THE GLEANER

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BLAKE'S WIDGW. An Incident of the First Trial in San Saba,

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

The extraordinary interest in the fair 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 be-

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 iustance, 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 querry 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 on in an irregular way long enough, and here was a chance to start the law in properly, and give it a fair show. Besides, it didn't make any kind of difference; Antonio had shot Jem, hadn't he? Well, then, what was the use of talking? All the jury would have to do now was to return a verdict of guilty in the first degree, and there you all comfortable.

It was just the same thing in the endexactly.

'I tell yer,' said the judge, who felt the weight of his title, albeit the same was altogether one of courtesy; 'I tell yer there's nothing like doin' a thing reg'lar; partikerlarly when yer know just how it's coming out.'

So the judge's argument, supported by his influence, and an increasing bias at San Saba in favor of more civilized views. settled the matter, and it was decided that Antonio Gueldo should be tried before he was hanged.

As there was no place specially arranged for such ceremonies, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed.

Here a rough table and chair was placed for the judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's grocery store.

Jake Smith looked on at these prepar ations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strolled down the road, turning into the road that led to Blake's.

When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fauning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy fragment of a hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had sat pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the toliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checkered with flickering brightness the floor and the cradle where Jem's baby was sleep-

There it was, just as it had been three days ago; (could it be only three days!) just as it had been when she went out she took pains to distract its attention that morning to look after the clothes, with a chip from the floor.

and left him standing in the door by the eradle, (how food 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, dabling its white linen with his blood, and the baby playing with his witnesses were examined, whose testihair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; and then she was quiet and help- threatened his life; that Gueldo's pistol tul through it all; when the men came and lifted him up; when they laid him day of the murder, whereas in the morns out upon the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to his grave, she following with the baby in his

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

'Posty chipper?' asked he.

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 it'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 ocking the cradle gently and patting the

'I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law cuss to speak for him, a fel low 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 nos tice the last remark, for the child. disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

'Pooty, ain't he?' said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. 'Looks just like-abem !- you. Poor little-Ia-' he stammered and treated his hat like a mortal enemy. 'Of course he's had -you've got-ther ain't nothin' I could do fur yer, may be?'

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

Jake bent down, and, with his big fore finger, softly rumpling 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 piteeus 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.'

11. Of course everybody went to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meagie. Pithlado's shed was filled to overflowing, Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box

in his store. Autonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharpfeatured fellow from Galveston, had bustled about with surprising agility on the day previous holding mysterious conference with ill-conditioned fellows of Gueldo's kidney.

Jake Smith was highly dissatisfied, and even the judge was heard to utter some misgivings: however, by the time the proceedings had really commenced he gained confidence.

The court was assembled, the jury had been chosen and the witnesses were ail present save one-Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door; then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

'May I be blamed,' said Jake Smith, audibly, 'if she hasn't brought her ba-

What reason she may have had for not leaving the little thing in charge of some sympathyzing woman-and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust-was not apparent; however that might be. there it was clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheek contrasting with her whiteness, and its fathers sunny hair mingled with her dark

With some difficulty way was made through the throng to her seat, which had been placed on one side of the judge directly opposite the candle-box on the other, where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tug ged at some glistening thing that lay

big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the mement when the irresistible glits ter caught its eye.

Every one being now present the trial went on in good earnest. A humber of mony showed that Gueldo had had tronble with Blake, and more than once was one charge short on the evening of the ing 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 tatal shot, and had seen his retreating

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. Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over | She didnt 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 Gus eldo had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally hep robefore referred to. who swore that Ans tonio 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 in-terested 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 did'nt altogether expect. I d'ont 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 accordiu' to that that Antonio Guildo 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 nopals 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 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 snirt. sleeve.

Straightened it out have ver? he nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return. 'Wal, let's have it theu.'

'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, and ef he warn't thar he could'nt a done it an' ef he did'nt do it, why-then -- of course he's-not guilty.'

Pitblado did'nt dare to look at any body; he stared up at the rafters-down at the table-nowere in particular; and then turned halfway towards Anto-

'You kin go,' said he, speaking with great deliberation, 'but I wouldn't stay round here too long.

There was a dead pause for a minute, and nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single expres sive word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood

"Have you got through, judge," she asked.

Well, --s'pose so.' 'And there's nothing more to

'I'm afraid there ain't.' 'And he's free to go!' 'Y-a-a a,'

Antonio Gueldo rose with an insolent grin, and picked up his hat. The baby crowed for it saw the glittering thing again. There was a sharp report-Antonio

pitched forward in a heap upon the floor and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast. A line of thin blue smoke curled up from the muzzle of the weapon, and form ed a halo around the childs flaxen head the glittering thing was quite near the

little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother. Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor -it was quite motion-

As for the baby it sat there with its 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

RAILROAD MATTERS AGAIN. (Hale's Weekly.)

There is almost universal satisfaction with the Legislature's action in selling the Western Railroad, But our excellent triend of the Warsaw Brief Mention is yet very seriously disturbed about a paper had thoroughly informed its readers. The Brist Mention says that 'Mr. Thomas Wallace and others, capitalists, Thomas Wallace and others, capitansis, whom Major Hearne represents to be worth \$100,000,000, made a plain straightforward proposition * * a hundred fold prefferable to that of Best. This proposition, the Brief Mention says, was dismissed with contempt, though it was 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 23J, 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 bosh. The tollowing official correspond dence, 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 22d, 1880.

To his Exceilency Hon Thas. J. Jarvis, Governor of North Carolina, etc. Sig: 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,' 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 Paiut Rock Branch of the Western Road as printed in Hales Weekly on March 234.]

Respectfully yours, etc.,
GEO. A. Firch.
Accompanying Mr. Fitche'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, Baleigh N. C .: DEAR SIR: The New York parties represented by Mr. Fitch in the purchase of the Noath Carolina Railroads are amp. ly 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. The Governor wrote in reply :-

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RALEIGH, N. C., March 23, 1880. Geo. A. Fiich, Baleigh N. C .: SIR-Your communication, looking to the purchase of the State's interest in the Atlaptic and North Carolina Railroad, the North Carolina Railroad, has been received. I. this commendation you represent Thomas wallace and others of the City of New York and elsewhere, as the proposed purchasers. Will you be kind enough to turnish me, at once, with the residence and business of Thos. 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 von to turnish me; with proper reterences 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 without answer

ing as follows:-

RALEIGH, N. C., March 24, 1880.

To His Ezcellency Thomas J. Jarvis,

Governor of North Carolina, &c: SIR-I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note yesterday, and to say in reply that Thomas Wallace, Esq., late of San Francisco, Cal., and now of the city of New York, is well known to George D. Roberts, Esq., James R. Keene, Esq., Charles L. Wright, Esq., Eugene Kelly, Banker, and the Banking House of Layard Freres, all of Pacheco, M. C., and to Senators J. P.
Jones, James Farley and Newton Boots,
now in Washington, D. C., any ot whem I have no doubt can give your Excellen-cy any information you desire as to the fluancial ability of Mr. Wallace, whose place of business is, I understand. No. 61 Broadway. New York City. I have the

honor to be, Very Respectfully, yours, &c., GEORGE A. FITCH. And the Governor tried again:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, RALEIGH, N. C., March 24, 1880 George A. Fitch, Esq., Raleigh, N. C .:

SIR-Your communication of even date with this has been received. The only information asked for by me which you furnish me is that you understand the rurnish me is that you understand the place of business of Thomas Wallace is No. 61 Broadway, New York. I again ask you, will you be kind enough to furnish me, at once, with the residence and business of Thomas Wallace; the residence and business of each of his asso.

ciates; and also to flie with me your power of attorney to represent the said Thomas Wallace and such of his associ-I will further thank you furnish me with? I will further thank you to furnish me with the proper references as to yourself, your business, profession, occupation and

financial standing.
Please put me in possession of the in-

formation 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 rile, as the following correspondence will allow:—

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: Siz-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 hand 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.

R. A. LANCASTER & CO.

This is all the official correspondence about "Thomas Wallace and his associates." It ought to satisfy our friend. It 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 fluancial standing of neither newspaper nor book-keeper is rated in the Mery per nor book-keeper is rated in the Mer-cantile Registers of that city. Mr. Fitch's name does not even appear in the Cit Directory. As to those who live "else where" it was impossible to make in-quiry, as their names were unknown, and their abodes, to say the least of it, some-what uncertain.

WITH A TANKER PEDLER.

How a Shrowd Spectacle-Sellar Paid his

For ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain the Yankee pedler can give the neathen. Chinee points. A bright young fellow who was driven not long ago to traveling country roads with a basket over his arm, selling a little ar-ticle on which there was just a trifle over two thousank 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 me more about peddling in a few days that we traveled together than I ever knew before. He could turn a jack knile iuto a horse and wagon. Late one afterhis 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 speciacle pedler, 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 atraid that was true, for they had been troubling her a

good deal sately.

'Then the old spectacle man brought out the larger of the two peobles. Look at that madam,' said he. 'What do you think of that?'

'The landlady said that she thought it looked like any other white pebb'e that could be picked up anywhere. The spectacle man laughing at the poor woman's ignorance, said if she could pick up a few stones like that she'd soon make her fortue. It was a genuine eye pebble im-ported from Germany, 'I make an eye water from those pebbles,' said he, 'that strengthens the eye and restores the failnug sight. That stone will dissolve to nothing in ten minutes in salt and water, The old lady was incredulous, and for some time nothing more was said about it. Presently she asked: 'Is that eyewater of yours very expensive! 'No, he said not very expensive,' 'Then,' said

she; I guess I shall have to get you to make me a bottle of it.
'The pedler told her to bring in a tumbler of lukewarm water with a tablespoon of salt in it, and a teaspoon. The articles were soon brought, and the peddler, dropping the larger pebble in the glass, began to spirit with the teaspoon with great deliberation. For fully five minutes he continued to stir, the pebble of course, showing no signs of dissolving

ing. ... I thought,, said the old lady, that there little stone would'nt dissolve. there little stone would'nt dissolve,'
'It does seem a little stubborn, that's a
tact,' said the spectacle man, but the
trouble is you haven't put in quite enough
sait. Just give me a teaspoonful more
sait and it will soon be all right. The
old lady left the roun to get the sait, and
the peddler quickly whipped the large
pebble out of the tumbler and dropped
the small one in. 'I declare said she
when she returned and saw the dimin'

ished size of the pebble, 'it's taking holds after all, ain't it? 'Certainly,' said the spectacle man, looking very wise, and pouring in their remainder of the sait, 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 stant in the air.' 'The land lady had him this time, for the bottle was standing on the quanter.

The land lady had him this time, for the bottle was standing on the mantle-shelf. It was necessery to get her out of the room once more to remove the little pebble, so he asked: 'Hava't you a colored glass bottle?' No, she said, ahe had't one in the house. Then, said he 'you had better paste some tark 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 bunt some thick paper, and on came the little pebble. The eye-water was then made.

'Rub your eyes with this three simes a

'Rub your eyes with this firee simes 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 petble, just what it costs to import them from Germany,' said he, 'I won't charge you anything for making it.

thing for making it.

A dollar was just what he owed the hetel. He and the haudlarly were square. New York Times.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUPERIOR COURT.

G. D. Cobb, as admr. of Isreal Cable, dec'd.

G. D. Cobb, as admr. of Isreal Cable, dec'd.
Against.
Heirs at law of Cyuthia Young, Melli.da Job,
Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs, Samnel Hobbs,
Lewis Hobbs, Susan Barton, Rohenta Causey,
Emanuel Ingle, Susan Hughes, Anthony Ingle
& wife Laura, Elizabeth Lamb, Heirs of Franky
Thomas, Heirs of Mashets Job, Lizzie & John,
Govan Ingle, Heirs of Vineent Ingle, Lewis
Cable, Polly Job, Hannah Whitself, Alexander
Cable, Isabella Cable, Emily Gant, Rachael
Holt, Daniel Cable, Emily Gant, Rachael
Holt, Daniel Cable, Fernella Tickle, Sasannah
Store, Edna Law, Valentine Cobb, Elizabeth
Cobb, Israel Cobb, Jane A. Phipps, Isabella
Robertson, Melina Andrews, William Wyrick,
Nowton Wyrick, Israel Cable, Elizabeth Cable
Saml, Cable, Wilkins Cable, Catherine Cable
Saml, Cable, Milton J. Cable, William Cable
and Eli Cable.
This is a special proceeding to sell land for

Jane Cable, Milton J. Cable, Untherfine Cable Saml. Cable, Milton J. Cable, William Cable and Ril Cable.

This is a special proceeding to sell land for assets by G. D. Cobb, admr., of Israel Cable, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the heirs of Cynthia Young, names and aexes unknown, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs Saml. Hobbs and Elizabeth Linnens, Cable, Gavas 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 Glessen a newspaper published weekly, in the town of Graham, for six necessive weeks, in lieu of personal aervice of summons, and that if they fall to appear and answer or denur within twenty one days, a decree proconfesso will be actured at the heart of the state of the sectored at the heart of the sectored at the heart of the sectored at the sectored and sectored at the sectored sonal service of summons, and that fail to appear and answer or demur twenty one days, a decree pro confesso entered as to them.

Done at office in Graham ?

A. TATE, C. S. C. Alemance County

North Carolina Presbyterian.

No efforts are spared to make this organ of the North Carolina Presbyterians both attrac-tive and useful. To do this we present such a variety of moral and religious reading as will be read by old and young, fich 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, J. Henry Smith, J. B. Adger, and A. W. Miller; Rev. Mesers. Jos. M. Atkin.

and A. W. Miller; Rev. Mesers. Jos. M. Atkinson, E. H. Harding, D. E. Jordan, J. Rumple, E. F. Rockwell, P. H. Dalton, L. C. Vass. H. G. Hill, W. S. Lacy, W. W. Pharr, F. H. Johnston, P. T. Penick, R. Z. Johnston, S. H. Chester, J. W. Priarrose, S. M. Smith R. C. Reed, J. M. Wharey; Prof. J. R. Blake, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, Mrs. H. M. Irwin, and many others.

Price \$2 65 a year Address,

John McLaurin,

Editor and Proprietor. Wilmington N. C. 1880

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