

THE ALAMANANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, MAY 30, 1881.

NO 14.

The Alamanance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

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Poetry.

To-Morrow.

The setting sun, with dying beams,
Had waked the purple hill to fire,
And citadel, and dome, and spire
Were gilded by the far off gleams;
And in and out dark pine trees crept
Full many a slender line of gold;
Good notes athwart the river swept,
And thence it as it onward rolled,
And sunlight lingered loath to go,
Ah, well! it cansteth sorrow
To part from those we love below;
And yet the sun as bright shall glow
To-morrow.

The tide was ebbing on the strand,
And stooping low its silver crest;
The crimson seaweed lay at rest
Upon the amber-ribbed sand;
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the shore
Flung parting wreaths of pining spray,
Then fled away; yet turned once more
And sent a sigh across the bay.
As though it could not bear to go,
Ah, well! it cansteth sorrow
To part from those we love below,
Yet thitherward the tide shall flow
To-morrow.

Two hearts have met to say farewell—
At even when the sun went down;
Each life sound from the busy town
Smote sadly as a parting bell.
One whispered: "Parting is sweet pain—
At morn an eye returns the tide;"
"Nay! I parting rends the heart in twain."
And still they linger, loath to go,
And still they linger, loath to go,
Ah, well! it cansteth sorrow
To part from those we love below—
For shall we ever meet or no,
To-morrow.

AN INVITATION TO BREAKFAST.

'Walk out to my house and have breakfast with me some morning.' Such was the invitation given to me one day by Mr. Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled, in the thriving town of Abbeyston.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr. Robertson in business, made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterward, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun arcing into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of a morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove, and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating chain of an early walk on a summer's morning needs no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling dew, the soft low breeze, all tend to exhilarate one's spirits and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr. Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be to appose the appetite stimulated by the breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the house, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck on most suburban residences. No; nothing saving so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance or having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favored me, however, by sending across my path a traveling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my in-

quiry as to which house was Mr. Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: 'This 'ere one as I've just come from, sir.' Waking up the path I found the door, invitingly opened, and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell handle.

'Master is not down yet, sir,' she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which considering the time of day really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

'Oh, then I will come in and wait,' I replied.

'What name shall I say sir?' asked the girl.

'Just tell him that Mr. Brooks has called and he will understand.' So saying the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should have possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two wide French windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower beds outside. While noticing these things the housemaid had gone upstairs to announce me, when something like the following dialogue ensued:

'Please, ma'am, Mr. Brooks is down stairs.'

'Mr. Brooks! Who is he?' was the response, in a muffled female voice.

'I don't know, ma'am,' the maid replied. 'I've never seen him here before. But he is a young gentleman, and says he will wait until master comes down.'

'Now this was not exactly pleasant to me but when I reflected that most probably Mrs. Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended, so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two when I heard a slight rattling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps thro' the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with 'Good-morning, uncle; here is your buttonhole bouquet.'

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily-shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened too, by a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button hole—how I envied her uncle—a very picture of life and health and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eye as the humor of the awkward situations we were in, broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash upon us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends, I fancied my lady seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay to breakfast; and had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting: 'Good morning, uncle,' followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp 'Good-morning.' I was

too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: 'He is some visitor;' but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr. Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misundestanding; that I humbly apologized for my intrusion and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking I made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened by stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking, again to that charming little lady, who, in less than five minutes, I had found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried 'good-morning,' and was trying to make a ghostly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, would you believe it that tall, dark man burst into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gayly discussed at that breakfast-table, before her, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. 'You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr. Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one.'

Now this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. 'Mr. Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favor of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning.' So saying he took my hat out of my hand and led me into the room again. Of course it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before I had been ready to knock the man over; I now thought him the most kind and considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr. Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial and more kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr. Robinson into their pretty flower garden, I received from her a rosebud for my buttonhole, which I kept for some years afterward. When saying good-bye I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town I lost no time in explaining 'the situation' to my worthy employer, Mr. Robertson, who raised me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr. Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr. Robinson's house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me; and that 'fairy-like girl' is now my wife. The local milkman, bless him, got a handsome 'tip' upon our wedding day.

Senator Boone's Big Feet.

In the early days of Indiana, one of the State Senate was a good-natured giant named George Boone. When he stood up, his height attracted attention, for he measured nearly seven feet. If he made a gesture, his hands were noted as the largest ever seen in that State. But it was his feet that amazed his colleagues.

When about 18, young Boone thought he would call on a neighbor who lived a few miles off. Sally, the neighbor's daughter, was large and pretty, and the youthful giant thought she would make a suitable wife.

It was late in the fall, though too early to put on shoes, so that he started barefooted. His best butter-nut-colored suit had been made some six months before, and was much too small for him. The pantaloons reached just below his knees, while the coat stretched as tight over his body as an eel skin dried on a hoop pole.

After wading creeks and muddy bottoms, the would-be sparker arrived at the neighbor's log hut just as the family were sitting down to supper of mush and milk. Being invited to draw up, he sat down along-side of Sally. The old lady offered him a bowl, which he stretched forth his hand to take. Not

making sufficient allowance for the size of his hands, he struck the big milk picher. Out went the milk over the table, and out went Sally from the room roaring with laughter.

The old lady kindly remarked, 'It will rub out when it dries,' but the youth knew that he was already rubbed out so far as Sally was concerned. He saw nothing more of her. The clock struck ten.

'Mr. Boone,' asked the old lady, 'won't you wash your feet and go to bed?'

'Here's an iron pot; it is the only thing I have that will do.' The pot proved too small for his feet to enter, except sideways. When in, they swelled so much that he could not get them out. This pain was intense. As the clock struck eleven the old lady asked: 'Mr. Boone are you not done washing your feet?'

'What did this pot cost?' he roared; 'I must break it.'

'A dollar.'

'Bring me the axe.'

Breaking the pot in pieces, he handed the old lady a dollar, opened the door and started for home. Several years after, he met Sally at a husking. As soon as she saw him she burst out laughing.

Sketches of Early Indiana.

An Enterprising Drummer.

Max Adler says: They had a funeral over at Pencaddler Hundred the other day, at which I happened to be present. After an affecting discourse by the minister to the friends of the deceased, who were gathered in the front parlor, a stranger arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. He said: 'A beautiful thought occurred to me as I listened to the eloquent words of the venerable clergyman, and as I saw before me the sorrowing throng which is about to accompany our brother to his last resting place. He is not lost but gone before. He is as it were, our advance agent, sent on beyond the boundaries of the mysterious land to herald the coming of the rest of us who are on our way to that undiscovered country.'

'My attention was directed particularly to this singularly sweet suggestion during the address of my reverend fellow pilgrim, because I occupy a somewhat similar relation here on earth to that of my departed brother in the other world. It is my high mission to represent a firm which is engaged in the manufacture of a superior article of stomach bitters, which I could conscientiously have recommended to our lamented friend over there in the coffin if I had arrived ere the vital spark had fled, but which I can now urge upon the attention of the weeping survivors, and particularly upon the afflicted sister sitting there in the corner with the sufferer, and upon the undertaker, whose warts upon his nose betoken a dangerous derangement of the digestive functions. It is put up in pint bottles and contains no deleterious substances.

'This is a world of sorrow and mourning, and the griefs which we are called to endure rob the stomach of its tone. To restore this we need not only have the gloom dispelled from our hearts, but to have our stomachs excited to action and for this purpose my bitters—' Here the speaker was hustled out of the front door by the undertaker and four pallbearers, and the procession went away without him. Personally I was in favor of allowing him to go on. I know that in a few minutes he would have routed into the corpse and tried to re-animate it with his bitters, and I was anxious to see him do it.

THE STAR HOUSE

Of the Piedmont Station.

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Seeds, Seeds,

JUST RECEIVED
Clover Seed,
Orchard Grass
and Garden Seeds.

SCOTT & DONNELL

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of Jeremiah Bason, dec'd., all persons indebted to said estate are please make immediate payment; and those holding claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned on or before the 5th day of May 1881, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. April 28, 1881. W. H. BASON, Adm'r. May 2, 4 c.

LUCIEN CRATER,

Fashionable Barber

—AND—

HAIR DRESSER

AT THE GRAHAM HOTEL.

Special attention given to ladies' and children's hair. Call and get a bottle of Walker's dandruff cure. It is a rare remedy and will prevent hair falling off. Aug. 25 80 M.

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Land Sale!

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Alamance County, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at the Court House door in Graham, on the

2nd DAY OF JUNE, 1881.

the being the first Monday, the land allotted for Dower to Sarah M. Holl, widow, and the land allotted as homestead to the minor heirs of David Holl, dec'd. Subject to the encumbrances thereon, for one half cash and the balance on a credit of six months with bond and security for the deferred payment. Title to be reserved until all of purchase money is paid. The land sold to make assets to pay debts. April 25th, 1881. W. D. HOLT, Adm'r of David Holl, dec'd. May 2, 4 w

10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that any one can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain that any one can make great profit from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made over one hundred dollars in a single week. Not unlike it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta Maine.

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