

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 6.

GRAHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1 1880.

NO. 27

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
ELDRIDGE & KERNODLE,
Graham, N. C.

Subscription. Postage Paid:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months .75
Three Months .50

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 at No. Department from the Cash System

Rates of Advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance. Regular advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
1 square	3 00	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00
1 square	3 00	4 50	6 00	10 00	15 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

OUR GOVERNMENT.

Officers of the Federal Government.

THE EXECUTIVE.

Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, President of the United States.
William A. Wheeler, of New York, Vice-President of the United States.

THE CABINET.

William M. Evans, of New York, Secretary of State

John Sherman, of Ohio, Sec'y. of Treasury

George W. McCrary, Secretary of War.

Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, Secretary of the Navy.

Carl Schurz, of Missouri Sec'y. of the Interior.

Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General.

David M. Key, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General.

THE JUDICIARY.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Morrison R. Wait, of Ohio, Chief Justice

Nathan Clifford, of Maine

Noah H. Swayne, of Ohio

Samuel J. Miller, of Iowa

David Davis, of Illinois

Stephen J. Field, of California

William M. Strong, of Pennsylvania

Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey

Ward Hunt, of New York, Associate Justices.

THE STATE GOVERNMENT.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Thomas J. Jarvis, of Pitt, Governor.

Dawes L. Robinson, of Macon, Lieutenant-Governor.

W. L. Saunders, of New Hanover, Secretary of State.

John M. Worth, of Randolph, Treasurer.

Donald W. Bain, of Wake, Chief Clerk.

T. C. Worth, of Randolph, Teller.

Dr. Samuel L. Love, of Haywood, Auditor.

Thos. S. Kenan, of Wilson, Attorney-General.

John C. Scarborough, of Johnston, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Johnston Jones, of Burke, Adjutant-General.

J. McLeod Turner, Keeper of the Capitol.

Sherrwood Haywood, of Wake, State Librarian.

JUDICIARY.

SUPREME COURT:

W. N. H. Smith, of Hertford, Chief Justice.

John H. Dillard, Thos. S. Ashe, Associates.

W. H. Bagley, of Wake, Clerk of Supreme Court.

D. A. Wicker, of Wake, Marshal.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. W. GRAHAM, JAS. A. GRAHAM,
Hillsboro, N. C. Graham, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

J. D. KERNODLE,

Attorney at Law,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal Courts.

Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

E. S. PARKER,

ATTORNEY,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Will attend regularly the Superior Courts of Alamance, Caswell, Person, Chatham and Randolph, and the Federal Courts at Greensboro.

Business entrusted to him shall have faithful attention.

6-180, ly.

T. B. Eldridge,

Attorney at Law,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Practices in the State and Federal Courts.

All business entrusted to him shall receive prompt and careful attention.

James E. Boyd,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICES AT

Graham & Greensboro.

Practices in all the Courts.

Days at Graham, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

At Greensboro, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Dr. J. W. Griffith

DENTIST,

GRAHAM, N. C.

Is fully prepared to do any and all kinds of work pertaining to the profession.

Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH.

CALLS ATTENDED IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

Dr. D. H. Albright, Dr. J. A. Albright,

DRS. ALBRIGHT & ALBRIGHT,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

The former at his home and the latter at Holman's Mills, Chatham county, N. C.

6-2-20.

ONLY JONES.

The officers of Her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and eighty-fourth infantry were sitting around their mess table, in Castletown, the capital of the island of Maui, one evening more than thirty years ago—that is, all except one; but then that was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for chaffing, and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their chaffing that they had come to find it little pleasure, and, after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink, he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot, he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble, he said it hurt his conscience; he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital, he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain De Renzy, listening to Jones' list of his dislikes, wondered whether it would be possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that it was not possible for Captain De Renzy to do so.

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's ideas of proper behavior, but, for some reason or other, no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say, "it was only Jones or even quietly assert his cowardice."

One evening Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted:

"Something new, lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on the island, and we mean to give you a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel, such a thing is neither in the way of duty nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honor the colonel does you, Jones," said Ensign Powell.

"I thank the colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider, therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said this colonel rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Mauk walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me colonel, I am afraid. If I should get hurt it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The colonel turned away half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took his place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a raising storm, and, as the party gathered in the barrack yard, Jones said earnestly to the colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I think so, lieutenant; but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far, at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended to the military duties assigned him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay; but, amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly toward the great shelving Scarlet Rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off the Cliff of Man. She is driving this way, and indeed I fear she will be in rocks afore tea night."

Jones stood still a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of huge cliff, watching the doomed craft.

She was now within sight, and it was evident that her seamen had lost all control of her. She must ere long be flung by the waves upon the jagged rocks toward which she was driving. In the hall of the wind, not only the booming of the muffled gulls, but also the shouts of the imperiled crew, could be heard.

"What can be done," said Jones to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she'd managed to round to rocks she would have gone to pieces on the sand; and there are plenty of men who would have risked life to save life. But how are we to reach them this evening?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light stowing rope?"

"Much as you want sir. But let me tell you, sir, you can't have three minutes down there; in a first wave will dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim after you get down."

"Do you know old man, what surly swimming is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuhéva."

"God bless you, sir, I thought no white man could do the same."

While the conversation was going on Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket knife. This done he passed some light rope through them. The men watched him with eager interest, and, seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body."

"Aye, aye, sir. I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request: Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board, you know how to make a cradle, I suppose."

"Aye, aye, sir. But how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the mainmast of the Ajax before this. It was a high leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope around his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying, "Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head one moment toward heaven, and, taking a short run, leaped as it from the springboard of a plunge bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depths. When he rose to the surface he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its center. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks but Jones was far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing however more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear hopeful voice:

"Help at hand, captain! Throw me a buoy."

And in another minute or two, Jones was on deck, and the cheers on the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few moments to fasten a cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the captain, "we must rig a chair for her; she can never walk that dangerous rope."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing; half a child, sir. Bring her here."

This was no time for ceremony; without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his left arm, and steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on with his burden safely to shore. The crew rapidly followed for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half dead seaman; and the lady, her father and the captain had been put in the carriage of Braddon and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared; he had picked up an oil-skin coat and cap, and when every one turned to thank their deliverer he was gone. No one knew him; the sailors said they believed him to be "one of these military gents by his rigging," but the individuality of the hero had troubled no one until the danger was over. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks, and went to pieces; and it being now quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it was the theme of

every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow," said Ensign Powell, "I wonder who he was? Gwynne says he is a stranger, perhaps one of the crowd staying at the Abbey."

"Perhaps," says Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

"Oh, Jones would be too afraid of his mother."

"Jones made a little satirical bow, and said, pleasantly: 'Perhaps it was Powell,' at which Powell laughed and said, 'Not if he knew it.'

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted; especially as there was to be a great dinner and ball at Braddon, and all the invitations. This ball had peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumors of her, riches and beauty had been life for several days. It was said the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Jones said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth he was nearer in love than he had ever been with a woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his fancy had painted her during those few and awful minutes that he held her high above the waves.

As he passed, the squire remembered that he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones' voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together said:

"I have found him! Papa! papa! I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the lieutenant's voice, and the captain knew it, and poor Jones, unwilling enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made the hero of it.

It was wonderful after this night, what a change took place in Jones' quiet way. His books and boat seem to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters, which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to go to Conyers to spend a month, and a furlough being granted, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career, under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck Col. Underwood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Milford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that the Honorable Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance.

"Just his luck," said Powell.

"Just his luck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across one of those fellows again that are afraid of hating their mothers and sisters and not afraid to say, 'I shall treat him as a hero just waiting his opportunity.'—Here is the Honorable Thomas Jones and his lovely bride. We are going to India; gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones, for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as he boarded the wreck."

MAJOR MALONE'S ADDRESS.

At the late meeting of the press convention, Major W. H. Malone welcomed the visitors in the name of the press of Asheville. Major M., said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS:—On this interesting occasion I have the honor to represent the press of Asheville, and in their behalf I bid you welcome to Asheville—the "City of Hills." In their name I welcome you to Western Carolina, in their name I welcome you to the "Land of the Skies."

This meeting will mark an era in the history of our State, and commemorate the efforts being made to develop its resources. Coming, as most of you did, through the noted Swannanoa Gap—passing through three thousand feet of rock-ribbed tunnels, you are in the

midst of the "Switzerland of America."

You are now at the foot of the enchanted Beaucatcher; yonder, Mount Pisga lifts itself proudly above ten thousand lesser hills; near by is the celebrated Black Mountain from which Mitchell's Peak towers 7,000 feet above the battlements of heaven. Of this famous peak Goldsmith might well have said:

"It swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm; Though round its base the storm and clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Here is the beautiful Swannano, long celebrated in song and poetry; there the rugged French Broad trolls, tumbles dashes over rock cliffs and precipices—passing through scenery unsurpassed in loveliness and grandeur.

Look yonder, the grandest panorama of mountains upon the green earth—pile upon pile, range after range, pyramid after pyramid, you behold until the imagination is lost in contemplation of the "handiwork of God." Far beyond these magnificent mountains is a glorious "sun set." He goes down amid that illimitable yellow, burning ocean-cloud, from whose bosom is reflected back ten thousand fantastic mountain domes, too grand for the most brilliant imagination; anon these giant mountains sink into solitude and sleep, to await the morning sun, which will reilluminate and deck their peaks with beauty and glory indescribable. It is to these gorgeous scenes to which we invite you—more enrapturing, more enchanting than the vision which caught the eye of Moses when, from the top of Mount Pisga, he beheld the Promised Land.

But we not only invite you to scenes of beauty and grandeur, we invite you to a land of health. The opinion has been ventured that western Carolina will become the great sanitarium of the United States. I believe it. This exhilarating dry atmosphere, these pure gurgling streams, these richly carpeted landscapes constitute a fit abode for the seeker of health. Some Oriental nation conceived the idea that the common article of sage possessed inherent life preserving qualities, and it became an adage, "How can a man die in whose garden grows sage?" Here the elements of health may be found everywhere, they are found in our sparkling rivulets which gush from mountain sides, they are found in every breeze which percolates their chilly tops, they are found in the cool balmy night breezes which render sleep such happy repose. Indeed, these beautiful flower clad landscapes make us forget the troubles of life, while we dream dreams of a bright and happy future. Would it be too fanciful to say, "How can a man die who lives in western Carolina?"

Here the elements of health may be found everywhere, they are found in our sparkling rivulets which gush from mountain sides, they are found in every breeze which percolates their chilly tops, they are found in the cool balmy night breezes which render sleep such happy repose. Indeed, these beautiful flower clad landscapes make us forget the troubles of life, while we dream dreams of a bright and happy future. Would it be too fanciful to say, "How can a man die who lives in western Carolina?"

But I would disappoint those whom I represent if I did not acknowledge our indebtedness to the press. It has been said that Asheville was the best advertised town in the South. Our citizens feel grateful for the good reports which they have borne at your hands. In time past our friends of the east knew more of the mountains of New England, of Italy and the continent than of our own mountains west of the Blue Ridge. But now the veritable iron horse has reached the soil of the very State of Buncombe, and to-day North Carolina is a "united" State.

The railroad and the telegraph have brought us in communion with our brethren of the east and with all the world. For the success of these great enterprises we owe much to the press. When maladministration and official corruption had crept into the high places of the land, a noble army of quill drivers was ready to drive the Catalinues from power; the good, the great and the noble were sustained and encouraged.

We remember, too, some dark days of the past—when the "judiciary had been exhausted," when constitutional liberty was in jeopardy, when brave men had despaired of their country, when the sacred right of habeas corpus had been trampled under foot by daring usurpation. Then it was that the gallant press of North Carolina, of Georgia, of South Carolina, and of the entire country came to the rescue. They proclaimed in thunder tones the *vox populi*, and appealed to that august tribunal, the great forum of public opinion, this omnipotent court which has never been exhausted. This high court gave its verdict in favor of constitutional liberty. In this temple of justice stood the editorial fraternity contending for the right and denouncing the wrong; they constituted the daring van guard in this great battle; and, carried the flag of our country on which was inscribed the words "Constitutional Liberty."

These, these are not the battles of the press. They follow not the booming of cannon, neither do they catch inspiration from the loud roar of war; they fight the battles of peace, which "half victories no less renowned than war."

The warrior who leads his millions to the slaughter may have his name and

aim perpetuated in bronze or marble—his monument like the Egyptian pyramid, may defy the touch of time itself. But the press is the lever with which we move the world. This noble army is scattered everywhere—yonder, in the jungles of Africa; yonder, among the ice-bergs of a polar sea, upon the bank of the Nile, the Rhine, the Ganges, in every zone, in every clime are to be found the daring veterans of the press; and having chained the lightning of heaven to the car of progress, they circumnavigated the world with the rapidity of thought. And while they may have no marble column to perpetuate their memory, they have a more enduring monument resting in the human heart, which will last throughout all time.

It is in view of these wonderful achievements of the press that we greatly appreciate this gala day and happy reunion. I should not omit to say that we welcome our brethren of the Empire State of Georgia, the home of our hills and Gorges; we welcome our veterans from the long oppressed Palmetto State, the home of our Butlers and Hamptons; and from the dear old Mother of States on our northern border. Our troubles have been in common, our sympathies have commingled in all those "scenes which tried men's souls," and to day we rejoice together at the happy prospect of our common country.

Gentlemen, I feel that a brighter day is about to dawn—old Rip Van Winkle, though slow is now coming to the front; the east and west are now bound by hoops of steel, and our commercial and social intercourse will tend to make North Carolina the proudest state in the Union.

Gov. Swain, in one of his last public addresses, said that North Carolina had been a good state to move from—that our young men of talent and ambition had followed the "setting sun," and had obtained honor and distinction in other States. But our young men will mount the flood which, taken at its rise, leads to success. And I anticipate that many of those now gone will bear of our "hills of prosperity, and not forgetting the loveliness of these mountains and being inspired by the revolutionary fame of their ancestors, will return to the homes of their boyhood, and, like William Tell, can exclaim,

"Ye crags and peaks, I am with you once again!"

To the press we look for the realization of our brightest anticipation in regard to the development of our glorious old State. And, in conclusion, allow me to repeat, "The Old North State, God bless her; the Old North State forever."

Gleanings.

The pupil of the eye has to be lashed.

In asking a man to settle his bill the thing is "no sooner said than done."

If a man would like to get off from a promise to drink he should be far off.

Church choirs are put at the back ends of churches to accommodate the timid worshippers who cannot face the music.

We do not know as green apples belong to any secret fraternity, yet they seem to have the grip.

How many men take the fatal step in life with the idea that they are getting an angel, and soon after marriage find that they have nothing but a woman.

"The tongue of a woman increases in the same ratio that her feet decrease," says a Chinese proverb, and the Chinaman has a careless habit of being right many times in the dozen.

Refuse to sit at a table opposite the man afflicted with hay fever. The chances are seventy to one that he will be obliged to sneeze just as he gets his mouth full of water.

A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale and threw away his cigar. Said he: "That's something in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said his companion, puffing away. "What?" "Tobacco."

We know a genuine miser, who would go four miles after persimmons so he could eat a few before each meal, to pucker his stomach, so that he would not have room to eat more than five cents worth at a meal.

"Look a-here, waiter," shouted a disgusted customer in a Washington restaurant; "there's an old moustache couch in this pot pie." "Never mind, sir," said the waiter, calmly, "just throw it under the table; it is an old one?"