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Eldridge & Kernodle,
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1 mo.	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
2 "	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50
3 "	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	14.00	16.00	18.00	20.00	22.00
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts,
Special attention paid to collecting.

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Attorney at Law,
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Practices in the State and Federal Courts,
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

E. S. PARKER,
ATTORNEY,
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Will attend regularly the Superior Courts of Alamance, as well as Person, Chatham and Randolph, and the Federal courts at Greensboro. Business entrusted to him shall have faithful attention,
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Is fully prepared to do any and all kinds of work pertaining to the profession.
Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH.
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GRAHAM, N. C.
Pure and fresh drugs always on hand.
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Genuine Farmers Friend Plows, all numbers.
Plow Points, Land Sides, Mould Boards, Bolts and Clevises.
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Livery & Feed Stables
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Good horses and buggies for hire at reasonable rates.
Horses fed at 25c. per meal.
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Prices reduced
Perfected Farmers Friend Plows made in Petersburg, Va.
One Horse No. 5 Price
Two Horse No. 7
Two Horse No. 8
For sale at Graham by SCOTT & DONNELL

Poetry.

Remarks by Rev. Gabé Tucker.

You may notch it on de pain' as a mighty reaky plan
To make your judgment by de clo's dat kiyers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often coind across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An' wakin' in de low groancs, you'd skiver as you go.
Dat de finest' thuck may hide de meaneas' nubbin in a row!
I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out of seven:
Dat talks about de sinners with a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebbes draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin' house for raisin all de chunes.
But lays aside his 'ligion with his Sunday pentatona!
I never judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come from an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de Bantam chickens awful fon o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard saile above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de een,
And you finds de smalles' 'possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

For Prohibition.

Correspondence of the GLEANER.

Few people, perhaps, are wholly aware of the immense power of that influence they exert upon their fellow creatures either for good or evil. Fewer, perhaps consider that they are responsible to God for that influence. And yet, it seems that with so powerful a light of revelation and Christian experience, every person who has arrived at the years of maturity is left without doubt as to what is his duty and entirely without an excuse for committing error. The divine law clearly teaches us that we are responsible to God, not only for our own conduct, but, to a certain extent, for the conduct of others. There are men, however who deny that they are their 'brothers' keepers to any extent. In no case, perhaps, is a man's influence more powerful—alas! for evil—his moral responsibility more weighty than in the liquor-traffic. But the class of men who oppose prohibition, it may be, will not acknowledge the truth of this assertion. They don't want to think that they will ever have to stand before the judgment bar of Almighty God and give an account of the influence they lend to sustain and perpetuate an evil that is annually carrying its victims by thousands down to hell. It is an indisputable fact, an unquestionable truth. They must think it. They must know it. Anti-prohibitionists are not justifiable in the course they have taken. Perhaps all of them would admit that intemperance is an evil and many acknowledge that the liquor-traffic is not right, yet they are determined to vote against prohibition. For what reason? For no good, legitimate reason under the sun. It seems obvious that every man who supports the liquor traffic is prompted by selfish motives to act thus. He either likes whiskey or realizes some pecuniary profit from the manufacture and sale of it. How can any christian man support the traffic in the dreadful poison when he knows that he is thereby perpetuating drunkenness and crime? Can he do it without being a partaker of other men's sins? The Bible says, 'Neither be partaker of other men's sins.' That we may share largely in the responsibility of sins committed by others, no christian, in the light of reason and revelation can deny. No one can drink without influencing others to drink, and if they drink so as to be ruined, he whose example was the occasion of their drinking must be held accountable for the results of his influence in this respect. The man who tolerates an evil is certainly not only mindful of the apostolic injunction 'that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way,' nor does he imitate an apostle's noble philanthropy avowed when he said, 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' Our anti-prohibition friends are very unreasonable in refusing to carefully examine both sides of this great moral question. They have sufficient intelligence at their command to enable them to see and understand this subject properly but they close their eyes upon it and refuse to see any but that which they consider to be their own individual interest. They can't produce a reasonable argument on their side and they won't listen to an argument on the other. Many of

them even refuse to listen to a public speech on prohibition. They even dare to stay from the house of God because the preacher says a word or two about prohibition. Their mind is made up. They don't want to be convinced that they are wrong. They are determined to hear no argument against their cause, and thereby not be convinced of their error. I would remind this class of what the wise man said: 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' Men who support the liquor-traffic may think it seems right to them, but certainly they must acknowledge that the results of it are the 'ways of death.' Man's moral responsibility in this case is too great for him to shake it off. He can't support this evil and escape with impunity. He may put up many petty excuses but none will justify his course. How often do we hear the cry of 'liberty! liberty!' 'Prohibition will take away our rights.' Why, sir, what an absurd idea! How can it take away a thing you never possessed? You never had a right to engage in the liquor-traffic, to support it, or even tolerate it in any way. Individuals cannot confer a right they do not possess. Man surrenders no right on becoming a member of society, for he has none to surrender. He never had a right to do anything against his welfare. As a created, accountable being, all his rights, from the necessity of the case, are derived. Society and its agent, government are divine institutions, essential to the perfection of the race. Hence, God who gives all rights, never conferred any right to destroy or injure them. Man has the power to sin, but no right; he has the power to mislead others by evil example, but no right; he has the power to debase his physical, intellectual, and moral faculties by intemperance, but no right. And it seems that while men have the power to vote against prohibition, they have no right. 'Prohibition is forcing men to do right,' they say. So it is, and shame on the man that has to be forced to his duty. Legal sanction has to be resorted to when nothing else will do. The great principle of legislation is to prohibit all that is against the general welfare. Civil government is a distinctive feature of God's moral administration; and all its power, as well as right, is ultimately derived from Him. The only question to be considered when it is proposed to prohibit by law the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, is whether such sale is an evil. On this point no argument is needed. That it is an evil no rational man will deny. No man in sincerity can ask God's blessing on this traffic and call Him to witness that he follows it because he believes it promotes the health, wealth, happiness, and spiritual welfare and godliness of the community. Unless a man can ask God's blessing upon the liquor-traffic he has no right to vote against prohibition. Christian men beware! Your example is powerful. Your children are walking in your footsteps. If you are not willing to sacrifice some of your sons to the Moloch of intemperance, then I beg you in the name of Heaven, arise in the dignity of your manhood and suppress this evil. I contend that no man has a right to be neutral in this case. There is no neutral ground. The crisis is before us and it must be met. It seems there are but two sides to this question, right and wrong. Then no man needs hesitate as to which he should choose. The case is so plain that 'the way-faring man though a fool,' need not err in his decision. And every man is bound to take one side or the other. No compromise can be made. The Saviour said: 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' This is a moral question: what will you do? Remember the moral responsibility that rests upon you. Remember if you support the liquor-traffic you uphold an evil for which sin you are responsible to God. 'Oh! all ye helpers to sorrow and crime, Who create death in every clime, Know ye that the Lord though He may delay, Has in reserve for the last great day, The terrible woe of whose solemn weight, No mortal can know till the pearly gate Is closed and all with one accord, Acknowledge the justice of their reward.' PHILANTHROPIST. Mills, N. C.

She was decorating her room with pictures, and she perched his photo upon the topmost nail; then she sat down to admire her work, and remarked quietly, 'Now everything is lovely and the goose hangs high!'

The Irishman's Proverbial Aversion to Frogs. Patrick, to his recently arrived cousin: 'And, Jemmy, I've moulded the little things that rise up in the water an' holler chugg! Sure the devil himself wouldn't face two o' them.'

Guitau's Vile Crime.

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF ITS CONCEPTION AND EXECUTION—HOW HE PLANNED TO KILL THE PRESIDENT AT CHURCH—DETAILED STATEMENT BY DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORKHILL.

United States District Attorney Corkhill has authorized the publication of the following in order to correct certain false statements.

The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination and the many stories published justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin Charles Guitau, came to Washington City on Sunday evening, March 6th, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbit House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and has boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18th, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store corner of 15th and F streets in this city and examined some pistols, asking for the largest calibre. He was shown two, similar in calibre, and only different in the price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased the pistol which he used, for which he paid \$10, he having in the meantime borrowed \$15 of a gentleman in this city, on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening about 7 o'clock he took the pistol and went to the foot of 17th street and practiced firing at a board, firing three shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry and wrapped it in his coat and waited his opportunity. On Sunday morning, June 12th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park, and saw the President leave for the Christian church, on Vermont avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his hip pocket and followed the President to church; he entered the church, but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window; after church he made an examination of the window and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose, and he determined, therefore, to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. He learned from the papers that the President would leave for Long Branch; he therefore determined to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 18, and went down to the river, at the foot of 17th street, and fired five shots to practice his aim and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, with his pistol ready, when the Presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and, as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot.

He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening the President and his son, and I think, United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them and watched them for some time in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to 15th street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street up 15th, until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Mr. Morton's late residence 15th and H streets, for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together, and he followed them over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2, he breakfasted at the Higgs House about 7 o'clock. He then walked up into the park and sat there for an hour. He then took a one-horse avenue car and rode to 6th street, got out and went into the depot and loitered around there, had his shoes blacked, engaged a hackman for \$2 to take him to the jail, went into the water closet and took his pistol out of his hip pocket and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder, examined the pistol, carefully tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting room, and, as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him

and fired two shots. These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with this most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

"The Best Thing for Pap."

When John Gilbert was walked out to be tried for drunkenness a boy about fourteen years old rose up and walked forward to the bar and said to the court: 'He's my old pap.'

'Well, prisoner, the charge against you is drunkenness,' said his Honor.

'I deny it!' was the prompt response.

'Now, see here, pap,' said the boy as he faced around, 'there ain't no use in acting that way. You was drunk, and you might as well own up. Lying ain't no good when forty men saw you staving blind.'

'Well, I guess I was drunk.'

'I think you have been here several times before,' observed the court.

'No, sir—no, sir—never here before, and I'll leave it to Tommy.'

'Oh! pap, what a liar!' sighed the boy. 'You have been here three times this spring.'

'Well, then, I have,' growled the old man.

'I think I told you I should send you up if you came again.'

'No, sir, you didn't—I hope to die if you did!'

'Now, pap, you know he did. He's bin powerful kind to you, and you shouldn't tell lies.'

'Well, then, he told me so.'

'I guess I'd better send him up for sixty days,' observed his Honor to the boy.

'Y-e-s, about sixty,' was the reply.

'I won't be sent!' shouted the old man.

'Oh, yes you will. They've got the law on you, pap, and they kin chuck you up as easy as eatin' crackers.'

'Well, then, I'll go.'

'Yes, go right along. Mam and I will come and see you purty often, and it'll do you good to git clear of whiskey. Go home, pap, and good-bye to ye.'

'I hate to, but I will. Good-bye, Tommy.'

The boy went out whistling, and the father sat down in the corridor and muttered that Thomas was probably correct in having him sent up, though he should miss the big end of the berry season.—*Even Press.*

A critic as is a critic: A recent visitor to an art gallery said he preferred the statues to the pictures, because 'you kin go all round the statues, but you can't see only one side of the pictures.'

Compassionate old lady (paying her fare)—'How faded your horse looks, driver, is not the bit uncomfortably large for his mouth?' Hackman—'It ain't the big bit in his mouth, mam; it's the small bit in his stomach.'

Two workmen were heard disputing about a new cemetery near which they were standing. One of them, evidently disliking the fashion in which it was laid out, said, in disgust: 'I'd rather die than be buried in such a place.' 'Well,' said the other, 'I'll be buried anywhere else if I'm spared.'

Dr. L. called upon a lady acquaintance, the other day, and was met at the door by the lady's little girl. He asked her to tell her mamma that Dr. L. had called. The child went upstairs and presently returned. 'Did you tell your mamma?' asked the doctor. 'Yes.' 'And what did she say?' 'She said, 'O, pshaw!'

Neither of them was over ten years old. One of them leaned against the fence, and the other rubbed his back against a lamp-post, and they eyed each other for a long time. Then one of them said: 'My mother has got a new seal skin sacque, and your's haint.' 'I don't care,' replied the other, 'she trizzes her hair and uses paint, and that's just as tony.'

A poor memory is a very inconvenient thing. So a man found it who lately called on a friend and in the course of the conversation asked him how his good father was. 'He is dead; did you not know it?' answered the friend. 'Indeed! I am distressed to hear it,' said the visitor. 'I had no idea of it,' and he proceeded to express his sympathy. A year after he called again and forgetfully asked, 'And how is your good father?' The clever reply was, 'Still dead.'

A little Oil City boy, whose father gave him a printing press the other day, has already discovered the dangers and pitfalls which surround the path of a printer. He set up and printed a little gilt-edged card with the warning phrase, 'Paint! Look out!' By some means this card became fastened to his sister's hat, and hung just above her left ear, where he who ran could read, and when she went down street there was a grin extending clear from Pearl avenue to Exchange; and that night the boy traded off his printing press for a yellow dog and a popgun.

Let Rivalry with fury fume and fret.
On North Carolina's trade our aim is set."
Scott & Co.,
MORRISVILLE, N. C.
Manufacturers of
FRED & TRUE—Smoking Tobacco.
ROBINA, BEAUTY BRIGIT,
Alamance, Carolina.
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Good Goods borrow not from hollow name—
May 8, 8 m.

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JOBBER & IMPORTERS OF
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CARRIAGE
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