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OUR GOVERNMENT.

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POETRY.

OUR SHIPS AT SEA.

How many of us have ships at sea,
Tossing about on waves and hopes and fears,
Linger and wait on the shores for years,
Gazing afar through the distance dim
And sighing, will ever our ships come in?

We sent them away with laughter and song,
The decks were white and the sails were new,
The fragrant breeze bore them along,
The sea was blue and the skies were blue,
And we thought that we would see them some day,
Some day when they would come home to us.

Long have we watched beside the shore
To catch the gleam of a coming sail,
But we only hear the breakers' roar
Or the sweeping night wind's dismal wail,
And we sadly sigh, will ever our ships come in?

Old poor old heart with its burden of care,
Its pain and sorrow, its worthlessness,
That has garnered only the thorns and the tares,
That is seared and torn in the painful strife,
And on the golden shore,
Thy eyes are gazing forevermore.

KINDNESS WINS.

"What ails you, dear mamma?" said Allie Dean, as she folded her mother's letter, and dropped it into her lap with a sigh of relief. "I am sorry to spoil our visit here, but suppose we must go."

"Go! Well," said her sister Effie, "I wish you had one bit of sense! I rather think we shall go! I would spoil any visit under the sun, but I will not spoil my mother's pocket, and thus thank my lucky stars for the chance."

"But, Effie it looks selfish and designing and you know we don't care so much about aunt Helen. How can we when we never saw her?"

"I don't believe I do very much. I know I would rather stay here and finish than rush back and let her see us just to choose which one shall be her heir. We've got enough to live on quietly, Effie, don't let us go."

Effie turned, and looked intently at her sister. "Wonder if you are going crazy?" she exclaimed. "Let me tell you Miss Allie we are going in just three hours."

Effie swept her cashmere flounces out of the room. "Effie and Allie were the daughters of a widow lady in comfortable circumstances and they had an aunt, who united her brothers fortune to her own, and had no one nearer than these two girls to whom to leave it."

She did not live near them, and never had cared for any intercourse, but on a ceremonious letter, once or twice a year to her relatives.

Effie and Allie were away, spending a few weeks with a friend in the country. They were sent for to return instantly, and the letter had just been received when our story began.

At twelve o'clock Effie and Allie stepped into the train. The two girls were then obliged to take the only vacant seat which was directly in front of an old lady in plain waterproof suit, with a huge green veil over her bonnet.

"Well, said Allie, 'we are in for it now Effie. I am right ashamed of myself. It seems to me as if we were going to sell ourselves to the highest bidder. I've a great mind to go back. I am sure you will be Aunt Helen's choice, and it is no use for me to hang around her.'"

"Who's going to hang around her, I wonder? But indeed I suppose you are right. She will be likely to choose me, for you never try to make anything of appearances, and I hope I do. Yes I think she'll choose me."

"Well, I'm quite willing she should. You will take care of mamma, I suppose?" said Allie.

"Of course, I shall have to do that. And you too!"

"Not me, thank you! I'll have enough from mamma to dress decently, and I'll go for a teacher or something, but I will not be dependent on you, Effie!"

Allie stopped and broke into one of her soft laughs. "What are you laughing at now? snarped the heiress prospective. I was thinking how funny it would be if, after all, Aunt Helen should choose someone else to leave her money to, and set it out in the cold. Just then the little old lady sitting behind them leaned forward as the train stopped, and said: "My dear young ladies, I am very thirsty, and my old maids are too shabby to walk across the platform. Might I ask one of you to fetch me a drink of water?"

I can," was Allie's sweet reply, as she resumed her seat. "Are you going far?" "To the city."

"So are we!" exclaimed Allie, "my sister and I. We will give you all the assistance you require."

"Thank you, my dear," said the old lady. When they left the train, Allie offered her arm to her new old friend, and when they were on the platform she asked, pleasantly:

"Do you expect any one to meet you, mamma?" "I do not. I am going to visit an old friend, but she is not expecting me today. She lives, I think, in Maple street."

"Why, we live in Maple street!" exclaimed Allie. "We'll take care of you. Do you know the number?"

"No, I do not. My friend is a widow, her name is Dean, Mrs. Dean?"

"An exclamation of dismay escaped from Allie while Allie cried eagerly: "It is our mamma—our own dear mamma. We are Mrs. Henry Dean's daughters. We have been visiting and are on our way home."

"She went a step or two, to where Effie was sitting, and said to her in an earnest voice: "This lady is an old friend of mamma's, who is going to visit her. Won't she be pleased?"

"I don't know," answered Effie, in a low tone. "I am not, I'm sure, but I dare say she will, and think it all right because you brought her. Mamma always thinks everything you do is just so! But I shall give Aunt Helen to understand that it is no doing of mine."

"But you'll treat her politely?" pleaded Allie.

"I suppose I shall if she knows mamma," replied Effie.

Allie went back to the old lady, who had heard every word but gave no signs of it to the girls.

It was hard work for Effie to keep from open rudeness, and only the fact that her mother might resent it, induced her to ride home in the same carriage with the plain stranger.

"What can't be cured must be endured, so she bore it as well as she could. But, once at home, she ran up to her mother's room, to pour out her indignation, while Allie scolded the old lady by the parlor fire.

"Can't imagine who she was," thought Mrs. Dean, "but she'll go down and see. She seems to worry you. Effie—there's room for six."

"Aunt Helen come yet?" demanded Effie.

"No, she will be here to-morrow," answered Mrs. Dean, "going down stairs, while in the very good humor, Effie went to her own room and changed her traveling dress."

Just as she buttoned her last button Allie came flying up, cheeks aglow, and exclaimed: "Who do you think it is?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"It's Aunt Helen, herself!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Effie, dropping pale and breathless, into a chair. "Oh, no, Allie!"

THE STATES.

Origin of Their Names and the Popular Names by Which they are Generally Known.

The following is believed to be a correct account of the origin of the names of the various states of the Union, and the popular nicknames by which they are known:

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henry, the Duke of Brittany, was proprietor. Popular name—The Lumber or Pine Tree State.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7th, 1620, with reference to the patentee, who was governor of Portsmouth in Hampshire, England. Popular name—The Granite State.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 19th, 1777, from the French, verdant, Green Mountain. Popular name—The Green Mountain State.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Millow having learned, says Roger Williams that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills. Popular name—Bay State.

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Popular name—Little Rhode.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river—Connecticut is a Mohegan name, word signifying long river. Popular name—The Wooden Nutmeg or Free Stone State.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England. Popular name—The Empire or Excelsior State.

New Jersey was so called in 1664 from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted. Popular name—Spain, or the Mosquito State.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn. Popular name—The Keystone State.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la Warr, who died on this bay. Popular name—The Blue Hen or Diamond State.

Maryland was called in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of England, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30th, 1632. Popular name—The Old Dominion or Mother of Presidents.

Virginia was so called in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin queen of England. Popular name—The Old Dominion, or Mother of Presidents.

North Carolina was so called by the French in 1664, in honor of King Charles IX, of France. Popular name—The Old North or Tarheel State.

South Carolina was so called in honor of King Charles II. No popular name.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river, meaning here, we rest. No popular name.

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the river formed by the union of many. Popular name—The Bayou State.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV, of France. Popular name, The Creole State.

Tennessee was so called in 1796 from its principal river. The word Ten-as is said to signify a carved spoon. Popular name, The Big Bend State.

Kentucky was so called in 1792 from its principal river. Popular name, The State of the Dark and Bloody Ground. Illinois was so called in 1809 from its principal river. The word is said to signify The River of men. Popular name, The Sucker or Prairie State.

GENERAL VIEW OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

[A Letter from a Lady Correspondent.]

It is evident that no section in the Union is advancing more rapidly in political improvement than Western North Carolina. A universal emulation for the advancement of the people, pervades the whole section, especially in Haywood, where it is especially supposed that universal improvement prevails. The county is also improving in every other respect. The products of this place are unsurpassed either for variety or quality. The largest number of which we have ever heard any account, were cultivated on Jonathan's Creek, and a beautiful crop is expected this year. The wheat of this season is comparatively good, but has, in some places, been blasted by a long period of dry weather, which has also been of some advantage to the farmers, giving them a profitable opportunity for clearing and killing weeds from the corn fields. There are but few level fields in this section, except bottom lands, being mostly rolling, as they are the foundation of the beautiful and famous mountains of Western North Carolina, which cover the peaks and ridges of the extended plain below. Cataloche is the most celebrated fishing stream in this part of the State, and a party from Waynesville is anticipating much pleasure in setting out next week for this occupation, as this is the best season for fishing. This has been a very early spring, perhaps more so than for many years before, and all vegetation is in a very forward stage. This premature season has, no doubt, been the cause of much sickness, for six persons have died in this neighborhood within the last two weeks. The people, in general, seem to manifest a great interest in public assemblies and meetings, both secular and religious. Sometimes two or three sermons are delivered in one day, and prayer meetings are always held twice a week. There are also three flourishing Sunday Schools in this place. Besides the attendance on the religious assemblies, large crowds always assemble for the purpose of hearing political speeches, exhibitions, &c.

The late exhibition at the Waynesville Academy, in which assembly I had the pleasure of being present, was a grand success, and several hundred persons were in attendance. We have never witnessed a commencement more interesting and gratifying than the one which has just closed, under the superintendance of Prof. D. W. Kerr, and his efficient colleagues, Mrs. Love and Miss Smith, late of Concord. Many of the exercises, extremely amusing, excited roars of laughter. These worthy instructors are worthy of the greatest praise for their patient and energetic perseverance with which this school has been conducted.

The examinations were well attended and gave entire satisfaction. The people of this place are anxiously expecting the sound of the locomotive through the mountains, which we hope will soon arrive, that the progress of improvement in this section may not in any way be impeded. And may Western North Carolina, long known as the "garden spot of North Carolina," continue to improve, and may we compare favorably with our Eastern brethren as time rolls on.

HERBERT THE GREAT

Pritchard and Shakespeare have shown great men in their night caps and slippers. I cannot show you his Russian Majesty in his night cap, for he never wears one; he acquired a habit in youth of sleeping bareheaded in order to harden himself. Nor has he any slippers for as soon as he leaves the bed he puts on his boots. It is known that he rises at 4, that he goes to bed at 9, that he procrastinates nothing, that he is fond of fasting, that he eats a great deal of fruit, that he plays on the flute every evening, that he passes the most of his time at Saint Savel in his old boots, and that he governs Europe. I asked the Swiss, "Which was the King's chamber?" "This," I expected a magnificent bed. There was a bed above at the end of the room, but no bed in it. Where is the bed? "There." Behind a little screen in a corner was a small bed, very narrow, with curtains of green silk; this was his. The carpet on which he steps when he gets out of bed is very coarse and there are three or four tables covered with books and papers. Frederic was told one day that someone had spoken ill of him. He asked if that person had 100,000 men? He was answered, No. "Very well," said the king, "I can do nothing; if he had one hundred thousand men I could declare war against him."—Sherlock's Letters.

A Nevada paper tells us that during a recent gale, while boulders as big as pumpkins were flying through the air, and water pipes were being ripped out of the ground, an old Chinaman, with spectacles on his nose, was observed in the eastern part of town, seated on a knoll, calmly flying his kite—an iron shaver, with a log-chain for a tail. We are curious to see the comments of the British quarterlies and the scientific societies of England on this singular reversal of the order of natural phenomena.

"Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Kansas Pacific depot of a loafer. "I don't know, but I guess not," was the doubtful reply. "I see it's got the name of the railroad company on the side, and I expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

Humorists.

The last man to correct a mistake is the man who commits it.

One has noticed political beliefs they are usually on the fence.

There is a lively discussion going on as to who founded Chicago. Don't let the guilty man shift the responsibility.

A Kentuckian named a fine collared animal a "dog" and in less than three hours the animal was attacked with shaggers.

I'll winter night fair teacher; I'll spring upon my knees and tell you No. 10 is hand number than the No. 10.

The ten commandments would do to be a bad platform—but it is feared the majority of candidates are unwilling to run on them.

A New Jersey colored man, whose wife had left him, said "She wants some pack if I loved her some more, but I ain't frowin' no sugar, do you hear?"

While a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was on the witness stand, he asked her, "I'm a lady, and by thunder don't you forget it."

Said a Chicago belle of a dinner, three St. Louis girls. They can't work their jaws three minutes without slipping out the ill-frosted slang. Oh, you bet that's so!

A loaded revolver was discharged in a trunk which was being handled by a reckless baggage stasher, in Council Bluffs, Iowa, the other day. The bullet, which was fired, struck the next trunk very tenderly.

A professor in French in an Albany school recently asked a pupil what was the gender of academy. The usually bright pupil responded that it depended on whether it was a male or female academy.

A Kentucky girl says when she dies she desires to have someone planted over her grave, that the weed, nourished by her body, may be chewed by her be-reaved lovers. There is poetry in the idea.

The Greenport Watchman writes: "Have you a strawberry bed? No, we're most emphatically sure we have not. Our is made of leathers. We can't afford to lie on a bed of strawberries when it is impossible to give them for less than seventy five cents."

A famous judge came in to court one day in busy season. "Where's my clerk in court?" he inquired of him the reason.

A Philadelphia youth who committed suicide twenty years ago because a lover being gave him the mitten has been heard from through an aptown medium. He says that when he gazes through the misty ether of this life and death, and sees his old flame with fourteen children flying around loose, while she cleans the house, he gets mad enough at his folly to commit suicide again, and his greatest punishment is in the reflection that he can't do it.

Bret Hart is visiting cathedrals in Northern England. The salary for doing the job of a wife is only \$4,000.

His name is not "May I shoot a long-horned cow," that is, if the King of Siam's name is referred to. He writes it this way: "Manah, Chantalong, Korn Klow."

The insurance companies that had policies upon the four mills in Minneapolis, destroyed two or three years since by an explosion of flour dust, and objected to paying the loss on the ground that the damage was caused by an explosion, and not by fire. He had a decision made against them. Justice Swayne decides the companies are liable.

A ton of gold or silver contains 29,166.6 ounces. A ton of gold is worth \$602,875. A ton of silver at present rates per ounce, is worth about \$39,000. A cubic foot of gold is worth 3,200 pounds and is worth about \$1,000,000. The value of gold coin, bars and bullion in circulation in the world is estimated at \$3,500,000,000. This would make it a mass a 25 foot cube.

Cetywayo, the dethroned Zulu monarch, according to a South Africa paper, is engaged in making mental notes. He has calculated that each charge fired by the foreign men of war in Table Bay is saluting the first of the value of an ox. He also calculates that it is more expensive to keep armaments in Europe than in Zulu land. His majesty also regards the queen's conduct as not answering his message of contrition as showing a great lack of courtesy.

Here is a story that reminds me of the court that insisted on Shylock's taking a pound of Antonio's flesh, neither more nor less. It is from Norwich, Conn., a citizen of which offered a fine mare for house for \$700 for \$2 seven pound and caught in the market, thereabout. He thought of course, she would never be called on for the \$700, but last Monday week he was told that the other man had the mare ready for him. He wondered how he was going to get out of it, and on weighing the said found it weighed seven pounds and one ounce. That little ounce was his refuge. He had of course, promised the \$700 for a shed weighing exactly seven pounds.

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