

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1881.

NO. 8.

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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Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion.
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Horses fed at 25cts. per meal.
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Perfected Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.
One Horse No. 5 Price
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POETRY.

MANHOOD.
Thy manhood is a glorious thing,
O stain it not with bribe or shame;
And never let misfortune wring
From thy true clasp divine honored name.
Let no alluring sin beguile
Thy firm young steps to paths of ill,
Though fickle fortune fail to smile,
Supreme in manhood stay thy will.
Thy manhood 'tis a seal He set,
Thy mother's God upon thy brow,
And not a jewel's ornament
Had ever such transcendent glow.
While thy young heart if undelled,
And thou canst raise to man and Heaven
And honest gaze, if sorrow's child,
Still not from peace and mercy riven.

True manhood if the right alone
Of God's own sons; then stain it not,
For never penitential moan
Effaced one sin's polluting blot.
Remorseful centurion will fall
The golden moments to restore.
Thy trust thou not to veering sail
When leaving youth's enchanted shore.

ROBBING THE MAIL.
Fourteen years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to wait the arrival of two or three coaches, and did not start until after dinner, I often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were piling up and down. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton by contract until one o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was obliged to sit up later than that hour for me.

One day when I drove up to Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Peter," said he with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in the bag," and he pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked if I had any passengers who were going to Littleton. I told him I did not know. "But suppose I have not?"

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came to-day, and he says there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspected that they had an eye upon the mail, so that it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said that the agent had described one of them as a short, thick-set fellow about forty years of age, with a heavy, thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh no; not if you have passengers all the way through, but I only told you this that you might look sharp when you changed horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. A little past one we started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowan's Mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About six o'clock in the evening, I left Gowan's Mills alone, having two horses and a pug.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was. The night was clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow and tedious work, and my horses soon became weary and reticent. At a distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bill's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I had been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up to me and asked me if I was going to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage, I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him and found that one of the animals had got a deep corkscrew on the off

fore-foot. I gave such directions as I thought necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.
"He just got in," I answered.
"Got in from where?"
"I don't know."

"Well now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been any such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at him," said I. "We can get that at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pug just hold your lantern so that the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pug I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up.

I saw a short, thick frame, dull, hard features, and I could see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the post-master had described to me, but I did not think seriously about it till I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile when I noticed the mail-bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Hallo!" said I, holding up my horse a little, "where's my mail?"
My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and I turned towards him.
"Here's a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he would shove it forward.

Just at that moment my horses homered into a deep snow-drift, and I was forced to get out and tread it down in front of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and put my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man taking something from his lap beneath the buffalo robe and putting it in his breast pocket.

This I thought was a pistol. I had caught a gleam of a barrel in the dim light, and having time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail but was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another snow-drift, and I was again forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would help me, but he didn't feel very well and would not try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered that it had become fast to something. I thought it was the buffalo and tried to kick it clear, but the more I kicked the more closely it held. I reached down my hand, and feeling about a few minutes, I found my foot was in the mail bag. I felt again and found my hand in among the letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more foresight before leaving Danbury; but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time, quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had better do under the circumstances. I wasn't longer in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage at the first opportunity; and fourthly he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I revolved these things in my mind, and soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him unawares, and this I couldn't do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Longeo lived there, and directly before it a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with a shovel. As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up till the stage went by. I

drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling, stood up. I frequently did when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead, and could distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement and wasn't prepared for it. But I had calculated and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a buffalo robe about him, while I alighted directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow, and sung out for old Longeo. I didn't have to call a second time for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned, he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man as he came up.
"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold on the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got it away from him.

By this time Longeo had led the horses out and come back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the road and upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stowed away in his pocket.

He swore, threatened and prayed, but was paid no attention to his blarney. Longeo got some stout cord, and when he had securely bound the rascal we tumbled him into the pug. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Leighton and he said, "Of course."

So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of the route with my mail all safe, though not as snaz as it might have been, and my mail-bag was a little the worse for the game that had been played upon it.

However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the State prison at the present time. At any rate he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any trouble, and I think that under the circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

SPONGE.
There are some people who are always ready to approve of anything that is new. These are they who buy every new patent medicine and adopt every new garment as soon as it is being presented to them.

Such people are in the habit of good health. A few years ago they arrayed themselves from head to foot in undergarments of red flannel, not because they particularly liked flannel or admired red above all other colors, but because red flannel underclothing was a novelty and hence had an especial claim on their attention. Relying on this tendency to buy and wear newly invented clothes, some artist, and it is to be feared, very unprincipled man, has invented underclothing made of sponge.

The trusting public is informed that only by wearing sponge underclothing can people hope to preserve their health and to live out, say, two-thirds of their days. The result is that hundreds of men and women, alured by the novelty of clothing made of sponge, are throwing aside their flannel, silk, or merino underclothes and buying the new and deceitful garments of sponge.

Mr. Thomas Hewitt who is one of the leading citizens of Wilkesbarre, is commonly spoken of by his fellow citizens as a very "progressive man." There has not been a single new medicine patented within the last ten years that Mr. Hewitt has not bought it and either personally swallowed it or given it to his family. There is hardly a new variety of religion that Mr. Hewitt has not adopted, and he boasts that he is the only man now living who has kept up with Mr. Beecher and Mr. Frothingham, and has adopted every one of their monthly novelties of creed. His only daughter—for he lost his son two years ago by giving him a dose of Cancer Preventive by mistake—shares to some extent in her father's love of progress, and either of her own inclination or in consequence of his parental command,

adopt every new hygienic garment that is invented.

Last week Tuesday, there occurred at Wilkesbarre a decided thaw. Up to that time the sleighing had been excellent, but the sudden warmth of the weather caused the snow to melt, and produced quite a freshet in small streams. It would, in these circumstances, undoubtedly have been the point of wisdom for Miss Hewitt and young Mr. Baxter to have postponed the sleigh-ride which they had agreed to take on Tuesday, but with the ardor of youth they refused to think of postponement, and started at 10 o'clock A. M. to ride thirty miles to the village of Beaver Dam and back again.

The air was filled with moisture. A thick fog hung over the country, and the runners of the sleigh splashed the half-melted snow all over the buffalo which covered the laps of the happy pair. They, however, cared nothing for the thaw. They were exulted far above any perception of the weather.

Had the thermometer been ten degrees below zero they would still have felt comfortably warm, and in spite of the thaw they did not suffer from the increased heat.

About 2 o'clock a curious phenomenon manifested itself. Miss Hewitt was growing perceptibly larger. Her attention was first called to the fact by the tightness of her dress, and on taking temporary measures to remedy that evil, she found that she was at least twice as large in circumference as she had ever been at any previous time. Mr. Baxter almost simultaneously discovered that his arm could no longer completely encircle his companion, and the awful truth that she was rapidly and visibly swelling smote them with terrible force. Mr. Baxter suggested that it might be the result of indiscretion in eating dried apples and afterwards drinking water, but the young lady indignantly denied that she had done so. The horses' heads were turned homeward, and at a swift gallop the alarmed young people drove in search of the nearest doctor. Miss Hewitt meanwhile grew with miraculous rapidity. She almost entirely filled the seat of the sleigh, and was gradually crowding Mr. Baxter into the bottom when a new horror manifested itself. Mr. Baxter found that his left arm and left side were thoroughly wet, and that pools of water were forming on the seat. In his exertions he lashed the horses until they rushed over the road at a rate which made the sleigh jolt like a Long Island Railroad car. At every jolt Miss Hewitt was enveloped in a shower of water. She would then for a few moments occupy a little less room in the sleigh, but in short time she would be as stout as ever. A state of things so unprecedented and alarming would perhaps have driven the horrified Mr. Baxter into hopeless and permanent lunacy had he not reached the doctor's house while he was yet of his reason.

The doctor was not long in making a diagnosis of the case and in relieving the minds of his frightened visitors. He said that it was not entirely unprecedented. Sponge, he informed them, when dried and pressed, will occupy a very small space, but when exposed to moisture in the shape of a heavy fog it will absorb water to such an extent as to swell many times beyond its original bulk. It is believed that Miss Hewitt has gone back to red flannel, and that Mr. Hewitt has written to the inventor of the sponge garments denouncing him as an impostor and threatening to bring an action against him for imperiling his daughter's health and subjecting Mr. Baxter to the danger of drowning in a sleigh.—N. Y. Times.

There is not much fuss made over the inauguration of a boy's first pants pocket as there is over the laying of a corner stone but there are more things to put in it.

You may not have been born a gentleman, but if you act like one you have the satisfaction of knowing that nature made the blunder and not yourself.

The very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We erect the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

Hot Tail Varmints.

If a hunter out prospecting, goes through the woods or clearings or open fields and finds the stones turned up for acres and acres, he knows a bear has been there and has made his home for the nonce in the vicinity. Bears are very fond of crickets, slugs and bugs of all kinds, and they know that their favorite insects make their homes in fall under stones on the ground. Consequently they select spots where the ground is covered with stones, and turn them up to get bugs.

Yellow jackets or hornets, nests, or rather their contents, are favorite morsels with the black bear. If a bear sees a yellow jacket or a hornet working in the woods he acts like a crazy thing until he finds the hole one enters or the tree or rock to which the other is fastened. He prances around through the woods, flicking his chops and whiffing and growling until his unerring scent leads him to the object of his search. Then he gets right down to the business. Yellow jackets build their nests in the ground. When a bear finds one it takes but a few swoops of his fore paws to turn it inside out. The bees swarm out in clouds and cover the bear until he looks as if he was painted yellow. He pays no attention to their attack, although an assault of yellow jackets on almost any other animal would soon result in death. The bear merely shuts his eyes and grins as he scoops the honey out with his paws and licks them off until the nest is despoiled of every trace of its sweetness. The old hunter who gives these observations on the domestic habits of the bear declares that he shot a big bear once in Pinehot swamp over in the High Knob region. He killed it but when he went in to drag the carcass out he found that the bear had been robbing a yellow jackets' nest, and it was still covered with the fiery little insects. "If that bear had been wounded only, and had showed fight, I'd walked right into it without delay. But when one of them cussed little hot tail varmints of a yellow jacket came a divin' at me I didn't want none o' him, and I out and run. I wan't afeer'd o' no wounded bear, but that yaller bear scared me out. I didn't dare to go after that bear till next day."

EARLY RISING.

John Quincy Adams and Josiah Quincy, Sr., were enthusiastic advocates of early rising. They practiced it from boyhood, and attributed it to their physical vigor in old age. Judge Stoddard was an intimate friend. He loved dearly a good morning nap, and their opposite opinions often gave rise to sharp and witty discussions. On one occasion, when the two eminent men had dined with the Judge, he invited them to accompany him to the Law School in Cambridge, where he was to deliver a lecture. He invited the ex-President to talk to the students, and Mr. Adams made interesting practical remarks, touching among other topics, on his favorite theme of early rising. The Judge then went on with his lecture. The afternoon was hot, and the lecture room close, and towards the close of the lecture, he noticed that the class were nodding to each other and smiling. Looking first on his right hand and then on his left, he discovered the secret of their merriment, for both of the distinguished visitors were asleep and nodding. He could not resist the temptation to add a postscript to his lecture. "Young gentlemen, I call your attention to the visible proof of the evils of early rising." The loud laugh that followed awoke the gentlemen, but they did not understand the joke that caused it. Let boys sleep in the morning.

When a French woman doesn't like her eyebrows she shears them off and buys a pair for forty cents. Nature can't begin to compete with a woman for style.

A French paper tells us that the beautiful Comtesse de V. is so much habituated to flattery, so accustomed to having everybody speak of 'your beautiful arms,' 'your snub arms,' 'your exquisite shoulders,' that she said, in the most unconscious manner, 'Mon Dieu! how the dust flies into my beautiful eyes!'