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POETRY.

BY ONE WHO.

BY ONE WHO.

Give me but one wish here on earth,
And then no more I'll ask;
For I that wish, all that I wish,
I gain and no mistake.
Nor would I wish for wealth to made,
But I'd wish for that!
And if that wish by you were paid,
I should contented be.
For well I know if we were one,
That then our hearts would glow
With love that each day more strong
As on through life we'd go,
Singing new life through every vein,
Untainted with alloy,
Until our lives became a strain
Of pure graphic joy.

THE HAND OF FAITH.

After Wilford Dumont married Annie Lee in a fit of pique and jealousy, Ellen Harland once his betrothed wife, suffered more than words can tell. She had loved him in her wild passionate way, and had never thought she could lose him; but she had trusted too much in her own power, and another woman was the wife of the young millionaire. She nearly went mad with rage and pride and wounded passion, but she had sense enough to hide her heart from evildoers eyes. As long as she felt that in Wilford's presence she would turn pale, as long as she could not bear his voice or glance without wincing, she kept out of his way, under pretence of visiting an aunt at a distance; but in the sprightly letters that she wrote her friends she spoke of being glad that Wilford Dumont had not left her dismissal of him too severely to be comforted, and when she was once more mistress of herself she called upon the bride, and Mrs. Dumont, who knew nothing of the old love story welcomed her heartily, and told Wilford on his return home, that she was delighted with his old friend Miss Harland.

"She cannot have cared for me," thought Wilford Dumont, with a pang no husband should have felt at such a thought, but the little wife never guessed it and it did not harm her. She returned the young lady's call and an intimacy began at once. So that, when the Dumonts went to their place on the Hudson for the summer season, Annie sent a warm invitation to Miss Harland. Ellen thought it over. It was an offer not to be despised by a fashionable girl with a small income. She desired to marry, and hotels at watering-places were expensive. All the men of their set would be at Wilford Dumont's at one time or another. The neighboring residents were people of position. She could dress and flirt to her heart's content, and Wilford could see what a prize he had lost, even while she gave him plainly to understand that she was glad she had escaped the matrimonial yoke. And then she wrote a loving note to Annie and held an interview with the dress maker.

And Wilford Dumont—well he had loved this girl and married Annie because she made him angry. And Annie was so sweet and mild and gentle. And now he was waiting for her coming with a guilty feeling in his heart. He wanted to see her, to sit by her, to hear her sing. As her host he could do this, at least. He went to the depot to drive her home. Annie, had, of course expected him to do that, but she had not expected what had followed; for when they were in the little wagonette side by side, and she turned and looked into his eyes, Wilford Dumont had kissed the girl. It was night, and though the moon was bright, the shady lanes which led to Dumont Park were still and lonely. No human eyes looked down upon them, and their lips had met so often—oh, so often—before.

But Ellen drew back and flushed scarlet and said:
"You forget you are a married man, sir."
And Wilford answered:
"Yes I did forget. Pardon me."
That and nothing more.
Then there was silence, each of these two suffered in a different way, and yet somehow there was much pleasure in the pain.

After this they could not stand on the calm, friendly footing they had both enjoyed. He, at least, meant no wrong. She had hoped that he might be regretful of the past, but had not dreamed that he would dare presume upon it.
For an hour or so after—the evening was over—the long dinner, the music in the parlor, the dark, the walk in the moonlight, with the young wife's arm about her waist—Ellen intended to make about her waist—Ellen intended to make her visit very brief. In a little while however, she changed her mind. She would stay. Yes stay, and this wife, who boasted to her of her husband's

love, should suffer a little also. What was she to come between them? And now all that was evil in Ellen Harland's heart asserted itself, and where evil once abides it grows stronger day by day.
She laughed, she flitted, she danced with other men, but she met Wilford alone by the banks of the river.
She sang duets with this one, looked merrily into the eyes of that, but in the lonely woods she sat by Wilford's side with his arm about her waist.
They talked freely about the past now. He had confessed that she was yet more to him than any other woman; more than his trusting unsuspecting wife. Only that little life stood between them, and often as Ellen looked at Annie, she felt that she would be glad to see her in her coffin.

Yet the end of her visit approached. She must go, since she would have no excuse for lingering, and in her absence might not the wife win the heart of one who already respected and admired her, though his passion was another's? Surely.
So, with the friend's whisper in her ears, Ellen Harland one day walked out alone, making the purchase of some little trifle in the village as an excuse for a solitary hour.
For awhile she battled with her hate for Annie, knowing her to have none but friendly feeling to herself, but it everpowered her at last.

"If that little thing were dead," she said, "I should have Wilford for my own—I should be the lady of the Park—honored, admired, beloved. Now I walk here alone, while she sits my place. If she would but die!"
Then, suddenly—surely, Satan was whispering in her ears—she remembered that she had heard of a drug, which, though an almost instantaneous poison, left little trace and was tasteless. For a moment she trembled and flung the suggestion from her, but Satan is strong. There was a drug store in the village and the proprietor had left a young, empty-pated clerk in charge.
The poison, which would not have been sold by the older man to any stranger without a doctor's prescription, was dealt out without a thought by this boy, and Ellen went home with the tiny package hidden in her bosom.

Annie was watching for her coming from the veranda. She came forward to meet her guest with a sweet smile.
"The others have had lunch," said she "but I waited for you. I have had our little table set in the bow window, with the view of the river. We shall have such a cosy time."
Then she led the way to the dining-room, and tossing her hat and mantle on a sofa the young hostess poured the coffee and handed a cup to her guest, taking one for herself. As that moment some one called from the hall:
"Come, both of you; something to see."
It was only a great pleasure barge going up the river with a picnic party. Ever ready for anything amusing in those idle hours, the household always made a gay pretence of deep interest in these parties.

Annie left the little room. Ellen delayed a minute before she followed. In that little space of time she had emptied the poison into poor Annie's cup of coffee, and thrust the crumpled paper that held it back into her bosom.
Annie returned first. As she seated herself, she happened to notice that the cup she had passed to Ellen was over-filled. It looked untidy, neither had yet been tasted, and with the natural impulse of a careful hostess, Annie changed the cup.
Little did she guess what she was doing. She only desired to set before her guest that which was the neatest. And little did Ellen know what had happened in that brief instant.

She looked to see her rival turn pale. She watched for some token that the poison had begun its work. Instead she herself felt a strange faintness creeping over her, was conscious of a sudden agony. It was brief. The fate she had decreed for the innocent young wife was to be her own, and it came too swiftly to leave much time for thought.
Dying, Ellen Harland understood only that in some way Providence had outwitted her.
"Pray for me," she whispered to Annie, "I dare not pray for myself."
And with her hands held fast between Annie's with Annie's tears falling fast upon her pillow, Ellen died.

They found the crumpled paper with "poison" written on it, in her bosom. The coroner's jury gave a verdict of suicide, and remorse filled Wilford Dumont's heart for he believed that Ellen Harland had killed herself because she could not live without him.
In his trouble he made a sort of confession to his wife. No man ever made full and true one under such circumstances. What Annie gathered from it was, that her own attractions had made him forget those of Ellen Harland, and that the poor girl could not endure the sight of their mutual tenderness; and so to this day she believes, and often goes with her husband to the church yard where Ellen lies, and with her own fair hands plants flowers upon the grave of the woman who would fain have done her to death that she might win for her the husband who, though not as true and perfect as Annie believes him, now loves her very fondly; loves her though he remembers, with a pang, the passionate creature who, as he fancied, died for love of him.

In this world the truth will never be known, and it is better that it should be so.

OFF-HAND TALKS.

BY THE JIM.

THE PARABLE OF NICODEMUS.

Nicodemus, the son of Nohab, the son of Belshazer, the son of Dennis Kearney's grand father, was thirty and nine years old when he began to reign.
And his wife marvelled within herself, and was amazed.
For had she not been boss of the roost for a long while? And was not her Nicodemus the meekest and weakest of mortals?
But Nicodemus opened his mouth and spake unto her, saying, "Verily Maria Jane, I am to be considered the Grand Mogul of this establishment henceforth and forever; yea, even as the monarch ruleth his kingdom, so shall I sway the sceptre over my household, and don't you forget it."

Now Maria Jane waxed wroth, for she desired not to give up the breeches, she had worn so long.
And she marvelled again, for she wist not what had come over this husband of hers, to make him bristle up and show his teeth.
And it came to pass on the second day of the reign of Nicodemus, that his spouse came unto him and spake of an elegant new bonnet, which she had seen in a shop window and besought him to buy it.
And lo! he went by it!
Yet in no other way did he heed her request, for he had sworn in his heart that he would not be ruled by her another day.

And again, on the third day, she went unto him, and besought him saying, "Nick, gimme a ten dollar william; I must buy a new switch."
And he rose up in his anger and made answer, "Go to; get thee behind me! This is entirely too thin. Thou dost only seek to bull to thy husband, and hast no need of a ten dollar william. Get out! I'll be d-d thumped if you get a nickel out of me!"
And behold, there was a great commotion in the household; and the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and stove wood and boot jacks whistled through the air.
And much hair and hairpins were strewn around broadcast over the carpet and the nose of Nicodemus bore strange likenesses unto a skinned tomato.

But it was ordained that Nicodemus should win the victory, and when his enemy was vanquished he straightway flapped his wings and crew.
And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and for seven days and seven nights did Maria Jane refuse to speak words of recognition to her lord.
And thereafter did Nicodemus do pretty much as he saw fit.
And there was no one to say nay.
For his wife trembled and was afraid.
And he sat with his feet upon the piano, and spat upon the stove, and stalked into the parlor with muddy boots; and when he sat him down at the least he did shovel in his green peas on the flat of his knife and no one struck his elbow and said, "Why Nick?"
Neither did he obey the law which said he must repose upon his bed at nine o'clock.

Yes, when he was weary and athirst, he straddled off down to the tavern, and got on the outside of sundry horns of corn-juice.
And many times he came home at one o'clock, A. M., and did stand upon the door-steps, while he proclaimed in a loud voice that his wife had neglected to leave the key hole in the door for him.
But soon the enemy compassed around about, and he knew it not for he was too blind to take a tumbler.
Then, therefore, a spirit appeared unto him in a dream, and warned him saying, "Rise, take up thy grip sack, sharpen thy toe-nails and staid."

And he lingered yet longer, and did

soot at the friendly warning, saying, "Why bearest thou false witness? But-ton up thy lip, for thou art a liar and a horse-theif. I ain't afraid of nobody?"
And he said these things with much vehemence, for he recked not of the things that were.
And it came to pass on the evening of the tenth day, that he journeyed home from his work, and found his mother-in-law in the house.
And he forthwith sassed her and heaped contumely upon her and his wife.
And his mother-in-law was exceedingly wroth, and said unto him, "Lo, thou art a brute. Thou needest some one to snatch-you bald-headed."
And he braced up, and made answer in these words: "Behold this is the tabernacle of Nicodemus, and I am the light thereof; and it thou givest me any unnecessary chin, I will give thee a free pass to the middle of next week."

Now when she had heard these things, she made haste to break a looking-glass over his head, and then said unto him, "It is not meet that thou shouldst rule over the synagogue, for thou hast not brains enough to fill one of my hollow teeth. If thou thinkest to make a Paradise of thy home, when thou art out every Eve, then I must call thee Adam fool; and if thou seekest to defeat me in battle, I am compelled to add: you Cain't spell Abel."
Whereupon, these two great competitors of amiquity grabbed each a poker, and began to play therewith.
And Nicodemus was expert, for he had played poker before—which the same was five-cent ante, in Deacon Stubbs' hay loft.
And he wist not that his mother-in-law was lightning at the same game.
And he was aggrieved, and hung upon his own neck and wept, when he saw that he was a mere kid in this woman's hands.

For it was so writ that the old lady should get the better of him.
And she fell upon him, and smote him hip and thigh, and knocked six teeth down his throat, and punched him one under the chin, and stood him on his head on the corner, and piled a great many chairs and sofas upon him.
And when these things were done, she spake unto him these words: "Nicodemus, you squint-eyed baboon. I've got you foul."
And the voice of Nicodemus was heard crying in the wilderness.
"And it is said, 'Yea, verily, I acknowledge the corn. I throw up the sponge. You are captain of the ship.'"
And it came to pass that the old lady dwelt in the household and ruled with an iron hand, and thumped Nicodemus in the ear every time he forgot his position.
And the reign of Nicodemus was three and seven days, and he was thrown from his throne.—Sunny South.

DEBILITANTS IN COURT.

Some curious stories are related of instances where, under the medieval and ecclesiastical laws of Europe, dumb animals were treated as responsible beings, arrested, brought before courts to answer for crimes and in the meantime were shut up in prison. Witnesses were examined, judgment pronounced; the animal, if found guilty, executed, the offending beast often being dressed in the clothing of a man. Antiquarian law books contain reports of trials of swine, bulls, horses, etc., in public courts for the offense of killing persons, and they were gravely banged for their misdeeds. They had forms for prosecuting beasts too numerous to punish individually. Rats were summoned for devouring the barley of the region; their counsel established a successful defense that their clients had desired to leave the territory but couldn't get away on account of the cats lying in wait for them. In Mayence the Spanish flies, and in Savoy the weevils were indicted at a public trial. Their counsel succeeded in obtaining a decree that a distant territory should be assigned to them to which they might retire. A good precedent for the Colorado potato bug! In Valencia a plague of caterpillars was prosecuted. The points of law raised were so numerous and difficult and the trial was spun out so long that the insects all died before the judgment was pronounced. In Brazil there was a case against swarms of ants; and in early Canada turtle-doves were excommunicated for mischief they had done.

Prince Bismarck.

During the great war between France and Germany Prince Bismarck, "the man of blood and iron," was the actor in an incident of a most suggestive and gentle nature. The Prince is said to be a smoker ardently attached to the "weed." He is reported to have said: "The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance to get another." Most devotees of tobacco in any form, however, are in their bondage to it, and to be miser-

able if deprived of it. It is said that Bismarck had cherished his last cigar all through a battle, in glad anticipation of the luxury in store for him, when he suddenly and gladly deprived himself of the smoke-giving solace. In his own words: "I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated the chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets, and found that I had only gold—and that would be of no use to him. But stay; I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

Gleanings.

Ships are frequently on speaking terms, and they lie to.
Some men can't take cold without blowing about it.
Dr. Mary Walker is among the White Mountains where her costume is shown to be eminently adapted to climb it.
A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his power as an elephant.
If a man's horses should lose their tails why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't retail them.
Good nature extracts sweetness from everything with which it comes in contact, as the bee extracts honey from every flower which it visits.
Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the girl in the dark. You may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.
In drinking the "good health" of your friends, take care you don't get too much in the habit of swallowing your own.

A boy will dig over a square rod of garden ground for fish bait, and yet he could not be hired to work on a six foot onion bed.
About the only thing an American will go to any great trouble about is the age of his grandmother. He will make her older than any one else's grandmother if lying can do it.
Duced queer how men differ about different things. When a man hooks a lot of fish he will brag of it for three days, and when he hooks a lot of apples he hasn't a word to say about it.
Alexander H. Stephens is reported to be in better health than for years past. He can now sit on a hotel piazza at the seaside without paper weights on his coat-tails.
A Philadelphia woman can hold a croquet ball between her upper and lower teeth. But she has to take her teeth out and holds one set in each hand.
When a fellow pops the question to a Maine girl instead of blushing and looking at her feet she throws her arms about his neck and begins to talk about the furniture.

An old judge of the New York Supreme Court, meeting a friend in a neighboring village, exclaimed: "Why! what are you doing here?" "I am at work trying to make an honest living." "Then you'll succeed," said the judge, "for you'll have no competition."
They don't ring bells to let people know when the theatre or circus opens, and yet nobody gets there too late. But to get folks to church there has to be a clanging of dismal sounding bells enough to shatter the nerves of an invalid and to make the wellst man feel sick.
"If you was a man, Jimmie," said a little shaver to his chum, "who would you vote for, Hancock or Garfield?" "I'd go with the biggest procession, you bet." —New Haven Register. That boy will probably grow up to be the editor of an independent paper.—Phil News.

A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said: "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hinckley's gunlet."

When James T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office in New York, he took a basement room, which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone, I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded Brady. "And what do you sell," he said, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Bread," responded Brady. "Bread?" said the Irishman. "Yes, must be doing a mighty fine business, eh? You ain't got but one left."

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