowly and the suspended pair began to be lowered.

“Pay it out!” he shouted again.

We let it go more rapidly, and he and his swooning charge were against the building across the street. He let himself slide gradually down until he reached the sidewalk, where he was met by the manager. The latter took the girl to her house.

The crowd gathered around him with wild shouts, but he slipped away, and met us at the door of the college.

Where is the scoundrel who said she was sulking? he demanded with an angry look.

We pointed him out.

Golson walked up to him, explained his business and gave him a stinging blow in the face that sent him rolling in the gutter.

I met the dear old fellow in California street the other day, and his little wife was with him, charming and pretty as ever. She laughingly remarked that she liked to see the circus as much as ever, but that she always felt a horror for rope walking. I almost believe that her diables are as pretty as on the night she threw kisses to a great crowd in the street.

**COOKS AND DOCTORS.**—Dr. Abernethy, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens and shook hands with their cooks. “My friends,” said he, “I owe you much for your cooler great favors upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning, enables us medical men to ride in carriages; without your assistance we should all go on foot, and be starved.”

Sarah Bernhardt’s salary averages twelve thousand dollars a year.

### DR. SACON.

“I am my own master!” cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from the enterprise which he had on hand; “I am my own master!”

“Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?” asked his friend.

“Responsible—is it?”

“A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail.”

“Well?”

“To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgement to instruct. You are a master over a hard lot and if you don’t master them they will master you.”

“That is so,” said the young man.

“Now, I could undertake no such thing,” said his friend. “I should fall sure, if I did.”

“Start wanted to be his own master, and failed. Heedful did, as he did. No man is fit for it, except by any mastery over Christ. I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master all goes right.”

### Gleanings.

If the New York authorities will not let the brutal murderer, Christine Cox, die, she might at least let her lecture.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, had 315 slaves at the time of his death, all of whom it will be remembered he made free.

New Haven, Conn., is said to have the lowest death rate of any seaport town of its size in the world, which is due to its excellent sanitary organization.

Louise Pomeroy is reported to have written to a Rochester, N. Y., druggist, threatening a suit for using her photographs on a patent medicine salve.

**DAILY WORK.**—God give food to every kind, but he does not bring it to the nest. In like manner He gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

“Who brayed there?” asked a member of the Canadian House of Commons of the persons who were trying by interruption to silence him. “It was an echo,” retorted a voice.

Dan Keegan, who lately died in New York, was a well known gambler, liquor dealer, law-breaker and politician and yet he earned a very flattering obituary notice.

A washerwoman being such a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. “Yes,” said she, “after my week’s work is done, I get so rested to come to church, and get and think about nothing!”

**WORRYING THEMSELVES TO DEATH.**—People worry themselves ill; they worry themselves insane; they worry themselves to death. Ambition is a good thing; energy is a good thing; industry is a good thing. But restlessness, fretfulness and worry—these tend directly to insanity and death.

**HARD WORK.**—It is the honest, plodding man who rises to an elevated position in the world. Work is, as a rule, the foundation of all true success. Brilliant parts, fine education, and friends are not to be despised, but they cannot supply the place of personal toil and patient, painstaking industry.

Eminnie Young, the daughter of Brigham Young, who forced the executors of her father’s will to hand over to the heirs about \$75,000 more than they first intended to, is soon to open at the Bella Union, a minor theatre in San Francisco, Cal. She has married the manager, W. C. Crosbie.

**DOGS AND POLITICS.**—A distinguished politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was regarding him confidentially in her lap, and impatiently asked: “Why is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?” “Because he never talks politics,” was the prompt reply.

When the country had first come to the city he uses the very profane expression “Gaul darn it!” with reckless ease. As the refinement of metropolitanism begins to take hold of his speech, he mildly says: “By darn,” and when he reaches the lavender trousers, drab overcoat and eye-glass stage of culture he twirls his little wisps of a cane in his fingers and murmurs, “Ah! dem it!”

**REFRESHING CREED.**—A minister’s wife once asked the late Doctor Kadwin opinion how he became attached to the Secession Church when his father was a member of the Relief. “Oh,” said the Doctor, “I can easily explain that: Some of the children went with my father and some with my mother; but my father took nothing in his pocket for the ‘interval’ while my mother always took bread and cheese.”

Japan is rapidly improving in the matter of education. There are seventeen public schools at Hakofuti, attended by 1,261 boys and 430 girls; there are also a number of private schools there. In other parts of the island there are thirty government schools, instructing 1,600 boys and 812 girls. During the past year industrial schools have been established, wherein girls are taught spinning, weaving, sewing and washing, besides writing, reading and arithmetic.

### SUPERIOR COURT,

Alamance County,  
D. H. Albright,

Hira A. Wells, Exr. of William Wells and Solomon Wells,

This is a motion upon a bond for the payment of \$216.66, executed by the defendants on the 14th July 1878, 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.

J. F. 1880. A. TATE, C. S. C.

### SUPERIOR COURT,

Alamance County.

G. D. Cobb, admr. of Israel Cobb, decd.

Helen at law of Cynthia Young, Melissa Job, Elizabeth Linnens, Abi Hobbs, Samuel Hobbs, Lewis Hobbs, Susan Barton, Robert a Causey, Emanuel Ingle, Susan Higgins, Anthony, Ingle & wife Laura, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs, Thomas, heirs of Melissa Job, Lizzie & John, Gowan Ingle, heirs of Vincent Ingle, Lewis Cable, Polly Job, Hannah Whitsett, Alexander Cable, Isabella Cable, Emily Ingle, Rachel Holt, David Cable, Fannie Ingle, Susan Ingle, Edna Law, Valentine Cobb, Eliza Job, Robert, Mellis Andrews, William Wyrick, Newton Wyrick, Israel Cobb, Elizabeth Cobb, Isaac Cable, William Causey, Catherine Cable, Saml. Cable, Milton J. Cable, William Cable and Eli Cable.

This is a special proceeding to sell land for assets, by G. D. Cobb, admr. of Israel Cobb, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the heirs of Cynthia Young, names and sexes unknown, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs and Franky Thomas, names and sexes unknown, heirs of Melissa Job, Lizzie and John, Gowan Ingle, heirs of Vincent Ingle, Daniel Cable, Susan Ingle, Newton Wyrick and William Cable are all necessary parties to said proceeding, and are non residents of this State, it is therefore ordered: That publication be made for them in THE ALAMANCE GLEANER a newspaper published weekly, in the town of Graham, for six successive weeks, in lieu of personal service of summons, and that they appear and answer or demur within twenty days, a decree pro and con shall be entered as to them.

Done at office in Graham  
Jan. 20, 1880. A. TATE, C. S. C.  
Alamance County

### New Sunny South

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST PAPER IN AMERICA.

SEND FOR IT AT ONCE.

See Our Club Rates.

The Sunny South is now the model weekly of the age. It contains in an entire new dress and new make up generally and is overflowing with the richest and latest matter of the day—Poems, Essays, Stories, News of the Week, Wit and Humor, Yarns, Gossip, Domestic Matters, Letters from all Sections, Notes of Travel, Puzzles, Chess Problems, Marriages, Deaths, Health Notes, Personal, Stage Notes, Movements in Southern Society, Fashion Notes with Plates, Answers to Correspondents, Biographies with Portraits of distinguished men and women, Historical Engravings, Seasonal Clippings, Correspondents’ Column, Local Matters, Railroad Guide, and forcible editorials upon all subjects. It is possible to make a paper more complete? Get a copy, and examine it. It now circulates in all the States and Territories, in England, Ireland, Canada, Australia, Brazil, and the Indian Archipelago.

It is really an honor to the South and our people are proud of it and every one should take it immediately.

The price is only \$2.50 a year. We will send the Sunny South and the GLEANER one year for \$4.00.

The Sunny South and Boys and Girls of the South will be furnished one year for \$3.50, with a large and magnificent picture worth 10c.

Address this office, or  
J. H. & W. B. SEARS,  
ATLANTA, GA.

### Valuable Water Power

For Sale

The undersigned have a valuable water power on Big Alamance, three miles above Alamance Factory.

There is about ten acres of land connected with it, and more to be had on reasonable terms, adjoining.

This power is improved to the extent of a saw mill and a first rate grist mill, both wheat and corn.

The power is ample for a cotton factory, there being sixteen feet head, and is the best power on Big Alamance.

It is just four miles South of Gibsonville, on the N. C. R. R. and there is a good public road all the way.

Terms made easy. Address for particulars, R. W. INGLE, Company Shops, N. C. or A. G. CLAPP, Gibsonville, N. C.

1.28.80.2m

### North Carolina

Presbyterian.

No efforts are spared to make this organ of the North Carolina Presbyterians both attractive and useful. To do this we present each a variety of moral and religious reading as well be read by old and young, rich and poor, clergy and laity, learned and unlearned. Our special aim is to publish a live paper.

It numbers among its correspondents Rev. Drs. Drury Lacy, Henry Smith, J. B. Rogers, and A. W. Miller; Rev. Messrs. Jas. Atkinson, R. H. Harding, D. E. Jordan, J. Ruple, E. F. Rockwell, P. H. Dalton, L. C. Vess, H. G. Hill, W. S. Eacy, W. W. Pharr, F. H. Johnston, P. T. Penick, R. Z. Johnston, S. H. Ober, J. M. Wharey, Prof. J. R. Blake, Mrs. Cora Phillips Spencer, Mrs. H. M. Irwin, and many others.

Price \$2.65 a year. Address, Jones McLAMON, Editor and Proprietor, Wilmington N. C.

For your seed Irish potatoes—the finest you ever saw, go to

ALBRIGHT & MITCHELL.