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## THE GLEANER

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6-30.

## Poetry.

A DREAM.  
By R. E. NEEDLE.

'Twas but a Dream; and yet to me  
'Twas fact as real as could be.  
As vividly I saw the sky  
As ever did the upturned eye,  
When from its screen of tender blue,  
(Which hides the angels from our view,  
Descending came a snow white dove  
That nestled like a thing of love  
Close to my heart and hushed its moan  
And then I felt not half so lone  
As one for whom no love-lights beam;  
As shown me in this mystic dream.

The folding of the bird's soft wings  
Was speech to me of nameless things,  
As perched upon my weary breast  
Its filmed eyes betokened rest.—  
I, too, wished rest, and it was given  
By this sweet bird sent down from heaven.

And yet there still remained for me  
In this strange dream of phantasy,  
Till Luna came in her blue eyes  
I caught the tint of softest skies,  
Whence much that comes on viewless wings  
Is prophecy of heavenly things.

Sometimes, in tearful reverly lost,  
(When death's dark river seemeth crossed)  
I see sweet Luna come to me  
In bird-like haste all swift and free,  
With never more a wish to roam.

### THE BOARD FENCE.

'Shoo, shoo, get home you plucky critters!' cried Mr. Babcock, waving his arms, as he chased the dozen sheep and lambs through a gap in the fence.

It was a wooden fence, and when he had succeeded in driving the animals to the other side of it, he lifted it from its reclining position and propped it up with stakes. 'This was an operation he had found himself obliged to repeat many times in the course of the season; and not only for that season, but of several previous seasons.

Yet Babcock was neither slack or thrifless; in fact he rather prided himself on the ordinary appearance of his farm, and not without reason. How then shall we account for his negligence in this particular instance?

The truth was that this fence formed the boundary line between his estate and that of Mr. Small; and three generations of men who owned these estates had been unable to decide to whom it belonged to rebuild and keep it in repair.

If the owners had chanced to be men of peaceful dispositions they would have compromised the matter, and avoided a quarrel; but it, on the contrary they belonged to that much larger class who would sooner sacrifice their own comfort and convenience than their so-called rights, this fence would have been a source of unending bickering and strife.

And of this class were the present owners. Again and again had they consulted their respective lawyers on the subject, and dragged from their hiding places musty old deeds and records, but always with the same result.

'I say it belongs to you to keep it in repair, that is as plain as a pike-staff,' Mr. Babcock would say.

'And I say it belongs to you—any fool might see that,' Mr. Small would reply; and then high words would follow, and they would part in anger, more determined and obstinate than ever, and lawyers, fees and loss by damage from each others cattle had already amounted to a sum sufficient to have built a fence around their entire estates, but what was that compared to the satisfaction of having their own way.

At last, one day Miss Letitia Gill a woman much respected in the village, and of some weight as a landowner and tax payer, sent for Mr. Babcock to come to see her on business; a summons which he made haste to obey, as how could it be otherwise where a lady was concerned?

Miss Letitia sat at her window sewing a seam, but she dropped her work and took off her spectacles when Mr. Babcock made his appearance.

'So you got my message, thank you for coming, I'm sure. Sit down, do, I suppose my man Isaac told you that I wanted to consult you on business—a matter of equity, I may say. It can't be expected that we women folks should be the best judges about such things, you know; there's Isaac to be sure, but then he lives on the place, maybe he would not be exactly impartial in his judgment about our affairs.'

'Yes so,' said Mr. Babcock.

'Well the state of the case is this: When Isaac came from the long meadow to dinner—they're mowing the meadow to day and an uncommonly good yield there is—when he came up to dinner he found that stray cows had broken into the vegetable garden.'

'You can fancy the riot made. I declare Isaac was almost ready to use profane language. I am not sure that he didn't, and, after all, I couldn't feel to

reproach him severely, for the pains he has taken with that garden is something amazing, working in it, Mr. Babcock, early and late, weeding and digging and watering, and now to see it all torn and trampled so that you wouldn't know which was beets and which was cucumbers. It's enough to raise anybody's temper.'

'It is so,' said Mr. Babcock.

'And that isn't all, for by the looks of things they must have been rampaging in the orchard and clover field before they got into the garden. Just you come and see,' and putting on her sun-bonnet, Miss Letitia showed Mr. Babcock over the damaged precincts.

'You don't happen to know whose animals did the mischief?' said Mr. Babcock.

'Well he didn't observe them in particular myself, but Isaac said there was one with a peculiar white, something like a cross on its hump.'

'Why that's Small's old brindle,' cried Mr. Babcock. I know the mark as well as I know the nose on my face. She had balls on her horns didn't she?'

'Yes, so Isaac said.'

'And a kind of hump on her back?'

'A perfect dromedary,' said Miss Letitia; 'I noticed that myself.'

'They were Small's cows, no doubt of it at all,' said Mr. Babcock rubbing his hands. 'No sheep with them, hey?'

'Well now I think of it, there were sheep—they ran away as soon as they saw Isaac. Yes, certainly there were sheep,' said Miss Letitia.

'I knew it. They always go with the cows; and what of Me?'

'It's to fix damages,' said Miss Letitia. 'As I said before, women folks are no judges about such matters.'

Mr. Babcock meditated a moment and then said:

'Well, I wouldn't take a cent less than seventy five dollars, if I were you—not a cent.'

'Seventy-five dollars! Isn't that a good deal, Mr. Babcock? You know I don't wish to be hard on the poor man; all I want is a fair compensation for the mischief done.'

'Seventy-five dollars is fair ma'am—in fact, I might say it's low. I wouldn't have had a herd of cattle and sheep trampling through my premises in that way for a hundred.'

'Here's one thing I forgot to state; the orchard gate was open or they couldn't have got in; that may make a difference.'

'Not a bit—not a bit. You'd a right to have your gate open, but Small's cows had no right to run loose. I hope Isaac drove them to the pound, didn't he?'

'I heard him say he'd shut 'em up somewhere and didn't mean to let 'em out till the owner calls for 'em. But, Mr. Babcock, what if he should refuse to pay for the damages? I should have to go to law about it.'

'He won't refuse; if he does, keep the critters till he will pay. As to law, I guess he's had enough of that.'

'I'm sure I thank you for your advice,' said Miss Letitia, 'and I mean to act upon it to the very letter.'

Scarcely was he out of her sight when Miss Letitia sent a summons for Mr. Small, which he obeyed as promptly as his neighbor had done.

She made to him precisely the same statement she had made to Babcock, showed him the injured property, and asked him to fix the damages. It was remarkable before he did this that he should ask the same question Mr. Babcock had asked, namely, whether she had any suspicion to whom the animals belonged.

'Well, one of them I observed had a terribly crooked horn.'

'Precisely—it's Babcock's heifer; I should know her among a thousand. She was black and white, wasn't she?'

'Well, now I think of it, she was; so seldom sees so clear a black and white on a cow.'

'To be sure, they're Babcock's animals fast enough. Well, let me see; what you want is just a fair estimate, I suppose?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, I should say ninety dollars was as low as he ought to get off with.'

'Oh, but I fear that will seem as if I meant to take advantage. Suppose we call it—say seventy-five.'

'Just as you please, of course; but hanged if I'd let him off for a cent less than a hundred, if it were my case.'

'And if he refuses to pay?'

'Why, keep the animals until he comes around, that's all.'

'But there is one thing I neglected to mention—our gate was standing open; that may alter the case.'

'Not at all, there's no law against keeping your gate open; there is against stray animals.'

'Very well; thank you for your advice,' said Miss Letitia; and Mr. Small departed with as smiling a countenance as Mr. Babcock had worn.

But at milking time that night he made a strange discovery—old Brindle was missing! At about the same hour Mr. Babcock made a similar discovery; the black and white heifer was no where to be found. A horrible suspicion seized them both—a suspicion they would not have made known to each other for the world.

They waited till it was dark, and then Mr. Babcock stole round to Miss Letitia's and meekly asked leave to look at the animals which had committed the trespass. He would have done it without asking leave only that thrifty Miss Letitia always shuts her barn doors at night.

While he stood looking over into the pen where the cows were confined, and trying to negotiate with Miss Letitia for the release of his heifer along came Mr. Small in quest of his brindle. The two men stared at each other in blank dismay; then hung their heads in confusion.

It was useless to assert that the damages were too high, for had they not fixed them themselves? It was useless to plead that Miss Letitia was in a manner responsible for what had happened, on account of the open gate, for had they not assured her that that circumstance did not alter the case? It was useless to say she had no right to keep the cows in custody, for had they not consigned her to do so? As to going to law about it, would they not become the sport of the whole town?

'He that diggeth a pit, he himself shall fall into it,' said Miss Letitia who read what was passing in their minds as well as if they had spoken, for the light of Isaac's lantern fell full on their faces.

'However, on one condition I will free the cows, and forgive the debt.'

'What is that? But thought the question, but did not ask it.

'The condition is that you promise to put a good new fence in place of the old one that separates your estates, dividing the cost between you, and that henceforth you will live together peacefully, so far as in you lies. Do you promise?'

'Yes,' muttered both in a voice scarcely audible.

'Shake hands upon it, then?' said Miss Letitia.

They did so.

'Now let the cows out, Isaac; its time they were milked,' said she. And the two men went away, driving their cows before them, and with a shame-faced air, greatly in contrast to the look of triumph with which they had before quitted her presence.

The fence was built and the strife ceased when the cause was removed; but it was long before Miss Letitia's part in the affair came to the public ear; for she herself maintained a strict silence concerning it, and she enjoined the same upon her man-servant Isaac.

### The Sting of The Bumble Bee.

Did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble bee? An insect weighing no more than the tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it! The stinger of the bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy pants cloth backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh about sixteen feet. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison, he could drive it through seven sawmills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and in compensation she gave him this sting as a weapon of attack and defence. I the beef had no weapon of attack, ants, beetles and bugs would cuff him around as they pleased; but, as it is, he is the boss of the walk and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling as if some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around and go about his business; but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings and you have only to look a bee square in the face to see when he is fooling around and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The hayfield is a favorite resort of the bumble bee, but you can find him almost everywhere else if you try very hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh like a

noble victory over his mental and moral inclinations to evil, he must in the end utter the pathetic *miserere* of Byron.

'The thorns which I have reared are of the tree I planted—they have torn me and I bleed. I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.'

### Gleanings.

The skillful watchmaker is the man for the hour.

Could not the doctor's fee be justly called ill gotten gains?

A man born to command is different from one made to order.

Q. Cumber is in town on his painful mission. He will cholera a person on the slightest provocation.

The love of praise influences all mankind and the greatest minds are most susceptible of it.

An up town jeweller hung a watch in the window and labeled it, 'Look at this watch for \$10.' and the unsophisticated gentleman from Africa who stared at the article then went in and wanted the \$10.

Her mother said the little creature lived on love, but one month after marriage, when the grocery bill came in, he saw that he had made the greatest oversight of his life by not ascertaining what that particular love was for.

A bachelor upon reading that 'two lovers will set up all night with but one chair in the room,' said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

An old Yorkshire woman described her happy circumstances thus: 'I've a nice little cottage, a chest of drawers and a planny, a lovely garden and some flowers in my window, and (waxing warm) my husband is dead and the very sunshine of 'Ear's seems to fall on me.'

The church was warm, the minister was dull, and everybody fell asleep except half witted Jamie. 'My brethren,' shouted the indignant pastor, 'you should take the example of that fool there. He keeps awake.' 'Ay, ay, minister,' said Jamie; 'but if I hadn't been a fool, I would have been asleep like the others.'

A gentleman was promenading the street with a bright little boy at his side when the little fellow cried out: 'Oh, pa, there goes an elitior!' 'Hush, hush!' said the father; 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet.'—*Hubbard's Advertiser.*

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat and he alone was saved. 'And how did you escape their fate?' asked one of his hearers. 'I did not go in to botel' was the Dutchman's placid answer.

'There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of the disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but the sunshine of the mind the man of honor and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust; no black devices, no mean arts, can pluck it from the upright.'

An exchange tells of a man who had sixty-five dollars stolen from him, and who soon after received twenty five dollars, with the following note: 'I stole your money. Remorse naws at consense, and I send you some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more.'

'Yes,' he said, as he mixed gin and sugar, 'life is a conundrum. In youth we believe in much that is false, and in old age we doubt much that is true. As a golden medium, young man, you may charge that drink to me. My name is August—' He didn't finish it. The clerk pensively pitched an ice-pick at the spot where he had stood, but he had folded himself like an umbrella and scooted. Beneath a shady tree they sat.

He held her hand, she held his hat, I held my breath and lay light flat; They kissed, I saw them do it.

He held, that kissing was no crime, She held her head up every time, I held my peace and wrote this rhyme, While they thought no one knew it.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A Western paper tells of a saloon keeper at Bodie who made a kite out of \$500 plate mirror, using a string of demijohns and jugs for "bubs." The kite went up with a rush, reflecting the rays of the sun and dazzling the eyes of all beholders. 'Its focus extended as far as Mammoth, where a hay stack was set on fire by concentration of the sun's rays. It at the beginning of the year, a belt was offered for the biggest he told during 1880; it should be immediately handed over to the author of the foregoing story, and no questions asked. It is a Mammoth kite that can't be excelled during the next seven months.'