ALAMANCE GLEAD

VOL 6

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THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. S. PARKER Graham, N. C. Rales of Subscription. Postaye Paid:
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Poetry.

IN SCHOOL DAYS,

Still sits the school-house by the road A ragged beggar sunning; Around it still the sumachs grow And blackberry vines are running.

Within the masters desk is seen, Deep scarred by raps official, The warping floor, the battered seats, The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall; It's door's worn sill, betraying The feet that, creeping slow to school, Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun Shone over It at setting; Lit up its western window panes And low eaves' fcy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden earls, And brown eyes full of grieving, Of one who still her steps delayed, When all the school were leaving. or near her stood the little boy Her childish favor singled, His cap pulled low upon his face.

Where pride and shame were mingled. Pushing with restless feet the snow To right and left he lingered;— As restlessly her tiny hands

Her blue-checked apron fingered He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hand's light caressing; And heard the trembling of her voice, As if a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word: I hate to go above you Because'—the brown eyes lower fell,—

'Because you see, I love you'! Still memory to a gray haired man, That sweet child-face is showing, Dear girl! the grasses on her grave

Having forty years been growing. He lives to learn in life's hard school; How few who pass above him Lament the triumph and his less, Like her, -because they love him,

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

MY EXPERIENCE AS AN ACCOMPLICE IN LONDON WITH A MURDERED WOMAN. ND A CONFESSION.

(State Journal).

It was between the lights on a gloomy December afternoon. I was the sole occupant of the smoking room of a "Literary and Artistic Club" which faced the Thames. I flung fresh coal on the gloomy embers, and stirred them till they sent up a blaze of light that drove the ghosts out of the shadowy corners, and then picked up a paper haphazard from the table, to dawdie over it till the waiter on the landing. We never speak." lighted the gas or some human being wandered in to keep me company. It was an American paper. Some visitor to the club had left it behind him accidentally. I turned the pages listlessly, until suddenly my attention was arrested by a paragraph headed "Extraordis nary Crune." It was the story of the robbery of a body of a lady from its grave. The whole affair was shrouded in mys tery. On the 14th of the month there died in an American city the beautiful wife of an Englishman traveling for pleasure. In the same paper which contained this paragraph I found under the beading of 'Cradle, Akar, Tomb,' the following: 'On the 14th first, in this city, Drusilla, the beloved wife of Blissett Emerton, of London. England, aged twenty four.' In due course the poor lady was buried, and during the night the church yard was entered and the coffin carried away. No motive is suggested in this American paper for the crime The husband is interviewed at this hotel. He is inconsolable for the loss of his beautiful young wife—inad with mingled rage and horror at the desecration of her ins. He tells his story to the re. porter. He had only been married a tew months. They were traveling for pleasthe theatre. He had medical advice, but 'but he'll be all right by and by. It's the cold increased and inflammation of more hysterical than anything else.

concludes thus: 'Up to the present no and left. clue to this mysterious affair has been obtained. I glauced at the date of the ested in the affair, and here it was two and darker; the fitful flare of the fire had it came to the table at my clbow. In the gloom, as I sat in the deep arm chair, I believe I was almost invisible. The figure came right up to me, and, reaching out its hand, passed it over my table. Presently it seized something, and glided away withrit to the window, on which the lamps without flung a flicker of light. Then I saw that it was a man, and that in his hand he held the American paper in which I had just read the account of a muttered something that sounded like 'How careless of me !' then tolded the paper and thrust it into his breast pocket, and walked out of the room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the attendant came in with lights. 'Who is that gentleman who has just gone out?"

Don't know his name, sir. An't seen him here often.'

I remembered that at this club every member had to sign his name in a daily book kept in the hall for that purpose. I ran down stairs, and looked at the open leaf to see it that would afford me any clue. The first name that caught my eve was that of Blissett Emerton.

No wonder the figure I had seen in

the darkness had been so anxious to find that paper. I saw at once what had happened. He had been in the room reading, fancying himself alone. He had laid the paper down thoughtlessly and dropped off to sleep. I had not noticed him in the gloom and he was quite unaware

of my presence. -Oue thing more I did before I left, I turned over to the members' address

book, and looked under the E's. There I found the name of 'Blissett Emerton,' and against it 'No. 7 Blank Court, Tem-

Soon afterwards I found time to dine at the club, and there I met an old friend of mine, a barrister, whom I had not seen for a year, who after dinner invited me to come to his chambers for an

'Still in your old diggins then,' I said 'Oh no,' he answered. T've moved since I saw you last into another set. I've got capital chambers at No. 7 Blank court. I asked him at once if he knew Mr. Emerton.

'Only by sight,' he answered. 'He has chambers on the same floor, and we pas

I stayed longer than I meant to, and it was striking 10 as we came out on the landing. The outer door of Mr. Emerton's chamber was ajar. As we passed the inner door opened, and a man rushed out, with a scared white face. It was Bliesett Emerton!

'Helpi' he ciled, tearing at his collar as though it choked him. 'Help! help!' Then there was a strange gargling noise in his throat, and he tell forward in a fit I dragged him into his chambers, which were in total darkness, and laid him on the door, bidding my friend run for a doctor at puce. The map babled in his frency. The face, he cried the face— it was her face there in the court below ! Look between the trees! L dooked

outlinto the court. I a sleep no more after more was up, sand, among atte trees near the fountain Laconid see the figure of a woman sishe was in deep black, and as presently the stood where the trank of the tree threw here white face into relief, I could see that she was locking towards the window. Probably she mistook my figure blotted against the window for that of Emerton's, for as I looked she raised her arms with a strange menacing gesture and pointed at me. Then she glided in among the trees and was lost to sight. The doctor came, are in America. His poor wife caught a examined Emerton, and prescribed for cold a fortnight since, returning from him. 'lle's had a violent fright,' he said.

the lungs set in. and soon all was over. Where are his friends?"

We busies his head in his hauds and

If I wanted to learn something of this

weeps, and the reporter leaves him alone man's strange story, what could I wish custody if you like; I don't care I've got with his sacred sorrow. The account in for better than a night alone with him. the paper I was reading by the firelight | The doctor gave me certain directions

We had carried Emerton to his bedroom and put him on the bed. Seeing paper, and flung it down in disgust. It he was still, I went into the front room, was two years old. I had grown inter- piled up the fire, put of the kettle, found some whiskey, lit my pipe and prepared 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.

Years old already, and probably forgotten. Where should I find out how it burner down when I became aware of a ended? The shadows had grown darker soft grating sound at the outer door. years old already, and probably forgot- for the night. I had just turned the ended? The shadows had grown darker soft grating sound at the outer door. Some one was softly opening the outer died down into a dull red glow, and the door with a key, The gas was low down. riverside lamps were being lit. I flung Hurriedly I picked up my overcoat and myself back into the easy chair, thrust other traces of my presence and flung my hands into my pockets and half clos- them under the large couch at the end of ed my eyes. Suddenly I was aware that the room. It was an old fashioned sofa I was not alone in the room. From the darkest corner there rose a long black the ground. I then crept underneath, figure. It glided slowly towards me. I and waited for the curtain to rise on the had placed the paper where I had found drama. I had hardly got into a safe poit, on the table, by my side. The figure sition when the outer door yielded, and I seemed to be looking for something. It heard a step in the passage that intervenpassed its hands over the table and peer- ed. Then the outer door was gently ed down among the papers. Presently closed. I expected to see the inner door open in its turn and some one enter. The minutes went by, and no one came Whoever it might be was in the passage. I could hear a slight movement every now and then, and the rustle of a woman's dress. It must have been quite ten minutes since I heard the outer door open when I noticed that the inner one was swinging noiselessly back on its binges, and something was gliding into the room. Slowly it moved across the mysterious crime. He glanced at it, and floor till it stood right in the dim light of the turned down gas.

I shall never forget the terrible sight that met my eyes. I would have screamed, but my tongue remained glued to my mouth. I was looking at the dead woman risen from her grave. Her face had been beautiful lu life; now it was ashen gray. The eyes were sunken in their sockets, and her lips were pale and colorless. The figure was draped in a long white shroud, and I fancied that the room was heavy with the awful odor of an open grave. Slowly the phautom moved towards the next room and glided in. For a moment all was still. Then came a faint cry. The man was awake and alone with the aparition. 'Drusilla!' he shricked, 'Morcy! Mercy! Havo Mer-

I heard a hollow voice answer him, 'Rise and tollow me.'
'What would you have with me.'

'Confess.'
'What shall I confess?' answered the wretched man, his voice trembling in an

agony of fear.
*Confess the foul wrong you did me. Confess where my poor body lies, that it may be buried in holy ground. Again the man's trembling voice wall-'ollow me!'

The aparition glided from an inner oom, and the man followed ber. 'Write!'

The dead woman pointed to the table where the pen and ink were, and the man obeyed her gestures mechanically. 'Write all!'

terror, the beads of perspiration on his brow, sat and wrote.

The aparation glided behind him and

looked over his shoulder.
Once he paused in his task.

'Write all,' said the white figure.
And again he wrote.
The figure then grasped the paper with its waxen fingers. 'Go!' it said, pointing to the inner room.
With his eyes fixed upon its livid face,

the man backed slowly for some paces.
With a violent effort and a fittle scream, he seized the door, swung it to, and bolt-

ed it on the inside. Then for the first time, the lead woman trembled.

She seemed strangely pervous and ag tated now. She clasped the paper clo y, then put it in her bosom, and glided

from the room.

I had got over the sudden terror inspired by such a strange sight, and had made up my mind that I, had detected some terrible imposture. There was a slight pause in the lobby, and the noise of a garment being drawn off; then the outer door opened and the visitant passed out on to the stair case.

I followed as quietly as I could. The staircase was lighted with gas. As I trod on the second landing the ghost heard the noise and tooked up. She was dressed in an ordinary black costume now, and her face was a natural olor. To my intense surprise she neither screamed nor attempted to run

said, sait drive raingon algallosous saine. To give you into custody keel hoog-

Are you a friend of his? I answered 'Yes,' mechanically. 'Then let me go free if you value his 'If I let you go I am your accomplice,'

I murmured; 'your accomplice in some 'No. If you are, an accomplice tonight, you are an accomplice in the holiest deed a woman ever wrought. Pass me through the gates if you doubt me watch me; follow me home; give me into cents.'

what I wanted. I took her arm as though I had been a policeman, and said: 'Pass through the gate then and if you attempt to get away from me I shall call for help.'

She nodded to the proposition. The man at the gate was half asleep. I roused him, and from his bex he pulled the cord and let us pass through the wicket door into the Strand.

I then listened to the strangest story that ever mortal lips had uttered, and there was no doubt that every word of

of it was true.
The confession which the trembling wretch had written at her dictation-as he believed a the dictation of his dead wife-- I had road. It was a plain statement of how he had poisoned the poor girl whom he had wedded in a lit of mad jealousy, and how he had concealed his crime; bow at the last moment he had overheard a whisper that some que expreted foul play; and how, fearing the the assistance of an accomplice, since dead, stolen the body that night and repuried it in the garden of a house in a lonely part of the American town where is accomplice lived,

This woman was his wife's sister, and she had suspected foul play from the first. She was an actress, and was away on a provincial tour, when Blissett Emmerson wooed and won Drusilla and took her abroad with him. Emerton had pover seen this sister. The mar, riage had been secret and hurried, and he had seemed strangely anxious to leave the country. They were to be back in five months.

Dusilla poor trusting foolf—idolized the the man and obeyed him. To her he was knight without reproach.

But soon his conduct to her altered

strangely, and she begen to suspect that all was not right. He grew cold and cruel, and she was miserable and un

She wrote secretly to her sister, told her troubles and how quickly her hus-band's conduct had altered. The sister urged her to leave him and come home. She was expecting her to do so when there came news of her illness and death and then of the mysterious disappearance of the body. From that moment Drusilla Emerton's sister made up her mind to fathom the mystery and bring the guilt home to the murderer. She re fased to accept the explanation of her sister's death. She believed Blissett Emerton to be quite capable of carrying out a carefully matured plot to get rid of her. The disappearance of the body keep, the preserved pears on the top shelf.

Little Rhode Island is sensible enough to pass a law against pigeon shooting.

Little Rhode Island is sensible enough to pass a law against pigeon shooting.

New Orleans Picayane. If m, yes. The shot need to senter that other States and badly that Connecticut and Massachholms into operation. She would terrify his secret from him. I have said she was an actress by profession. She was also an exact counterpart in height and feature of her dead sister.

When Emerton went to five in chambers she managed by a clever artifice to the she was at the late church sociable.

I could see from the rent in The valance get a duplicate set of keys. The place the whole scene. The man, white with is open uight and day, and as there are proportion to our respective vincomes of only one or two men in residence it is easy to choose a time to step up stairs with a scornful glance at his neighbor. unnoticed. By getting into the inclose You conceited egotist, replied Foghorn,

The plan which occurred to the mur-dered woman's sister had been put in execution for the first time that night Early in the evening she had let him see her tace among the trees. I had been an unsuspected witness of the success of her appearance as one from the dead.

All this was told at the trial in America. He was extradited and I went over as a witness. But not even on the scaf-fold would he tell where reposed the remains of his victim. The avenging sister is now a member of Mr. matic company, and the story, although well known in the States, is now perhaps told for the first time in England.

Illusband said a North Side wife yesterday, I think we should have a filter tor our hydrant.' But that would in-crease our grocery bill, dear, replied the head of the tamily with a twinkle in the corner of an eye. 'How so?' queried she. 'By our systems loosing just so much brain-food, from the water you know!' he said. 'Well you are welcome to have your part of the water unfiltered, she continued. 'Aye but I need its 'brain tood' the least of any in the family.' declared he looking at her provokingly. There was a momentary page only, then she retorted: 'A can see that you are entirely right—having no brain to feed, dear, what alrould you want of brain food?' he looked up at her again this time appealingly, and it was noticed that the twinkle no longer dwelt in bis eye. It had gone to hers.

The rage for old furniture has becom so great among American bric-a-brace lovers that an enterprising Yankee has started a manufactory to supply the de-mand, and he will make you a chair brought ever by the Pilgrim fathers while you wait for it.

The class in Grammer will please stand

up now and answer this question: 'How do you parse the word dollar? 'Please if it is a trade dollar you parse it for 90

"A MARRIAGE FOR MONEY .- In New York City, a printeely transion was offered for sale a few years ago, about, which ed for sale a low years ago, about, which hung a sad story. A man of enormous wealth lived to the age of sixty without marrying; then he proposed to a beautiful, brilliant young girl, who belonged to

ful, brilliant young girl, who belonged to a large but poor family.

She hesitated long before accepting him; his habits, morals, person, were all obnoxious to her for she was a girl of pure, refined tastes. But to be the wife of a millionaire, to

go to Enrope, to reign like a queen in the city where she had lived on the in-come of a servant -these were too strong for her, as they are for too many Ameri

can women.

She married him without a particle of love or respect; sold herself as absolutely for money as ever anything was sold. Her husband paid for this purchase. Before the marriage he built a magnifi-cent dwelling; architecture, sculpture, painting, gave of their best to make it fit-for the home of a royal lady; there were a Chinese room, a Persian room, a Hindoo room; there were conservatories, picture galleries; dainty bondoirs. The plan was that the bride should spend one winter in this regal home, and in the spring go to Europe for a two years

risk.

Two weeks after the wedding, the bride-groom was struck down with parbride-groom was struck down with paralysis, and for fifteen years lay on his bed a helpics, querulous invalid, intreed by his wife. The mansion was closed excepting in the sick man's apartments, and resembled a gigantic tomb. By the terms of his will his wife would inherit nothing if site deserted him. She remained taithint therefor, only to find after his death that his estate was as hollow a sham as her marriage, and that it was swallowed up in his debts.

Not all marriages for money end as dramatically as this, but they are as tragic in reality. The young girl who sells her life for a price invariably reaps disappointment and interry.—Youth's Companion.

Never let your children rise early unless you want them to get the complaint Troy Timestallo

client, 'in this case I will charge only a nominal fee?' 'A nominal fee!' exclaim-ed the the lady; 'shat's phe-nominal.'

with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter Middletown Tran script. not manuface vd bomini

bers she managed by a clever artifice to that we were at the late church sociable

"I do love a fool/? said Ophiclecide ure before 12 one would not even be with scathing calmust and the fight was over before the police could get there, -Burlington Hawkeys.

The 1804 dollar, in fine condition is said to be valued at \$1,000 by collectors. There are. 12 of this date known... 2 in the United States Mint, 2 in Richmond, 3 in Boston, I me Salem Massachusetts, 2 in Philadelphia, i in Cincinnatti, and I in Liverpoot Englands Transcard and

A gentleman, recently about to pay his doctor's bilt, said, "Well, doctor, as my little boy gave the measles to all my neighbor's children, and as they were attended by you I think you can afford at the very least to deduct ten per cent. from the amount of my bill for the increase of business we gave you! of non

John C. Calhoun, when speaking, would stand straight up as it he had a ramrod driven through him, and fixing raise his right hand up and down, and

raise his right hand up and down, and spoke with extraordinary fluency and yet iron logic. It one would admit his beginning and definitions he was gone.

Miss Bellweather: Ahl you may sneer, but I see plainly, in the near future of women, the glorious day when the last battlement of man's self hood will fall—when our unstained banner will be thrown to the breeze. Then, an't then, the day will be ours! Brute: 'Yass, it always is—twenty-four hours, isn't it?'—Harvard Lampoon

There is a good deal of square common

bash a Gleanings, sasisbash

"Madam," said a lawyer to his lady

The young man who wants to get up

Even if a boy is always whistling 141 want to de en angeliait is just as well to keep, the preserved pears you the top

ten't it? Harvard Lampoon

There is a good deal of square common sense about the directors of a savings bank down at Marysville. They engaged a new cashier the other day, and the President said to him? Mr. Steele, your duties will be very light and he safary of \$400 a month. Now if you'll agree not to speculate in steeke or gamble or hypothecate the deposits we'll double the pay. Come, now, what do you say? I am very much obliged to you, gentleman was the reply, 'and I'll think it over and give you are answer in the morning.' But he riused the offer, after all, He said that he couldn't be cramped down in that way.

SUPERIOR COURT.

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

Against.

Heirs at law of Cynthia Young, Meinda Job, Elizabeth Linnens, Abel Hobbs, Samuel Hobbs, Lewis diobs, Susan Barton, Rohent a Causey, Emanuel Ingle, Susan Barton, Rohent a Causey, Emanuel Ingle, Susan Hughes, Anthony Inglo & wife Laura, Elizabeth Lant, Heirs of Franky Thomas, Heirs of Masheta dob, Lizzie & John, Govan Ingle, Heirs of Vincent Ingle, Lewis Cable, Polly Job, Hannah, Whitsell, Alexander Cable, Polly Job, Hannah Whitsell, Alexander Cable, Isabella Cable, Emily Gane, Rachael Holt, Daniel Cable, Fernella Tickle, Susannah Stour, Edna Law, Valentine Cobb, Elizabeth Cobb, Israel Cobb, Jane A. Phipps, Isabelli Robertson, Melina Andrews, William Wrich Nowton Wyrick, Israel Cable, Elizabeth Cable, Sumil. Cable, Milton J. Gable, William Cable and Eli Cable.

This is a special proceeding to sell land for assets by G. D. Cobb, admr. of Israel Cable and if appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the heirs of Cynthia Young, names and sexes unknown. Elizabeth Lamens, Abel Hobbs Samil. Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamens, Abel Hobbs Samil, Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamens, Abel Hobbs Samil, Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamens, Abel Hobbs Samil, Hobbs and Elizabeth Lamens, Abel Hobbs Samil and Sone, Newton Wyrick and William Cable, attel albuccessary partice to asid proceeding, and are non residents of this State, it is therefore ordered: That publication be made for them in The Alamance Gleanss a newspaper published weekly, in the town of Graham, for six successive weeks, in lieu of personal service of summons, and that if the fall to appear and answer or demu with twenty one days, a decree pro conglesso will be entered as at those.

Done at office in Graham Jan. 20. 1880.

North Carolina

North Carolina Presbyterian.

No efforts are spared to make this organ, the Narth Carolina Presbyserians both attrative and useful. To do this we present such variety of moral and religious reading as we be read by old and young rich and poor, der, and laity, learned and unlearned. Our speciatio is to publishig live paper. It numbers smoon its correspondents Re Dra. Drury Lacy, J. Henry Smith. J. B. Adga and A. W. Miller, Rev. Messrs, Jos. M. Actrison, E. H. Harding, D. E. Jordan, J. Humpl E. P. Rockwell, P. H. Dalton, L. C. Vass. G. Hill, W. S. Lacy, W. W. Phare, F. H. Job ston, P. T. Penick, R. Z. Johnston, S. H. Cheter, J. W. Prinyose, S. M. Smith, R. C. Re. J. M. Wharey, Prof. J. R. Blake, Mrs. Cornel Phillips Spencer, Mrs. H. M. Irwin, and majothers.

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April 7th 1820