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6-1880, ly.

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Medicine and Surgery,
Pure and fresh drugs always on hand.
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Poetry.

Written for THE GLEANER.
THE RESULT.
BY JOR.

It has been so through all my life,
When I've dared my love to owe;
Some other fellow got a wife,
And the loss I've had to mourn.
And yet I've often lived to see,
Losses blessings in disguise,
And still rejoice that I am free,
And my rival won the prize.

So I will never more complain,
Let what luck may betide me
Nor leave my heart at any shrine
Unless my reason fail me.
For it doth often happen so,
Hearts and eyes deceive us,
And when we give to let them go
Twas heaven that relieved us.

ADDING THE KENNY.

I can't, I won't, I'm not going to—so there.

To a person unacquainted with the Gregory family, the above singular protestation would seem not only very cross and impertinent, but decidedly uncalled for.

Grandma Gregory, in the most mellifluous of tones, and with her sweetest company smile, was simply suggesting to her daughter Gertrude, the propriety of putting up her back hair.

But you are seventeen years old," the lady urged, to all appearance quite undisturbed by her companion's reply.

"Grandma, I shall not be seventeen till next Saturday," the young lady answered with flashing eyes, and it don't make any difference how old I am. When I went to Mrs. Graham's party, I said that my hair would never get on top of my head again unless it went there itself. My head aches now with those old tongs of hairpins that that hairdresser stuck through my scalp. I wish my head was as bald as old Mr. Tomlinson's; then I should be let alone."

You are very tall of your age, my dear," grandma began again, in the same ungrinned manner, and for certain occasions—such for instance, as Carrie Shelville's wedding to-morrow night—the arrangement of your hair as your own good taste will tell you, should correspond with your dress. There must be harmony in these things, else we might as well be barbarians."

"There'll never be any harmony about me, grandma, inside or out, if I have got to be badgered all the time about my back hair, and how I enter and leave a room, and how I behave when I go to those hateful dinner parties which nobody but an ante-bellum can enjoy, why, then, grandma, you might as well give me up, for I shall never do you or papa the least credit."

"Just consider a moment, Gertry," grandma began again. "Do you think your hair, arranged as it is now, in a braid at the back of your neck, will be in keeping with your white silk dress?"

"No, grandma, I don't suppose it will; but I'm not to blame for that. I wanted a blue silk, or a white muslin, such as girls of my age wear; but you bought the white silk, and what could I do? The discrepancy will be in this grandma—that my dress will be old enough for a lady twice my age, and my hair will be just as old as I am."

Grandma's patience did seem of the elastic kind, for even now, after all this provocation, she proceeded to argue the case in her most cheerful and smiling manner.

"Only care," she said "to have your dress as becomingly as possible. You took a veritable full-fledged young lady, my dear, and the costume that would be suitable for many girls of your age would be in very bad taste for you. I hope you will acquire of any responsibility for your outgrowth of short skirts and pinnares, my dear."

For a moment Gertrude did not speak. She stood before the library fire, looking down among the glowing coals, apparently in deep thought.

Finally she said with a keener glance at her grandmother:

"I heard you and papa talking about Court Bentley last night."

"Yes, my love, the old lady replied, giving the last smoothing touch to a new lilac glove she was trying on.

"Well, grandma," said Gertrude, "if Court Bentley comes to this house to make a visit you needn't expect me to be polite to him. I believe Grandma Gregory, that the reason that the reason you have taken to talking so much about my back hair, and my style generally, is because you want me to look sufficiently mature for that traveled gentleman to take particular notice of me. It won't work worth a cent, grandma, because I shall tell him age as soon as he sets foot in the house, and I shall wear my hair down

unfettered by braid, ribbon or comb, and I shall endeavor to look and behave just as much like a wild Indian as possible."

"Allow me to inquire Gertrude," and now there was a trifling change in the old lady's manner, as she carefully drew the glove from her sharply hand, "why you should single Mr. Bentley, out of our large circle of friends and acquaintances, for the savage exhibition you speak of? I confess to some curiosity strange as it may seem."

"Because," the girl replied with a blush of vexation, "you and papa have talked so much about Court Bentley's pretensions, and Court Bentley's fortune, and when you have grown very much interested, have looked me over so critically, for all the world like a milliner when she is selecting the shade best suited to one's complexion, and then your talk for the last few months about the beauty and safety of early marriages, combined with your anxiety about my back hair—all these things I have put together and added up, and my figures tell the truth and you know it."

"I shall give you an opportunity soon to be satisfied of yourself," said the old lady, quietly, "when I inform you that the gentleman you speak of is engaged to a lady in Berlin. You will perhaps see the propriety of doing your sum over again, with a view of correcting its former mistakes."

"Oh, Grandma Gregory!" Gertrude exclaimed, her sweet face radiant with delight, "you may rize me now just as you please, you can hoist my back hair to my eyebrows, and fasten it on with spikes, and I'll never say a word, and I'll forgive you for ever planning about me you naughty, designing grandma, because I know you did, and papa too."

At this juncture a servant entered and presented a card to Mrs. Gregory. With a critical glance at her granddaughter who had thrown herself into an arm-chair by the fire to think it all over, the old lady ordered the visitor shown in, and the next moment a gentleman of most distinguished appearance entered the room.

Grandma's greeting was very kind, and the visitor seemed sincerely glad to see his old friend again.

"This," said Mrs. Gregory, leading the gentleman to Gertrude, "is the little girl you used to tease so long ago, and who I suppose has quite outgrown your remembrance. Mr. Bentley—Gertrude."

"Indeed, no," the gentleman replied, "she has grown quite tall, to be sure, but I should judge, Mrs. Gregory, if I may be pardoned the remark, that your granddaughter has not outgrown her mischief."

"Quite correct," said grandma. "I think not."

Gertrude replied, with a blushing smile:

"I do not remember you, Mr. Bentley though, if you will excuse me, I should not be afraid to hazard the remark that you have held on to your hair also."

Court Bentley was twenty nine, and looked twenty-five, and Gertrude, as she conversed in her unaffected and ladylike manner, was not quite seventeen, and looked twenty.

Grandma was the picture of serene contentment as she listened to the pleasant chatter; and once, as Gertrude surprised a peculiar expression on the old lady's face, all her old suspicion returned for a moment; but as she had never known her grandmother, with all her tact and diplomacy, to tell a falsehood, she dismissed the thought as unworthy, and gave herself up to the pleasure of entertainment.

The next evening Gertrude, in a white silk dress, her hair, a la mode, was escorted to the wedding by Mr. Bentley. She had kept her promise to her grandmother, but she felt altogether over-dressed and uncomfortable.

Her own ideas in regard to what she should wear on all occasions were excellent and her taste unexceptionable, and now she grew more distrustful and unhappy.

Her companion, noting the change in her manner, whispered laughingly to her as they took their seats in one of the front pews in the large church:

"You seem out of tune, Miss Gertrude. Is it envy of the bride or dissatisfaction with your escort?"

Gertrude's eyes flashed—they had been ready to flash ever since the hairdresser began his work—and replied considerably above a whisper:

"You are all that is desirable, Mr. Bentley—at least I suppose so—though I have not had enough of attention from gentlemen to be really able to tell. And as for Carrie Shelville, who is going to marry a man ever so much older than she is just for money, I don't think I feel anything just now but contempt for her."

"She may love him, Miss Gertrude, notwithstanding the damaging fact of his fortune," Mr. Bentley ventured to respond a little satirically.

"Fudge!" said Gertrude, with a curl of her lip.

Since you are satisfied with me, and not jealous of the bride, Miss Gertrude, may I enquire why you appear so—"

"Gross?" his companion interrupted. "You had better ask why I came to this wedding, Mr. Bentley."

"Well, why did you?"

"To show off my new dress and the arrangement of my top knot, sir, and for no other reason in the world, unless indeed it might be that I was expected to come."

"Oh!" said the gentleman, with a peculiar mystification of countenance and tone which for a moment seemed to quite restore the young lady's good spirits.

An hour later, at the reception, Gertrude, who was sipping a cup of coffee and chatting gayly with her new friend, heard her father, who with her grandmother had seats directly behind her, remark cautiously—indeed the ears they were intended for scarcely caught the tones:

"He says there isn't the slightest truth in that report we heard."

Mr. Bentley went to get an ice for his companion, and on his return Miss Gertrude was no where to be seen.

"She has gone to have a chat with the bride," Mr. Gregory explained; but the gentleman's manner of looking about the room seemed to Mr. Bentley, to contradict the statement.

However there was nothing to do but wait, and this Court Bentley decided to do with an excellent grace. He talked European politics with an elderly Englishman, and chatted with a matronly French lady, introduced by Mrs. Gregory, in the lady's own language, much to her delight.

When it was time to go, Mrs. Gregory went in search of the trunk, and Mr. Bentley did not see her again until he offered her his arm to the carriage.

Grandmother had been lecturing. That was plain, for Gertrude's cheeks were painfully flushed, and her hand trembled as it touched his arm.

Mr. Bentley wondered what it all meant, as who would not? but he said very pleasantly as he took his seat beside her:

"You saw the bride off, I suppose, Miss Gertrude?"

"No, I didn't," she answered, perverely, and then, leading forward to address her father: "Papa, do you know that Carrie Shelville—I mean Mrs. Night—lacks a month of being as old as I am."

"She looks quite mature," Mr. Gregory replied.

"And I suppose you think that is enough," Gertrude resumed in a higher key. "Mr. Bentley," she continued, "what do you think of the way that girls are driven into unsuitable marriages these days?"

"I thought Miss Gertrude, these days that young ladies did about as they pleased," the gentleman answered.

"I am not talking of young ladies," was the petulant reply, "but the girls of my age."

"Pardon me Miss Gertrude," said Mr. Bentley, "but I was not aware that girls went into society in New York."

This was a hard hit, but his companion was equal to the situation.

"Well they do," she replied, "if they happen to talk and look mature, as papa says. A girl might prefer playing with dolls to going into society; but that wouldn't make any difference if her folks had reasons of their own for pushing her out, and she happened to be tall enough to hitch a train to, and smartward enough not to break her neck with it."

By this time Mr. Bentley was nearly convulsed with laughter.

"This girl—whatever she was pleased to call herself—was certainly the most original and straightforward specimen he had ever met. He knew that her father and grandmother were bursting with rage, and this only increased his merriment.

"I sometimes think Gertrude considers herself a martyr," Mrs. Gregory remarked, in her most indifferent manner.

By this time they reached home, and Gertrude's "Oh grandma" was the beginning and end of her indignant reply.

She knew, and so did Court Bentley, that the old lady had planned this moment for the delivery of the few words which were intended to believe him in reference to her granddaughter's opinion of her own grievances.

The next morning Gertrude appeared at the breakfast table in a light blue

cashmere, trimmed girlishly, with velvet and her magnificent brown hair hanging loose on her back, as she had threatened, only she had managed to fasten it on the neck, so that its wanderings were considerably circumscribed.

"The effect was fine and almost startling," Court Bentley was afraid he should make himself obnoxious by his frequent glances in her direction; but in all his travels he had never seen a prettier picture, and Court Bentley was ever appreciative of the beautiful in both nature and art.

Grandma Gregory did her best to be social, but the figure opposite was evidently too much for even her serenity, and the old lady's breakfast was not a success.

"Will you be very much vexed if I pay you a compliment this morning, Miss Gertrude?" Mr. Bentley asked.

Mr. Gregory and his mother had left the dining-room and he and Gertrude were alone.

"That's according," she replied, good naturedly.

"Well, then," the gentleman resumed, "I am quite in love with your morning toilet; and if I were in your place I would wear blue dresses and my hair on my back all the time."

"Do you like this?" Gertrude inquired, a comical expression overspreading her face. "I am sure I didn't think you would," she added.

"Then you must have considered me a man of very poor taste," Mr. Bentley replied. "If I were a little nearer your age, Miss Gertrude," he continued, "I might infer from your words that you had made your toilet this morning with a view to my disliking it."

Gertrude looked very much amused, and with a curious glance at her companion said:

"One would suppose you were an octogenarian, Mr. Bentley."

"I presume I must be nearly twenty years older than you, Miss Gertrude," he answered gravely. "I am twenty-nine, and calling you twelve—pardon me if these figures are too large—you see there that is a great deal."

"Well I declare!" the young lady exclaimed with flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks. "You must have a singular opinion of my father and grandmother if you think they would allow me to wear a train, and my hair on top of my head, as if I were only twelve years old. I shall be seventeen to-morrow, who continued, making a low obeisance; and what induced you to think I was only twelve. I am sure I can't understand."

"I beg your pardon," the gentleman replied carelessly; "but I presume I received my impression from your remarks last evening, as we returned from the wedding."

Gertrude had no time to answer, for just here her father entered the room, and shortly after the two gentlemen started down town.

"Well, Gertrude," said grandma, as they found themselves alone once more, "what is your programme to-day? Will you stay at home and play with your dolls, or may I have the pleasure of your company on a shopping tour?"

"This was too much, and Gertrude walked out of the room without a word, and was seen no more that day. The next morning the young lady's hair was knotted at the back of her pretty head, and Mr. Bentley thought her "even more bewitching than the morning previous."

"I made several inquiries for you last night, Miss Gertrude," Mr. Bentley remarked, as he was once more left alone with his young hostess; but no one seemed to know anything about you. If you had not made up your mind about your hair I might have thought you had gone to bed like other children."

"Mr. Bentley do you want me to despise you?" Gertrude inquired, looking her companion straight in the eye.

"Miss Gertrude!" Mr. Bentley exclaimed with a start not at all assumed.

"Because if you do," the girl went on, "you can't keep twisting me of the past I have plenty of that to bear with grandma. I don't believe you thought yesterday morning that I was twelve years old, when you said so, so innocently; and I don't think that was very nice of you—though, I suppose it was quite smart, and just what I deserved. I do think I have been pushed forward too much, Mr. Bentley, and I do believe in girls being allowed to enjoy their girlhood. I shall never wear my hair stringing on my back again though!" Then after a pause which her companion could not see his way clear to break: "Papa said, Mr. Bentley that you wanted me to go with you to the opera to-night. I should like to go very much, thank you—and extended her hand—if you won't make fun of me. I think I shall like you very much; and I don't see why we can't be good friends, notwithstanding the tremendous differences in our ages."

"I don't think that Mr. Bentley could very well resist kissing the fair little hand she extended so frankly, and as she did not make any fuss about it, I do not see why we should."

A year afterward on the young lady's eighteenth birthday, grandma inquired, with a peculiar smile about her still home some months. "Then you don't think Gertrude that you are too young to be engaged to Court Bentley? You will have to leave your dolls you know."

"Grandma," said Gertrude with the old omnifariousness of her beautiful eyes, "that is a very aged and very stale joke. I don't see how you can get up a night or two you might produce something original. Grandma laughed and said no more; but had she not carried her point?

Greatings.

Water, when it becomes steam, is expanded 1,700 times its original bulk.

A man's greatness is in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

No man ever offended his conscience, but first or last it was revenged on him for it.

A small boy and gun are harmless when apart, but they make terrific combination.

It takes a whole legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

A strong man is one whose passions stimulate his reason, and whose reason controls his passions.

A mighty Philadelphia paper says the late marriage of an Illinois girl to a negro was a case of color blindness.

A beggar set up business the other day with a small sign reading "Help Wanted."

The ord'nary strength of an elephant is calculated as equal to that of 147 men.

The area of arable lands in the United States is estimated at 1,500,000,000 square miles.

In the first transports of delight the happy father rushed into the room exclaiming, "I've got a son, it's a boy!"

An Iowa girl walked sixteen miles to buy her set of frozes to wear to a pumpkin pie social, and yet no one called her a heroine or suggested a medal.

The test of bravery among the Georgia negroes is to see who can hold a hot potato in his grasp the longest. It is a great deal better than fighting or fleeing.

Atmospheric air is so heavy that its weight upon the body is 15 lbs. to the square inch. People can understand now why it is so hard to raise the wind.

A sentimental young man thus feebly expresses himself, "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she clothe women with pins."

Charles Hartman, Toledo, Ohio, says: "I know I cured me, and I hope others similarly troubled with pain in the chest may be helped by the 'Only Lung Pad' as I have. See Advs."

The editor was mad enough to kill somebody when he found out that a singular mistake his foreman had put the heading "What We Eat" over an editorial telling how to feed hogs.

A man gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one he may have trouble; and some men have come to tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow!

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing one of his subjects to take up an other. "Then I make it spades, yelled a man from the gallery who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre.

A gentleman who attended the fair in Atlanta says the exhibition consisted of a bull and a pumpkin, and that the bull eat the pumpkin Wednesday night, and jumped out of the grounds and broke up the fair.

"I understand," said a Calvertonite, corder, "that you are a confirmed drunkard. 'But what you are is too soon, judge. I ain't been confirmed in no church yet, but de blue light Baptists is gibbin Satana a heap ob worry about me."

A boy, who had been engaged in a combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy pitched into him. "Well," exclaimed the hero, "but I'll wait for the other fellow to be gin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

After a telegraph pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head, he threw up his hands and shouted: "Don't hit me again wid your club, Mr. Pullman. It was mine that stole de chicken. It was Deacon Henry." The he looked and saw what hit him and walked off, saying "Go'lly, 'Pon 'em! de mornin'. I s'pected dat de policemen had my shaft dat time."

"I write a poem once for the editor of our home paper." Did you save a copy of the poem? "No I wrot it for our home paper and sent it to the editor." "Yes, but did you not save a copy of the paper it was printed in?" "No-o-o, yer see the editor said it was prowd out by a press of advertising, and he has had such a thundering run of advertising for the last twenty years that he ain't had a chance to print it yet."

A few years ago the State's Attorney in a northern county in Vermont, although a man of great legal ability, was very fond of the bottle. On one occasion an important criminal case was called by the clerk, but the attorney, with one like quality, kept his chair. "Mr. Attorney is the State ready to proceed?" said the judge. "Yes, I am," says the Attorney, "I am ready to proceed, but I have been greatly benefited by seeing an Excelsior Kidney Pad, and would recommend all persons troubled with weak kidneys to try it." See Advs.