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The next term will commence the 3rd day of January and close the last Friday in May 1881. Number of pupils limited.  
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Horses fed at 25cts. per meal.  
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Perfect Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.  
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## POETRY.

A LITERARY EXERCISE.

A lady occupied a whole year in searching for and fitting the following 'thirty-eight lines from English and American poems. The whole reads as if it had been written at one time and by one author:

Why all this toil for the triumphs of an hour?  
Life's short summer-man is but a flower.  
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die.  
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.  
To be is better far than not to be.  
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;  
But light cares speak when mighty grief is dumb;  
The bottom's but a thin sw when they come.  
Your fate is but the common fate of all;  
Ungilded joys here no man befall.  
Nature to each allots his proper sphere  
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;  
Custom does often reason overrule.  
And throw a cruel sun-bine on a fool.  
Live well—how long or short permit to heaven.  
Those who forgive most shall be most forgiven.  
Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face.  
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.  
Then keep each passion however dear,  
Thou pendium betwixt a smile and tear.  
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,  
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.  
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise;  
We master grow of all that we despise.  
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.  
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave.  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.  
What is ambition? 'Tis but a glorious cheat.  
Only destructive to the brave and great.  
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?  
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.  
How long we live not years, but actions tell.  
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.  
Make, then, while yet you may, your God your friend.  
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.  
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;  
For live we how we may, yet die we must.

THE COINERS OF KANSAS.  
A THRILLING SKETCH.  
Several years ago, and shortly after the reinvigoration of silver counterfeiting received a wonderful impetus, and the West and South especially were flooded with bogus coin.

The large floating population and the wilderness of the border country, rendered the task of unearthing the coiners a hard one, but after several seasons of persistent and stealthy work the United States Detective Service became satisfied as to the location of at least one gang of the 'Sharps,' and Densmore, an experienced agent was instructed to visit the little station of Black Wolf, in Kansas. For a moment he gazed after the retreating train, and then turned and in broken English inquired of the station agent the route to Wildwood Tavern.

'Fras yat you call strange mit dis part de kontry,' said the peddler, smiling; 'but a friend on mine up de river, he say go to Wildwood Tavern and you sold lots of goods in dat kontry.'

'Wa! Duchy, I don't reckon you'll do much trade, but I ken tell you the

road.' So saying, the rough Westerner gave the necessary direction, and Densmore disappeared. 'I'll try every house from here to Wildwood,' muttered he, when out of hearing, 'but I'll find Price.' That's the name—Price. And when that's found look out! If I can't capture Dick Price, my fortune's made.

At nine o'clock Carl—for so he called himself sought shelter at a settler's cabin by the roadside, and paid for supper, lodging and breakfast with gaudy lace. At noon he paused again to eat and trade, and again many times during the afternoon. Before night he had heard the name of Price; and before night, too, several pieces of counterfeit money had been passed upon him.

'No I mean to-night. Where are you going to stay?' said the boy. 'This road stops up in the woods here.' Densmore paused. 'De road stops! Py schimminy! Den dot road got himself lost at de last turn. I 'bought dis road went tro' dese woods to de place you call de tavern you know?'

'O, you 'mean Wildwood Tavern? 'That is over that way,' and the boy pointed into the darkness. 'It is five miles from here.'

'Py schimminy!' sighed poor Carl; 'five miles! I neffer got dere to-night, I sleep mit dese woods,' and he began to unstack his strap.

The boy eyed him again sharply. Then he said: 'No you needn't sleep in the woods. Live at the end of this road. Come with me. You can stay at our house.'

'Ah, dot was a good poy,' said Dutchy gladly. 'I reckon,' replied the boy. 'Densmoudering his pack, the two continued to follow the road, the youth leading, until half a mile further on a cabin appeared in the shadows. 'Here's my house,' said the guide. 'Go to the door and I'll run and tell father, and he disappeared toward the barn. Densmore looked sharply about him. This was Price's. A long, low cabin, strongly built, with small barred windows, a barn back of it, dreary woods upon all sides. A regular den. The detective shuddered. 'A bad hole yet he's the chief. If I catch him with the dies, it will destroy the gang. Then with a resolution to succeed or perish he slowly moved toward the door. He raised his hand to knock it was suddenly opened. A heavily built, heavily bearded woodsman stood before him—a man with skill and cunning in his face and a desperate threatening courage in his eyes—a devil to dare a giant to do—Dick Price. He glowed upon the peddler, shading the flickering torch he held with one brawny hand, while his piercing glance searched Densmore's face. 'What d'ye want? 'You was de little-boy's pa? Dot was got. I want somethings to eat and somethings to sleep. De little poy said so.' And with simple naturalness, Carl pushed aside the mighty door-man, entered the cabin, threw his pack upon the floor, and with a sigh of relief, dropped into a low bench near the fire. 'Ah, dot was got.'

and said 'Yaw.' The host and companion were both amused. 'Where's the boy?' asked Price. 'He went to the barn,' replied the woman as she busied herself preparing the evening meal, 'he was too tired to eat, and will not be in to-night.'

A plain but plentiful supper was served, after which the peddler and his host drew before the open fire with their pipes. Naturally, the conversation turned upon trade and Dutchy very willingly told of his success and even showed the silyer which he had gathered during the day. Price picked a piece from his hand. 'This ere's bad,' said he. 'Wa! Pad?' and Carl leaped forward excited. 'Oh, you was fooling,' he continued, examining the coin. 'Dis vill pass.'

'If may pass, but its counterfeit all the same,' said Price. 'I am sure of it.' 'Vell, neffer mind. 'It's good enough for me,' said the peddler, with a smile. 'I only wish I had a thousand dollars mit dis.'

'I reckon you could get it,' said Price, resuming his pipe. 'I heard a fellow say to-day, that thar war lots of it around. 'Py schimminy! I would like to get it,' said his companion. 'It was got every where I go.'

'I know a feller what's got some of the stuff,' said Price in a low tone; 'but he lives a mile from here. You could buy it of him, I reckon. 'For how much?' said Carl. 'Oh, may be one half,' returned the other. 'I can't say. It's bad stuff to deal with, ye know, and I never touch it.'

'One-half! You mean two dollars for one?' Py schimminy! I will give two hundred dollars for four, and git myself rich!' cried the peddler. Price smiled. 'But how can you pay for it?' 'Never mind. I know,' said Carl. 'Show me de fellow what got it to sell and I pay him mit it.'

'Wall,' said the host rising, 'I find him for ye in the morning.' Do you live to turn in? 'Turn in?' 'Go to bed—ter sleep, I mean.' 'Oh, yaw! I was tired myself out to night. A moment's consultation with the woman, and price called the peddler. Carl picked up his pack, and climbed the ladder that led into the loft. There was a shake-down on the floor. 'Thar I'll not the finest bed room in the world, but ye'll sleep,' said Price laughing. 'G'od night.' 'Good night,' returned Carl. 'The other disappeared. Densmore heaved a sigh. 'It's hard work playing Dutchy's mateder. Then he opened his pack, and from it drew two heavy revolvers, a bowie-knife three pairs of hand cuffs, and the star of the United States Secret Service. 'I may have work before morning,' thought he, 'and these are very good bed-fellows.' He removed his coat, blew out the candle, his mind busy with the events of the day and in forming some plan for the morrow. While thus engaged the sound of a door stealthily opened attracted his attention, and a moment later he heard voices below. Quietly leaving the bed he crept to a knot hole in the floor and listened. 'But the peddler?' 'It was the woman's voice. 'Never mind him,' replied Price. 'Ned,' he continued, apparently addressing the new comer, 'we've a customer up stairs—a dutch peddler—and he wants four hundred. I'll bring him to ye in the morning. He'll buy.'

terday. Ye'll be back in an hour?' 'Yes, dear.' And throwing a heavy cloak about her and lacing her head in a deep hood, the girl opened the door and disappeared into the night. Price turned to the gang. 'Boys go below, fire up and prepare the rest of the metal. I'll stay here an' when Ned comes in with the dies we'll coin. I want a full load to-night for we are almost out. Here, give me a lift.'

As he ceased speaking, he seized a heavy iron bar and thrust it beneath the heartstone. The others joined hands with him; and, with desperate effort the five slowly raised the great stone. Beneath it appeared a door secured by long iron bolts. These being shot, and the trap raised a flight of steps was seen. The four strangers descended, carrying a lantern, and Price dropped the door behind them. Then opening a sort of secret closet, he drew from it a box of rough silver coin and a milling machine, which he began to work.

Densmore breathed hard. 'Trapped!' he whispered—'trapped! The gang complete! And now for the work.' Noiselessly he arose and approached the ladder. In either pocket was his pistols, in his hand a pair of bracelets, on his breast a star.

At the top of the ladder he paused, struck his foot against the ladder and coughed. There was a quick stir below. 'Mr. Brice! Mr. Brice! Was you dere?' A half growl from below answered him. 'What ye want?' 'I was sick Mr. Brice—I was so hot as neffer was. I want a little water, Mr. Brice if you please.'

'What the—' then came an oath. 'Lie still ye Dutch fool, and I'll bring you water. Don't come here!' 'O, no, Mr. Brice! But some water, Mr. Brice, for God's sake! I was burned alive.'

There was a moving about the room, a patter of dipper and pail, and Price approached the ladder. Densmore breathed hard. The steps came nearer, nearer; they mounted the ladder. He crouched waiting. An instant more, and the bearded face of Price appeared above the opening in the floor, and his right hand was raised holding a tin cup of water.

'Here, Dutchy—ye're cursed hard to take care of—here's yer drink.' Carl's arm was outstretched; but as he touched the dipper, there came a sharp click, and the handcock closed about the wrist of the coiner, and at the same moment the muzzle of a heavy Colt's revolver pressed against his forehead, and the voice of the detective hissed in his ear: 'Not a sound, or I'll kill you! Up with your other hand.' The man was fairly caught, and he knew it. The color fled from his bronzed face, leaving it ashen-hued; a cold sweat gathered in beads upon his brow; the prison doors yawned before him, but one glance into the deep eyes of the detective were enough, and with a shudder and a groan he allowed the handcuffs to be clasped about his other wrist. 'And now go down; without noise, too,' said Densmore, 'or—' Price obeyed; and as he turned upon the floor below, the detective was at his side. 'Sit there,' and he pointed toward the table, 'with your back toward the door.' Again the coiner obeyed, bowing his head upon his hands. Then Densmore crept to the trap, closed it and shot the heavy bolts. Without raising his head, Price whispered. 'They'll smother.' 'They must run their chances,' replied Densmore coldly. So saying, he crept near to the cabin door and waited. He must have the woman, the spy, the last and best of all the gang. The moments passed; the hour was drawing to a close, and the detective listened with bated breath for his coming victim, when suddenly without a sound the door opened, and Nettie entered. As she did so Densmore stepped forward, and would have laid his hand upon her shoulder, but in a single glance, the girl comprehended all, and with a wild shriek she sprang from him, the dies dropping from her arms as she did so, while Price started from his seat and joined her. And then again the detective found himself facing the enemies, one of them now armed, for the woman had drawn a pistol. But there was no struggle. With nerves tense as steel, and a deadly light

in the clear blue eyes, Carl leveled his heavy weapons, one at each of the figures before him and in low cool tones said: 'Up with your hands! In the name of the national government I arrest you! as counterfeiters! Quick!' The last word was addressed to the woman, for in her eyes, too, there gleamed a dangerous light; but before the detective could lay her, the pistol was turned, there rang out a sharp report, and from her side there welled the bright blood splashing the wooden floor, and with a maddening cry, she tottered and fell; Price half catching her in his shackled arms as she sank.

Only once she spoke. 'Better this than prison, Dick! and to die with you love.' Then came a fluttering sigh, and she was gone. An hour later Densmore stood before the United States Commissioner at Wildwood, and delivered his prisoner. Two hours later, a posse of officers secured the others, who were dragged half dead from their cellar furnace room; and the next day the detective alone stood by the open grave of poor Nettie, the bravest and prettiest criminal he had ever known he said, and heard the dull sound of the clods as they fell upon her coffin. Then he turned eastward again his duty done. The coiners of Kansas were no more.

Would Not Go Back to Old Times.  
It is not a general known historical fact that from 1777 to 1784 the territory now known as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina; and that in 1785 the Tennesseans, becoming dissatisfied with their government formed one of their own, under the name of Frankland, which was maintained for some years. The organization afterwards disbanded, and Territorial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the State of Frankland: We copy as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency in 1838.

'Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Frankland, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from the first day of January, 1778, the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit: His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins; his honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins or 500 racoon skins; the Treasurer of the State, 450 racoon skins; Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 racoon skins; each county clerk, 300 beaver skins; members of Assembly, per diem, three racoon skins; Justices fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin; to the constables for serving a warrant, one fish skin; entered into a law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of State.'

His Honor had before him the case of a young farmer who was arrested for disturbing the peace and being drunk, and when asked for defense he said: 'Well, I live out here about twelve miles. Yesterday morning, as I was splitting rails, Bill Adams came along and dared me to come to town with him. And I dared.'

'You hadn't any errand?' 'None at all. After we got here Bill Adams he says to me he'd dare me to take a drink. And I dared. Party soon, after we had been to a harness shop, he dared me take another. And I dared.'

'That was two drinks?' 'Yes, sir, and after Bill had bought four pounds of nails he dared me to go swizzled. And I dared.'

'What is swizzled?' 'Just drunk enough to think you can lift a barrel of salt, but you can't lift one end of a hat full of bricks.' 'Well, go on.' 'Well, when we got swizzled Bill he dared me to upset a man carrying a step-ladder. And I dared.' 'That's when you got that black eye, eh?' 'Yes, sir, I upset the man, but he got up and knocked me pizen West.' 'Yes.' 'Well, then we saw a policeman marching along, and Bill Adams he dared me to pitch him into a snow-bank. And I dared.' 'Was it much of a pitch?' 'No, sir—not for the officer. He gave me two cracks on the head and brought me down.' 'Well, now I shall dare you to go to the Work House for thirty days,' concluded his Honor as he settled back. And he dared.