

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1881.

NO. 17.

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

Eldridge & Kernodle PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices *No Departure from the Cash System*.
POSTAGE - PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	col.	1 col.
1 week	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	3 00	4 00	\$12 00
2 "	1 25	2 00	2 50	3 00	3 50	4 50	15 00
3 "	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 50	4 00	5 00	18 00
1 mo.	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	8 00	24 00
2 "	3 00	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 50	10 00	36 00
3 "	4 00	5 00	6 00	7 50	10 00	13 00	48 00
6 "	6 50	10 00	13 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	84 00
2 "	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	35 00	45 00	168 00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion. No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. W. GRAHAM, HILLSBORO, N. C.
JAS. A. GRAHAM, GRAHAM, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

J. D. KERNODLE, Attorney at Law,

E. S. PARKER, ATTORNEY,

Dr. J. W. Griffith DENTIST GRAHAM, N. C.,

Dr. Geo. W. Long GENERAL PRACTITIONER OF Medicine and Surgery GRAHAM, N. C.

T. B. Eldridge, Attorney at Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

Just Received.

Genuine Farmers Friend Plows, all numbers. Flow Points, Land Sides, Mould Boards, Bolts and Clavises.
SCOTT & DONNELL

T. E. JONES



Livery & Feed Stables GRAHAM, N. C.

Good horses and buggies for hire at reasonable rates.
Horses fed at 25cts. per meal.
11. 15. 80. 15.

Prices reduced

Perfect Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg Va.
One Horse No. 5
Two Horse No. 7
Two Horse No. 7 1/2
Two Horse No. 8
For sale at Graham by
SCOTT & DONNELL

Poetry.

At the Last.

BY JAMES B. HENGE.

There must be something after all this woe;
A sweet fruition from the harrowed past;
Rest some day for this pining and for;
A tender sunbeam and dear flowers at last.

There will be something when these days are done,
Something more fair by far than stony nights—
A prospect limitless, as one by one
Embodied castles crown the airy heights.

So, cheer up, heart, and for that morrow wait!
Dream what you will, but press toward the dream;
Let fancy guide dull effort through the gate,
And face the current, would she cross the stream.

Then when that something lies athwart the way—
Coming unthought, as good things seem to do—
'Twill prove beneath the flash of setting day
A nobler deed than now would beckon you.

For lifted up by constant, forward strife,
Hope will attain so marvellous a height,
There can be nothing found within this life,
After this day to form a fitting night.

So heaven alone shall ever satisfy,
And God's own light be ever light enough
To guide the purblind, ennobled eye
Toward the smooth which lies beyond the rough.

There will be something when these clouds skim by—
A bounteous yielding from the fruitful past;
Sweet peace and rest upon the pathway lie,
Even though but death and flowers at the last.

CARELESS WORDS.

Various were the comments of the good people of A—when the sign of Alfred Keith, M. D., was first nailed upon the window shutter. The old ladies wondered if his cures were as infallible as Blink's Panacea; the young ones if he was married or handsome, loved picnics and sleighing parties; whilst the gentlemen of the village positively declared that if he was a young physician, it was presumption to endeavor to compete with old Dr. Smith.

But alas for the interest hanging around young Alfred Keith! Had he enveloped himself in mystery his office would soon have filled with patients, but it was quickly known that he only came to A—in order to increase, if possible, a very small income; that he had never prescribed a dozen times in his life, and that he was too poor and agreeable for manna with marriageable daughters to care about cultivating his acquaintance.

But with none did Dr. Keith's voice harmonize so well as with Clara Graham's. Clara was the belle of the village. Her father was the richest man, her mother the proudest lady, and Clara the prettiest and sauciest girl in the place.

The summer-time sped on gaily and rumor said that the doctor and Clara were engaged. The white jesamine flowers over a certain vine-covered piazza at the side of Mr. Graham's house might have confirmed the report could they have spoken, but Mr. Graham was supposed never to trouble himself with anything less important than money, and his lady was altogether too haughty a dame for the curious to risk the fear of her displeasure by prying questions. Had Clara been asked if the report was true, she would undoubtedly have replied "Yes," with such a comically serious face that no one would have for a moment believed her.

Not that she was ashamed of marrying a poor man, as Alfred Keith undoubtedly was; but the sensitive delicacy of the young girl shrunk from having her love talked and jested about.

"One afternoon a party of village gossips happened to assemble at Mrs. Jackson's, where the doctor boarded, and the conversation turned upon the visits of a gentleman to the place, who was supposed to be an admirer of Clara Graham's.

"They do say he is very rich; but one can't tell now-a-days whether a man has money or not; fine feathers make such fine birds," said old Mrs. Patterson.

"Well, then, he need not be coming to see Clara Graham, for, take my word for it, she will never marry a poor man," replied Mrs. Jackson, putting the half knit stocking up towards the window, in the deep evening twilight, to take up a stitch.

"I thought the doctor here had an eye on her," said another, looking at him and laughing, "but you cut your wisdom teeth before you come here, didn't you, doctor! She would have dismissed you with a smile and a bow like a queen."

Alfred Keith laughed, and said there was no danger of Miss Graham's discarding him; but at the same time he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Could Clara be ashamed of the engagement, that she insisted upon its being kept so quiet?" asked he mentally. He had told her frankly of his small dependence; but old Dr. Smith was nearly superannuated, and his own practice was increasing daily. Clara had declared herself perfectly willing to share his small fortune; but her lover's pride had often chafed that he must ask such a sacrifice from her. The evening after the tea-drinking at Mrs. Jackson's, Clara met Dr. Keith at a party. She was the gayest of the gay, and constantly attended by the stranger to whom allusion had been made the afternoon before.

"What do you think, Clara? Mary Hay is going to marry young Abbott, said a friend by her side.

"Poor Mary! why she is throwing herself away. Why, he is as poor as a church mouse; and as to this love in a cottage, it is more romantic than comfortable," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I think Mary will be very happy, though; she is not ambitious, and is accustomed to sacrifices. If she loves Mr. Abbott, all these petty trials will be light, replied her friend.

Clara gave a groan, threw up her hand and eyes with much earnestness, and said "Poor little innocent thing! You know nothing at all about it. How can love exist through the soap-suds of washing-day. And where is the romance of sweeping from garret to cellar with a white pocket-handkerchief tied around one's head, or burning one's hands, and arms preserving time? Oh, no! let me marry a rich man, who can afford to keep servants for all this. A poor man, indeed! he would be the death of me."

"Careless words," carelessly spoken, but how bitter the fruits.

Dr. Keith was standing near Clara at the time. The gossip of the afternoon before had made him suspicious. He feared the feelings *did* influence Clara, and that she had repented her promise to him. He drew near to her, and said, in a low voice, "Are you serious, Miss Graham?"

"As a judge!" was the laughing reply.

The annoyance of the lover increased, and he said with ardor, "If I was engaged to a young lady who really entertained these sentiments, I should be most happy for a release."

Clara looked up in surprise, and seeing how seriously he had taken her trifling, she answered, as the haughty flash mounted to her forehead, "And I should be too happy to release him."

A moment after she would have given anything to have been able to recall what she had just said in the impulse of anger but it was too late. Dr. Keith had moved to another part of the room, and the conversation was soon changed by the party.

In a short time the chafed lover bowed his adieux to his hostess, saying there was a sick child whom he must visit that night, a few hours before he had assured the distressed mother that it was but a cold afflicting the infant; but now one might judge that it was threatened with an incipient scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones' baby received one visit more that night than it would have done, had it not been for Clara Graham's careless words.

And how fared it with Clara? She was unusually gay after her lover's departure, but one might judge that she expected some one by the anxiety with which she watched the opening of the door. The flush which mounted to her cheek died away, leaving only a bright spot on each cheek and an unusual brilliancy in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Graham are you ill?" asked the lady of the house, as Clara's hand touched hers in putting down a vase of flowers. It was icy cold, whilst the fever spot on her face burned hotly.

"I do not feel very well, but a night's sleep will restore me, I hope," answered Clara.

But there was no sleep for Clara that night. She reached home in a fever of anger and excitement. She could recognize no reason why Dr. Keith should take her jesting words so seriously. In her indignation she forgot how much reason she had given for offense, though unintentionally; how sensitive a poor man is who loves. Clara was one of those peculiar natures the depth of whose affection makes them undemonstrative. She forgot that he did not know as well as she, how bravely her strong heart would battle out the world's trials with him by her side.

The night passed in this conflict between love and resentment, and the morning found her wearied out and weeping. After an hour or two of unrefreshing sleep, she arose and hurried through her toilette. But her haste was unnecessary. The leaves of her music-

book had been turned; the plants in the window had the dead leaves plucked off, and placed towards the sun, one piece of sewing after another was thrown aside, and still Dr. Keith did not make his appearance.

Clara felt angry again. A few hours before had he come she would frankly have acknowledged her thoughtlessness; but now at the flag of the door-bell, the old haughty spirit rose up as she thought "He has been giving me time to repent, I suppose; and her manner chilled to iciness.

Although she knew the voice and step perfectly well, Clara sat unmoved in her room till the servant announced Dr. Keith. She arose with the most imperceptible calmness, and brushed off the snips of saphyr-worsted which clung to her dress as if in her own heart she would not acknowledge her excited feelings.

When Clara entered the parlor her lover was standing looking out of the window with his back to the door. Whether it was that her light footstep was unheard, or that he was determined that she should speak first, Clara could not determine. For the moment her impulse was to go up and place her hand on his shoulder, but pride forbade her, so she only said, coldly, "Good morning, Dr. Keith."

He turned and bowed, but made no effort to advance or take her hand.

Clara drew up her tall figure, then took her seat, and carelessly turned over the sofa cushion against which she was leaning. "Will you be seated, Sir?"

"Thank you, no. I called, Miss Graham, to release you from an engagement, which by your own avowal, was irksome to you. It is not so great a curse after all, this being poor; one finds out so soon how little such a pretty thing as a heart is worth."

Clara sat with her eyes fixed unquittingly on his face; and except that at this last taunt the bright spring to her cheek, and the lines of her flexible mouth grew wonderfully rigid, she gave no sign of the death throes in her heart.

"You will remember, if you please, sir, that I have before said I should be most happy to be released. I see no change of happiness in our union," and she arose and bowed haughtily to her lover.

He had hoped that when he went to Clara would have made some apology, but now that was all over; so coldly bidding her good morning, he departed.

And Clara, poor Clara! she was not one to give way to violent weeping; but she threw herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and after one deep groan lay like one dead. A long time after she arose and went upstairs; but to both dinner and tea she excused herself on the plea of a sick headache. When her mother stopped in her room before retiring that night, she was alarmed at Clara's appearance, and went for Dr. Smith who pronounced her dangerously ill.

Day after day she lingered in a violent fever; and when she rose from her sick-bed her mother asked no questions as to the absence of Dr. Keith, for she had gained intelligence enough, not from Clara's ravings, but from the heart-broken voice and look of her sick child.

Years have passed, and Dr. Keith, the bachelor, is a rich man in the village; and the once gay, proud Clara is Clara Graham still.

Still in Favor of Hugging.

The following is from the New York Evening Post, and explains itself: The account of the Iowa girl who is said to have been hugged to death by her lover, has caused "quite a sensation" among the young ladies of Westfield, New York, who recently held a meeting to devise ways and means to prevent another case of death from hugging. They unanimously passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Resolved, That notwithstanding said report, we are still in favor of hugging. We prefer to run all risks of death rather than have the beautiful, lovely, delightful, perfectly elegant custom abolished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication.

A young man while once searching for his father's pig, accented an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded: "Faith, and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

Brother Gardner's Lime-Kiln Club

"I take pleasure and satisfaction," said the president, as he held up a parcel, "in informin' you a worthy citizen of Detroit, who does not care to have his name mentioned, has presented his revised edition of de Bible to de Lime-Kiln Club. We do not open our meetings wid prayer, nor do we close by singin' de Doxology, but nebertheless I am such dis gift will be highly appreciated by all. Dar has been considerable talk in dis club about dis revised edition. Some ob you hab got de ideah dat purgatory has all been wiped out an' heaven enlarged twice ober, an' I hab heard odders assert dat it didn't forbid lyin', stealin' an' passin' off bad money. My friends you are sadly mistaken. H-ll is just as hot as eber, an' heaven hasn't got any no' room. In lookin' ober some of de 'chintges las' night I selected out a few paragraphs which have a general b'arin'. For instance, it am jist as wicked to steal water-millions as it was las' year or de year befo' an' de keeper do crap de bigger de wickedness.

"No change has bin made in regard to loasin' aroun' de streets. De loafer am considered jist as mean an' low as eber he was, an' I want to add my belief dat he will grow meaner in public estimation all de time.

"De ten commandments am all down head widout change. Stealin' an' lyin' an' coveitin' all runnin' out nights am considered jist as bad as eber.

"I can't find any paragraph in which mon am excused for payin' deir honest debts an' supportin' deir families.

"I can't fin' whar a poo' man, or a poo' man's wife, white or black, am expected to aling on any pertickler style.

"Dog fights, chicken-fittin', pollyticks, playin' keards for money, an' thargin' aroun' for drinks an' all sich low business am considered moner dan eber.

Fact is, I can't fin' any change whatever which lets up on a man from bein' plumb up an' down squar an' honest wid de world. Day have changed de word 'Hell' to 'Hades' but at de same time added de strength of de brimston an' de size of de pit; an' we want to keep right on in de straight path if we would avoid it. Don't let any white man make you believe dat we's lost any gospel by dis revision, or dat Peter or Paul or Moses have undergone any change of spourit regardin' de ways of libin' respectably an' dyin' honorably."

The Yorktown Centennial.

The celebration of the Yorktown centennial, October 18, meets with a hearty response alike from the American people and from the descendants of America's allies during the Revolution. At the recent Franco-American meeting in New York Governor Holliday, of Virginia, said: "Coming from a State where Washington was born and was buried I ought not to be an alien to the city where he was inaugurated and started the republic upon its giant race." The governor then went on to pay a glowing tribute to the stability of our institutions—expressing the hope that a united American people would welcome their ancient allies, the French, on that occasion. Professor Charlier, who has been one of New York's leading educators for the past thirty years, said that his long residence in that city had not rid him of his "brogue." That was no matter, for the Frenchmen "who fought for you against Great Britain spoke English badly, but they fought well. They saved the day; for they kept Cornwallis from escaping." Congressman John Goode, of Virginia, president of the Yorktown centennial association, John Austin Stephens, Judge Woodbridge, of Vermont, and others approved of the celebration; and the commission having the affair in charge held a conference as to the number of days the celebration should continue. The project meets with equal favor from M. Gravy, president of the French republic who presented a letter to President Gardner through M. Outrey, the French minister. The chief magistrate of the French republic acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to be present at Yorktown and accepts the same in the name of the government and the whole French people; because, "having taken part in the toil we should participate in the honor." The letter closes with the usual official courtesies and the sentiments:

"The American nation, which has become so powerful and prosperous, has, by inviting our fraternal co-operation on the occasion of this anniversary, forever consecrated the union which was created by noble and liberal aspirations and by our alliance on the battlefield, and which our institutions, which are now of the same character, must draw closer and develop for the welfare of both nations."

Just Received.
20,000 pounds Ship Stuff the best of stock feed.
SCOTT & DONNELL

Seeds, Seeds,

JUST RECEIVED
Clover Seed,
Orchard Grass
and Garden Seeds.
SCOTT & DONNELL.

LUCIEN CRATER, Fashionable Barber

HAIR DRESSER

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

GOLD. Great change to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Anyone can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost every body can afford it. One agent reports taking 150 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over \$200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can derive all your time to the business, or only get spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Request and expense free. Call on us. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make money fast. Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Scott & Donnell Graham N C

Dealers in
GARDEN, HATS, HOODS
STREET, SALT, SOLAR
STEPS, SHOES, RUBBER
SHOES, ETC.
Address True & Co., Augusta Maine.

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 equal sums. Many have made over one hundred dollars in a single week. No thing else is 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.

THE STAR HOUSE

Of the Piedmont Section.
The Old Reliable
Piedmont Warehouse

FOR THE SALE OF
Leaf Tobacco,

Opposite Depot, — Reidsville, N. C.
Highest prices and best accommodations guaranteed.
A. J. ELLINGTON & CO., Proprietors
A. J. Ellington, Cashier, J. M. Andrew, Auctioneer, Dick Ellington, Clerk, Weddell Hat, Floor Manager.
Jan 17 6m.

THE GLENER

JOB OFFICE
Is prepared to execute
Job Printing

GREAT VARIETY.
NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Give Us A Trial.