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## THE GLEANER

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## Poetry.

**WHICHER**  
Spurn the woman she is gaitty;  
Let the man go free;  
She is sinful, he but human,  
We can all agree.  
This the verdict that we render  
In the courts below.  
Never asking 'U' in heaven  
Says the Master so?  
We can listen all unheeding,  
To her plaintive moan,  
To her frantic, hopeless pleading  
And her dying groan,  
For the sins of fallen woman  
Nothing can atone,  
'We are all done,' thus we reason,  
'Cast the first stone.'  
But with tender words and glances  
Goes him, press his hand;  
Show him how much loving favor  
He may still command.  
Should he ask us for our daughter,  
Gladly we'll consent;  
He is rich his rank is noble,  
We are well content.  
What if he has crushed forever  
One poor bleeding heart?  
He was but the victim of that  
Wicked woman's art.  
He the tempter, she the tempted,  
In the sight of heaven:  
Ere on earth for her judgement,  
All to him forgiven.  
Philadelphia July 14th, 1880. E.

**THE THREE LOAVES.**  
The day was bitter in Cornwall village  
As winter days most generally are  
In that Alpine town, and though the sun  
Was bright, its rays were as cheerless  
And chill as moonbeams.  
Wild gusts whistled through the street  
Breathing icicles and frost in their  
Frenzied course, and driving everything  
Away to seek shelter from its biting,  
Penetrating breath. And yet not every  
One was sheltered from its pillage-gale,  
For he who had work to do or business  
to transact was summoned by inexorable  
fate to come forth to his post, or else  
when the day of reckoning came abide  
the consequences.  
But, with such exceptions as these,  
the mass population generally sought  
the warm and friendly atmosphere of  
the drinking saloons where 'hot Scotch',  
and a glowing furnace they managed  
to keep themselves from freezing.  
Of these luckless exceptions Abe  
Denning the baker, was one. In sunshine  
or storm, hail, rain, or snow, people  
most eat—eat in fact all the more  
voraciously because it does not rain or snow,  
as if to perpetrate an unreasonable joke  
upon the baker, who especially in  
appetizing weather, must see to it that  
his customer's hunger be properly stored  
with the rare and best of the productions  
of his oven.  
Even such weather as this did not  
deter Mr. Denning from attending to the  
wants of customers with the assiduity  
and attention characteristic of his class.  
While disappearing into a house with an  
armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen  
years of age emerged from a miners  
cabin near by, and first casting a wild  
and hurried glance about her, rushed to  
the bakers cart, and had just abstracted  
therefrom three loaves of bread, and  
was carrying them off, when the baker  
returned and caught her in the act.  
Unfortunately an officer was passing  
at the time and the baker, on the spur  
of the moment, and without giving the  
case that consideration which he otherwise  
might have given, gave her in custody on  
the charge of theft. The girl without any  
attempt at expostulation or explanation,  
burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient  
evidence, perhaps, that she was but a  
novice in the art of stealing.  
'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'do not take me  
in this way. Let me wrap a shawl  
around my head, or the people will know  
me.'  
The officer consenting, accompanied  
her to the cabin, while the baker drove  
away, telling the policeman he would  
be in court the next day to prefer the  
charge before the police court.  
The officer on entering found no one  
in the cabin but three children—the  
youngest about 3 years old and the eldest  
6. The hut was cold and cheerless; there  
was no fire. The two elder children,  
alarmed at the presence of an officer,  
exhibited discolored eyes and faces,  
which bore evidence of suffering and recent  
tears; while little Willie the youngest,  
was crying and inappreciable, moaning  
aimlessly around the cabin, looking into  
the empty closets and putting his hands  
mechanically into the empty dishes on  
the table.  
'What made you steal the bread, my  
girl?' asked the officer.  
At the mention of the word 'bread',  
little Willie looked tearfully and pitifully  
in the man's face. The girl hugged the  
little fellow frantically in her arms, cov-  
ering him with tears and kisses.  
'Oh my poor little brother!' she cried  
bitterly. 'What will become of you now?'  
and identified the defendant as the thief.  
The officer testified to the famishing  
condition in which he found the children,  
but said not a syllable about what he  
had done to relieve them.  
Poor Lena stood trembling before the  
Judge; thereupon a miser rustled  
through the crowd and stood before the  
bench, eyeing the Judge with a deprecating  
look.  
'I declare to the Almighty, Judge,'  
said he, 'I never knowed the fate of Jim  
Dawson's children and if I did—'  
He dropped a twenty into Lena's trem-  
bling hand.  
'You jest knowed as much about it as  
other folks,' exclaimed another miser,  
excitedly, walking up and putting another  
twenty into the girl's hand with an  
indignant air that flung back any latent  
suspicions that he knew anything of the  
children's distress any more than any-  
body else.  
Here Long Alec so called on ac-  
count of height and size—slid timidly  
and basily up to Lena's side.  
'Leedy,' he said in a half whisper, hold  
your pinafore, and he slipped two twen-  
ties into her apron, and he slid back be-  
hind the crowd into the corner and hold-  
ing his hat to his face glanced timidly  
around to see that he was completely out  
of sight.  
Then came Wabbling Joe, who was  
far more bashful than Long Alec, but  
put on a bold face and laughed and talk-  
ed loud to make all believe that he was  
not bashful at all.  
'Judge,' said Wabbling Joe, laughing  
and nodding familiarly at the Court, to  
disarm that functionary of possible rigor  
in the trial of the case in hand—'Judge,  
let the girl slide. She ain't done nothin'  
but what you or I would do if we were  
hungry.'  
And poor Lena was once more the  
recipient of another present.  
The Court held down his head and  
smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's de-  
fense of the accused; but immediately  
recovering gravely, said:  
'Gentleman, I appreciate your liberality  
and generous sympathy for the young  
offender; and I am particularly impres-  
sed with the ingenious defense made by  
my friend, Wabbling Joe,—here a good  
natured laugh escaped the whole crowd;  
as if to put the judge in a good humor—  
'out,' continued his Honor, 'whatever  
might be the sympathies of the Court of  
the sad condition of the accused, there is  
a public duty to be performed, and the  
case must therefore proceed. What is  
your name, my girl?' asked the Court.  
'They call me Lena Dawson, sir,' was  
the reply.  
'Call you Lena Dawson! And I sup-  
pose Lena Dawson is your name, is it  
not?' observed the Judge.  
'No, sir, it ain't,' returned the girl.  
'My father died when I was only 3 years  
old, and my mother got married to Mr.  
Dawson some time afterward. My pros-  
per name is Madeline Winters, but they  
called me Lena, for short.'  
'Madeline Winters! Where were you  
born?' asked the Judge.  
'In Dodson, sir,' was the reply.  
'In Dodson,' echoed the Court, in  
a voice of still deeper gravity than be-  
fore.  
'And what was your mother's maiden  
name, do you know?'  
'Madeline Moses, sir,' responded Lena.  
'Madeline Moses! My God! My God!  
She was my sister!  
And Judge Moses, overcome with emo-  
tion, bowed his head on the desk, while  
a torrent of tears flowed down his face.  
Just as the crowd in obedience to the  
dictates of delicacy, were emerging from  
the Police Court, to let Uncle and niece  
indulge the sacred joy of mutual recog-  
nition, Jim Dawson appeared at the  
door, having just returned from his pros-  
pect, pouring in Eureka, and, with an  
innate sense of propriety that did honor  
to his acquaintances, who were all  
rejoiced to see him, was quietly per-  
mitted to see his relatives inside.

**MAKING THE BAY.**  
(Little Rock Gazette)  
'My wife hez jes presented me wid de  
Bues' boy in dis country,' said black Bill  
entering a magistrate's office, taking off  
his hat and singing perspiration from  
his brow with a crooked forefinger.  
'Yes gen'le-eh,' he went on 'de Bues'  
cille I ober seed. An' hez jes got a  
twenty-dollar gold piece right heaz  
to gin ter de man what can guess  
what I hez named him. Ter keep yer  
from spreadin ober de whole niverse ob  
names, I will state dat hit is a Bible  
name.'  
'Abraham,' guessed some one.  
'No sah.'  
'Paul.'  
'No sah.'  
'Job.'  
'Guess agin.'

This man is going to take your Lena  
away with him.  
Here the child threw his arms around  
her neck as if to detain her by force,  
while the other two children screamed  
fit to break their hearts.  
The officer, suspecting the actual state  
of things, began to cough convulsively;  
but instead of applying his hand to his  
chest or throat, as people usually do  
on such occasions, he applied his handker-  
chief to his eyes.  
'Is there no coal or nothing at all to  
eat in this house?' said he in a gurgling  
sort of voice.  
'No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!' re-  
plied the girl wringing her hands, 'and  
poor Willie and the rest of us have had  
nothing at all to eat since yesterday  
morning.'  
Here the officer had another hard fit  
of coughing, and went away saying that  
he would be back in a short time.  
'Is the man gone for bread?' asked the  
oldest of the children.  
'Hush, Mollie, dear,' said Lena. I  
don't know what he has gone for. He's  
not a bad man anyhow for he has not  
arrested me, as I thought he would.  
In a very few minutes the officer re-  
turned, with his arms full of bread and  
groceries, not forgetting some cakes  
and condiments for the smallest children  
while another man at his heels carried a  
big sack of coal on his back.  
At the sight of the bread the children  
screamed with delight, while the officer  
now laughed, now coughed, and fre-  
quently applied his handkerchief to his  
face to wipe off the perspiration, as it  
were.  
While Lena cut up large slices of bread  
and helped the children and herself, the  
two men set to work and made a large  
fire in the stove, the glow of which soon  
diffused warmth and comfort through  
the cabin.  
They cooked the meal, and made tea,  
and spread a steaming meal on the table  
for the four orphans while they carved  
and attended to their wants until they  
were fully satisfied.  
Happy, happy childhood, whose pro-  
prietaries are innocence, truth and joy!  
The children after their dinner did not  
look like the same children at all. Their  
faces were bright and joyous, happy and  
handsome and in a few minutes they  
were playing and laughing and romping  
as happy as if they had never felt the  
pangs of hunger.  
'And now,' said the officer delighted  
at seeing the children so happy, 'sit down  
and answer me a few questions. Have  
you no father or mother?'  
'We have no mother,' was Lena's re-  
ply. She died about a year ago, and  
father went to Eureka to work about  
eight months ago, and we hadn't seen  
him ever since that time.  
'What was your father's name?'  
'Dawson—Jim Dawson.'  
And has he sent you no money—noth-  
ing?'  
'Nothing. Never heard of him since  
he went away. But when he was going  
he left us a bag of flour and lots of  
groceries and things, as much as would  
last us for six months, and he'd be sure  
and be back before the provisions would  
be all out.'  
'And you got no letter from him at  
all?'  
'Not one,' replied Lena with a deep  
sigh.  
Poor Dawson had written to his chil-  
dren, however, but postal communi-  
cation being at that time very irregular  
and uncertain in the silver State, the  
children did not receive his letters.  
'Well, I must go now,' said the officer,  
after a pause, 'but I will call for you to-  
morrow and you'll have to accompany  
me to the police office, for I must do my  
duty, you know. Good bye.'  
And Lena Dawson was left alone with  
her little brother and sister. She felt  
sad and lonesome after the departure of her  
kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of  
childhood soon gained the ascendancy,  
and before bedtime the orphans were as  
happy as any group of children in Corn-  
wall village.

**GLACTIONS.**  
A man must be a mutton head to be  
always talking about the weather.  
The strength of many politicians lies  
in the fact that they keep mum.  
I, Tollyoso is one of the most know-  
ing men in the country, though to be  
sure he is a little late.  
It is strange how much better a pho-  
tographer can take a picture to hang in  
a show case than he can for a customer.  
'What on earth takes you off to the  
stables so early every morning lately?'  
asked a woman of her husband. 'Car-  
ry hostly.'  
A Connecticut man recently said:  
'Lend me a dollar. My wife has left  
me, and I want to advertise that I am  
not responsible for her debts.'  
A man was wasted in substance on  
liver arousers, stomach tonics and anti-  
leban remedies, but at least concluded to  
try a short course of victuals.  
It strains a young man more to have  
a 140 pound girl sit on his knee fifteen  
minutes than it does to load hay all day  
but he is perfectly willing to be  
strained.  
'What,' says an inquisitive young  
lady, 'is the most popular color for a  
bird?' 'We may be a little particular  
in such matters, but we should prefer a  
white one.'  
A ton of gold makes a fraction over  
half million dollars, and when a man  
says his wife is worth her weight in  
gold, and she weighs 120 pounds she is  
worth \$30,000.  
'Women, quoth Jones, "are the salt  
of life, at once the bo' and a blessing."  
'In one way they're salad indeed,' re-  
plied Brown; 'they take so much time  
in their dressing.'  
An Ichthyophagous Crab has been  
started in New York. It is calculated  
to ruin the reputation of any husband  
who goes home late at night and tries to  
tell where he has been.  
A Western girl visited a music store  
and asked for 'The Heart-Bill-Dawn  
with Greens and Care,' and 'When I  
Swallowed Home-made Peas.' The  
clerk at once recognized what she de-  
sired.  
'What's the matter my dear?' said  
a kind wife to her husband, who had sat  
for half an hour with his face buried in  
his hands, and apparently in great tribu-  
lation. 'Oh, I don't know; I've felt  
like a fool all day.'  
'Well,' said his  
wife, consolingly, 'you look the very  
picture of what you feel.'  
It came into the sanctum with a  
large roll of manuscript under his arm  
and said very politely: 'I have a little  
trifle here about the beautiful  
sunset yesterday, which I would like in-  
serted if you have room.' 'Empty of  
room. Just insert it yourself,' replied  
the editor, gently pushing the waste  
basket toward him.  
A scientist says 50,000,000 stars  
glimmer in the firmament. Will some  
one of our readers please count the stars  
and inform us how near this scientist  
is correct in his figures? If the count  
can be made in one evening, the enu-  
merator should make a chalk mark  
where he leaves off, in order to know  
where to commence the next night;  
otherwise he may count some stars  
twice.  
The Latin term for cod-liver oil is  
'oleum iacoris aselli.' A doctor pre-  
scribed it for an old lady the other day,  
and, as usual, in his prescription ab-  
reviated the terms, which read, 'R.  
Ole. As. oz. li.' A friend of the old  
lady congratulated him upon her resto-  
ration to health, when she said, 'Yes,  
it was that beautiful medicine, the oil  
of Jackass, that brought me to my feet  
again.'  
Freshman—'Please, sir, did I pass  
in—?' Professor—'Well, no, I'm sorry  
to say you didn't quite come up to the  
mark.' Freshman—'Thank you,  
sir' (in starts out stalling all over, as  
if highly delighted). Professor—'Ex-  
cuse me, Mr. —, I'm afraid you  
misunderstood me. I said you hadn't  
passed.' Freshman—'Oh! I don't  
care anything about that, I've won my  
bet all the same.'  
'What kind is large enough to carry a  
man?'  
'A little girl held up her hand, and  
said—'  
'I know; a lark.'  
'Oh, no!' said the teacher. 'Larks are  
not large enough to carry men.'  
'Yes, they are,' said the youngster.  
'My papa goes away for two or three  
days, and my mama says he's gone off  
on a lark.'  
Said the distinguished Chatham to  
his son: 'I would have inscribed upon  
the curtains of your bed, and the walls  
of your chamber, "If you do not rise  
early, you cannot make progress in any-  
thing." If you do not set apart your  
hours of reading, if you suffer yourself  
or any one else to break in upon them,  
your days will slip through your hands  
unprofitable and unnumbered by your-  
self.'

**CATS AND DRIED PEACHES.**  
Down at Howell the other day an old  
woman about seventy years old boarded  
a Detroit, Lansing and Northern train to  
come to Detroit. Her baggage consisted  
of a large covered basket, and she  
wouldn't allow any hand to take it from  
her. She had scarcely got seated when  
the passengers were startled by a loud  
'Me-ow!' in the car, quickly followed by  
a 'per-wow' and other 'wows' too num-  
erous to mention. While all were  
searching to discover the cat the old lady  
sat stiff as a poker and looked straight  
ahead at the stewardess. The sounds con-  
tinued, and a passenger finally peered  
around until he located the cat in her  
basket.  
'Madam, are you taking that cat from  
one county to another?' he asked.  
'What cat?' she snapped.  
'Don't you know that under the laws  
of this State,' he went on, 'a person who  
removes a full-grown cat from one county  
to another, without the written per-  
mission of the Swamp Land Commis-  
sioners is liable to a fine of \$100?'  
'Good lands! but I didn't know that?'  
she exclaimed, as she faced around.  
'Women don't keep tracks of the laws  
as men do,' he said. 'Personally, I'd  
like to see you take that cat through to  
Detroit, but there may be some one on  
this train just mean enough to inform  
against you and have you arrested. I'd  
let her out if I were you.'  
'Yes, I will, for I don't want to break  
any laws at my age.'  
She fumbled around the basket for a  
minute, and all of a sudden a cat jumped  
out. She alighted on the head of the man  
who put up the job, gave him several  
sharp digs, and then leaped from one  
to another like a squirrel, biting, splitting  
and clawing as she went. Everybody  
rose up and yelled—everybody but the  
old woman. She sat like a statue, afraid  
of being suspected. When the train had  
gone the length of the car she turned to  
an open window and shot out like a bullet,  
landing right-side up and making  
tracks for a barn in a field.  
'Who brought the cat aboard? I de-  
mand the name of the person who allowed  
the cat to board a man whose head had  
felt her claws until the blood ran.'  
No one answered. Several passengers  
looked straight at the old woman, who  
stood it for a minute and then lifted up  
her basket and called.  
'If any body wants to look among the  
dried peaches in this basket for cats he  
can do so; you needn't all look at me as if  
I lived in the woods and didn't keep posted  
on law!'

**THE BIBLE.**  
(From the Washington Star.)  
The revision of the Bible, which has  
just been completed in England, and  
has been in progress ten years, and the  
most learned biblical scholars of the  
world have taken part in it. The work  
has been in charge of the Queen's  
printer, who has borne the expenses amount-  
ing to over \$100,000. Under the British  
laws none but the Queen's printer is al-  
lowed to publish the Bible, and thus this  
will give him a monopoly in the issue  
and sale of the revised works in that  
country. But he cannot enjoy any such  
protection in the United States because  
no copyright can be obtained that will  
cover this work. Several American  
publication societies have voluntarily  
agreed that they will not pirate the re-  
vision, but it is quite likely that some  
publisher, who is not so conscientious,  
will seize upon this profitable field of  
labor. Naturally there is a great desire  
in this country to see and read the re-  
vision, and the first who put copies of  
the new Bible on the market will un-  
doubtedly find ready sale for them.