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Poetry.

[Written for the GLEANER.]

Advice to Boys.

Love all the girls, boys, and swear
By everything holy and bad,
That each is fairest of the fair,
But fall dead in love—with your dad.

They'll believe you, three out of five,
And your love (?) you'll never rue,
For each in every way will strive,
To make you constant and true.

But don't you let 'em do it, boys,
'Twould be too awfully sad!
Just let them think you are boys,
But only love your dad.

They like to be told, and often, boys,
That cupid has pierced your heart;
That they see all in all boys,
They only can draw the dart.

Tell 'em Venus looks down from above,
And envies such a pretty face;
That life, without their love,
Would be an aimless race.

But don't you fall in love, boys,
Have your fun, and at times look sad;
Play "quits" and look up another, boys,
But stick to and love your dad.

UN FILS.
Graham, Sept. 6, 1881.

A ROMANCE OF LABOR.

I was listening to the rebellious words
Of a young man who could not see his
father's wisdom in desiring him to learn
a trade.

"It will make a common man of me,
father," he said querulously; "I shall be
as dirty as a blacksmith and have hands
like a coal heaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing
fine clothes and having white hands
make you a gentleman let me tell you,
sir, that you are a very common man to
begin with. A good trade might help
you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome young
fellow—for he was handsome—and I
thought just then of Steve Gaskill. Steve
had made his mark now, but many years
ago I heard just such a talk between him
and Josiah Gaskill, relative to the young
man learning his father's trade of a wool
stapler.

"It's a dirty business, father," said the
splendid Steve, in full evening dress,
'and I hate the smell of oil and the sight
of these men in blue linen blouses. I
hope that I shall do something better for
myself than that."

"Very well, lad, what is it thou'dst fain
be?"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy quarrel-
some set, but thou shalt not say I ever
stood in the gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll
speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Den-
ham & Downes to study law, especially
conveyancing. He was an only son but
had three sisters, and over them and his
mother he exercised supreme influence.
Whatever Steve did was right; what-
ever he said was beyond dispute. Even
old Josiah, with all his sound sense, was
in spite of himself, swayed by the un-
disputed acknowledgement of Steve's
superiority. He would not advise his son
to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was
not afraid to be one, he was rather proud
of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost them a good deal. Steve's tastes
were expensive, and he fell naturally
among a class of men who led him into
many extravagances. There were occa-
sionally awkward scenes, but Steve,
supported by his mother and sisters, al-
ways cleared every scrape, and finally
satisfied the family pride by being regu-
larly admitted upon the roll of her
majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime his father had been
gradually failing in health; soon after this
he died. Most of his earnings had been
secured for the helpless women of the
Gaskill family, and Steve now found
himself with a profession and a thousand
pounds to give him a fair start in it.
People said old Gaskill had acted very
wisely, and Steve had sense enough to
acquiesce in public opinion. He knew,
too, that as long as his mother or sisters
had a shilling they would share it with
him.

So he hopefully opened an office in his
native town of Leeds, and waited for
clients. But Yorkshire men are pro-
verbially cautious; a young lawyer was
not their ideal. Steve could not look
crafty and wise under such circum-
stances, and that first year he did not
make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless he did not in any way
curtail his expenses; and when the sum-
mer holidays arrived, he went, as usual
to a fashionable watering-place. It hap-
pened that year saw the debut of Miss
Elizabeth Braithwaite, a great heiress
and a very handsome girl. Steve was
attracted by her beauty, and her great
wealth was not a drawback in his eye.
In a short time he perceived that Miss
Braithwaite favored him above all other
pretenders to her hand, and he began to

to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession had hitherto been a
failure, his one thousand pounds was
nearly spent; his three sisters were all on
the point of marriage, a condition which
might seriously modify their sisterly in-
stincts, and his mother's annual income
wouldn't support him a month—would it
not be the best plan to accept the good
fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined
to favor him, and though she had the
reputation of being authoritative in tem-
per and economical in money matters, he
did not doubt that she would finally ac-
knowledge his power as completely as
his mother and sisters. So he set him-
self to win Miss Braithwaite, and before
Christmas they were married.

True he had been compelled to give up
a great deal more than he liked: but he
presided himself plenty of post-marital
compensations. Elizabeth insisted on
keeping her own house, as Steve had no
house to offer her, he must needs go to
Braithwaite Hall as the husband of its
proprietress. She insisted upon his re-
moving his office to Braithwaite, a small
village, offering none of the advantages
for killing time which a large city like
Leeds did; and she had all her money
scrupulously settled on herself for her
own use and under her control.

Steve felt very much as though his
wife had bought him, but for a little
while the ecstacy of having married a great
heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign
travel compensated for the loss of his
freedom. But when they returned to
Braithwaite, life showed a far more
prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's economical
disposition became particularly offensive
to Steve. She inquired closely into his
business, and did not scruple to make
unpleasant witty remarks about his in-
come. She rapidly developed, too, an
authoritative disposition, against which
Steve daily more and more rebelled. The
young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition
was taking place in Steve's mind, and
times of transition are always times of
unrest and misery. The better part of
his nature was beginning to claim a
hearing. He had now seen all that good
society could show him; he had tasted
all the pleasures money could buy, and
he was unhappy.

She had no ennuis and no dissatisfaction
with herself. There was her large
house to oversee, her garden and con-
servatories, her servants and charity
schools, her toilet and a whole colony of
pet animals. Her days were too short
for all the small interests that filled them;
and these interests she would have will-
ingly shared with Steve, but to him
they soon became intolerable bores.

Under such circumstances he might
have found his work in the ordering and
investigating his wife's large estate, but
Elizabeth was far too cautious to trust
her business to untried hands. Her
father's agent was her agent; her
banker managed all her investments; her
park and farm and gardens were all un-
der the care of old and experienced
servants, who looked upon Steve merely
as 'Missis husband.'

In the second year of his marriage he
began to have some thoughts which
would have astonished his wife could
she have thought it worth while to in-
quire what occupied his mind in the long
hours when he paced the shrubbery, or
sat silently looking out of the window.
But Steve was now ready for any em-
ployment that would take him out of the
purposely dependent life that he had so
foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Eliza-
beth said to him:

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin
of mother's, who lives in Glasgow. She
is going to Australia and wants me to
buy her house. She says it is a great
bargain, and I wrote to Barrett to go
and see about it. I have a letter this
morning saying he is too ill to leave his
bed. I wonder if you could go to attend
to it?"

Anything for a change. Steve show-
ed a very proper business like interest,
and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."
"Very well; I should think you knew
enough of titles and deeds and convey-
ancing and all that sort of thing. I will
trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found him-
self on the Caledonian line, with \$100
in his pocket, and a valuable piece of
business on hand. The first twenty
miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with all
the abandon of a bird set free. Then he
began to think again. At Crewe he mis-
ed the train and wandered about the sta-
tion and fell in talking with the engineer of
the next one, who was cleaning and ex-
amining the engine with all the love and
pride a mother gives her favorite child.
The two men fraternized at once, and

Steve made a trip over the Caledonian
line in the engineer's small cuddy. He
was a fine young fellow, 'one of seven,'
he said, 'all machinists and engineers';
he was only serving his time, learning
every branch of the business, practically;
he had brothers who made engines, and
he hoped to do so some time.

In spite of his soiled face and oily
clothes Steve recognized that refinement
that comes with education; and when
his new friend called upon him at the
Queen's hotel, he would not have been
ashamed of his appearance even in the
most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you,"
said Steve holding out both hands to
him.

"I thought you would be, sir. It is
not often that I make mistake in my like-
ings. I will go with you now to see my
father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Steve
Gaskill's conception, the immense
furnaces, the hundreds of giants work-
ing around them, the clang of machinery,
the mighty struggle of mind and matter.
He envied those cyclops in their leathern
masks and aprons; he longed to lift their
heavy hammers. He looked upon the
craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms
and blackened hands, and felt his heart
glow with admiration when he saw the
mighty works those hands had fashioned.
The tears were in his eyes when Dal-
rymple and he parted at the gate of the
great walled-in yard.

"Thank you," he said, "you have done
me the greatest possible service I shall
remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but
noble resolution. First of all, he de-
voted himself to his wife's business, and
accomplished it in a manner which elicited
Mr. Barrett's warm praise and made
Elizabeth wonder whether she might not
spare her agent's fees for the future.
Then he had a long confidential talk
with the owner of the Dalrymple iron
and machine works, the result of which
was the following letter to Mrs. Gas-
kill:

MY DEAR WIFE—I shall not be at
home again for a least two years, for I
have begun an apprenticeship to Dal-
rymple as an iron master. I propose to
learn the business practically. I have
lived too long upon your esteem as well
as my own, and I do not say but that I
have obeyed the law. Please God I
will redeem my wasted past, and with
His help make a man of myself. When
I am worthy to be your husband you
will respect me, and until then think as
kindly as possible of
STEPHEN GASKILL.

The letter struck the first noble chord
in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour
not even her favorite maid dared to
make little compassionate sneers at
'poor master.'

Steve in leathern apron and coarse
working clothes, began laboriously, hap-
py days, which brought him nights of
sweetest sleep; and Elizabeth began a
series of letters to her husband which
gradually grew more imbued with ten-
der interest and respect. In a few
weeks she visited him of her own free
will, and purposely going to the works
saw her self-banished lord wielding a
ponderous hammer upon a bar of white
hot iron.

Swarthy, bare-armed, clothed in leath-
er, he had never looked so handsome in
Elizabeth's eyes; and her eyes revealed
the fact to Steve, for in them was the ten-
der light of love founded upon genuine
respect. Steve deserved it. He wrought
faithfully out his two years' service cheer-
ed by his wife's letters and visits, and
when he came out of the Dalrymple
works there was no more finished iron
master than he.

He held his head friendly up now and
looked tortoise boldly in the face; he
could earn his own living anywhere, and
better than all, he had conquered his
wife—won her esteem, and compelled
her to acknowledge a physical strength
and moral purpose greater than her
own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite hall
there have been for many years gigan-
tic iron works. The mills and railways
on the West Riding know them well;
their work is famous for excellence for
the master is a practical machinist and
overlooks every detail. The profits are
enormous, and Stephen Gaskill,
their proprietor, is also the well-beloved
and respected master of Braithwaite
hall.

Hibernian Compliments.

No prettier compliment can be given
than that which comes from the warm
heart and quick wit of the true Hiber-
nian. Mike was laying pavement brick
in the hot sun, and the lady of the house
mixed up a nice, cool drink and carried
it out to quench his thirst. After a long
drawn 'swig,' he wiped his mouth on
his sleeve and said: 'Ye'll be in heav-
en sivin years before the divil'll find it
out.'

Gymnastics.

A NEWLY MARRIED MAN GETTING HIS
HAND IN FOR BATTLE.

"Say stranger, kin I git a fight in
here?" he asked, looking cautiously
around; and wetting his hands in a pre-
maturity sort of way.

"What kind of fight would you like?"
asked the barkeeper, eyeing him gloomily.

"Pistol, knife, fist, tooth, anything. I
want to live up to the 'prevailin' style.
Suit yourself, pardner."

"Well," observed the host, picking up
a base ball bat, 'how'll this suit you?
Like to try something in this line?"
"Hain't yer got a sword, or a cleaver
or a buzz-saw, or something that yer
can rely onto if we git close together?"
Ain't there some weapon that goes more
into the gore business?"

"This will do me," replied the bar-
keeper, waltzing over the bar and slam-
ming the pugacious visitor against the
wall. "Don't need anything better than
this," and he banged him across a beer
table. "Got enough?"

"I ain't got started yet," said the
stranger, as he lifted the barkeeper over
the stove. "Don't git impatient. I'll
warm up in a second, and he hoisted
his antagonist over the bar. 'Jist in-
dulge these yer false starts; I'll go un-
der the string for a heat in a minute,'
and he hauled the bar-keeper out by the
ear and broke half a dozen chairs with
him. 'I'll rouse up pooty quick now.
Gimme a little time and he danced a
hornpipe on his foe and then pitched
him through the back door. 'Now I'm
feelin' the inspiration. Whoop!' and he
kicked the enemy under the porch.

"Hi, stranger! Ain't this fruit? Talk
about Spring vegetables! What's lamb
and peas to this? and he fired the un-
happy bar-keeper down cellar.

"What was your object in wanting to
fight me?" asked the walk-ped barkeeper,
as he crawled out and set the bottle and
glass on the counter.

"Yer see, pardner," said the stranger,
filling the glass to the brim, and holding
it between his eyes and the light, 'yer
see, I've only been married a month,
and I wanted to be warmed up into trim
for the matinee. There's four bar-rooms
twixt here and my house, and by the
time I git thar pot lids and flat-irons
will be only an appetizer for me. Mar-
ried or no, pardner?"

"No," replied the barkeeper, shoving
the bottle toward his late enemy, 'I'm
not, but my father was. I know how it
is.'

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Clasp the hands meekly over the still
breast—they've no more to do; close the
weary eyes—they've no tears to shed;
part the damp locks—there's no more
pain to wear. Closed alike to love's
kind voice and calumny's stinging whis-
per.

O, if in the still heart you have ruth-
lessly planted a thorn; if from that
pleading eye you have carelessly turned
away: if your loving glances, and kind-
ly word, and clasping hand, have come
—all too late—then God forgive you!
No frown gathers on that marble brow
as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiseled
lip—no flush of wounded feelings mounts
to the blue veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet too
must shrunk from death's cold river—
your faltering tongue asks: 'Can this
be death?' Your fading eye lingers
lovingly on the sunny earth, your clam-
my hands feel its last feeble flutter.
(O, rapacious grave! yet another vic-
tim for thy voiceless keeping. What!
no words of greeting from the house-
hold sleepers? No warm welcome
from a sister's loving lips? No throb of
pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?
Silent all!

If these broken limbs were never
gathered up! If beyond death's swelling
flood there was no eternal shore. If
for the struggling bark there were no
port of peace! If athwart that low-
ering cloud sprang no bright bow of
promise!

Alas for love, if this be all,
And naught beyond.

Chicken in His Hat.

An inveterate old chicken thief who
had a marvelous faculty for gliding out of
a close corner, was at last caught with
a chicken in his hat. He denied the
stealing of it, and on being asked how
then it got into his hat, he solemnly
said: 'Dat, massa, is jes' what 'stouish-
es me; spec' dat it must hab crawled up
my leg.'

The proper time to run a lawn mow-
er is about 5 o'clock a. m. Then you
not only cut the grass, but prevent the
neighbors from oversleeping and being
late to breakfast, and the fact that
they may hope you'll get your fingers in
the machine, and have them cut off,
doesn't matter.

Milton says that 'beauty is God's
handwriting.' Milton didn't know any-
thing about paint, powder, balm, bangs,
bustles and false eyebrows, or he
wouldn't have writt'n that.

Just Received.
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—FOR—
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SHEET TIN.
Ship Stuff for Stock Feed,
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WHITE SIFTED CORN MEAL.
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For this Month's Weather, prepared expressly for
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HARDWARE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.,
Would be glad to furnish
MERCHANTS
—AND—
CARRIAGE
Manufacturers' Quotations.
Special attention given to the WHOLE-
SALE TRADE. All orders shall have
our PERSONAL ATTENTION, and
will be promptly executed.
June 20, '81-17 1y

War Among the Bogus Organ Makers.
47 Stops in a \$60 Organ.
M. & S. advertise a 16 stop for \$60; B then
trouts out an 18 stop for \$60; M. & S. goes him
2 better, 20 stops for \$60; B. sees the 30 and
goes him 7 better, 27 stops for \$60.
10 sets of Reeds 1 octave each } Composed
4 full sets Reeds, 2 1/2 octave each } the Sets.
Only 2 full sets, 5 octaves each, any way you
take it.
Ard you can't use but 10 or 12 stops, genuine,
to save your life.
Send to the stop factory, you can get a bushel
for 50 cts. Bore holes in the back or front of
the case and stick them in. Give 'em any
name you want. Does just as well.
The only
ORIGINAL STOP
—THE—
McSmith Music House.
What will they be when McSmith 'picks their
Light out' with a good old Reliable MASON &
HALLIN or PELOBET & CO., ORGAN.
Write to me for Catalogues and ask a thou-
sand questions if you like.
H. McSMITH,
Charlotte, N. C.
July 25, 21-22

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—AND WITH—
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Give Us A Trial.
Salem Janes a nice lot at
SCOTT & DONNELL'S.