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THE GLEANER

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BLAKE'S WIDOW.

An Incident of the First Trial in San Saba.

Jem Blake had been shot dead in his own doorway by Antonio Gueldo, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Saba in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch.

Jem had been a quiet man and a good neighbor, with a hand always ready to help any one who was out of luck, so public sentiment ran pretty high against Antonio.

If the general inclination had been followed—as, up to that time, it always had—the last named gentleman would have found very scant opportunity to make any remarks in his own behalf.

However, things were advancing at San Saba as well as elsewhere, and it wouldn't do to hang Antonio without a regular trial, no matter how agreeable such a proceeding might be to the people at large.

So ran the opinion expressed by Judge Pitblado, whose ideas on such subjects were usually accepted without comment.

Nevertheless, there was more than one dissenter in the present instance, to whom it was by no means clear that there could be any sense or profit in thus beating about the bush.

'Ef Antonio's goin' ter be hung, why don't we hang him?

This was the pertinent query of Jake Smith, the leader of the opposing faction, and his view of the question was put in so clear a light that the Judge had great difficulty in impressing the people with his conviction.

He said that things had gone out in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly, and give it a fair show.

and left him standing in the door by the cradle, (how fond he was of the baby!) just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol, and ran in with an awful sense of suffocating fright; just the same as she had found him lying upon the cradle, dabbling his white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his hair.

She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; and then she was quiet and helpful through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she following with the baby in his arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

'Poity chipper?' asked he. Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

'They're agoin' ter try him in a court,' Jake went on, 'an' I don't believe—'

'Try who—Antonio?' She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

'Yes. The judge is making a court out of his shed. I hope I'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't have.'

'He can't get clear can he?' she asked, looking the cradle gently and patting the coverlet.

'I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him, a fellow that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston, and it makes me kind o' nervous.'

Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

'Poity, ain't he?' said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. 'Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—I—'

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down, and, with his big fore finger, softly ruffling the hair of the baby's head. Then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he had found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on until he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have half a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped, but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation, 'Well, some women do beat things amazing.'

Of course everybody went to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagre. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing. Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

As for the baby it sat there with its big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when the irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Gueldo had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol was one charge short on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than all that Blake's widow had heard Gueldo's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as she ran in.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Gueldo, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was none the less sure for that.

There had been a rumor about that some one had heard Antonio make a boast of 'having done for Blake this time' but if there were a witness for this he could not be found.

And so the prosecution closed. The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction the witnesses who had sworn to have seen Gueldo near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another and brought a witness to show how Gueldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village.

Finally he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which this had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look toward Pitblado, who seemed to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

There was a pause before Pitblado gave his charge, and when he arose his face was rather blank.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'things has took a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there is much to be said. I s'pose you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. Ef you kin make out accordin' to that that Antonio Gueldo killed Jim Blake, why just recollect that's what you are here for.'

The jury filed out and the expectant audience occupied itself with tobacco and whispered comments.

Jake Smith fidgeted about on his box and cast anxious glances through the open door, toward the clump of nopsals where the jury were then deliberating.

'Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips, and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, and seated themselves by the spokesman, and judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

'Straightened it out have yer?' asked he nodding to the spokesman. The man nodded slowly in return.

'Wal, let's have it then.' 'Yer see,' said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, 'ef yer hadn't a corralled us with stickin' ter the evidence, we might a done better, but accordin' ter that, Antonio wasn't there when the murder was done, an' ef he war'n't ther he could'n't a done it an' ef he did'n't do it, why—then—of course he's—not guilty.'

Pitblado did not dare to look at any body; he stared up at the rafters—down at the table—nowhere in particular; and then turned halfway towards Antonio.

The passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly, and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything at last.—Boston Courier.

RAILROAD MATTERS AGAIN. (Hale's Weekly.) There is almost universal satisfaction with the Legislature's action in selling the Western Railroad, But our excellent friend of the Warsaw Brief Mention is yet very seriously disturbed about a matter of which we thought this newspaper had thoroughly informed its readers.

The Brief Mention says that 'Mr. Thomas Wallace and others, capitalists, whom Major Hearne represents to be worth \$100,000,000, made a plain straightforward proposition * * * a hundred fold preferable to that of Best. This proposition, the Brief Mention says, was dismissed with contempt, though it was the only offer made which would ensure the construction of the Ducktown Road, besides filling the State Treasury with much needed cash.'

Our friend is altogether in error. The proposition was made on March 23, and was submitted to the Legislature on that day. It was at once referred to a Special Committee which reported, after thorough consideration, that the matter was all both.

The following official correspondence, which was copied from the records in the Capitol last evening, may give our friend some idea of the reason for such report:—

RALEIGH, N. C., March 23, 1880. To His Excellency Hon. Thos. J. Jarvis, Governor of North Carolina, &c.

Sir: I have the honor of submitting to your Excellency, for and in behalf of Thomas Wallace and others, of the City of New York and elsewhere, the following proposition for the purchase of the interest of the State of North Carolina in and to the 'Atlantic and North Carolina,' and the 'North Carolina,' and the 'Western North Carolina' Railroads as follows:

[Here follows the proposition to buy all the State's Railroad properties, paying \$750,000 in cash and building the Paint Lock Branch of the Western Road as printed in Hales Weekly on March 23.]

Respectfully yours, &c., GEO. A. FITCH.

Accompanying Mr. Fitch's letter was this from Mr. Wallace, written on the paper and dated from the office of a New York company with which he appears to have no connection:—

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES Mining and Investment Co., 61 Broadway N. Y., New York March 18, 1880. Governor Jarvis, Raleigh N. C.:

DEAR SIR: The New York parties represented by Mr. Fitch in the purchase of the North Carolina Railroads are amply able and ready to take this property if the Legislature decides disposing of them and passes the necessary legislation to carry it into effect.

Yours most obediently, THOS. WALLACE. The Governor wrote in reply:—

RALEIGH, N. C., March 23, 1880. Geo. A. Fitch, Raleigh N. C.: Sir—Your communication, looking to the purchase of the State's interest in the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroads, the North Carolina Railroad, and the Western North Carolina Railroad, has been received. I will communicate you represent Thomas Wallace and others of the City of New York and elsewhere, as the proposed purchasers. Will you be kind enough to furnish me, at once, with the residence and business of Thos. Wallace? The residence and business of each one of his associates? And also to file with me your power of attorney to represent the said Thomas Wallace and such of his associates, whose names you furnish me with? I will further thank you to furnish me, with proper references as to yourself, your business, profession, occupation and financial standing.

Please put me in possession of the information asked for at once. Very Respectfully, THOMAS J. JARVIS, Governor.

And Mr. Fitch replied not at all, and the negotiation was ended. Meanwhile the Governor had not been idle, as the following correspondence will show:—

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, RALEIGH, N. C., March 23, 1880. J. M. Worth, State Treasurer:

DEAR SIR—Will you please be kind enough to inquire at once as to who and what Thomas Wallace, of 61 Broadway, New York, is, and what his standing.

Truly yours, THOMAS J. JARVIS, Governor.

And Treasurer Worth telegraphed to New York Bankers of known character and the result is stated thus:—

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, RALEIGH, N. C., March 24, 1880. Hon. Thomas J. Jarvis, Governor:

Sir—In reply to yours of the 23d inst., requesting me to ascertain 'who and what Thomas Wallace, of 61 Broadway is, and what is his standing.' I herewith send you telegram received in reply to inquiries made as requested.

Yours, respectfully, J. M. WORTH, State Treasurer. [COPY OF TELEGRAM.] New York, March 23d, 1880. J. M. Worth:—

Wallace returned Californian. Not well known here. Cannot find out anything reliable about him.

R. A. LANCASTER & Co. This is all the official correspondence about 'Thomas Wallace and his associates.' It ought to satisfy our friend. If not, we may add that diligent inquiries resulted in ascertaining that Mr. Thomas Wallace is book-keeper to a newspaper printed in the city of New York, but that the financial standing of neither newspaper nor book-keeper is rated in the Mercantile Registers of that city.

Mr. Fitch's name does not even appear in the City Directory. As to those who live 'elsewhere' it was impossible to make inquiry, as their names were unknown, and their abodes, to say the least of it, somewhat uncertain.

WITH A YANKEE PEDDLER. How a Shrewd Speculator-Seller Paid his Debt.

For ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain the Yankee peddler can give the heathen Chinese points. A bright young fellow who was driven not long ago to traveling country roads with a basket over his arm, selling a little article on which there was just a trifle over two thousand per cent profit, fell in down in the wilds of New Jersey, one day, with one of those interesting specimens.

'That man,' says the young fellow taught the more about peddling in a few days that we traveled together than I ever knew before.—He could turn a jack knife into a horse and wagon. Late one afternoon we were making for the little tavern, kept by an elderly woman, where we intended to pass the night.

The Yankee as we passed a little pile of pebbles, stooped down and picked up two round white ones, one about twice as large as the other. I am going to pay for my supper and lodging, said he, with these two pebbles. He put them in his pocket, and I thought no more about them till after we had eaten our supper, were seated in front of a comfortable fire—the Yankee, the landlady and I.

He was a spectacle peddler, and carried his wares in a little green box. He had a charming habit of saying to people whenever he got a chance. 'Your eyes are in a pretty bad way, they won't last long.' He said this to the landlady, and she replied that she was afraid that was true, for they had been troubling her a good deal lately.

ished size of the pebble, 'if a faking hold after all, ain't it?' 'Certainly,' said the spectacle man, looking very wise, and pouring in the remainder of the salt. 'It will be ready now in about five minutes, and you'd better have a bottle ready to put it in for it spoils to stand in the air.'

'The land lady had him this time, for the bottle was standing on the mantel-shelf. It was necessary to get her out of the room once more to remove the little pebble, so he asked: 'Hav'n't you a colored glass bottle?' No, she said, she had't one in the house. Then, said he, 'you had better paste some thick paper around this one, for the light weakens the eye-water, and in time spoils it.'

The old lady went out in the kitchen to hunt some thick paper, and out came the little pebble. The eye-water was then made.

'Hold your eyes with this three-times a day,' he said; as he corked the bottle, and by the next time come around you'll have a new pair of eyes in your head.'

Next morning as we were about to pay our bills, the landlady inquired how much she owed for the eye-water.

'It will be a dollar for the pebbles, just what it costs to import them from Germany,' said he, 'I won't charge you anything for making it.'

A dollar was just what he owed the hotel. He and the landlady were square.—New York Times.

ADVERTISEMENTS. SUPERIOR COURT. Alamance County. G. D. Cobb, admr. of Loral Cable, dec'd.

Heirs at law of Cynthia Young, Melinda Job, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs, Samuel Hobbs, Lewis Hobbs, Susan Barton, Robert A. Causey, Emanuel Ingle, Susan Hodge, Anthony Jacobs & wife Laura, Elizabeth Lamb, Heirs of Franky Thomas, Heirs of Masha Job, Lizzie & John, covan Ingle, Heirs of Vincent Ingle, Lewis Cable, Polly Job, Hannah Whinnett, Alexander Cable, Isabella Cable, Emily Gask, Rachael Holt, Daniel Cable, Fernelia Tickle, Susannah Stone, Edna Law, Valentines Cobb, Elizabeth Cobb, Loral Cobb, Jane A. Philips, Isabella Robertson, Melissa Andrews, William Wyrick, Newton Wyrick, Israel Cable, Elizabeth Cable, Jane Cable, Wilkins Cable, Catherine Cable, Sami Cable, Milton J. Cable, William Cable and Eli Cable.

This is a special proceeding to land for sale by G. D. Cobb, admr. of Loral Cable, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the heirs of Cynthia Young, names and sexes unknown, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs, Sami. Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamb, heirs of Franky Thomas, names and sexes unknown, heirs of Masha Job, Lizzie and John, Gavan Ingle, heirs of Vincent Ingle, Daniel Cable, Susannah Stone, 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 if they fail to appear and answer or demur within twenty-one days, a decree pro confesso will be entered as to them.

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

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Price \$2 65 a year. Address: JOHN McCLARRIN, Editor and Proprietor, Wilmington N. C.

1880 Who shall be President? Who shall be Governor? Take your County Paper, and then subscribe for THE Raleigh Observer. A Democratic Newspaper, "THE OLD RELIABLE," SAMUEL A. ASHE, Editor and Owner.

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