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POETRY.

THE REVIEW.

BY ASAPH. (Written for the Gleaner:) I've long been free as is the wind.

And unfettered still like it I rove; And where I've gone f've s'riven to find-A perfect lady whom I could love, And in my heart take home to rest With joy, as soon as she was found; For then I'm sure I should be blessed

And cease the world to roam around. Earth from her millions, sure can give One perfect loving friend to me. With whom content I here could live Through time and all eternity.

My heart within me yearns to meet And such a partner take for life. Who with sweet smiles would ever greet Me welcome home from toil and strife,

And such an one I'll have or noue, One that will love incessantly, Or I'll rove on through time alone, Rejoicing in celibacy.

A wranging scold I can't endure. Or one that's destitute of grace. The pert, the stubborn or impure A tattling bawd or freekled face.

My wife must be par excellence. A lady in manners, form and dress; For with none other I'll take the chance Of wedding to myself distress. 'Twould wring my heart, 'twould break with

To hear a keen incisive tongue Forever and forever go, Scolding ever the old and young,

'Tis folly, yes in the extreme, To lock for peace where discord reigns. And hope ne'er throws a transient gleam To assuage life's woes or soothe its pains Contrast with this a sunny home

Where love and peace in beauty shine, And every heart's another's throne, And altogether the families shine!

For such a home I will st ive still, Hoping a perfect lass to find, With a temper sweet and yielding will, Sparkling wit and a brilliant mind: One who will never be displeased At au lit I do, or once complain, However worried, vexed or teased, Tortured with grief or racked with pain.

For I'm so fraid myself, I know, Unless I find a perfect wife, Oft from her tongue I'm sure would flow Words that would sting my soul with grief Then let no one blame me if I live A single man until I find A perfect lady who will give

Me all she hath and then prove kind. Many have been the reigning belles That I have met with in my day; But they all cut such monstrous swells, My reason bade me turn away To those less fa ned and more sedatc; And such I found free from disgrace. But no one that I'd like to mate; For I am sure that I could trace

Defects in all, both small and great. So that I now begin to fear My life long search will prove in vain, Not withstanding my special care, Pure motives and exalted aim, She plucked the apple that Adam ate

And thus brought rain on us all Till now we mourn our lost estate. But woman though frail, is of great worth. And some are loyely as they're gay; Yet prone to think they're best of earth, And should in all things have their way.

Some such are found in every clime. And so I fear 'twill ever be; While others esteemed almost divine, Have faults that none need wish to see.

How few of them can make a dress. Or patch a garment of any kind; Much less to wash, iron and press, If so to do they were inclined. None like their mothers, now spin and rec Warp, weave and mall, knit and dye; Nor could they cook a decent meal,

If all from hunger were to die. Still they are heaven's best gift to earth And yet the best might better be, Thought they less of wealth and dress

birth. These greatest onef we soon should see Than lovers e'er fancied in their dreams While they lay pining in despair On flowery banks by purling streams, Fanned by a soft and fragrant air.

In maidenhood, they're all serene, And lovely as they well can be, And take all captive when the're seen . E'en when their faults a fool might see. So now I've sworn I'll never wed If I wait perfection in the fair, Either in woman's heart or head, At any time or anywhere.

Yet women, I own, in some respects, Are better far than are most men, Jewels are found among the sex, And human nature's best in them: And the few faults that they possess Are hid beneath their purity, And these are ever growing less Or cancelled by their charity.

Then let none who wish to double. Postpone too long or be too choice When all are bound to have their trouble, As sure as sparks rise in their course; And long before life's journey ends, Start on the road just where we may, We'll find that we have need of friends And wish we'd gone the other way.

For life is but a bubble at most, Upon a raging stormy sea, Madly driven and wildly tossed, While all through life, we'd quiet be: But here great storms will e'er abound,

With scarce enough of light to trace The path of safety till port is found And we've been anchored safe by grace.

Still celibacy where there's no blight, Hath far more freedom and repese; Yet mairied life hath its delights A sing'e mortal never knows So let bachelors and maids remain Content and frekly bear their load, And those who've wed do all they can To make their homes a sweet abode.

At home, it cannot be on earth, Hope's here to full fruition bound, And sweetest comforts have their birth. Then here let all lock hearts and hands And our homes always twine with love, And by affectiou's strongest bands. There bind ourselves where're we rove.

For know you all, joy's not found

MARRYING A SCHOOL MASTER.

'It's too provokin'!' exclaimed Josials Potter with a thwack of his fist on the breakfast table that made the desk rat-

'It is, so it is,' said Aunt Rachel dutifully chiming in with her husband and casting a reproachtal glance at her niece Patience Bethell whose charming eyes shot rebellious glauces through the tears that would come even in spite of her strongest efforts.

'Gals don't get such chances every day,' continued Mr Potter. 'Zekiel Sawspel is the forehandedest farmer in Toboggan, and the gal as turns up her ing, as we began by relating. nose at him don't know which side of per bread is buttered.

'That she don't !' returned aunt Rachel; and to think of throwin' over -such a man for an unknown adventurer, some chool master--

'It's what I call too provokin,' repeatdd Joshua Potter.

'And what's provoki'ner still,' Anni Rachel added, 'there's Cinthy Goss ready to snap at any, offer Zekiel may make, and ten to one he will make one for spite, and she'll be just mean enough to say as how she cut Patience out.

'I'm sure she's welcome to him,' was all the latter deigned to say as she rose and left the room.

'She's just like her mother,' was Aunt Rachel's comment. 'Nothin' would do sister Edith but marry that literary chap, Richard Bethell, as was shiftless encual to go and die in a year, leaving her with a baby on her hands. Then she was silly enough to grieve herself to death, and of course the baby fell to us. Well one would have thought that that child's early experience would have been a warning to her, but it does seem as if what is bred in the bone is tolerably cer ain to come out in the flesh.'

Leaving Uncle Joshua and Aunt Rachel to finish their talk over family matters, let us go back a step or two and see what gave rise to it.

A few months before, a genteel lookyoung man applied to Toboggan school committee for employment as a teacher: The committeemen shook their heads at at first, Mr. Leon Payne might be a proper person, but then he was a total stranger, and brought no recommendation. Still his terms were so moderate that it was decided to take him a quar ter on trial.

There was a good deal of grumbling at first. Mr. Payno gave the boys altogether too much play their parents thought. Then he would often take a hand in their sport. He could toss ; ball or handle a bat with the best of them, and was not above marbles, even. In all which many saw a woeful want of dignity. But when it was found that the boys were getting along faster in their studies than they had ever done before, the grumbling abated measurably, and the fathers were less scandalized when they caught Mr. Payne in a crowd of noisy urchius, "taw" in band knucks ing down with the rest on terms of per-

Mr. Payne was a strikingly handsome man. He became quite a favorite with the Toboggan belies, and would have excited the lealousy and ire of a host of

His attentions to the Toboggan fair were so general in their character, that misgivings from Patience's heart. the most suspicious lover could find nothing to complain of in particular. Besides, a poor young school master is no great catch, and that consideration set a good many minds at ease.

In one of his Sanday rambles Mr. Payne had lost his way and stopped to ask it of a young lady who came cantering across his path. When she reined up her horse and turned her face to meet I ever felt before. the question, the latter was struck with admiration that for a moment he forgot to pursue his inquiries; and when he resamed them it was in a manner so confused that several minutes were consumed in obtaining the desired information; bows and blushes.

This was the first but by no means the ast moeting of Leon Payne and Patience came a pretty constant visitor at the house of Joshua Potter, Patience's uncle - so constant that both mucle Joshua and aunt Rachel began to suspect him of lesigns not quite consistent with cerain plans of theirs about their niece and Zekiel Sawspel, a well to do young farmer, rich in lands and goods and fatted calves, whom they had set their hearts on having for a nephew-in- law.

For a season the worthy uncle and aunt concealed their uneasiness. There was nothing in young people meeting and talking over books to make the ground of direct complaint. But things came to another pass when Zekiel Sawspel his heart and hand to Patience and was

Then uncle Joshua and aunt Rachel held a solemn council.

'It was quite unnatural,' Uncle Joshua said, that a man should give a man like Zeriel the mitten, unless' there was another fellow in the case."

Aunt Rachel was quite of the same mind, and both agreed that the other fallow could be some other than the stack up school master; and this is what uncle Joshua denounced as being too provok-

Aunt Rachel's prediction, that Zekiel Sawspel would propose to Cinthy Goss for spite was fulfilled within a week, and in less than a month they were married.

Many were the looks of triumph that Cinthy east at Patience when they met

at church next Sunday.

But there wasn't much exultation in Z kiel's looks as they wandered from her he had won to her he had lost. He heaved an audible sigh but that may have been because the sermon affected him.

Mr. Payne's quarter was out, and ore merning he called on Uncle Joshua and and Aunt Ruchel and asked their consent to a quiet little wedding between their niece and himself.

Ef you an' Patience's fixed it up,' said Uncle Joshua, 'it is not much use asyin' no, but I have no great notion of a gal marrying a school master. It is a low come down for one as might have her pick of all the fellers in Toboggan.

Aunt Rachel would have pointed the moral by referring to the sad history of Patience's mother, but since Zekiel Sawspel was no longer in the case both the uncle and aunt had lost spirit. So the quiet little wedding was suffered to come off with but passive opposition.

Uncle John and Aunt Rachel bade their niece and her busband a rather cheerless good by on their wedding norming as they stepped abound train for the city. But Patience had a brave as well as a loving heart. She put the fullest trust in the man of her choice, and went without question to share whatever home he had to offer, however humble it might be.

On alighting at their journey's end, Leon led Patience through the crowd to where a handsome carriage was waiting. A coach man stood at the open door, and before l'atience had time to chide her husbands extravagance he had handed her is and they were driven off.

At length the carriage stopped. The door was again opened. Loon stepped out and gave his hand to Patience, who, the next moment found herself accending the steps in front of an elegant mansion.

Before she had time to recover her wonder the door opened in answer to Leon's ring, and giving her hand an assuring press, he conducted her into a sumptuous apartment where a stately white haired lady rose to meet them. Mother this is the daughter I have

brought you,' said Leon. There was that in the white haired

rural swains but for the fact with which lady's looks which spoke more plainly he avoided even the appearance of raval- than words, her approval of her son's choice, and there was a warmth of welcome in her embrace which drove all the

'But,' said Patience after the greeting was over, 'this cannot be your home dear Leon.

'No; it is ours now,'s he answered laughingly. 'Then you are-'

'What the world calls rich, but' he added, encircling her with his arms, I feel a hundred times richer to day-than 'But how was it that you-

Became a school "master you would ask. Well, it was a freak of mine. My main purpose was to seek out, if I could find it, a true and guileless heart that to go to heaven, would love me for my own sake, regardafter which the two parted exchanging less of wealth or station, and I feel quite certain that I have succeeded.

Uncle Joshua and Aprit Rachel were forced to admit at last that Patience Bethell. The young school master be- might have done werse than marry the school master.

A Touching Story.

This story is told of a poor Hindoo mother of Kedegree, in India:

This woman lived on the Garges, near Sanger Island, and she had a pair of beautiful twin babes. But one of them was a girl and blind, and the benighted mother on that account supposed her self under "Gunga's" curse for some offenso she had done.

A missionary's wife found her lamenting; and heard- the story of her ane, one day, with a smiling offer of grief. The God must be appeared the woman said. He was certainly angry, or sent away with a very lively flea in his the children would have both been boys, and with good eyes. She would have to make a sacratice to soothe his wrath. The Christian laly did what she could to impress her with better teachings, but with little effect. She left her sadly but not dreaming what the wretched

wother meditated doing.

A day or two later the lady called aghin. As before the mother sat beside the little basket cradle weeping-but there was one babe in the cradle. It was the blind gul. The other had been drowned in the Ganges!

The Christian was korror struch when she knew the truth.

"Unhappy woman?" she exclaimed: then after a silence she added with something more like pity: "If you were one you loved and spare the one you hated?

breast, "O, it is that that breaks my heart," she said. "The God must have the best. When I had a perfect one he would not take the other. Alas, my boy, my boy.23

BOOKBINDING.

The bookbinder craft was at its zenith just before the invention of printing; if has waned since, because n. ody would care nowadays to give such prices as were cheerfully paid for books in the days when it took twenty-five months of a patient scribe's work to produce one copy of the Bible. The bindings of such costly books were works of art. Milan first, we are told, acquired a reputation for its bindings of Spanish leather, arabesqued and gilt, which suclose of the fifteenth contary the bindings of presentation volumes and of the church books used on high altars of cathedrals were mostly of solid gold or silver. Bruges has produced some beautiful works of this description, likewise bindings in cloth of gold wrought with silk of many colors. At Yypross, the great cloth mart of North Europe, were first made plain bindings of cloth, embroidered more or less; but these were used only for small volumes of jests and ballads, and for the horn books out of which the children in noble families learned their letters. Venice had a name for its bindings in ivory and woods from the east; Florence, like Ghent in Flanders, abounded in brass artificers, and produced brazen bindings, gilt or silvered, each one the work of a master craftsmen, for none ventured to make book-covers who were not skilled with tools; but the most gorgeous bindings of all that were made before the invention of printing came from Rome. Here the guild of Italian goldsmiths had its chief hall; and there was always a a sure sale for rich binding of wrought gold, seeing that the kings and potent tates who came to visit the Papal See invariably gave and received presents of splendid books.

As a rule the flower of the family does nothing toward providing the daily

The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not been found.

Barnum says that a circus man who won't admit orphass free can never hope

Subscribe for THE ALAMANCE GLEAN-ER, \$1.50 a yerr,

A BEAULIFUL SENTEMENT.

"A man without some sort of religion 1, at best a reprobrate, the football of destiny; with no tie linking him to infinity, to the wondrous eternity that is within him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a flower without perfume.

"A man may in some sort tie his finil hopes and honers, with weak, shifting ground tackle to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call faith is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or metive; but can und no basis in no other system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may craze bis thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before; but a woman-where can she put her hopein storms, if not in heaven?

"And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love, that endearing hope, mellowing every scene of life, lighting them with a pleasant radiance; when the world's cold at orm breaks like an army with smoking cannon -what can bestow it all but holy soul tie to what is streng-er than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a Godiov-ing mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow with a tear.

in lo onest wood needs, virginalities A New York drummer was passing old Twopercent's place of business in driven to this, why did you destroy the Galveston recently, when he called him across the street and asked to look at his samples. The drummer could hardly be-The woman solbed, and beat her lieve his sonses. He had Lever been treated in that way before in Texas. It was hardly a minute before he had his samples spread out in anticipation of a \$5,000 order. Old Pwopercent got the very bottom price of everything in his line; but when the drummer asked him if he did not want to order some of the

> goods the reply was. Tol die 'Not much. You do not shuppose dot is vot I called you in for?

What did you call me for then?' asked the drammer. 'I only wanted to see vot your figgers was so ash to find out if I was not selling

my goods too low.

EDITORS: PROUBLES-enderer It an editor omits anything he is lazy, if he speaks of anything as it is, he is mad; if he smooth down the wough places, he is bribed; if he calls things by perseded the old-fashioned bindings of perition of editor; it is a furnish, wood, metal or ivory; but dutil the bis readers with jokes, he is stapid; if he their proper names, he is unfit for the does, he is a rattle head, lacking stability; if he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow but lacks discretion; if he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned he is a coward; if he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is insipid. In short, if he edits a paper properly, and sticks to truth and facts, he is a fool and doesn't know how to edit a paper halt as well as his readers could.

PRESENCE OF MIND AND ABSENCE CILL TO OR BUDY, Ipsela as of

They were talking of Sir Boyle Roche, when a Wicklow magistrate who was present flew off at a tangent. When I was in danger from a Kerry bull, said he, 'I sat down and stared him full in the face, 'How did it answer?' queried the breathless bystanders, Excellent ! The Kerry didn't offer to touch me. 'Very remarkable, very curious! How do you account for it? 'Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on the top branch of a very tall tree, said the magistrate.

A paper does not cost much. That is the reason why so many walk into an office, help themselves and walk out. To prevent this little steal, it is veritably announced that a shrewd editor trained a parrot to watch visitors to the office. If one picked up a paper and attempted to go off without paying for it, the bird would sing out with startling clearness."Stop thief! stop thief! Itang it, bring that paper back, or pay for it? By this means the editor receives nearly all the money for his papers, which gives him quite a lift.—Yonkers Statesman.

What is that dog barking at " asked a fop whose boots were more polished than his mind. Why, because he sees another puppy in your boots, said a bystander.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth,