

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1881.

NO. 7.

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

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POETRY.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

Before the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too feeble bright is the full light
That her pale gleaming lamp upbraid.

Before the daylight dawns a bird
That still her song ere morning light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand tongued delight.

Oh great the honor is to shine,
A light wherein no traveller errs;
And rich the prize to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird;
To shine with hope while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

HOW JESSIE CONQUERED.

'Yes, I am pretty, very pretty. There's no denying that. My glass tells me so, and I am sure that I have heard it often enough to believe it by this time, if my male admirers are to be credited. But then I don't always believe what they say. These men who make love to me, how they do rave over the "golden glory" of my hair and my "shell-fined cheek," and my "liquid brown eyes," etc. Oh, dear! I wonder if I shall love any man enough to rave over his perfections, either openly or in secret? I think I should rather like to fall in love. Really in love, I mean, because of course one has to be just a little nuts so, in order to enjoy a flirtation. People say that love is half pain, but I shouldn't think that could be so, if one may judge by the eccentricities of most lovers one meets. Perhaps if I were to fall in love, I might find that soul they say I lack. Col. Anstruther called me Undine once, and maybe I really am without much feeling on this subject. But, some way or other, it does seem so funny to see men distressing themselves, and growing miserable, because I don't happen to marry them! I am sure I don't see why they want me for a wife. I dare say I'm an extremely nice girl to talk and walk and drive with and I must say I am a splendid partner for a walk; but I can't endure anything like housekeeping, or sewing or scolding servants, or—anything but just having a good time and plenty of fuss made over me. I wonder, though, really, if the man is living whom I am destined to marry?'

The last remark being uttered aloud, called forth a response from young lady number two, sitting in the low window seat, busy arranging some choice flowers.

'Well indeed, dear, I should hope so, unless you have just returned from Ireland, or else intend to marry a baby.'

'From Ireland! what on earth has Ireland to do with it? Oh, I see. I made a regular "bull." But what I mean is whether I am to have Mrs. written before my name on the tomb stone of spinster, after it. In other words, whether I ever shall be married at all.'

I suppose by this time the reader will want to know "what's the name and where's the home" of these two "layre ladies." Allow me then to introduce to you Miss Jessie Conrad and her young married sister, Mrs. Monray, at present residing at Lyndehurst, located in no matter which county, of one of these United States of America. The Conrads have rented Lyndehurst for many consecutive summers, and truly it is a lovely retreat away from the dust and heat and noise of the great city.

'If I do get married,' the girl resumed, 'it shall be some man rich enough to buy Lyndehurst for me when the time comes for it to be sold. That can't be very long now, by the way. What a strange idea that was of old Mr Lynde's that an heir to the property should turn up, after all these years! He deserved to suffer remorse, the old curmudgeon, after turning his only daughter out of doors, just because she married a man who wasn't quite as rich as he wished his son-in-law to be. Let me see; the property was to be in the hands of trustees, or executors, or whatever they are called, until after the lapse of fifteen years, and then if neither his daughter or any child of hers comes to claim it, it is to go to various charities. Judge Angus told me all about it yesterday. I only wish the trustees could regard me as a fit subject for charity, on whom to bestow Lyndehurst, for I do love every spot about this place. But I must stop wishing for impossibilities and go and dress, or I won't be prepared to conquer the invincible, whom Mrs. Angus is going to bring here this afternoon. He has rather a nice name, by the way, Harry Hazelton. I wonder if he himself is as nice. Because, if so, I might get slightly, *epouse* you know.'

'You can spare yourself the trouble,' laughed her sister, 'for he certainly can not buy Lyndehurst for you, having an extremely narrow income. And as you have just announced your intention of making Mr. Jessie Conrad present you with that place, Mr. Hazelton ought to be safe from your fascinating arts. There is Mrs. Angus now with two gentlemen. Do hurry Jessie dear or you will not be ready.'

The invincible, as Miss Conrad has called him, at heart certainly merited no such title. He had so far resisted the fascinations of the fair sex, undoubtedly, and was apparently quite indifferent as to the effect he might be able to produce on them himself, but this indifference was mere surface calmness, and the result of pride and sensitiveness. He was poor and not likely to be able to marry for many years to come, in consequence, so he kept a strict guard over his affections.

Very agreeable Jessie found him, and the very fact that he had so successfully resisted the charms of other women made her all the more determined that Harry Hazelton should not be the first man to meet her with indifference.

The battle proved unequal before long, but not precisely as Millard had planned. Mr. Hazelton came and went; walked drove and danced with her, but still with the same polite, calm nonchalant manner with which he met other women, Jessie grew thoroughly piqued. Ex-reised all her arts and pretty coquetties, and still failing to win the special admiration, nay even love, on which she had counted, she found herself bestowing much more thought on this provoking man, than she had ever wasted on any of his competitors before.

Of course he knew nothing of all this. Whatever may have been his own feeling on the subject, it never once occurred to him, that she was thinking of anything more serious than the mere amusement of the hour. Or did she herself know what it really meant.

Matters were in this state, when the Burtons, whose place adjoined Lyndehurst announced their intention of giving a ball, to which a number of city people were invited. Jessie by this time, had determined to try indifference also, but on her first attempt had her temper ruffled by the flash of amusement which succeeded the usual expression of the half-dreamy calm in the eyes of her tormentor.

Harry Hazelton was rather a handsome man. He had a fine figure, and whatever his features lacked of perfect symmetry, was atoned for by the bright intelligence and frank truthfulness of his expression.

A few days before Mrs. Burton's ball, Hazelton announced his intention of leaving the country as soon as it was over. The time he had allowed himself for rest and recreation was nearly over, and he must return to the city and to his work. Then Jessie, learnt as by a flash that what she had thought only disappointment and pique; this feeling that had filled her thoughts with his image; was something deeper. Something that terrified her and made her understand, somewhat, the pain which she had too often caringly inflicted on others. Hazelton was looking at her earnestly, though, so, with some laughing remark, she changed the subject and soon after left the room.

From this time, her manner to him was more indifferent coquettish than ever. She was trying to prove to herself, as well as to him, that she cared not for either his presence or departure.

The night of the ball, Jessie, and several friends who had come up from town for it, were waiting in the drawing room for some more tardy individual, when Harry Hazelton dropped in, *en passant*. Jessie was making up little bouquets to decorate the coats of two gentlemen, who in full party rig, were earnestly watching the process.

'There, Captain Roland could say anything but lovelier!' she exclaimed, as she handed to one of them an exquisite combination of tea-rose buds, heliotrope and geranium leaf.

'Nothing could possibly be more lovely,' Miss Conrad, she answered not looking at the flowers at all but into her face instead.

Just then Jessie saw Hazelton approaching, and smiling up into Captain Roland's face, she gave him a coquettish glance from her soft eyes. But no one noticed the tight closing of her lips, or the flash that overspread her countenance as she bent over the table for more blossoms.

'And what shall yours be, Major Golde?' asked Miss Conrad.

'Oh, anything you like, Miss Conrad. I leave it to your taste entirely. Knowing how perfect that always is.'

This was a safe thing for the gallant major to do, under most circumstances, as he didn't know one flower from another. But to night, Jessie seized with a spirit of mischief arranged a little bunch of marigolds, and pinning them to his coat, bade him go ask Marie Burton the name of his flowers, and they might serve a double purpose. The poor man was deeply smitten, with a young lady in the neighborhood, but being bashful could not muster up the courage to propose to her. Jessie thought she would help him a little.

Major Golde looked puzzled, and there was a general laugh, in the midst of which she heard Hazelton's voice saying softly—

'I choose for-get-me-nots for mine, Miss Conrad.'

But Jessie pretended not to hear, and exclaiming 'Come, come, good people, we are sadly forgetting Mrs. Burton and those delicious Strauss waltzes!' she moved slowly toward the door, singing softly to herself.

Sometime before she had promised a certain special dance to Hazelton for this ball, but changed her mind afterward and was quite ready to ignore his claim. She was just going off with some one else, when he came to remind her of it, and she had a saucy, half petulant answer on her lips, when he said eagerly—

'Don't say you have forgotten these. You must at least remember that this is my last dance with you.'

His face and tone were more earnest than she had ever known them, and half against her will she yielded. As soon as the much disgusted young man to whom Jessie made her excuses had taken himself off, Hazelton said—

'It is too warm to dance this evening; will you come into the gardens with me instead?' and Jessie, averted, much marveling at his sudden indifference to the long promised "German."

They strolled on for some minutes, talking lightly and carelessly of indifferent subjects, until their path crossed a pretty, sparkling little stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. The moonlight was flooding all things with a soft radiance; streaming over the golden hair, and deepening the lovely liquid eyes of the young girl. Jessie looked like a veritable Undine that night, in her robes of pale green gauze, with her jewels sparkling about her like drops of purest water where they catch the rays of the light.

Turning to one side Harry Hazelton arranged a seat for her at the foot of a tree, and half reclining on the grass at her feet, began throwing pebbles into the water. Neither spoke for some time, for Jessie did not understand this new mood of his, and was occupied besides in trying to understand and quell the tumult of emotions in her own breast. Presently Hazelton turned—

'Miss Conrad I asked you for a few for-get-me-nots this evening and you refused them. Was it so great a request to make? For I know that you heard me.'

'Perhaps I did, but you ought to know that it is too late for for-get-me-nots to blossom now.'

'I begin to fear so indeed,' he answered bitterly. 'But if that was your real reason, will you not give me a flower now? The one that I shall choose?'

'Oh, yes, certainly. But you will have to confine your choice to a dahlia or a sun-flower, for I don't see anything else growing near,' she said, laughing remorselessly.

Hazelton smiled slightly.

'Even a sunflower would be precious if you gave it, Jessie; but I had hoped for another flower than that, to night to wear near my heart. I want you to give me back my heartless Jessie, which I lost many weeks ago, and never dared till to day, to make any efforts to regain. For I love you! I love you, beautiful child, and I know that there is a soul, and a warm true heart beating beneath this mantle of apparent indifference. Look into my eyes darling and tell me if I have read you right.'

He had risen and as Jessie lifted her eyes to his, Jessie saw something in them which had never been there before. Something which made her whole being thrill, and overcome, and frightened by this strange new feeling, she burst into a passion of tears. But Hazelton had seen her face and was apparently at no loss to understand their cause, for caressing the golden bend that lay on his breast, with a thousand tender words he soothed her into quietness.

And the moonlight streamed lovingly over them; and the streamlet and the night winds whispering through the trees told one another of the Undine, who had found her heart only to lose it again, and this was how Jessie conquered the 'Invincible.'

Not many days later, the whole neighborhood was electrified by the discovery of the owner of Lyndehurst. His parents had died while he was yet a mere baby, and the child was brought up and educated by some charitable person. The return of an old woman, who had once been his nurse, after many years absence from the country, led at last to his identification. The name of the lost heir of Lyndehurst was Harry Hazelton.

MORAL SUANION IN COLORADO.

Three months ago, when 200 of the leading citizens of Gunnison City met in convention on a street corner, there were seven or eight Michigan men among the crowd. When Colonel Parker presented the following resolution, it was a Michigan man who supported it:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to wait upon Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow morning this crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for our new graveyard.

The committee of five went out to find Samuel and deliver their message. He sat on a bench at the door of his shanty a shot gun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved silence while the chairman of the committee read the resolution; then he asked:

'That means me does it?'

'She does.'

'They don't like my style of carrying and shooting, eh?'

'That's what they kick on.'

'Well I won't go. You haven't got "nuff men in the whole valley to drive Calabash Sam a rod. Return to the convention and report that I'm here for the season?'

'I forgot to mention,' continued the chairman in a careless voice as he leaned on his gun, 'I forgot to mention that the convention has adjourned. This committee thus finds itself in an embarrassing situation, and it sees only one way out of it. Unless you'd agree to pick up and leave this committee will feel called upon to—'

'To begin shooting, you mean?'

'Exactly, Samuel, exactly. You may have already observed that two of the committee have got the drop on you.'

'I see.'

'Corpses which are riddled with buck-shot have a very unpleasant look,' continued the chairman, as he rested his chin on the muzzle of his gun.

'Yes, that's so.'

'And it's kinder lonesome, this being the first plant in a new burying ground.'

'Y-e-e, it may be.'

'And so, take it all around, the committee kinder indulges in the hope that you'll see fit to carry your valuable society back to the Black Hills. You may have observed that three shot guns, each under full cock are now looking straight at ye. We don't want to bluff; but it's getting nigh supper time.'

'Well, after looking the matter all over, I'm convinced that these diggings won't pan out low grade ore, and I guess I'll take a walk.'

'Right off?'

'Yes.'

'Right up this trail?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. While the committee feels sorry to see you go, and wishes you all sorts of luck, it hasn't time to shake hands. Step off, now, and for fear you ain't due to walking, we'll keep these guns panted up the hill until you turn the half-mile boulder. Trails—march.'

THE THREE FRIENDLY PRINTERS.

[N. Y. Evening Post.]

A great many years ago, before the present government printing office was established, there were three printers engaged in the government work who were fast friends and constant associates. They neither had nor cared to have other acquaintances. One day one of the three fell sick and died. Then the question was, who would perform the usual rites of friendship for the dead. Nobody outside took any interest in the matter, so that the two friends were obliged to care for the body themselves. Now all these printers were very fond of liquor and though they were never seen in public bar-rooms, had many a bout by themselves in a quiet nook.

The two remaining friends then sat up with the corpse, and, to while away the time, brought their pack of cards and a bottle for company. Enchore was the game, and they played for a stake, the winner to drink on scoring a game and the loser to stay dry. The luck ran one sided. Seated on either side of the corpse with the coffin between them as a table, the players played and recounted the virtues of their dead friend. But the

one who never won was getting more and more thirsty. The cards had run steadily against him, and not a drop of liquor had passed his lips. Finally the luck changed and, slapping down the right bower on the coffin, he exclaimed, 'There now, it's my turn!' With a hasty motion he reached for the bottle, but at that instant consternation filled the hearts of both friends as the supposed corpse rose up and said: 'Not a drop till I've had mine.' With a scream of horror the two friends jumped up and rushed, one to the door and the other to a window. The latter leaped to the ground in his terror and broke a leg; the other gained the street without misadventure and disappeared. Years have elapsed. Both the watchers have died but the friend who was supposed to be dead still lives, an eccentric aged man who is now compositor in the government printing office.

Gleanings.

Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.

The mean man is always warmer to himself than any one else.

Fortune treats the brave and is only terrible to the coward.

Flattery is a bad sort of money, to which our vanity gives currency.

He who would acquire fame must not show himself afraid of censure.

There are 25,429 other idiots in the United States; so cheer up.

The happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others.

All the blows we strike should be for a purpose; every nail should be for the machine of the universe.

False hair is now so perfectly made, that when a woman's head is fixed you can't tell which is a wig.

The most stylish purses of the season is made of undressed seal skin, with nothing in it.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be: "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."

Willing hands always find something to do even in going through another man's pocket.—Waterloo Observer.

We see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who will not whistle through his fingers and yell on the streets at night.

A little boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said: "Tommy, have you eaten that pear?" "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

An American, after dining at a London restaurant, paid his bill and was about leaving, when the waiter suggested that the amount did not include the waiter. "Ah," said the man, "but I didn't eat the waiter."

Female printers pop the question to the male types by simply handing to them an? If the latter intend to embrace the opportunity and accept, they return a brace, thin—, but if they wish to decline and dash the cup of happiness from the fair one's lips, they hand over—

"What does Boycotting mean?" asks a young man in Peoria. We have not time to enter into a full explanation of the term, but you have doubtless been enamored of a beautiful being whose father failed to harmonize with you and persistently sat in the parlor when you called.—Chicago Tribune.

"I don't like a cottage-built man," said young Sweeps to his rich old uncle, who was telling the story of his early trials for the hundredth time. "What do you mean by a cottage-built man?" asked his uncle. "A man with only one story," answered young Sweeps. That settled it. Young Sweeps was left out of his uncle's will.

An English lawyer went into a barber's shop to procure a wig. In talking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the barber exclaimed: "Why how long your head is, sir?" "Yes," replied the legal gentleman, "we lawyers must have long heads. The barber proceeded with his operation, but at length exclaimed: "Why sir, your head is as thick as it is long." Blackstone wised.