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Poetry.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born
Or if my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
Or walking in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live as honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow men,
It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave,
On the land or on the sea;
By purring brook; or 'neath stormy wave
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with a loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

THE NEW GIRL.

'Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember?'

'To remember—what?' said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of inability on his countenance. 'Kate Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her side.

'Charles!' she excitedly said, 'you don't mean that you have forgotten already?'

'My dear,' said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the depth of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, 'I may not have forgotten, but I don't exactly remember.'

'The oysters,' suggested his wife.

'Oh, yes, the oysters,' said he; 'and the two ounces of double zephyr-carlet wool.'

'Exactly.'

'And the depot hack to be in waiting at 2 o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia.'

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.

'She is coming to-day, I declare!' he ejaculated.

'And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white grapes and some of those delicious little Naples biscuits and macaroons—oh, and let them send up a girl from St. Clair's.'

'A—what?'

'A girl, you goose. For general house work. Phebe went home this morning with the faceache; and I can't be left alone with company coming and all. Mind she's a good cook and understands waiting on the table.'

And Meredith rushed off to catch the 9:30 express, with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks oyster and servant maids careering through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While the lady, clasping both hands over her forehead, in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man, of two or three and twenty, was on his knees in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwillful fire to burn.

The good looking young man glanced up with a comical sparkle in his eyes, and a smudge of soot traversing his nose.

'Well?' said he.

'Tom,' cried she hysterically, 'can you make lobster salad?'

'Like a boss,' said Tom.

'And coffee?'

'I learned in Paris.'

'Good. And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and, between us we will get up a decent lunch for a young lady from Philadelphia. As for dinner—'

'Well?' again remarked the young man with the soot smudged nose.

'Providence must provide,' sighed the matron.

There's an old chintz colored rooster in the barn-yard. If I could catch him I would have a chicken stew.'

'Tom did you ever make a chicken stew?'

'No.'

'Then you do not know what you are talking about,' said the lady with some asperity.

'Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of salt, and—'

'Nonsense!' interposed Mrs. Meredith. 'Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to be sure, with a twinge of conscience, goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency, you dear old darling.'

The lobster was only half picked out of its shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixer, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her

pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing room, when there came a ring at the door bell. She put the turbaned head out of the window in a most unceremonious manner.

'Who is there?' she demanded in a high contralto.

'Does Mrs. Meredith live here?' retorted a woman's voice. And the same instant the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

'It is the new girl, thank Providence!' said Mrs. Meredith, as she ran down the stairs, thanking honest Charlie in her heart for his unexpected promptitude.

'Come in,' said she, opening the door wide; 'I am so glad you are punctual, my good girl. From the St. Clair's intelligence bureau, I suppose; No, don't take off your things up here, the servant's room is below stairs; you may as well come directly down to the kitchen.'

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore a rather bewildered expression.

'What is your name?' she asked patronizingly.

'My name! Oh, its Marthia,' replied the stranger, in some confusion.

'Martha!' critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. 'What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?'

'I—believe so.'

'I think' said Mrs. Meredith surveying her from tip to toe, 'you are a little overdressed for your station, Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes?'

The stranger lifted a pair of grave blue eyes to the tall form, girded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster beyond.

'Do you keep a man cook?' asked the girl.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up.

'Certainly not. This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad.

'But he is not doing it right. He can never get meat from the shell in that manner. Let me instruct you, Mr. Selwyn.'

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fibro from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry, 'Bravo!'

'And now, Pattie, I'll show you where the things are, and leave as nice a lunch as you can for 2:30 o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Philadelphia. I desire everything in perfect order.'

'I shall finish the salad,' said Tom, as he had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, 'as I have commenced it; but don't look perturbed, Pattie, it that is your name, I shall be careful, and not get in your road. And you can ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow about the kitchen.'

Kate shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen, but Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining-room where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.

'Kate, she is a jewel!—a gem of the first water! Depend upon it, she has not always labored in the kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare apropos of something or other, I do not remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come to her cheeks!'

'Quoting Shakespeare to a common kitchen girl!' said Mrs. Meredith, in amazement.

'But I tell you she is not a common kitchen girl.'

'I don't believe in high life below stairs,' said his sister disdainfully.

The lunch came up at 2:30 in perfect order, but no cousin from Philadelphia arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.

'How provoking!' said Kate, 'Miss Meredith must have missed some connecting train. Charlie will be so vexed. But however, I do not so much mind company coming in at any time, now that I have got an excellent girl.'

The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit fricasse; with a dessert of custard and jelly was duly served at precisely 7 o'clock, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

'Where is she?' cried he.

'Where is who?' cried Kate.

'My cousin from Philadelphia.'

'Oh! She has not come!'

'Not come?'

'No!'

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

'Then after all, it is not so unlucky,' said he.

'What is not so unlucky? My dear Charles you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles.'

'That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool, and the servant girl.'

'Forgot?'

'Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?'

'But you did not forget,' remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. 'You sent her. She is here now in the kitchen.'

Mr. Meredith started.

'I have sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor.'

'Then who sent her?' ejaculated his wife slowly.

'Ring the bell! Let us have her up! Who knows but she is one of those confidence women with an eye to the forks and spoons?'

As he spoke he jerked the bell-cord with some energy. In a minute or so the new girl came up courtstepping.

Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

'Why, it is Marthia Meredith!' shouted he. 'It is my cousin from Philadelphia.'

And he clasped her in his arms, with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

'I wish she was my cousin from Philadelphia,' uttered he in a stage whisper, aside.

Kate turned as scarlet as a pepper-pool.

'Oh, good gracious!' she cried, clasping her little hands, nervously, 'and I took her for a cook!'

'And I am a cook when the occasion requires, Cousin Kate,' said pretty Marthia Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. 'Do not be so vexed with me for humoring the joke, indeed I could not help it. And I will show you how to make Neapolitan cream to-morrow.'

And they all sat down happily together to the roast quails and the fricasseed rabbits. And Kate and Marthia went to the international bureau on the morrow, established a Milesian damsel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder, whispered waggishly: 'Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?'

THE MAN WHO GOT HIGH.

A citizen of repute has for some time past been greatly annoyed at the slow progress made by the carpenters in building for him a horse-barn, and the said carpenters have been highly incensed over his impatience. They left him, the other night on a scaffold under the eaves at one end, to which spot he had climbed to see if the cornice wasn't on bottom side up and when he wanted to come down the ladder was gone moved around on the side. The citizen looked down upon the cobble-stone alley, up at the sky, and found himself left. He could have alarmed the neighborhood by one yell, but he didn't care to make a manerage of himself. He watched the street forty feet away, and finally attracted the attention of a boy. The boy had the situation explained to him, but he couldn't handle the ladder. When he found he couldn't, he sat down on a bunch of shingles and folded his arms, saying:

'Well, I might as well stop around and see this episode closed out at reduced figures.'

'Boy won't you go and get a man to move the ladder for me?' softly asked the citizen as the distance to the ground began to increase in his estimation.

'Not much, you might fall while I was gone,' was the cheering reply.

In the dusk an old lady stopped at the entrance of the alley to read the number of the house, and not being able to make it out she called to the boy. He beckoned her to come down there with one hand while the other was elevated toward the man on the scaffold.

'Man up there—highly dangerous—tragedy ahead!' he remarked as she advanced.

'Yes he's right up there,' she replied as she stretched her neck to view him.

'Madam, can't you and the boy lift that ladder around here?' anxiously inquired the citizen as he felt his knees going back on a solemn agreement to stand firm under him.

'I am no madam sir!' she retorted very promptly. 'I'm almost a stranger in the city! Don't be quite so sassy in your remarks, sir!'

'I asked if you and the boy couldn't move the ladder around here?' he blandly said.

Lifting a ladder is mighty hard on the system!' said the boy.

'What do I know about moving your

city ladders? she called out, 'and what on earth makes you so anxious to come down here all of a sudden?'

'I will give each of you half a dollar,' he suggested.

'It don't seem to me that you ought to use such freedom with a stranger!' she shouted. 'I don't feel holden to do anything in this case, being as I don't even know your name. What earthly object have you got in coming down here, anyway?'

'Madam, I want to go home,' he answered.

'Madam, again! I want you to understand that my name is Thomas, sir! If you can't address me as a gentleman should I will see about it—see about it—'

'Name's Thomas and I'll affide, the fact is, the boy's a—'

'Name's Thomas, then I want to see this government Mexicanised!'

The citizen kept his eye on the mouth of the alley, and after a long minute the woman inquired:

'Any more sass from up there?'

'If so, we'll stop the press to announce the same,' added the boy.

Receiving no reply the woman walked away, but the boy struck to the bunch of shingles like a bumble-bee to a Smyrna fig.

'Boy, I'll give you a dollar to call a man,' said the cherub aloft.

'Make more than that as foreman of the coroners jury,' was the lonesome reply.

'I'll lick you out of your hide if I ever I do get down!' exclaimed the now indignant citizen.

Ten minutes brought no change, but eleven minutes did. A private carriage came down the alley and the driver was known to the man on the scaffold.

'James!' he called out, 'James, jump out and shake that boy there out of his jacket, and then swing that ladder around to me!'

'My client files his objections and demands a change of venue!' observed the boy and had skipped before James had touched the ground.

The ladder was swung arround, the man descended, and he was rubbing his head to get the 'swim' out of it, when a lonesome voice came to him through the darkness calling.

'Never mind; you'll probably be run over by an omnibus to-morrow. Justice is slow, but she allus gits thar!'

WOMAN'S TRUE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule, they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up in the case of a member of a family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or to endure suffering on their own account. The patience of woman is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affection. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them, and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence on love being brought to bear on the individual case.—Nineteenth Century.

The conduct of some of the drivers on the street cars in Galveston is certainly very reprehensible. An old lady got on the street car, and as soon as she set her eyes on the driver she called out, 'you are the very driver that refused to stop the car and made fun of me.'

'Yesterday afternoon?' he asked.

'In the corner of twenty seventh street and Avenue L.'

'Yes.'

'On the northwest corner?'

'Just about the corner.'

'At 3 o'clock.'

'Was it a blue car, with a bay mule?'

'Certainly; blue car and bay mule, and a feller with a red pimple on his nose and a mouth like a catfish, just like yours, driving it.'

'And you craned out your neck this way, and opened your mouth till one could read the makers name on your false teeth, and bawled out, "Stop—that—that—car?"'

'Yes, you scoundrel,' she replied, drawing back to hit him with her umbrella.

'Then it wasn't me, for I am always polite to ladies, even if they are ninety-five years old, sport porcelain teeth and sass car drivers. Tal ta!' and he jumped over the dash board to swap cars with the driver coming the other way.

Gleanings.

A low story.—The basement. Marriage makes the man; the woman was maid before.

Motto for the milkman.—To the port all things are pure.

Naturally enough, the spot most dear to cattle is their fodderland.

Tanners stomach now works in its shirt-sleeves. Its coats are all worn out.

The fewer feathers a woman has in her bonnet in this world, the more she will have on her wings in the world to come.

We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a name?

A man out West was offered a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they could not play off any 'biled pipe stems on him.'

How does the busy little fly Improve each chance, to light Upon the tip of your nose, And dance with all his might.

—Danielsonville Sentinel.

Scientists claim that smoking injures the eyesight. But this is not true. The boy with a stump in his mouth can see his father tea squares away.

'It requires a man of good sense to fall in love with a plain woman.' But any fool can fall in love with a pretty woman.—Indianapolis Herald.

'Will you take something?' said a teetotaler to his friend, while standing near a tavern. 'I don't care if I do,' was the reply. 'Well, let's take a walk.'

'Take heed of jesting many have been ruined by it. It's hard to jest, and not sometimes jest, too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than we intended or expected.'

A young lady, the other evening kissed in the dark a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake she said: 'It's not he but it's uice.'

Ingersoll scooped in the whole family when he lectured on "Man woman and child," at Chelsea; but to make it complete, he should add "and the hired girl."

'Shon, said a Dutchman, 'you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I have had de worst neighbors as never vas. Mine pigs and mine hens come mit dere ostr split, and todler day two of them came home missing.'

A Cincinnati clergyman recently paid his affectionate respects to the class often found, that will spend \$50 for carriage hire at a wife's funeral, but never spends \$1 for riding while the poor woman is alive.

A few days ago a Norwich (Conn.) man bought a chest of tea in Providence, R. I., and on opening found a stone inside weighing eleven pounds. He remarked that the ways of Providence were very mysterious.

'Don't you wish you was a big man?' said one little urchin to another. 'K'raes I do, I'm just dyin' to be big enuff to git shaved an' have one of 'em barbers powder me all over and squirt cologne-juice at me,' was the reply.

'Married—William H. Pettin to Alice E. Hogg,' is the announcement of an exchange. We believe this is the first instance on record of a Hogg being turned into a Penn without making a vigorous resistance.

An agricultural paper has an article on "Washed and Unwashed Butter." It says that the markets now demand that butter shall not only be fresh and rosy, but be properly worked and washed. A pound of butter that comes into market without having its face washed and hair combed, is not very inviting; that's a fact.

Professional pomposity is well taken off in the following anecdote: Dental doctor (looking learned and speaking slowly)—'Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar, or incisor?' Jack [short and sharp]—'It is in the upper tier, off the barbed side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster.'

A religious body having resolved to build a new church, the pastor went about begging very zealously, accepting not only the widows mite, but the child's mite. In the Sunday school a few days afterward, while instructing the children he compared himself to a shepherd, and then inquired what the latter did with his flock. One bright eyed little fellow promptly replied, 'he shears them.'