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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT Graham. N. C.

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#### Boetry.

#### The Highway Cow.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown, Her body was lean and her neck was slim, One horn was turned up and the other turned

down, She was keen of vision and long of limb; With a Roman nose and a short stump tail, And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;
She had been a target of all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once ha

grown; Many a passionate, parting shot Had left upon her a lasting spot,

Many and many a well-aimed stone, Many and many a wett-atment atone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes,
Or had bounded off from her bony back, With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to her neighbor's corn; Many a cowardly cur and hound Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn Many a teapot and old tin pail Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man, Though sometimes tempted to be profane, When many a weary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain; Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his 'one-horse shay."

When at his homestead she loved to call, Lifting his bars with crumpled horn, Nimbly scaling his garden wall, Helping herself to his standing corn; Eating his cabbages, one by one, Hurrying home when her work was done,

His human passions were quick to rise, And striding forth with a savage ety,
With fury blazing from both his eyes.
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,
Redder and redder his face would grow, And after the creature he would go

Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his pear and apple trees, Tramping his melons into the ground, Overturning his hives of bees, Leaving him angry and badly stung, Wishing the old now's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall The years went by with their work and play.
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away,
One by one as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

#### THE PILOT'S STORY.

We had grown up together, as it were Mollie and I, our parents being rear neighbors, and-which does not always follow-firm friends as well. They were poor, and I suspect that fact had much to do with our friendship, for opportunis hat, when near neighbors are well off and have no need for mutual help, there is seldom any friendship between themthere is more apt to be jealousy and competition.

Our parents being such good friends, followed their example. We went to eighteen and I twenty, we agreed to travel together all our lives, and were happy in that arrangement; no other would have seemed right or natural, he shouted to the Engineer: 'Put on all either to us or our parents.

From the earliest days of my boyhood, had evinced a fondness for the water, haunting the palatial steamboats that floated on the great Mississippi River, on whose banks nestled the city in which we dwelt, and, at the period to which 1 dows rattling as though in mortal terror, am about to refer, I had just secured the Mobilia gathered herself up to run position as pilot on a small freight her last race.

It was not much of a position, to be sure, nor was there much of a salary attached to it, but small as it was, Mollie and I decided that we could make it answer for two people, neither of them exs travagant or unreasonable; besides which, I had hopes of better times to come, as I had received words of commendation from my employers and promises of speedy promotion.

So, early one bright morning, having obtained a day's leave of absence, Mollie and I were married, and stepping into a carriage I had hired for the occasion, we started off, having decided on a days excursion to a celebrated cave near by, this being all the weddingstrip we could als low ourselves; not that we cared in the least, however-we were too happy to be disturbed by any shortcomings of time or purse.

We had scarcely driven beyond our own street, however, when we were brought to a halt.

Here is a note to you from the superintendent.

Thus it rau: 'Am sorry to have to re-

call your leave to-day, but you must im- | 'But go, go.' mediately go on board the Mobilia, which is ready to start up the river. The pilot appointed to take his place for the pres-

There goes our wedding trip all to smash,' said I, as I read the order to Mollie.

'Why so?' she asked.

'You see, I must go to the lilot-house of the Mobilia.'

'Very wall,' she replied, 'we will just go up the river instead of to the cave. Drive on, Rob; let us go down to the wharf in state.'

'But you can't go into the pilot-house with me, little goose,'

'Of course not, but I can sit on the deck outside,' laughed Mollie, 'and we can look at each other.'

And so it came about that I took possession of the Mobilia's pilot-house, my heart glowing with love and pride-with love, for there, just below me, on the with pride, because the Mobilia was one of the finest of 'floating palaces' of the Mississippi, and to pilot such a one had tor years been the height of my ambition,

double cabin, one above the other, the upper one opening upon a small deck reaching out toward the bow, near the placed the pilot-house.

This deck was always occupied by particularly crowded, for the boat was heavily laden with people taking advantage of the beautiful weather to make au excursion up the river.

Suddenly a cry broke forth from the cabin behind me. 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' A horrible cry at all times, but most

horrible of all when it rings forth in the midst of gay, unsuspicions hundreds, floating in fancied security in the midst of the waters.

An instant's awe-struck silence succeeded that awful cry, and then three handred voices of men, women and children united in feartul, heartrending shrieks for belp.

Fire! fire! fire!

And, there was no mistake about it? no false alarm. No one could tell how it commenced, but there it was, creeping along the roof of the upper cabin, with the deadly flames greedily lapping up every awning and curtain they could find upon their way, ever and anon darting long tongues of flame down to the floor, to clasp in the light chairs and tables and settees in their fiery embrace:

The people darted down from the blazing upper cabin to the forward deck below, where as yet the foe had made were busy seeking for some mode of esbut little headway, and there our brave ties were always turning up for helping captain-who was that rara avis, the instant more certain. one another, and I have often noticed right man in the right place-succeeded in partially quelling the panic.

it naturally resulted that Mollie and I any person to go overboard yet awhile, the water beneath in safety, at any rate, unless suicide is desired. school together, read together, played Keep quiet, I say! Screaming wou't together, and somehow, when Mollie was frighten the fire away. Pilot, head her straight for the island half a mile ahead.' (We were at least twice that distance Now, now-run!' from the midland on either shore.) Then steam-crowd her on. We will run a the Mobilia.

There was an instant's pause, and then with a groan and a surge, with the timbers creaking and straining, and the win-

Each passing moment the flames crept on and on, never pausing in their terrible march. Fortunately, they leaped unward rather than downward, so that there was as yet but little danger to the panic-stricken crowd on the lower deck. But the pilot-house was directly in the

track of the flames, and already their advance-guard was begining to surround me, singeing my hair and eye-brows, Suddenly there was a murmur among

the people below, and the next instant a light form flew up the ladder leading to the deck by the pilot-house, and before could utter a word, my precious Mollie had thrown open the door, and closing it again, stood by my side.

'Mollie, Mollie,' I cried, 'for Heaven's sake, go back, go back! Don't you see grumblers in our midst. how the flames are creeping toward us here? Go on, my dearest, my own true wife. Don't unman me by making me fear for you. Go down where I can feel that you have a chance of safety.'

'Rob Thorpe,' she exclaimed, with her eyes looking bravely, right into mine, Em I your wife?'

'Surely, surely, thank God,' I uttered.

'My post is here, just as much as yours is,' she answered firmly. 'I will stay is too ill to attend to duty, and you are here, Rob, and if you die, I will die too. We will make our wedding trip together my husband, even if it be into the next world. Keep to your duty and don't mind me, Rob. There is hope for us yet, and if it comes to the worst, why,' - and a brave sweet smile crept round her lips-'we are still together, dear love.

I saw it was no use to urge her any more, and besides something swelled in my throat so that I could not utter a looking right ahead, though everything looked very dim just then, and my devoted darling stood calmly at my again, two weeks later, I learned that a side, watching the flames that were creeping closer and closer upon leaping around the pilot-house like hungry demons impatient of their prey.

'Thorpe!' shouted the captain 'come down. Lower her and yourself over little forward deck, sat my sweet bride; the rail. We'll catch you, You cannot stay there any longer. We are very near the shore now, and the rest we'll take our chances for,'

It was an awful temptation. I knew The steamer was fitted up with a that did I follow the captain's advice. both Mollie and I would be safe, for 1 was a good swimmer, and should the boat not reach the shore, I could save centre of which, on a raised platform, was her and myself; but then, it I did this, would I not deliberately expose every one of the three hundred souls on passengers, and this morning it was board to destruction. True, the boat might keep her course during the short space remaining to be passed, merely from the rapid impetus of the approach but again she might not—and then?

I looked at my wife inquiringly, 'Stick to your post, Rob,' she said. 'No, sir,' I shouted back; 'I shall stick to my post. I shall stay here until

I run her on the shore, or die first.' 'My brave Rob-my noble Rob,' mur

murod Mollie. At last, just as the glowing tongue of flame began to reach in through the window, a crash and a shiver passed from stem to stern of the noble steamer, and with a sharp quiver and a shake, her bow ran high upon the shelving beach and in less time than it takes to tell it, every man, woman and child aprang from the heated decks and were saved.

But alas for my devoted Mollie! alas for mel Not the pilot house only, but the entire deck around it was now surrounded by flames. It was too late to lower ourselves to the deck below. The railing was all ablase. My arms, released from their guardian-

ship over the wheel, clasped Mollie close to my heart; but my eyes and brain cape from the death that seemed each All at once my gaze rested on the

ddle box. It 'Keep quiet!' he ordered-'keep quiet the flying spray had saved it. 1 had onand stay just where you are, or I will not ly to dash across the flame-swept deck answer for the lives of any of you. The and fling open a little door in its side, stew and will provide every one of you with which afforded ready access to the life preservers; but there is no reason for wheels, to lower my precious charge to

No sooner thought of than done.

'Take my hand, Mollie,' I said, 'and un with me. We shall be saved, after all. Wrap your shawl over you mouth.

Leaping down on the deck, we sped hand in hand to the paddle box. I dashed open the little door, and pushing race with the foul fiend that has boarded Mollie incide, passed in myself and drew the door close again, thus shutting out the eager flames, whose angry roar pursued us, as we dropped gently down into the shallow water and crept out from behind the wheel.

Our appearance was hailed with a shout of delight and relief, for all had given us up as lost, and we must have been but for the heaven-inspired thought of the wheel house.

Now that the danger was over, poor little Mollie fainted' and no wonder. But she soon came out all right, and as the people began to find out that the brave little girl, as they called her, was really a bride of only a few hours, and that we were on our wedding trip, there was a regular ovation followed up by nine deafening cheers.

The island upon which the Mobilia had beached was low, sandy and nuinhabited, altogether not an inviting place for three hundred people, without a particle of shelter, to pass half a day upon, yet, even in this plight, there were tew

There was no room in our hearts for any feeling but that of thankfulness for our preservation from a fearful death, and after the peril of the last hour or two, it seemed a small matter to wait patiently for the coming of the relief boats that we knew were sure to arrive before many hours were past.

Though some miles from any

city, we knew that the burning steamer must have been seen from the farmhouses scattered sparsely along the river bank, and that from these, notices of the disaster would be sent to the nearest town.

And so it was. Before nightiall several small steam-

boats arrived, and after that but a few hours elapsed before we found ourselves sately at home, and our adventurous wedding trip at an end. But its results were not ended by any

means. The terrible nervous strain I endured, combined with severe burns on word, so I just gripped the wheel hard and my face and hands threw me prostrate on a bed of sickness, When I was able to report for duty

noble gift from the Mobilia's grateful passen; ers-no less a sum than two thousand dollars lay in the bank awaiting

Not only this, but the steamboat company had voted me a gold medal and the appointment of pilot of the finest steamer of their line.

Years have gone by since my brave wife and I had so nearly journeyed out of this world on our wedding trip. From pilot I have come to be captain and part owner of one of those beautiful floating palaces that used so to excite my envy; but never do I pass, without a sickening shudder, the little island where the Mobilia ended her last race.

#### The 'Liver."

Dr. Bliss and his contemporaries who have been trying to make the President believe that if the bullet struck his liver he will have a close shave of it know very little about that organ, or else they have entered into a conspiracy to scare him to death. Right here in our State of Michigan one can collect a cart load of affidavits that a man's liver is about

the most worthless organ in the human body, and down in Indiana they won't have 'em at all if they can help it. Our correspondent at Lansing writes: 'Please let the President know through your columns that in 1872 a boy fired a big agate marble through my liver from a toy canmon. I stuffed up the hole with an old hat and after the third day I a toy cannon. I studed up the noise with an old hat and after the third day I could attend to my business as well as ever. The injury rather blunted my taste for New Orleans molasses, but aside from that I have noticed no serious effects.

Our correspondent at Mackinaw send

Our correspondent at Mackinaw sends down the following:

'The President need not be alarmed about his liver. Last fall my brother got in the way of a blast at Lake Superior mine and a stone weighing a pound was driven clear thrugh him, carrying portions of his liver over 200 feet. The doctors pronounced him a dead man, but in four weeks he was able to play base ball, and has never had even a headache since. I enclose you the stone which knocked his liver out as proof of my statements.

Our correspondent at St. Joseph

'In June last year I had a colored man CA A D HALL driving a mowing machine he tell'to the ground and was badly cut up. Among other wounds he had his liver cut, slick in two, and a council of seven doctors decided that he must die within two hours. He is now a well, healthy man, chewing the strongest kind of ping to-bacco and drinking whisky which kills ordinary men stone dead at thirty-six

Our correspondent at Grand Haven says he knowe an Indian who was ripped open with a busz-saw and his liver hung upon a heam forty feet away. The doctors sewed him up in such a hurry that the lost organ was forgotten, but the red man has suffered no inconvenience whatever. On the contrary, he has never been in such spirits. He can drink twice as much whiskey without gotting tangled; it is much easier for him to swear; he does not perspire as much; he is cured of the habit of snoring; his coat fits better, in the back; dried apples have improved in taste, and he would not have the old thing back again under any circumstances. The entire sash, door and blind shop in which the accident occurred has been forwarded to substantiate the avertion. forwarded to substantiate the assertions and the medical traternity are invited to call and have their doubts removed,--

"Oh come to the bower I have shaded for thee!"
So sung a fair maiden, as fair as could be;
And he came, with a heart welling up to the brim,
And he sat in the bower she had shaded for

But he sat down, alas! on a half-concealed nest, Wherein some tired hornets were taking their

rest,
And though it was something uncommonly big
To see those tired hornest forget their fatigue,
Twas bigger to see, as he fell when he rose,
How he wiped up the ground with his new
Sunday clothes.

Gilhooly as an equestrian: 'Gilhooly hired a pony the other day to take a lit'tle exercise on. He got all the exercise he wanted, and as he limped to the edge of the sidewalk to rest himself after taking so much exercise, a kind friend asked him: 'What did you come down so quick for?' 'Did you see anything up in the air for me to hold on to?'

'Judges,' said a lawyer, 'have always a great advantage over us poor fellows, for they guess last.'

"Let Rivairy with fury fume and fret.

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