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# Boetry.

#### Tender Lines.

I love the playful little lamb-I love him broiled or roast; I love the feathered songster too I think the best on toast.

I love the fish that swim the sea-Fresh from the frying pan; I love the retiring oyster too— I'll eat him when I can.

I love to see the squirrel brisk—
Through the top sights of my gun
I love the gentle, lowing kine—
In tender steaks, sare done.

I love the bird, I love the fish, I also love the beast— Oh, give me all I want to eat, I'll have a grand love feast.

#### HANNAH AND I.

My father had moved into a new place. Prospectively, I enjoyed much in the dethronement of our household gods, and the reduction of all our worldly goods to a state of chaos. I foresaw the delicious suspense, anxiety and final dismay or rejoicing that would attend the transit of our looking-glasses and parlor chairs. I looked forward to a kind of nomadic existence about the house during the days wherein we were getting settled, to the exploration of nuknown depths under the closet stairs, chimney. I expected to sit and sing in the best rocking-chair, to roll my tired timbs on the best mattress, and to take my dinner with a large spoon from out a fruit-jar.

When, therefore, I rode up from the depot on top of the box containing my mother's best china and glassware, I felt that everyone that beheld also envied, The short ends of my hat-band fluttered spiritedly in the March wind and the anticipatory tremors in my breast creaked the starched shirt-front beneath my jack

At a very tender age we realize that this is a world of disappointments. For the next few days my life consisted mainly in hunting up the hammer, running for nails, trotting up to the store and down to the finner's and after the carpenter, pushing stove-legs into place, holding up footboards of family bedsteads, lifting the corners of bureaus, waiting upon the painter and the whitewash man, getting my fingers pinched, getting scolded, getting a cold. losing my handkerchief, having nothing in particular to eat save a little baker's bread, and now and then a bit of beef-steak cooked sometimes by my mother, sometimes by my father and occasionally by all three.

By the third day I began too see that the anarchic style of house-keeping has its disadvantages and to feel that the springs of a naturally good constitution were wearing out in the family service. on three legs is seldom met 1 On the morning of that day I left my mother and Mary Sullivan stretching a carpet fitted for a room 15x15 to cover our new dining-room, 15x16, and walked out in the back vard to take the air.

As I sauntered down to the front gate my eyes were greeted with a vision of youth-I cannot say of beauty-swinging upon the gate over the way.

The 'vision' were a large bombazine frood, such as was at that time in high repute among grandmothers, but was never calculated to enhance the charms of the young. A little plaid shawl was pinned askew about her shoulders. One of a species of embreidered pantalets which, like the dodo of Mauritius, has since become extinct, had slipped down and lay like a wrinkled bandage around the top of her shoe.

'Hallo!' said I. 'Hallo!' responded she; 'you are a

mean nasty, boy!

'I should have promptly returned this compliment but for the consideration that I had just moved into a new community, and everything depended upon my acquiring a good reputation. Without replying, therefore, I began reflectively digging a hole in the gatespost with my jacksknife. The 'vision' swung back and forth, and hummed 'I want to be an angel.' In giving an unusually vigorous lurch outward an apple flew from her hand and fell into the middle of the muds dy street.

I digress here to state that, though a popular street, that portion of it in front of my father's house generally was middy. During the spring and fall mouths time she bore it with inimitable good we had a large, swashy pool there-one nature. that appeared to flow from a secret perennial source of muddiness. In the winter months it froze over and made capital skating. During the summer it gradually dried, until, at the 'pollywog' sea-son, when alone a boy can take the high-it, we had permission to play in Mrs. est rational enjoyment in a mud-puddle, Farley's parlor. Whenever Hannalt only a damp spot in the center of the stole cookies and ginger-snaps for her-

Boy, come over and pick up my apple,' commanded my neighbor.

Conscions of setting that young pagan an example of good manners, I returned the apple with a bow iny mother had taught me. She gave it two or three cleansing dashes on her dress skirt and then said:

'Lend me your knife and I'll give von half.2

She set the apple upon top of the gatepost, savagely jammed the knife through it wiped the blade on her shawl and re-Turned the knife with the larger part of the apple.

'Thank you,' said I,

'What is your name, boy?'

"George Harriman, What is yours?" Hannah Ann Farley, You going to ive in that house?" "I expect to."

there. I thought when first I saw you, you were going to be just like her.'

lier reception, It was satisfactory and we might then and there have become friends, but at that moment Mary Sullivan came to our front door and called me home. She said the brass 'fleaded and of mysterious recesses behind the tacks were all gone, and I must go to the store for more. When I returned Hannah Ann was nowhere to be seen.

> The next morning I was fortunate enough to find a five-cent piece in a crack of a bureau drawer, and promptly started for a store wherein to spend it. The streets were so muddy I thought I would go across and leap the neighbor's lences, I was in neighbor Farley's yard when I was sharply hailed from a little window high up in the end of the house,

Boy, come up here?' 'How am I going to get up?' 'Go around to the kitchen, and ask my mother to show you the way.'

I hunted up the kitchen, and found Hannah's mother. Prior to this time when I wished to represent a female figure upon my slate I had a triangle surmounted by an eclipse, and this in turn finished by a small circle; hereafter with Mrs. Farley in my mind, I drew a cylindrical figure with a small circle on the upper end, and a alight depression representing the waist-line. After once seeing Mrs. Farley I con'd never wonder why Hamiah was forever borrowing a pin to fasten something on with. There could never be a more delightful garret than Mrs. Farley's, for never could in the celerity with which she would use last kiss. She clutched frantically at up furniturg. Such a collection of mirrors with shattered glasses, bottomless chairs, dismantled bureaux standing up

What do you want Hannah.

'Pirates.'

'What's a pirate?'

I explained, and Hannah forthwith became the most bloodthirsty of pirates. It was in my heart to spare the women and children, but she refused to listen to My Dear George:such a proposition and telled her victims left and right without regard to age or sex. Once she pierced me through my heart and I tell bleeding, dying, hitting my head against the chimney and yelling out in unfeigned agony,

Afterward, we were riding peacefully along over the green fields, and beneath the calm blue sky, on a two legged and very dusty sofa, when a party of bris gands swooped down upon us, and bore us off to a loathsome dangeon behind a I wrote her once mere, but received no dimantled bureau. We flattened ourselves and crawled out, beheaded the brigands, appropriated their spoils, and returned triumphant to our own homes. We were very dusty and covered with cobwebs when I remembered my five cent piece and said I must go.

'Give me half of what you're going to buy, and I'll go with you, said Han-

I couldn't very well refuse this gener ous offer; so she put on her hood and shawl, at my suggestion tied up her shoe-strings, and we started. She expressed a preference for black licorice, and I expended my money upon that luxury; and shared it liberally. We came home hand in hand, and though Hannah went over shoe in mud and water, three

From that morning our friendship matured rapidly. Sometimes Hannah was at our house; sometimes I played when she had a sore throat, and wore a prepa-

water had subsided. It was now at high | Mary Sullivan made tea saucer pies for | with any one of them always suggested; tide and the apple had fallen in the 'ooze | me, I carried them red hat from the oven Hannah. to neighbor Farley's, and Hannah and I. My reminiscences of Hannah were not

> another in days of adversity as well as miserable schular, her days were mostly to go and see her. I accordingly went, of adversity,

The months slipped away, and the years grew apaco. My father petitioned the town anthorities to fill to the mudauthorites gave every encouragement that the 'whole board' would be on the spot at an early day, but we looked for them in vain. My father made a second and third importunity with like results. Then he pressed its grievance apon their 'I'm glad of it. There's been a dis- attention as gentlemen and men of houagreeable, stuck-up little girl living over or. As gentlemen and men of honor they gave their word that the matter, should be neglected no longer. We This I took as Hannah's apology for lived upon that promise six months. Then my father, grown irate, threatened

to sue. The board, becoming defiant, just wished he would she; they should like to see him suc. At this retort my father's teelings rose to the summit of moral indication; he wouldn't suc; he scorned to lower himself to a quarrel with such men; but he would pay no more taxes in that town; and energetic preparations for our removal began.

flannah and I were sitting upon the edge of Mr. Tarley's coal bin when I communicated to her my father's decision. As soon as she saw I was in earnest she dropped over upon the anthracite, and gave vent to a flow of tears. She declared that she couldn't and wouldn't have me go. She should die with loneliness, and she wished she was dead. A few tears of mine drizz'ed over into the bin and mingled with Hannah's. Afterward she appeared reconciled, and manifested intense interest in our preparations, obtruding her service at our bonse tutil my mother declared she would never be ready to go if that Farley girl couldn't be kept at home.

The morning of our departure dawned at last. My father and mother went to the depot, leaving me to follow as I had

come on the last load of goods. It was an April morning, succeeding heavy rain storm, and the waves of my father's mud puddle ran high. Haunah sat upon the old petunia mound by the gate, sobbing. I raised her drooping form to bid her tarewell pushed the there be a woman who could excel her hair from her face and gave her my my jacket, but, realizing that delays are dangerous, I sprang upon a drygoods box in the wagon. The horse, most severely afflicted with string-halt, started off at a feartul gallop, and we disappeared around the corner forev-

As soon as circumstances would neve mit I addressed a letter to Hannah, and soon received a reply, of which the following is a verbatim copy;

I now set down to let you know how I am. I have had a sear threat nearly all the time sence you Left. Somebody has shot our Cat. School commences next week. I dred it. A new family has moved into your House, there is too boys, Eddy and willy. It we never see cach other again on urth, I hope we may meat in heaven. Yours Truly, HANNAH A. FARLEY.

The letter also contained two blots and grease spot and was directed by Hannah's mother, wrong side up with care. answer a failure which I attributed to her aversion to all literary labor rather than to any diminution in the arder of her affections.

I attended school for the next three or an uncle. I became a rising young man. Some of the time I rose rapidly, as gases ous matter and young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five are in the habit of doing. Our family also prospered. From three-ply in our parlor we passed by easy stages through body Brussels to English Wilton, and we numbered the successors of Mary Sullivan by twos and by threes.

Presently I arrived at that age whereat extremely witty people begin pointing at a young man peculiarly sharp and origis a young man peculiarly sharp and original fests concerning the subject of matrix money; At first the implication therein conveyed that I had only to choose was gratifying to my vanity; but by the time work, and I am happy in feeling I shall conveyed that it had only to choose was gratifying to my vanity; but by the time I began to direct any serious thoughts that way myself, so much solid wit had become an insufferable bore. There were girls in large quantities and excellent qualities all around me, but the began to direct any serious thoughts street indicated the place from which the self, she always laid in for me; when thought of advancing to anything serious

watched them cool with hearts that beat such that I could create an ideal teminine as one. Then while one half the juice character of her; but when a fellow has drizzled over my jacket the correspond- sat in a coal-bin with a girl and taken ing half dripped on Hannah's apron. alternate sucks on as many Jackson-balls Hannah was passionately fond of force! as I had with Hannah, no subsequent When school opened, Hannah and I experience can ever enthrely efface the went hand in hand, and stood by one impression. I had a curiosity to know what Hannah had become. The surest days of prosperity. Hannah being a way to satisfy this curiosity seemed to be

The firl was pretty. She had color and frankness; she had grace and repose of manner. Her finger-nails were scrupulously kept, root and crown, and her puddle in front of our house. The town hair was glossy, as well as fashionably dressed.

The year we left town Hannah's mother died; and after the billows of affliction had surged over his coul for about six months, Mr. Farley again beheld tire sun and took a new wife. The new wife, had taken infinite pains with her stepdaughter. The step-daughter's present appearance, as compared with her former condition, bore favorable testimony for the lady's system. Hannah said that when we were children I had seemed like a Urother to ther, wind I at dice placed myself upon a traternal standing. I interrogated her in regard to the occupants of my old home, and she finally confided to me that she was 'engaged to the younger Wetherbee, the "willy" of Her letter.

I afterward saw lifm, and could not but inwardly applaud the discrimination that led her, even in childhood, to begin his name with a small letter. He was an individual of from 110 to 115 pounds weight, though what there was of him was drawn out and judiciously distributed with a view to making the most of straitened circumstances, There may be no more ink in an exclamation point than a vowel, but it is better adapted to attract attention. As to color, energy and yivacity, Hannah had enough to supply three tast like him. Hannah's, I soon perceived, was the philosophical form of engaged life. One evening when we went to walk, she said to me:

'Mr. Wetherbee has his faults; no one knows them better than I. But where, added she, touchingly, where will you find a man who hasn't faults?" Where, surely?' responded 1.

'I don't look for perfect happiness here below.' continued Haunah, pensively; I've seen too much of life for that?'-Hannah is some years my junior and must at this period have arrived at the mathre age of nineteen years.

I returned home and two years slipped away. I was still halting between two opinions and looking inquiringly at a M. & S. advertise a 16 stop for \$60; B then third, and the 'opinions' had begun to 2 better, 20 stops for \$60; B. sees the 20 and goes him 7 better, 27 stops for \$60. opinions and looking inquiringly at a of themselves, when one day in a neighboring city strolling through a paper- 4 full sets ficeds, 2% octave each the Sets. box factory whose proprietor was my friend, I came across Hannab.

'How in the world came you here?' bluntly ejaculated I,

By the fortunes of life and the railway.'

I didn't know whether she was to be addressed as Farely or Wetherbee, and observing that she was dressed in deep mourning, avoided anything that might suggest explanations. She presently told me that her father was dead. Then as I sought her confidence—on the fraternal basis she told me that her father had left his estate incumbered.

Those disagrecable Wetherbees hold a mortgage on the house,' said she, 'and they are just the exacting, unaccomodate ing kind of people who wouldn't hesitate in foreclosing the day the time expires ! She had set herself about earning money to pay the indebtedness.

'You see,' said she, 'the property is left by will to mamma and myself conjointly. If it is disposed of at a forced ! four years, and then entered the wholes sale it must be a great sacrifice, and then sale mercantile business in the service of poor mamma will be left without a home. She has done everything for me'-here Hannab's large eyes filled with tears and it is a small thing for me to try to save it for her.'

I said I wondered she hadn't sought a different kind of employment and suggested teaching.

'Oh, I've tried applying for schools. Two or three times I've received invitations to examinations; and they've given me perfectly dreadful lists of questions asked reasons why we performed operations that I never before knew we did

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

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