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## THE GLEANER

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## CINDERELLA.

'Just look how it has shrunk and faded!' cried Miss Minnie Jasper in dismay, as she tugged and pulled at a pretty, pale blue and white lawn dress, that had just come home from the wash, in a vain effort to force it to meet around her decidedly substantial form. 'I don't care about the color, I think it is even prettier for having gone so pale, but I can't get it on; it's of no use to me! Why, the thing has shrunk until it's hardly big enough for Cinderella there!'

Cinderella was busily engaged in making the bed. She was an extremely pretty, slight, petite creature, of seventeen years but looking younger. Her air was dejected and sad, her clothes were scanty and poor, and though her blue eyes brightened at her cousin Minnie's words, she ventured to make no reply to them.

Mrs. Jasper, a sickly, selfish, worldly woman, whose sole thought and ambition was for her girls, looked up disconsolately. 'It's not suitable for Ella,' said she peevishly. 'A mere girl—a child scarcely out of her pinafore yet! That was quite an expensive dress, Minnie! The finest of goods, and made so prettily, and with yards of lace about it too. Perhaps it would fit Flora.'

'Indeed, then, it wouldn't do anything of the kind,' answered the last-named young lady, indignantly. 'What do you take me for? Proposing that I should wear Minnie's castoffs, I'm younger than she is and prettier, too, and for all she's setting her cap at Fred Walling so industriously she won't catch him, and what's more, I'm quite sure she likes me the best; should look well wearing my sister's old things wouldn't it?'

'No, you wouldn't!' retorted Minnie. 'You never look well in anything, with your hideous, sickly skin like ma's; you couldn't wear pale blue; it takes a blonde like myself or Cinderella for that! And I'll trouble you not to dictate who shall have my dresses, ma; for I just mean to do as I please with them. I'd wear my white organdie trimmed with Valenciennes to night if it was nicely ironed out for me, and new, fresh blue bows to wear with it. Comey Cinderella, no one can do it as nicely as you!' said you'll fix it for me in good time, and this pretty blue lawn is yours.

'She can't! She can't!' came like a chorus from Flora and her mother at once. 'There's ma's lace shawl to be mended, and nearly all the lace torn off my sloop, and must be sewed on again; and it would take her three hours to do your dress, and it's noon already. She can't possibly do it!'

Cinderella came forward timidly, with her blue eyes full of eager light. 'I think I can do it all,' she said. 'I shall have to work very hard of course, but I should like to have the blue dress; and, Aunt Jasper, indeed I need it!'

Aunt Jasper turned away without a word; but if the young girl's simple, pleading words had been a blow, she couldn't have shrunk from them more consciously nor turned a guiltier criminal.

So Minnie went out and bought the ribbon for the bows, and Cinderella turned to work with such good will that by five o'clock all her tasks were accomplished and her horsework finished into the bargain. The mother and two daughters were going to a summer evening garden party; the carriage was to come for them at six o'clock and Cinderella promised herself a long, pleasant evening all alone.

The Irish girl had only been in the house a short time, and had never seen 'Miss Ella' except in her shabby clothes—she recognized the blue dress as Miss Minnie's—and (for the cousin had hair of the same color) supposed immediately that it was her young mistress herself whom she saw; a notion which was confirmed when Ella went into the parlor and began to sing and play.

'Surely then, I thought the poor little thing of a niece wouldn't get the white dress done in time,' muttered she. 'It's a slave they do be making of her entirely. And miss had to stay at home atter all; and I s'pose the poor child has been scolded sorely, and is upstairs crying her purty eyes out.'

A ring at the door-bell disturbed Bridget's meditations. Mr. Fred Walling had called to offer his escort to the young ladies, on the bare chance of their not having started yet.

'Miss Jasper is out, I presqume,' she said to the maid. 'I thought I might possibly—'

'Dead an' she is not out,' said Bridget, positively. 'Ye may hear her for yerself, this minute, in the parlor a singin' an' playin' beautiful, an' mentally honest Bridget added: 'O! never never knew she could sing so swately before.'

Ella was singing sweetly indeed. The visitor entering unobserved by her, stood like one entranced, until the song died away in a wailing sob, and the singer's golden head was bowed upon her hands as memory and grief overcame her. Then Fred Walling came forward impulsively, his whole generous heart stirred at the sight of her trouble.

'My dear Miss Minnie—' he began, but stopped short in dire confusion, as the weeping girl turned suddenly and showed him his mistake.

'It is not Miss Minnie!' he cried; 'I beg a thousand pardons for my intrusion. The girl said that Miss Jasper—' his eyes had watched her sweet pathetic face with eager interest while he was speaking; and now he paused then broke out suddenly: 'I know you now! Yes, I am sure I know you. You are Ella Sommers—Doctor Sommers' daughter. Your father and mine were close friends—I saw you years ago when you were quite a little girl, at Greenside. Don't you remember Fred said the old woman in the lane?'

She sprang to him in glad surprise. 'Are you Fred?' she asked. 'Oh, I remember you, Papa liked you so much. But he is dead! A sudden of sorrow pierced her heart. 'Papa is dead, she cried weeping.

'What could Fred do but console her? Somehow he quite forgot Minnie Jasper and the garden party; hours passed away as he talked with the lovely friendless girl, and longed the story of her bereavement, her dependence on old relatives, the narrow grinding misery of her life. 'There is something unaccountable in it,' he mused. 'Dr Sommers was not rich, indeed, but he left sufficient property, I know to secure you a modest independence. My father will see to it. He is a lawyer, you know. Dear little play-fellow, promise not to say one word of our meeting to your aunt or cousins, until I give you leave.'

'By what right and in whose interests do you question me?' she was asking haughtily, just as Minnie entered the room.

'I ask in the interest of my son's wife,' answered the lawyer, dryly, 'to whom he was married this morning. We are rich, as you know, but young Mrs. Walling has a fancy to use as pin money the income her poor father designed for her, and of which she has been deprived of too long. She will tell you so herself,' he added, as he tapped at the window, and Fred Walling handed from the carriage his bride, and ushered her into the room. 'Here she is madam, your niece Ella, and my daughter.'

But Ella did not take the money away. 'Let aunt still use it while she lives,' she pleaded, and Fred would not refuse her. 'The only thing I wish to take from you, aunt,' she added, smilingly, 'is my dear fairy godmother!'

So Bridget went with her 'little darling' and lived happily as housekeeper to the end of her days with the loved and wealthy wife of Fred Walling, who had once been poor Cinderella.

Mr. Coville's niece, an estimable as well as a pretty young lady, had been visiting him for some time. Shortly after her coming a clerk in one of Daubury's leading stores made her acquaintance, and became at once her devoted attendant, very much to the delight of young Coville. The clerk is very fond of good tobacco and smokes an admirable cigar. The portion of it that is not consumed when he reaches the house he leaves on the porch until he comes out again. The third or fourth time he did this young Coville detected the move, and lost no time in possessing himself of the luxury, with which he retired to an out-of-the-way place. When this had been done several times, and several times the clerk had secretly felt for and missed his cigar he began to grow suspicious and uneasy. Perceiving this, young Coville awoke to the fact that something must be speedily done to counteract the smoker's discretion, and the best way to do it was to so completely involve him in the meshes of love as to make the loss of an unfinished cigar a matter of no account whatever. With this view he put himself in the young man's way at the store.

'How's Minnie,' said the clerk anxiously. 'She's not very well,' said young Coville. 'Why, what's the matter?'

'I don't know. I guess you know that better than I do,' answered the youth with a facetious wink. 'I know.' 'I guess so, Oh, she's gone on you.' 'Sh!' cautioned the clerk, looking around to see if they were unobserved. 'What do you mean, Billy?' and he blushed and looked pleased.

'Why you see, she's as chirp as can be when you're there but when you ain't she's all down in the mouth. She don't fixer her hair, an' she won't eat anybody, an' she goes around the house sighing, an' hour without saying a blamed word to nobody, but just looking at the wall. Then there is another thing, added the young man impressively, 'she don't put colors on her hair, but only when you are coming. Oh, I know a thing or two, you bet. And he winked again.

To say that the clerk was too pleased and rejoiced for anything is but feebly expressing the frame of his mind. In the excitement of emotion he gave young Coville a quarter. The diplomat hastened home and immediately sought his cousin. 'Minnie, he said, 'I have been to Charlie's store.'

'Have you?' she asked, trying to look very much unconcerned. 'Yes, and I tell you, Minnie, he is just a prime fellow—a way up. But he is gone on you.'

## NOT TO BE COUNTED OUT WITH IMPUNITY.

The captain of the Central Station had a day-dream of burglars rudely shattered the other day by the advent of a guant, tall woman about forty years of age, who carried a closed umbrella in a threatening way. She refused his salutation of 'Hot day, madam—sit down,' but slowly advanced to the desk, gave it a rap with her umbrella and solemnly asked: 'Am I a human being—a person—a woman?'

The startled captain was so long in answering the question that she continued: 'If I ain't I want to know it, and that is what I'm here for.' 'What is your case?' he cautiously inquired.

'Why, I've been passed over by the census men the same as if I was a dog! Not one of the gang has been near me! Haven't eb? Well I suppose they have missed a few.'

'But there was some epile about it, and you can't make me believe there wasn't? she exclaimed, as she waved her weapon around his head. They might accidentally miss some little dwarf of a woman but how could they get past me? I tell you it was a put up job, and I don't feel right over it.'

'It won't make no great difference, I suppose,' mused the Captain. 'How do you know it won't?' she indignantly demanded. 'Don't I live here? Don't I count over? Haven't I just as many rights as other women? Do I belong in the census of people or of goals? I know when I've stopped as well as anybody else.'

'It's mean that's what it is! Every old poke of an old maid on our street, every girl and every old woman, has got her name down and I have been left out in the cold as if I belonged in Africa. You have got to make this thing right!'

'Yes, sir, you! Now then, write it down. I'm forty-three years old and no lying. I've married three times and am the mother of nine living children. My father was born in England and my mother in this; I was born in New Jersey, and my occupation is that of a widow who don't care for all the men you can pile in a ten-acre lot! Got that all down?'

'I don't see nothing. If I am put in the census, all right. If I ain't, ain't there, you'll see me again! Good day, ma!' said he, and he bowed and disappeared.

With that she gave her umbrella an extra flourish, upset the chair on which she had rested her feet, and walked out without a look behind.

One time there was a man who had a tagger, and the tagger was a show and the man he took the money for to get in. The man he had a big paper called on to the tagger and the paper he said, the paper said: 'The Bitt Bogel Tagger; sometimes called the Monark of the Jungle. Hands off. Notch in the Tagger. The monark of the jungle it was a ways a layin' down with it's nose twice in 1877, and the folks which had paid for it got in they was mad because it wouldn't work and roar like disant thunder. But she who man he said: 'That's of right wen I get the new tagger done, but this is the same gets the one feller broke out in Oregon, the time he set up seventeen men and their families. Then she folks they would stand back and look in whippers while the tagger sleep. But one day a feller which was drunk he fell to punching the tagger with the mached of his umbrella, which stamped the odds on wild, and the wimmon folks they stand on chairs and bellowed like it was monse, but the drunk chap he kept jokin' the monark on the jungle crowd. Pretsoon the monark it bellared off and siggled but the feller he kept a pokin' like he was a steam engine. Bimsey the monark jumped out of his hind feet and waded hiself out of his skin and rolled up his shirt and spit out its hands and spoke up and said: 'Blame if I can't get a wallop in the side of the tagger which has been a proddin' this way and tagger.' And the odds they was soppin'.

## Gleanings.

The earthquake was the original shaker. Marriage makes the man; the woman was made before. Pride hath two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

'Now tell me candidly, are you guilty?' asked a lawyer of his clients. 'Why, do you suppose I'd be fool enough to hire you if I was innocent?'

'And, oh, Edward,' said the girl he was going to leave behind him, 'at every stopping place be sure you write, then go ahead.'

A Georgia farmer uses a novel fertilizer. He kills snakes, lays them in the furrow, and then plants corn on them. These snakes are made to produce corn, which in turn produces snakes again.

A mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: 'It is to wipe at ladies on the street. That is what papa does with his.'

Prof's or Northrup said the other day in Faneuil hall, Boston, that, according to modern teaching, man, instead of being a little lower than the angels, finds himself to be only a little higher than the apes.

It is said that the deepest gorge in the world has been discovered in Colorado. We always had the impression that the biggest gorge in this country might be witnessed at a railway station where the train stops 'five minutes for dinner.'

An exchange heads an article: 'How to Save One Hundred Million Dollars a Year.' One of the resolutions we made on the first day of January was a 'resolve' not to save so large a sum this year and we will not break it.—Northrup Herald.

'What earthly use is it,' exclaimed a Washington swell the other day, 'our trying to be aristocratic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States sits peanuts while wading in a sweet car? We are nothing but a howl wretched after all.'

An old lady visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh, the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the Ax of the Apostles.

'I am like the month of March,' remarked Mr. Sobersides, as he started for the door, and then he stepped on a banana peeling and went down a flight of stairs and half way across the street on the small of his back, and he added explanatorily, 'I go out like a fly.'

A young lady not accustomed to walking at the earliest collection of a friend, made the attempt in this city recently. When the music ceased another friend approached, and said gallily, 'Well I see you got through all right.' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but it was a tight squeeze though.'

A pamphlet entitled 'Agriculture in the United States and Russia,' just issued in St. Petersburg, concludes that unless all modern appliances of the grain trade and the improved American methods of Agriculture are introduced in Russia, Russian property will be seriously endangered.

'What do you suppose I will look like when I get out of this?' indignantly, he queried a fashionably dressed young lady of a conductor of a tearfully overcrowded street car the other day. 'A good deal like crushed sugar, Miss,' said the ticket puncher. And the lady, stood up and rode four blocks further, with the smile of an angel.

He was a stranger, but he entered with air of confidence and handed us what he called a joke. We examined it, and told him that it contained neither humor nor point, and that it was a pure piece of idiocy. 'Well,' he replied, reaching for his manuscript, 'I have read your paragraphs for some time, and I thought you professed them that way.'

A Sheffield manufacturer is reported to have told his workmen to 'vote just as they pleased'—in fact, I shall be telling how I am going to vote. SALEM

'I shall have a barrel of beer brought into the yard. 'Hear, hear,' shouted the men. 'But I shall tap it unless Mr. Worley, the Tory candidate goes in.'

Dr. J. N. Brown, of Laurel, Ohio, claims that the distinct likeness of a little girl's face has been photographed by lighting upon the window-pane in that town, and that the picture has been recognized by a score of persons as the six-year-old daughter of Thomas Rogers, who occupied the house in which the window in a year and a half ago. There are, he says, three other pictures on the same pane, but no one has yet recognized them; and there are pictures in three other panes in the same window. Wash-bowling and rubbing the glass does not improve the pictures.

'Farmer' wishes to know what you think of the horse races, and when I asked one name the winners. Ruralistic friend, we have thought day and night of the horse races. We had even picked out the winners, and put our wads, when I got on the road. And lo! the horse we backed stopped to scratch his left ear at the quarter mile post, and fell in a faint as the other horse passed under the wire, three-quarters of a mile ahead. Shape then we don't name the winners. It is not in our department. Write to the editor, don't editor. But friend, you can make more money 'holding cabbage' in the week than you can in four weeks horse racing. This advice is free gratis. Take it as it does not cost you a copper.

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