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#### NEW YEAR'S CALL.

Wish you a happy New Year, boys! "Happy New Year!" responded three clear trebles, and the loudest of them added: "Come to make calls to-day, Uncle Fred?"

"Of course I am, Johnny," responded the boy, frosty whiskered, middle-aged gentleman they were talking to, as he opened the door of his carriage. "What are you and your friends going to do?"

"We are going to make calls, too," said one of Johnny's comrades, "and he and I and Tracy Plumb."

"What is Tom Fitch going with you? Where are you going to call?"

"Everywhere," sturdily replied Tom Fitch, with a flick of his necktie. "All around the block."

"You are a you. Have you any cards or pieces where they're not at home?"

"Yes, sir, we've cards for everybody."

"Indeed! Let me see them!"

Uncle Fred's good humored face was all a broad grin as he held out his hand for the two smaller boys could not have been more than eight year old, and Johnny Cook himself, their head man, was barely ten.

"I wrote my own cards," said Johnny, with proud self-satisfaction, as he dragged a handful of bits of white pasteboard from his coat-pocket.

"Tip-top!" exclaimed Uncle Fred; "only you should always spell your name in one way. J-o-h-n-n-y isn't nearly as good as J-o-h-n-s-y, and that one's J-o-u-e. But they'll all do."

"Mine are better than his," said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her old ones; and so did sister Belle; and Tracy Plumb has some of his own father's." Show 'em to him, Tracy."

"That is grand!" said Uncle Fred. "Now you must always send your cards in ahead of you, so they will know who comes."

He was getting very red in the face just then, and the boys did not hear him mutter, as he stepped into his carriage and drove off.

"Mustn't let them see me laugh. Might scare them out of it and spoil the fun. But shouldn't I like to be somewhere when those three come in?"

There were no signs of laughter on the faces of Johnny Cook, Tracy Plumb, and Tom Fitch. It was decidedly a serious matter for them, and they marched steadily away up the street.

"Where'll we call first?" said Tom.

"Let Johnny tell. He knows," said Tracy.

"There is a basket on Mr. Jones' door-bell boys. We'll go there first. That is to put our cards in?"

Up the steps they went, and the bell was duly rung, but it had to be pulled again before any one came to the door.

"Well, thin, what is it? What do yiz want?"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Tom, "we're calling! Did not you know it was New Year's day?"

"It's calling ye are? And didn't ye see the basket? Mrs. Jones is not at home to-day."

"Oh!" said Johnny, "she's out making her own calls. Give Biddy your cards, boys."

"I'll wad on this ivory wad of yiz, till I show her thin cards."

"I thin bit you said she wasn't at home?"

"Dada and she isn't; but I'd rather lose a piece than not have her look at them. Shtand where yiz are till I come back."

The Jones family, with the near neighbors for Biddy not to know these very young gentlemen, and in a moment more a nice looking lady, upstairs was saying to herself:

"Johnny Cook, and Miss Arabella Fitch, and Mr. Mar-maduke Plumb."

"It's the three boys, mum!" explained Biddy, with her plump sides shaking with fat. "Such and like a call they're making."

"She was there sure enough, just in time to hear Tracy say: 'There, Tom, I told you Johnny Cook knew. And Mrs. Jones wouldn't let Biddy tell stories about her.'"

"Wish you a happy New Year, young gentlemen. Here a chair, Mr. Cook. Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Fitch. Our young people will be here in a moment."

"We are not calling on the children to-day," said Johnny, "but you might have come in."

And in they came, a round half dozen of little Joneses, and Biddy after with a big plate of cake.

"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny said we mustn't eat too much at one place. I'll put the rest of mine in my pocket."

And so he did, but it was a good while before Mrs. Jones got through

asking them about their plans for the day, and after that it was kept work to keep Ben Jones from going with them. In fact, the moment they were out of doors again, Ben sat down in a corner and began to howl over it, so that he had to stay in the corner till dinner time.

"Where will we go now Johnny?"

"Judge Curtin's is the biggest house on the block boys, and he hasn't any children."

"That's the place, Tom. I'll have tea cream there, see if they don't."

But the moment the bell of Judge Curtin's door was pulled, the door swung open wide, and there stood his big sister, in a swallow tailed coat and white cravat looking down in wonder on his diminutive guests. It was in vain for Johnny Cook to look big and hold his head up as he handed up his cards, and Tom and Tracy edged a little behind him.

"You're dis? You boys wants something?"

"New Year's calls," explained Johnny. "Are the ladies at home?"

"So? Very good. Walk right in. I take in your cards, too. De madame will be proud to see you. Walk in."

"Johnny knows," muttered Tom to Tracy. "They will have cream here."

"May be some candy, too."

"But the big waiter was bowing them into the parlor no 7, where Mrs. Curtin and her grown up daughters were entertaining quite a number of their gentlemen friends, and Johnny whispered back:

"Hush, boys! There is a table, and it's full."

A very large and stately woman was Mrs. Curtin; and it seemed to the three newcomers that every body in that room was at least a size or two larger than common; but Johnny Cook led them on bravely, and all the ladies bowed very low when they said: "Wish you a happy New Year."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook," said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her hand to him; "but which of you is Mr. Marmaduke Plumb?"

"That's my papa, ma'am, and I am Tracy."

"Oh, you are making his calls for him?"

"No, ma'am, he is only, too, but I see some of his cards."

Exactly, I see. And this is Miss Arabella Fitch?"

"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me back Belle's card, I'll give you one of Mother's," said Tom, a little doubtfully.

"Oh, this is just as good. But I must introduce you to the company, while Pierre is getting you some refreshments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and some confectionery."

"That's it whispered Tom to Tracy, and the latter answered: "Hush, Tom, Johnny knows."

It was remarkable how very polite were all those tall ladies and gentlemen. One great, thin, yellow-whiskered man, in particular, kept them so long with his questions, that Tom at last felt compelled to remark: "Don't talk to him any more Johnny; the ice cream will all be melted."

"So it will," said Mrs. Curtin. "Do let them off, Mr. Grant. Were you never a boy?—I mean a very young gentleman?"

"Never," said Mr. Grant, "I was always old enough to want to eat my cream before it melted. Come boys I'll see you through. I like to associate with fellows of my own age. Come on."

He was very grave and dignified about it, but between him and Pierre and Mrs. Curtin, Johnny Cook was compelled to say to his friends:

"We must stop calling boys, or we cannot be polite in the next house."

But he made no objection to Mr. Grant putting confectionaries in their pockets, and then the whole company bowed, as Pierre showed them the way to the front door. They wondered what he meant, as he smiled in their faces and said:

"Bonjour, mes enfants."

"What's a banjer?" asked Tom.

"Johnny knows," said Tracy, but their leader was thinking of something else just then.

"Can you eat any more, boys? I can if we walk a little."

"They said they thought they could."

"Then we'll go to Dr. Micklin's. He lended our baby when it had the measles."

"Do the Doctor's have any new year's ice-cream?"

"Don't you suppose Johnny knows, Tom?" said Tracy Plumb. "Of course they do, as they will be now and then."

The doctor lived in a big brick house on the corner, nearly two blocks beyond Judge Curtin's; but the boys were only half sure they were hungry when they rang the bell.

The door was opened by a gentleman with a polite colored face and curly hair, and who could not have been more than twice as old as Tom.

"Is anybody took sick at your house?"

"Sick? No," said Johnny. "It's New Year's calls. Take our cards to Mrs. Micklin."

"She knows my mother," Tom had said to Johnny, "and I'll send in her card, in stead of Belle's."

"Mrs. Micklin was a little, black-eyed woman with a nose that was almost too sharply pointed, and when the coffee-colored youth handed her three three cards, her first remark was:

"Julius! Julius! Caesar! How often have I told you to keep in that way when you come into my presence? Mrs. Fitch, on New Year's day! Why what can have happened, and what has made Plumb with her? It must be something serious. And Johnny Cook? Now I wish the doctor was here. Show them right in, Julius, and stop that giggling."

She had bowed from the chair and was smiling the folks of her silk dress, and nervously as Julius Caesar checked his way to the front door, and just as that moment a whole sleigh load of other callers came hurrying up the steps.

"Wish you a happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Johnny," said Mrs. Micklin. "But Tracy where's your father? Tom why does not your mother come in? I told Julius—"

"Why Mrs. Micklin," said Tom, "it's only the cards. We passed 'em at Mrs. Jones' and Judge Curtin's, only I sent in Belle's there instead of mother's."

"Why you mischievous boys—and here you have frightened me, and I thought something dreadful had happened."

But at that moment the other visitors came pouring in, and Mrs. Micklin had to say "Happy New Year" to them, and shake hands and smile and talk, and the three boys were almost pushed out of the way, while Julius stood at the parlor door, and seemed to be trying to laugh without making any noise.

"Julius," whispered Tom, as he edged near him, "where's the ice-cream?"

But Tom's whisper was loud enough to be heard by everybody in the room; for it seemed to slip into a quiet little place in the conversation, and as Julius Caesar's reply:

"Don't say a word."

Mrs. Micklin blushed, and one of her gentlemen guests suddenly remarked:

"My dear Mrs. Micklin, I am delighted to see that you have joined the reform movement. You must ask your friends to stuff themselves."

And she said something in reply, and the others said something; but Tom Fitch put his lips to Johnny's ear and said pretty loudly:

"Lots go, there is nothing in this house but medicine."

"How to Mrs. Micklin before you go," said Johnny; but every body in the parlor, excepting the doctor's wife, was laughing about something or other when Julius opened the door for those three boys to go out.

"Where'll we go now, boys? Said Johnny, when they had reached the side walk."

"There isn't any other place so good as Mrs. Curtin's remarked Tom.

"Can't go twice to the same house," said Tracy. "Can we said Johnny?"

"No, I s'pose not. But we've plenty of cards. Let's try that white house over yonder."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know but we can find out when we get in."

It was a very nice house, and there were three young ladies in it, and one of them was at that moment standing by one of the front windows, all hidden among the heavy curtains, and another was saying:

"It's just too bad girls. Here it is two o'clock, and we've only had five callers and one of them was the minister."

"And nobody has eaten anything?"

"Hush girls! what can those three boys be doing here? I've seen 'em of them tofote. They are making calls."

"Tell John to show them right in."

And John did, although Tom Fitch insisted that the cards must go in ahead of them.

"Happy New Year," "Happy New Year."

They took each side and then the girls talked right on, so fast their callers had no chance to correct the names.

"Johnny, you'll have some cake?"

"Marmaduke, I don't give you any ice-cream."

"Now Arabella, some thickened milk."

"My name is Tom," said Johnny.

"Your real name is Arabella."

"Here's my other card."

"No, my dear, you are not a married lady, and you must have a 'cup of coffee."

Very hospitable indeed were the three young ladies, and by the time they had finished their young callers to several times as well as any three boys could eat, Jenny was able to remark:

"Now girls, the table begins to look as if somebody had been here, and I don't think we'd better go now."

"Oh, very well, my dear; and Arabella, too, and Marmaduke."

"That's my father's name, and mine is Tracy Plumb."

"Just as good, Tracy. Won't you eat some more cream?"

"No, ma'am," Johnny says we'd better go."

The girls were in high spirits over their young gentlemen callers, but when the latter reached the side walk, Johnny Cook remarked a sign was worn on the wall, and he said:

"So an L," said Tom. "But I've four more cards."

"I've more than that," said Tracy; "but I don't want to go anywhere else. I could not be polite."

Not one of them could have been polite enough to eat another mouth full, and that or something else made them a very sober looking lot of New Year's day callers as they walked on down the street, and a line edged into view as they stood.

Tom and Tracy were not heard from again that day; but Johnny Cook, wondering when Uncle Fred came home that night, why he was compelled to give so careful an account of everything.

"You were very polite everywhere."

"Yes, Uncle Fred," said at the last place Tom Fitch forgot to bow when he came out, and I made him go back into the parlor and do it, but he hasn't."

"That was right. If there was any other place where he forgot, he ought to go back there next New Year's day, and bow."

But Johnny only said: "I don't think I want to eat any supper, to-night." Uncle Fred.

Just before eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon the steam-whistle of one of the Western trains. The whistle had something tied up in its mouth, and she got there first, and she held the position with her head in the window, and she looked on the other side of the window. "There's such a place in this country as Cleaveland," she began.

"Oh, yes?"

"Do you send mail there?"

"Yes."

"Well, a woman living next door asked me to mail this box for her. I guess it's a threatened ail right. She said it ought to go for a coal."

"Takes two cents," said the clerk, after weighing it. "If there's writing inside it will cost twelve cents."

"Mercy on me, but have you no change?"

"There's the thirteen-cent stamp stamped up and tumbled around, and talks about one old match-box, delaying two dozen business letters, but the woman had lots of time."

"Then it'll be the same, or shall I?"

"If there is no writing inside."

"Well, there may be. I know she is a great hand to write. She's sending some power seed to her sister, and I presume she has told her how to plant 'em."

"Two threes" cried out one of the crowd as he tried to get to the window, and Harry ap, called another.

"There ought to be a separate window here for women," growled a third.

"Then it will take circumstances; she calmly opened, as she lumbled around for her purse."

"Well, that's better than I expected."

From one pocket she took two coppers from her reticé she took a three-cent piece. From her purse she drew out a nickel; and it was only after a count of eighty seconds that she got the twelve-cent stamp. She then stamped some minutes in looking at the stamps a long while, to post the box, and wondering if there really was any writing inside, but without success, and she handed it to the clerk, and he gave her a twelve-cent stamp, and she had been waiting on and gone their way, and the woman returned to the window, and she handed in the box, and she said:

"I am stamps are locked on kind of crooked, but it won't make any difference with the Detroit Post-Office at side."

#### OUR GIRLS.

Somebody says the girls in the principal cities in this country are now as follows:

Detroit, the wildest.  
Louisville, the proudest.  
Norfolk, the handsomest.  
Baltimore, the bluest.  
Cincinnati, the gayest.  
St. Louis, the most reckless.  
Hartford, the best musicians.  
Washington, the best dancers.  
Boston, the most intellectual.  
San Francisco, the most indifferent.  
Atlanta, the most liberal.  
Richmond, the most amiable disposition.  
Philadelphia, the most refined and lady like.  
New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.  
Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.

#### Who Robbed Sent the Record?

The witness who went to the Tombs police court to testify to the good character of his countryman, Patrick Magrath, charged with assault and battery, was a trifle diffuse in his remarks, and delved too deeply into the genealogy of the Magraths to suit the complacent counsel. Twice he tried to arrest the current of eulogiums and falling in to lose his temper, and said:

"Did you ever talk a man to death?"

"No, did you ever talk a man to death?"

"Yes," said the counsel, with an absent air, but watching his opportunity for a thrust. "Yes, a couple of hundred of them, I suppose."

"Is that all? I don't the witness, Harry?"

"That you have built the record?"

"I have," said the witness, "I have built the record."

"Samson's" returned the witness calmly. "He saw 300 Philistines with the instrument for use year."

#### THE FASHIONABLE SUMMER

The fashionable summer hat is the thing of the hour. It is made of straw, and is worn on each side and tucked in on top. The hat is made of straw, and is worn on each side and tucked in on top. The hat is made of straw, and is worn on each side and tucked in on top.

W. E. Miller, of Belknap, Ohio, has been troubled with asthma, and received no relief until he procured your "Only Thing" and can recommend it to anybody one having the same. Ste Adv.