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## THE GLEANER

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## Poetry.

HANCOCK CAMPAIGN SONG.  
BY MARK F. BIGNAY, EDITOR OF THE NEW ORLEANS CITY ITEM.

Rouse for the fight in all your might!  
Brave people of the land!  
Wrong can't delay the freedom's way  
When Hancock's in command.

Chorus—  
Arouse! arouse! a gallant chief—  
A statesman leads you on;  
A stainless Washington in war!  
In peace a Jefferson!

Rouse for the fight. A gleam of light  
Now brightens in the East.  
Let all the land—with banners grand,  
Haste proudly to the feast.

Chorus—  
Arouse! arouse! etc.

Rouse! O ye wise; for Hancock rise:  
Corruption's night must end!  
Let South and West and North attest  
Their faith in Freedom's friend.

Chorus—  
Arouse! arouse! etc.

## AT THE LAST MOMENT.

It was a fine old room, and fitted up with all the luxury that wealth could command.

Its two occupants, a lovely girl and an elderly man, noble in form, but dark and sinister in face, stood together under the full blaze of the great antique lamp, swinging above their heads.

They were discussing a long-disputed question.

Mr. Orrell, was flaming with passion at the girl's last words, burst out vehemently:

'You are not bound to marry at my command, forsooth! Nevertheless, my independent miss, you are mine by a heavy indebtedness. But tell me what you are and who? You are called Veronica Vache; but what do you know of yourself beyond that? Answer me, if you can! Have I not been the making of you? Did I not take you from the kennel, and transform you into what you are? You are accomplished—whose money rendered you so? Mine, ungrateful girl! You are beautiful in your silks, jewels and lace—whose money makes you that? Mine, and mine only! Did I all this? Because the son I idolize sets his boyish heart upon your baby loveliness, and in riper years crowned you with honor by choosing you for his wife? Think you, then, I can be wheedled out of the reward I claim? If so think it no longer. If you have not already learned the truth, learn it now. My son's will is my law. Do you understand that I mean you shall with or without your consent, become his wife? If not understand it now, and drive from your silly head that beggarly secretary I drove from my doors. I shall choose your husband, and not you who would to-day be a beggar but for my generous protection. Herbert loves you, therefore Herbert's you shall be! To-morrow he comes to claim his bride; be ready for your bridal!'

There was a sinister threat in the old man's eyes, as he concluded, that sent an involuntary shiver through the girl's slender frame.

But a determination equal to his own marked both words and tones as she replied respectfully:

'It is true that I am indebted to you for all I possess of worldly good, and I am, God knows, truly and deeply thankful. My daily life stands witness to the sincerity of my words. You bade me call you father; and I have striven to give you all a daughter's duty; but, as I have already declared, will never become Herbert Orrell's wife! Dote on him as you will, your handsome, gilded son is nought but a polished villain! I would rather die than to link my fate with his. Cast me off—let me go out into the world, and battle with the poverty from which you have rescued me, or—'

'Enough! thundered the old man; 'I have made you mine and mine you shall remain, and my will do! My son shall have the bride of his choice! Now, go! and striding to the door, he flung it wide open, adding, in deep, threatening tones, as Veronica passed into the hall.

'Go! and remember that for the insubordinate there are means. Our new home was chosen for its wildness and loneliness. Remember that—and likewise, that my son and I are masters here! Now go.'

A swift change passed over the girl's calm face as the door closed upon her, and it was with fleet foot and panting breath that she sped up the stairs and to her chamber.

'What can he mean? What will he do? she gasped, shudderingly, as she dropped into a chair before the blazing fire. 'He is deep and unscrupulous, I

know. Heaven protect and help me!

Her head sank despondingly on her hand and the silent minutes dropped in hours before she stirred.

At last she arose.

'I will do it,' she whispered, 'and this very night, or it will be too late. They all sleep by this time, and I have no minutes to waste,' she hastily added, as the little mantle clock softly tolled twelve.

'If I would escape, I must do so to-night.'

Her few preparations were very hastily made, and she crept stealthily from the room.

She paused a moment to listen, but profound silence reigned over the house, and her muffled boots gave no sound as she cautiously groped her way down stairs.

At the bottom she stumbled over the mat, catching her breath sharply in her effort to preserve herself from a fall.

The noise was trifling, but, shivering with alarm she paused a moment to listen.

The silence continued unbroken, and she again groped her way through the darkness.

Once she paused again, confident that she heard a cat-like tread in the darkness behind her.

Then she went stealthily on, assured that it was only the product of her own excited imagination.

She directed her steps to the back door remembering that fastened with a bolt, and consequently offered the possibility of a more quiet way of getting out.

Her trembling hand had just started the bolt, when there was a sudden quick rush in the darkness, and before she could move a fierce hand fell upon her outstretched arm.

'So!' hissed Mr. Orrell's voice.

And the next instant speechless with terror she was caught in his strong arms, and borne back to her chamber.

White as death she stood before him, as he released her.

His deep set eyes flashed angrily upon her beneath his grey eyebrows. But he said nothing—only took her by the shoulders and hurried her rudely to the window.

Throwing back the heavy silken hanging he opened the casement, and pointed below.

It was a brilliant moonlight night; and there passing the lawn with sentinel alertness, was one of the men servants.

Mr. Orrell closed the window in the same expressive silence.

Then he turned to her.

'Four men have been detailed for that duty to-night,' he said significantly. 'All the doors will be left unlocked; try it again if you like.'

And with the words he strode from the room.

How the night passed, Veronica never knew.

But it did pass.

The marriage was to take place at eleven o'clock the next day.

Herbert could not reach there till ten and between ten and eleven there would be ample time for his preparation.

A little before eleven Veronica was in her spotless bridal robes in the great drawing room.

Mr. Orrell eyed her critically.

'You look well—very well,' he said; 'quite worthy your handsome bridegroom. But why he should be such a laggard is a mystery,' he concluded a little uneasily.

And his pitiless eye left Veronica's beautiful but deadlike face, and turned toward a distant window.

Almost at the same moment there was a faint sound of distant wheels.

'Ha, at last!' he cried. 'And he comes at a mad pace.'

Nearer and nearer the wheels came, until they stopped in front of the grand entrance. There was a sound of hurrying feet and subdued voices; and leaving the white-faced bride, the impatient father hurried to the hall.

There he met a ghastly spectacle. The dead body of his son borne by the worthy clergyman (who had accompanied him) and several of the awed servants.

A terrible accident! faltered the clergyman, in answer to the anguished gaze of the bereaved father.

And without a word or gesture, the father fell prone before them.

When they raised him he was dead.

A year later, Veronica became the happy wife of the beggarly secretary.

When inviting guests to dinner the number should be limited in accordance with the quantity of dinner that can be served. Thirteen at the table is unlucky when there is only dinner enough for ten.

N. O. Picayune.

When tea was first introduced into England it sold for fifty dollars a pound.

## A TRICK AT CARDS.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopen-dyke, as he sat down opposite his wife and began to shuffle a pack of cards, 'now I'm going to amuse you with a few tricks. I think a man ought to entertain his wife in the evening and be some society to her, and as I know a few simple tricks with cards I'll amuse you.'

'I am so glad you are not like some other men,' said Mrs. Spoopen-dyke giving her chair a hitch; 'you don't go out to clubs or sit around in barrooms all the evening. I always liked card tricks and I'm sure you can do them if anybody can.'

Mr. Spoopen-dyke smiled and held the pack open like a fan for his wife to select.

'Let me see,' said she putting her fingers to her lips. 'I am to pick out one, ain't I?'

'Yes,' he responded eagerly, with the ace of spades sticking three quarters of the way out toward her. 'Pick out the easiest one to grasp at and I'll show you a pretty trick.'

Mrs. Spoopen-dyke ignored the tempting ace and selected one from the extreme end of the fan.

'Must I look at it?' she asked.

'Certainly,' responded Mr. Spoopen-dyke. 'Look at it and remember what it is.'

She looked at it and studied it carefully.

'Now,' continued Mr. Spoopen-dyke, 'stick it back in the pack anywhere, and he divided it and held it toward her.

'You mustn't know what it is, must you?' she asked.

'Of course not. You are to put it in the pack, and by and by I will tell you what it is.'

Mrs. Spoopen-dyke jabbed it half way into the centre of the two sections, as Mr. Spoopen-dyke held them.

'Strange you can't put it between 'em as you ought to,' he growled. 'A man would have fixed it an hour ago.'

'It won't go in,' pleaded Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, as she punched away at it. 'I know what's the matter, why your little finger is right in the way. There, she continued, as she seized the pack and drove the card home, 'now it's in. Now you can go on with your trick.'

Of course Mr. Spoopen-dyke had lost all chance of finding out what the card was.

'Now just draw another,' he said, savagely, 'and put it where I tell you to. I'm doing this trick, not you. All you've got to do is to draw, and then let things alone.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, somewhat disconcerted, 'I didn't understand. Now give me one.'

She took it and slipped it into the pack, just where Mr. Spoopen-dyke wanted her to. Mr. Spoopen-dyke put the two sections together so that the selected card came on the bottom, and seeing that it was the seven of hearts, shuffled the cards briskly and then handed them to his wife.

'In order to show you that it is all fair,' said he in a cheerful tone, 'you may shuffle them yourself. Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, shuffle as much as you like.'

She slammed them around and spilled them for two or three minutes.

'You might leave something to designate them by,' said Mr. Spoopen-dyke, eyeing the performance askance. 'Never mind the edges or corners, but leave a chip or two of the middle so I will know that they are cards when you get through.'

Mrs. Spoopen-dyke handed them over without further parley. Mr. Spoopen-dyke ran the cards over hastily, and selecting the seven of hearts, placed it on the top of the pack.

'Now, I will deal you some cards which you must watch,' said he, and he dealt half a dozen, noting that the seven of hearts was on the bottom.

'Now, my dear, if your card is in that pack pick it out and hand me the rest.'

She handed them back to him and running off all but the last three, he laid them in a pile in the middle of the table.

'Now take up one, but don't look at it,' said Mr. Spoopen-dyke, with a smile. 'She took it up and laid it one side.

'Now another,' said he grinning.

She repeated the operation.

'Now, Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, I'll trouble you to pick up that last card and turn it face up.'

Mrs. Spoopen-dyke did so. It was the jack of clubs.

Mr. Spoopen-dyke gazed at her and the card while she sat waiting for the trick to go on.

'Was that your card?' he demanded. 'I don't think so,' she answered, vaguely.

'Don't think so?' he thundered; 'don't

you know?'

'Yes. It wasn't my card, was it?' she answered, trembling a little.

'Yes. Was it?' he snarled. 'Do you know what card you picked out, or don't you?'

'Why I took up those and then that one you told me to in the pack was the one I said you made—'

'Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, what card did you select?' he asked with awful sternness.

'Why, it was the other one, the ace of queens—'

'You picked out the ace of queens?' with fearful sarcasm. 'I'd like to know where you found it. You must have reached your arm up to the shoulder to have got hold of it. I'll show you the card you picked out, Mrs. Spoopen-dyke; it was the seven of hearts; and he scurried through the pack three or four times, but didn't find it. Finally, he looked over the table and caught her attentively examining something in her lap.

'What have you got there, eh? He asked suspiciously.

'Nothing, dear, but my card. You know you told me to pick it out and hand you the balance—'

Mr. Spoopen-dyke went straight to bed, with the remark that next season his wife would go to some well selected night school.

## TWO WEEKS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(For the Gleaner.)

This title might not thrill the hearts of any who have not spent two weeks among the Mountains, but to the twenty-seven, who on Wednesday afternoon of July 7th left Salem in three coaches and two baggage wagons containing all the conveniences and comforts that could possibly be taken for so long a journey, it signifies more than can be expressed in these few lines.

Of our first night's encampment it would be impossible to give an idea to those who are ignorant of so jolly an occasion, for a description thereof apply to the happy participants.

Four and a half o'clock the following morning found us all astir and ready for a hearty breakfast of eggs, ham, German light-bread, chicken, beef, butter, coffee, tea and milk served from bright tin plates and cups. Imagine us sitting around on a green carpeting of grass in Turkish style, (our tin plates on our knees and our coffee cups beside us), with the sun just sending his first beams over the eastern horizon and you can perhaps form a faint idea of a picture that can never be blotted from the minds of any present. No sooner was breakfast finished than up came the staves of the tent which had so kindly sheltered seventeen merry hearted girls of the company.

Every thing was again safely stowed away in the wagons, our ten fine horses again harnessed, the drivers and passengers in their accustomed seats, when the voice of our Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Aug. Fogle sounded along the line "All Aboard." At the crack of his whip away we went en route for the Pilot.

This Mountain has been appropriately named "The Pilot" as its peculiar eminence serves as a landmark in all parts of the Old North State and even South Carolina and Virginia.

Early on the morning of the following day you might have seen twenty-four of our number each with cane in hand winding his way up its steep and rocky ascent to the foot of the Pinnacle, when our sticks were laid aside and hands and feet were employed instead and we can assure you that no squirrel ever made a more creditable ascent to the top of a tree than we did to the top of the Pinnacle, from which we had a view of not less than one hundred and fifty miles in circumference; our descent was equally funny, and on reaching the wagons, we did ample justice to a dinner prepared by those remaining in camp. Dinner over it was "All aboard for Mt. Airy" and then on the morning of the next day it was "Ho! for Fancy Gap and top of Blue Ridge!" The beauties of Fancy Gap we will not attempt to describe, there were beautiful scenes, both near and distant, at our feet, along the side of the road, lowering above our heads, to say nothing of the ferns and mosses, and immense trees of Laurel in full bloom the like of which we have never seen and fear we shall never see again.

The top of the Mountain brought us to the house of our kind host, Mr. Mitchell, and with whom (it being Saturday evening) we prepared to spend Sunday.

From this point we visited Maurice's Look-Out and Devil's Den, finding the Den vacated we made sure our escape and set out, via Hillsville, Danville, Pike and Squirrel Spur Gap, for the Pinnacle of the Dan, where we arrived in due time, effected the ascent and had a fine view of Dan River and the surrounding Mountains. Here we spent Wednesday and on Thursday morning came the echo, "All aboard for Patrick Court House" which lay on our route for Piedmont Springs, Cascade, Moore's Knob, Hanging Rock and

Tory Den. At Piedmont we found Salem friends awaiting us who had come to make the rest of the journey with us, this swelled our number to thirty-six. Oh! such fun! "The more, the merrier" was no trite expression with us, we exercised our lungs to their utmost capacity not only here, we had been doing so ever since we left home, we sang every thing that could be rung from the sublime to the ridiculous, making the woods ring and rocks re-echo our merry laughter; exhausted our stock of jokes so that our friends need not be surprised if we returned home rather quiet and sedate; as the sight of china cups and plates, knives and forks, tables and table cloths will not tend to elevate our spirits or make our hearts grow lighter. At the Cascade we spent our second Sunday. The most beautiful scenes seem to have been reserved for the last: the crystal waters of not a small stream rushing over an uneven fall making a pool of some thirty feet in diameter in a bed of solid rock, overhung by stupendous rocks covered with ferns and mosses, the moon and trees forming a background, made for us a sanctuary on this fast Sabbath evening that will not soon be forgotten. We sat by its clear crystal waters in groups and sang all the prettiest hymns and songs we knew, among the number were "Shall we gather at the River" closing with "Nearer my God to Thee."

Monday morning found us with no more places of interest to visit, we therefore set out for Salem which we reached on Tuesday about 2 P. M., glad to be safely at home, but sorry for all the beauties left behind and more sorry for all who had not participated with us, those inexpressible beauties, the games and plays in which we engaged every evening after supper, the songs, the jokes and all the innumerable ways in which we had engaged ourselves since setting out.

F. S. A rattlesnake that had been captured by a farmer in his flax field was all the "romance" of the snake kind with which we came in contact. We were sorry to disappoint the expectations of those who prophesied such interesting romances for us, but this is all we have to tell of a snake story, even when we pitched our tents on the banks of Snaky Creek we saw no snake.

HAPPY MOUNTAINERS.  
July 23rd, 1880.

## Gleanings.

A dear little thing—The diamond.

A well known field officer—A kernel of corn.

A house in Belfast, Me., shelters, as its sole occupants, three persons, whose ages are ninety, eighty-two, and seventy-eight years.

From repeated observations upon human skulls, Dr. Pabon, of Paris, infers that intelligence is usually in direct proportion to the size of the cranium.

The young man who was referred to, when he popped the question stated that he visited the convention as an instructed delegate.

Somebody has discovered that cats can't live at a greater elevation than 13,000 feet, therefore back sheds should be built 13,500 feet high.

No man can truly say he is happy and healthy and that he loves everybody, when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.

The subscriber who wants to know what is the most difficult thing to raise on a farm, is informed that the farmer's son will fill the bill pretty well about six A. M.

A hotel landlord at Indianapolis wears a hat woven of pineapple straw, which weighs only two ounces. It was made on the island of St. Helena, and is valued at \$100.

When the stalwart Turkomans go to sea they take a baby with them if possible. They entertain a notion that it is lucky to have a child on board in case a storm sets in.

The French society for the encouragement of national industries offers a prize of \$200 for an essay on the tools employed in America in the manufacture of watches.

Cornell is to have a class in journalism. A pair of two dollar shears and a bottle of gum arabic have already been purchased. The scheme certainly promises well.

Take a bran new straw hat, drop it into the cylinder of a threshing machine, and when it has been run out onto the straw stack by the carrier, you have the latest style ladies' hat.

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that baldheaded man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was baldheaded before I was a year old."