

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER,

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## POETRY.

### WINTER.

With a roar like the sea the north wind broke  
In a flurry of snow, and his icy breath  
The leafless limbs of the forest shook,  
And the pale moon looked like the face of death.

Ice on the brook, frost on the eaves,  
And a drear gray sky this Sunday morn.  
And the rustic of crisp and crumpled leaves  
From the shivering shade trees rudely torn.

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stood one of the foremost men in the strong vigorous young state where our story is located. For twelve years he had heard nothing of Meltha Bayne. Was it wonderful, then, that he did not recognize in 'Meltha the cook,' the self-willed, imperious beauty who had scorned him in his youth.

After hours of thought he was fully satisfied. It could not be that Meltha Bayne had fallen so low as this, a cook in one of his logging shanties!

That night the face of Meltha haunted the rich lumberman, and at earliest dawn he was once more behind the magnificent bays speeding rapidly into the great woods.

'Gone!' exclaimed the lumberman, seemingly staggered at a sudden revelation.

'Yes, she must have slipped off in the night some time,' said Mrs. Watson looking her surprise at the strange interest her employer took in the faded cook.

Wallace Alwade stood warming his hands by the fire.

'She went in the night, you say?' 'Yes, or early this morning.'

He touched his horses with a whip. After several attempts, the noble animals cleared the drift and moved slowly on.

It was almost dark now, but Alwade quietly unhitched from the cutter, and drove his team under the friendly shelter.

He had matches in his pocket, and one of those was quickly ignited. An old butik stood next the wall. Quickly demolishing this, he soon had a brisk fire.

Removing his great coat he stood over the fire and warmed his hands, thankful for his lucky escape from death at the hands of the frost king.

'Meltha Bayne he whispered softly.' 'Where am I?' she answered.

'After meeting you I could not remain, she simply said.' 'After meeting me! Can it be that you still hate me, Meltha?'

The wealthy lumberman found the wife who presides over his house with exquisite grace in a shanty.

## A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The Boston Globe on the first of January, 1981, an issue of the paper dated "Boston, Thursday Morning January 1, 1981."

The modes of communication between men in those far off days are presumed by this prophetic sheet to be by telephone telegraph, aerial lines, railways and compressed air routes.

On the first page there is a retrospective glance of the year just closed. We have grown to 139 States and 300,000,000 in population, speaking five different languages, besides 111 marked varieties of United States or English.

The North and South are still at odds, and quarrelling over the war of the rebellion, the former vigorously waving the bloody shirt, and the latter objecting to negroes as voters.

Doctors advertise and supply new limbs with arteries, veins and everything complete. The most stupendous undertakings are announced in commonplace fashion.

Yes, I'm going to skate, he answered as his teeth rattled together and his ears stood out like sheetiron medals.

A Philadelphia policeman arrested a woman for attempting to steal a piece of rope from a store.

It was decided to sell the Brooklyn bridge, and parties from South America were in the city ready to purchase for removal to St. Marmois, where it is to be thrown across the Amazon.

The system of warfare is by shooting cold air from gigantic cannons, which striking the enemy freezes him stiff in an instant.

Voluntary taxation prevails and 'what never,' is still heard. Hush is still a mystery and it is yet wondered who wrote 'Beautiful Snow.'

The editorial are marvels. There is one in front railroads declaring they are not of some use and another advocating the filling in of the Gulf of Mexico.

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