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## AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

'Now, Tom don't forget to bring my waterproof down to the station, if the weather is damp or rainy. I shall come up by the eight o'clock train.'  
I looked up from my books at the speaker, my sister Lottie.  
'Very well, my dear,' I replied, submissively; I suppose I must come, but really, if you young ladies learned to be a little more self-reliant in these small matters, it would be better.  
'If I weren't sure that you said that to aggravate me, Tom,' retorted my sister, 'you shouldn't come at all. Some day you'll be glad enough to carry bag, cloak and umbrella for some fair damsel or other and won't I tease you then?'  
'You do that pretty well now,' I ventured to observe. 'But excuse me, Lottie, you'll certainly lose your handkerchief if you let it hang out of your pocket like that,' for Lottie's dress was of the most fashionable description and her pockets were certainly more for ornament than use.  
'I haven't lost it yet Tom,' was the reply, 'and I am not more likely to lose it now.'

Miss Lottie disappeared, and I went back to my books.  
Absorbed by my occupation, the time passed unnoticed, till the chime of a distant clock reminded me of my engagement.  
'Half-past seven! No doubt of it, and I had only just time to reach the station. But stay what was the weather?'  
I walked to the window, devoutly hoping as I drew aside the curtain to see a clear dry night. Vain hope! The clouds were gathering, and there was a damp, chill mist perceptible.  
I dropped the curtain with a sigh, hastily put away my books, took up Lottie's waterproof from the chair on which she had placed it, and stepping into the hall, out on a loose rough overcoat and soft felt hat that I often wore after dark, and thus equipped, sallied forth.

Eight o'clock struck as I arrived, and I saw, close at hand, a young lady evidently my sister Lottie, standing at the edge of the road.  
'Ah! I said to myself, the train was in a little earlier, and Miss Lottie is looking for me.'

I was just about to speak to her, when a sudden thought flashed into my mind. As she stood, her back was toward me and her white handkerchief was plainly visible hanging over the edge of her pocket.  
I remembered my caution to her before she started, and exulted in the opportunity of convincing her of its wisdom.  
First taking another look at the unconscious damsel to be sure of her identity. I stepped quietly forward, and taking hold of the handkerchief, gently drew it forth.  
As I did so, something fell to the pavement with a sharp metallic sound. This startled the young lady, and she turned with a slight exclamation.  
Good heavens, it was a perfect stranger.

For a moment I was speechless; then, recovering myself a little, was about to utter forth an apology, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said:  
'Now, my man, you're caught this time, and no mistake!'  
And looking round, I saw a policeman at my side.  
This unexpected salutation gave a sudden turn to my feelings.  
'What do you mean? How dare you?' I exclaimed indignantly, while the lady looked from one to another in amazement.  
'Come now,' responded the unmoved official, 'that's good, that is! Why I've been watching you all the time. You come up unbeknown to the lady, take her handkerchief, and—why, there's her purse at your feet now!'  
And as he spoke, he pointed to a dark object upon the pavement.  
It was a purse sure enough, and I must have pulled it out with the handkerchief.  
'Pick it up, please, miss, and perhaps you'll be so good as to accompany us to the station.'

While he was speaking, I gathered together my scattered senses.  
'I assure you policeman, you are entirely mistaken,' I said, as calmly as I could, which was not very calmly, as a number of persons had by this time collected, and appeared to be highly enjoying my discomfiture.  
My name is Henderson—Thomas Henderson; I came to the station to meet my sister; I mistook this lady for her, and in a joke took her handkerchief. Stay; I will give you my card.'  
And I put my hand into my coat pocket for my card case. It was not there.

## Then I remembered that I had left it

with my pocketbook on the hall table and I had no means of proving my statement.  
'I thought so,' remarked the official, in a tone of intense sarcasm. 'Perhaps your sister's got it minding it for you.'  
At this juncture the stranger interposed. She had, no doubt, noticed the unfortunate waterproof which I still clutched, though I had entirely forgotten it.  
'This—she hesitated a moment—(this gentleman is carrying a lady's cloak, and we surely would not do so if he—)' She stopped short.  
'If he had meant to take your property,' said the policeman, completing her sentence. 'For bless you, miss, you've no idea of the dodges of these claps.'

For a moment the wild thought flashed across my mind of tripping him up and thus escaping, if I could, but I dismissed it as soon as formed. Recapture was highly probable, and the attempt would only give color to the accusation.  
So, swallowing my wrath as best I could, and subsiding into sulen silence, I walked by the side of my captor, and followed by a miscellaneous crowd, who indulged in a variety of remarks on my appearance and demeanor, we reached the station.  
The charge was preferred at the station, and the sergeant, turning to me, asked what I had to say.  
I gave an account of the whole affair. He heard me very quietly, and, without taking any notice of my demand to be released, then turned to the young lady.

She gave her name as Margaret Lindsay, and having related her share in the matter, with evident discomfit at finding herself in so unpleasant a position, concluded by expressing her conviction that it was all a mistake.  
'Well Mr. Henderson,' said the sergeant, 'I must detain you while I send to the address you have given, and it will simplify matters if Miss Lindsay will be good enough to remain for a short time. We shall then no doubt be able to settle this unpleasant affair. Hilton—this to the policeman who still lingered near the door—show this lady into the other room Jones Mr. Henderson will occupy No. 3.'

I followed my original captor, while my fair companion disappeared through an open doorway close at hand, which, as I passed it afforded me a glimpse of a snug room within.  
For my own part I was by no means charmed with No. 3.  
It might by a stretch of the imagination, have been called a room, but had a wonderful resemblance to a cell, constructed on a somewhat larger scale than usual.  
Here Mr. Jones left me, closing the door carefully after him. Seldom has time passed so wearily.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed, and then there came a sudden noise of cab wheels, a hasty rush of footsteps and a sound of voices in the outer room. I listened intently and recognized Lottie's tones, mingled with, and now and then overpowered by those of our revered parent.  
At this moment my door was opened by Mr. Jones, in whose manner there was an obvious mingling of discomfort and apprehension.  
I passed hastily, leaving his muttered appeal to me, 'not to be hard on a man,' unheeded, and entered the room where the others were assembled.

'Oh, Tom! cried Lottie running up to me; what a dreadful plight you have been in, and all my fault,' she added in a penitential tone; 'The train was in early and I didn't see you just out side the station, so I went straight home, I'm so sorry!'  
My father started to abuse the officer. 'My dear air—' began the sergeant, blandly, but my irate parent would not be checked.  
'In former days, sir, the police were men, and had brains, and used them; now they're machines, like that fellow there!' And he glared wrathfully at Policeman Jones, who had slunk as much out of sight as possible in a corner of the room.  
'My subordinate,' remarked the sergeant, 'only did his duty in acting as he has done.' Here Policeman Jones brightened considerably. 'Thefts of this kind are so frequent that we are compelled to exercise all possible vigilance, and as a man of the world, sir, you will readily admit that it would not do for us to be guided by the apparent outward respectability of the accused, when such respectability often serves as a cloak for nefarious practices.'

This was so obvious as to be undeniable, and my father consequently relieved his irritation, which had only partially subsided, by attacking me.

## 'And why on earth could not you be

more careful, Tom, instead of making a fool of yourself in that fashion? I can't see much likeness between Miss Lindsay and Lottie.'

I had by this time completely regained my composure, and briefly saying, 'I will show you sir,' addressed the damsel who had been the innocent cause of my difficulties.  
'Will you be so kind Miss Lindsay, as to turn slightly round, keeping your face away from us and the light. Thank you. Now Lottie!—And crossing the room to my sister, I placed her in a similar position by the side of our acquaintance.  
An involuntary exclamation burst from my father, and even the sharp eye of the official might have been deceived. Standing thus together, in the wavering rays of the solitary gaslight, the resemblance was nearly perfect. In height, figure, and dress they were almost identical, and the curling hair completed the deception.  
'It is easy to see how the mistake occurred,' Mr. Henderson said the sergeant; 'and I can only again express my sincere regrets at the inconvenience and delay which you have been subjected to.'

I bowed in acknowledgement and we left the station.  
As it appeared however, that Miss Lindsay's residence was not far from our own, a second hansom was procured, which I managed to secure for her and myself, Lottie and my father returning in the one by which they had come.  
Somehow or other, the ride seemed a remarkably short one, and as I said good night to Margaret Lindsay at her own door, I resolved that it should not be my fault if our acquaintance did not continue.  
This resolve I was able to carry out. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and—well, in short, we were married some months ago.

The servants of both households entertained their relatives and friends in honor of the occasion, and among them, evidently in close attendance on Jenny, our pretty housemaid, I recognized no less a person than my quondam captor Policeman Jones.  
**WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT WHEAT.**  
'The wheat never looked better,' remarked the sad passenger, gazing out of the window.  
'Where is there any wheat?' asked the fat passenger.  
'I don't know,' was the calm reply 'I don't know that there is any wheat in Wyandotte county, but everybody always talks about the wheat looking finely at this time of the year, and I know that it must be the proper thing to say.'

'That is wheat in the field on our right,' replied the man on the wood box.  
'That green stuff?' echoed all the other passengers, rushing to the window.  
'Yes,' he replied, 'that bright, dark green stuff.'  
'Why?' they chorused, in disappointed tones, 'it looks like grass!'  
'I thought wheat was yellow,' said the passenger with the sandy goatee; 'don't they always talk about the yellow fields and the golden grain?'  
'That's when it is ripe,' exclaimed the man on the woodbox.  
'Wheat yellow when it's ripe?' inquired loudly cried the sad passenger. 'I guess you are thinking of corn meal. How could they make white bread out of yellow wheat?'  
'There are two kinds of wheat, aren't there?' Asked the tall slim passenger.  
'Yes,' said the man on the wood box, 'spring and winter.'

'How do they differ?'  
'Well the man on the woodbox said, 'spring wheat is planted in the spring and winter wheat is planted in the winter.'  
'I have heard farmers talk about fall wheat,' the fat passenger said.  
'Yes,' the man on the woodbox assented. And then in answer to their looks of inquiry he added, 'it is planted in the fall.'  
'I thought,' the passenger with the sandy goatee remarked, 'that spring wheat was planted in the spring and harvested in the spring.'  
The man on the woodbox said 'Yes, he believed; come to think of it that was the way of it.'

'And winter wheat, then,' the sad passenger suggested, 'is planted in the spring and harvested in the winter?'  
The man on the woodbox shifted uneasily in his seat and looked nervously up and down the car.  
'Well, yes,' he said he guessed that was the way.  
'Then fall wheat,' asked the fat passenger, earnestly.  
And then the man on the woodbox bit the end of a match, took off his hat and

## looked into it, and finally said he be-

lieved it was not planted until the next fall.  
'Then you got three crops of wheat off the same field in one year said the sad passenger.'  
The man on the woodbox said: 'Yes,' but so faintly that he had to repeat it twice before they could all hear him.  
'Which is the best wheat asked the tall slim passenger.  
The man on the woodbox was heard by a strange passenger to whisper to the stowpiper that 'he wished he was dead,' but he rallied a little and said:  
'For br ad?'  
'Yes, for br ad.'  
The man on the woodbox opened his mouth to reply, when he caught the eye of the woman who talks bass fixed upon him with a strange intense expression. He got off his perch, walked down the aisle to the diffused and abandoned water tank, looked around for the long lost tin cup, drew some hypothetical water into it out of an empty tank, took a long drink of nothing out of it and he came back to his seat, the subdued croak of the woman who talks bass and the composed countenance of the other passengers convinced him they had been laughing about something. But he did not seem to care what it was about, for he did not ask, and presently he drew his hat down over his eyes and dismissed sleep.—Burlington Hawkeye.

## The Worst of It.

Several years before his death, Mr. Webster started off from Marshfield on a trading expedition to Sandwich, a neighboring town of Cape Cod. On approaching the fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then he met the owner of the farm through which the stream ran.  
'Good morning,' says Webster, 'is there any trout here?'  
'Well,' says the farmer, 'some people fish here but I don't know what they do get.'  
'I'll throw my line in,' says Webster, 'and see what there is.'  
Webster waded the banks of the stream trying his luck, and the old farmer followed him. Soon Webster remarked:  
'You have some bog on your farm?'  
'Yes,' says the farmer, 'that ain't the worst of it.'  
Fishing still further along, Webster says:  
'You seem to have plenty of mosquitoes here?'  
'Yes,' he replied, 'that ain't the worst of it.'  
Webster still kept on throwing his line into the deep pools, and then said:  
'You have plenty of Briers here?'  
'Yes,' said the farmer, 'and that ain't the worst of it.'  
Webster getting somewhat discouraged in a hot August day, bitten by mosquitoes, scratched by briars, and not raising a single fish, dropped his rod and said:  
'I do not believe there is any trout here.'  
'And that ain't the worst of it,' says the farmer.  
'Well,' says Mr. Webster, 'I should like to know what is the worst of it?'  
'There never was any here!' says the farmer.  
Mr. Webster enjoyed the joke and often told it to his particular friends.

## New York Court Scene

Johannah McBride's face was full of defiance and pimpler when she turned it upon Justice Kibbreth, in the Jefferson market police court yesterday, and the attitude she took was full of hostile significance.  
'Johannah,' said His Honor, 'you have had a bad night of it. There is much tribulation in Houston street, where you have smashed divorce windows, and the widow in the garret, and the cobbler in the basement of your own house are carrying about bumps on their heads as big as goose eggs. You were not a bit kind to them, Johannah.'  
'Served them right,' said the prisoner stoutly.  
'And you've torn the officer's coat there to tatters.'  
'I am sorry it was not his eyes, so I am.'  
'And your poor husband is in the hospital. You broke a jug over his head.'  
'A change came over Johannah. She dropped her arms, and a shade of intense melancholy overspread her countenance.  
'What is that you say, sor?' she asked wistfully.  
'I say that you washed a big jug over your husband's head and split it open. That's what you did.'  
'It wasn't the blue chancy jug wid the bald headed man on it?'  
'My impression Johannah, is that it was that identical vessel and it cut a notch in your husband's head you could put your fingers in.'  
'The prisoner was deeply moved. She seemed about to break down entirely.  
'Ah, thin,' said she with a sigh, 'I was afeard I'd do some harm.'  
'And well you might be,' said his Honor. 'You've stretched that husband of yours out, depend on it.'  
Johannah began to sob at this and his Honor relenting a trifle added encouragingly, 'I guess though, he'll be all right in a few days.'  
'Thin't that, sor,' blubbered the prisoner through her tears; 'but that chancy jug was a present me Uncle Dennis gave me for all the world on last Michaelmas, and now 'tis ruined intirely.'

## TESTING A MARE'S SPEED.

'Stranger,' said the stage driver, 'this was how I found out her speed: I was driving along the rail road track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car would not hold it all, but they managed to squeeze everything in except a long mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and thought it was another horse spurring for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam whiffless. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty inch shell. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platform and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on a seat and began to sell pools. The engineer pulled the throttle valve wide open and tore along at ninety five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cowcatcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the Six-Mile House the train was so much ahead of the time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly smashed up—72 killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers but then we distanced the train, bet your life. About a month after I sold it at more to her present owner for \$80,000.'

## Gleanings.

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one will see him the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is another fellow's sister.  
'Well, well,' said Billington, majestically, 'we must be too severe on the young fellows. I suppose I was as big a fool as any of them when I was young.'  
'Yes,' replied Foggy, 'and you are not an old man now, Billington.'  
'Scene—A court of law; trial for manslaughter is going on; Pat in the witness box. Counsel for the prisoners—Did you see the prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased? Pat—No, yir Honor; he w a salve when I seen him knocked down.'  
An ingenious man in Rhode Island has discovered a use for the despised milkweed, and this fact gives rise to the hope that some benefactor of his race will find a use for the small, but diabolical, boy who always wants to sit in the parlor when you call on his sister.  
'I say, old lady,' said a man on a country road the other day, 'did you see a bicycle pass here just now?' 'No, I didn't see no kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I see a wagon wheel running awa ywith a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seen it my self.'  
'Three short years ago they were married, and he loved she and she loved he for what they were individually and collectively worth. They couldn't do enough for each other. The other night she called him a damned old fool, and he was heard to remark to her that 'it she didn't get over on her pillar he'd break her jaw.'  
'Roxie,' sends us a poem in which she says: 'My heart is but a lump of ice.' You are clear off your pedestal, Roxie. A lump of ice would dissolve in ten minutes in love where your heart palps for those you love. Make it a lump of lead, Roxie, or a stone, or even a petrified palpitator, and we will try to use your production.

The lawyer wanted to badger the witness as he asked: 'Have you ever been convicted of crime? Of course the man was mad at the insinuation—mighty mad. He indignantly replied: 'Do you think I am blamed fool enough to ever let myself get caught? He at once gained the sympathy of the entire audience.  
The tremendous rush to Colorado in search of silver during the past twelve or fifteen months is shown in the census returns of that State. Eighteen months ago Colorado did not contain over 50,000 inhabitants. In June past there was found more than 195,000 persons in that State and to-day the number exceeds 200,000.

TIME IS A HARP.—'The strings at one end are fastened to this world, and at the other to the throne of Judgement. Every man who comes into the world strikes a string producing tones of moral music, such as angelic use; or else horrible discord, grating like harsh thunder upon the ears of all mankind, until hushed by the archangel and the trumpet of God, proclaiming that time shall be no more.'

Most young people—and perhaps many "children of a larger growth"—have often wondered what it is that enables a fly to walk on the ceiling. An examination of the insect's mechanism quickly reveals the secret. Each of the fly's six legs terminates in two or three fleshy pads, which act as suckers. The sustaining effort of these suckers is increased by a sticky fluid exuded by the minute hairs covering them.

A man darted into a store at Nicholasville, Ohio, bought the first traveling bag he could get his hand on, and hurried toward the rail-road station. On the way he caught several bricks from a pile and put them into the bag. His object was understood when a passenger also covered that his own satchel containing \$5,000, had been taken from the seat by his side, and the one with bricks put in its place.

At the height of a hot discussion between two Jews one cried, 'Goodness! don't eat me!' 'Indeed,' said the other, 'my religion forbids.'  
Bring your Job Work to the City office.