

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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## The Alamance Gleaner,

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GRAHAM, N. C.

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5 "	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
6 "	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75
7 "	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
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Sept. 12, 28-17.

## Poetry.

### My Daughter Jeannette.

You are my darling little daughter,  
And the angel of my home—  
(Jeannette, stop playing with the water,  
And at once put down that comb.)

Your hair is dark and curly,  
Your eyes are large and blue—  
(Now just get cross and angry,  
And I'll attend to you!)

Your teeth are white, your lips are red,  
Your form like that of fairy,  
(Your howling just spoils my poor head,  
Go play in the front area!)

Your face so sweet—your smile so glad—  
So dear to my art to me—  
(Jeannette! If you will make me mad  
You'll suffer—wait and see!)

Our love cemented to 'yond the tomb,  
Thou charming little fay—  
(Now, Gretchen, take her to her room,  
She's punished for the day!)

### A DESPERATE MOVE.

Slowly the sun sank behind the dark grim old mountain that stood out so hoary and sullen, like a frowning giant that had been placed on a never ceasing guard over the sandy valley lying so quietly at its feet; and yet a little cabin nestled as cozily to its scarred breast as a tiny nest to the rough bark of a mighty tree.

A strange, rough place for a girl's presence, this dark little cabin perched among the clouds like an eagle'serie; yet from the little, rough door lightly steps a girl, fair and sweet as a rosebud half-uncovered, with the dew clinging to its pink and white bosom.

A little maiden, with lissome, swaying form, and waves of yellow hair rippling back from a face as fair and white as the petals of a lily, with great purple eyes, with a golden light in them as of the sun shining through a dusky heart's case—this is Pearl Wilder.

A winsome smile dimpled around her lips as she ran lightly down the rugged slope from the cabin to the "lawn of rock"—the level top of a little mountain spur that jutted out into the valley as though to lay its base in the foaming, rock-fretted waters of the Humboldt river, that was barely the width of a narrow trail.

The sun was slowly dying in the west that was flushing with opal tints, while the sky seemed like a great golden palace, with the dash of wild birds' wings against the windows.

Pearl adjusted a glass that she had brought with her and gazed long and earnestly toward the east. At last a shade of disappointment and something akin to anxiety clouded her face.

"Why does he not come?" she asked herself, thoughtfully. "He promised to be in sight at sunset and he never broke his word to me yet. God grant that nothing of ill has overtaken him."

Again she bent her staring gaze toward the east. One thought alone ruled mind and heart, yet nothing within reach escaped her senses. She heard the dash of water; she saw the shadows sweep up the slopes, and far overhead she watched the circling eagles.

"Ah-h!"  
It was a long drawn breath of agonized surprise, for, far away on the yellow sands of the valley she could now see a horseman urging his steed to the utmost, and close—oh, so close—behind thundered a horde of Indian riders.

The glass dropped from Pearl's nerveless hands. There was no use for it now—it seemed as if that fixed gaze might have pierced the very clouds of heaven, and laid the agony of her soul at His feet.

"That hideous chief who has sworn that he will tie Hugh to the torture-stake with his own hands, in pursuit!" gasped Pearl, and a wild cry burst from her white lips. "Oh, Father in heaven, save him!"

Nearer and nearer they draw. On and on tore the strong young horse; but though it seemed as if he might have left the night-birds behind in their flight, he could not shake off the pursuers, following like hounds on a scent.

"Gaining, gaining! Is there nothing that can be done to save him or must he perish before my eyes?" gasped the maiden in her last extremity of human fear.

A black mist swam before her eyes, and everything whirled about her; her limbs became powerless and she sank upon her knees, with clasped hands stretched toward the east, whose soft flots served to bring out in bold relief the dark human and animal figures that were drawing nearer every instant.

But out of her exceeding weakness a sudden strength was born—a strength that raised her from the rock, and bore her, as with a winged creature's speed, up the rocky slope to the cabin.

How or whence she was to obtain

help, she did not ask herself; and it she had she would have received no answer.

Far away on the mountain side, her father was caving for glittering, shining ore but there was not a moment to waste in an attempt to reach and inform him of her lover's peril. Help must come through her frail hands, if it came at all.

Through the cabin and out into the little workshop, wherein was collected a strange mixture of odds and ends, the distracted maiden flew. A loaded rifle stood in one corner of the room, and as Pearl put out her hand to seize it, a long, red ray of dying sunset glistened through a large crevice in the wall of the workshop and striking the surface of a little object far above harm's way on a rudely fashioned little shelf, glanced and flickered merrily.

It caught Pearl's eye, and an inspiration seized her with all the quickness of thought. Taking the little object carefully from the shelf, and carrying it as tenderly as a mother might bear her sleeping babe, Pearl turned and fled from the cabin workshop; whispering to herself:

"It is a desperate move. It may save him, and it may not—but, at least, he shall not suffer the horror of the torture stake."

Down on the sandy plain, Hugh Osgood rode as for his life. He knew that the Indians were gaining upon him, and also that it was impossible to reach the little "lawn of rock" by means of the narrow trail that led up the mountain side; for the Indians would be there almost as soon as himself, and the attempt would not save him and only be the means of harm to Pearl—his beautiful one.

"She is watching kneeling on the cliff!" he said, huskily. "Oh, if she would only go back to the cabin, she might be safe, for these scalp hunters would never see that little home, so like in color to the mountain side. Ah, she is gone—gone now. Good-bye, my darling—forever and aye!"

And he encouraged his brave horse in the hopeless flight, with a voice in which was a passing tremor, as he saw the slender white robed figure, on the mountain side disappear.

If the horse had understood the urgent necessity there was for doing his best, he could not have responded more gallantly, and for some minutes he was clearly leaving his pursuers behind. One mile more of that flying gait would have exhausted all his powers, and Hugh Osgood knew it.

Gradually the breath of the splendid creature became more rapid and labored, and Hugh could feel that his mighty leaps had lost their electricity, and were being made with increasing effort, while the muscles in the animal's quivering limbs stood out like whipcords.

With a long, tireless gallop the pursuers came on and were rapidly recovering the ground as was evident to Hugh, for the yells became each moment more distinct while his horse every instant grew weaker and weaker.

But every thought of his own danger was swept from his mind as he saw Pearl rush from out of the cabin door and run down the slope to the table rock.

"Pearl, my life, God help you!" groaned Osgood in despair, as he watched her.

Nearer and nearer the edge of the bluff, her golden hair floating behind her like shadowy wings, her eyes burning with a desperate glow—and then she paused a moment in so startling a pose that she might have been a flying nymph suddenly transfixed by a sight or sound unknown to others, or a cloud maiden hesitating in an earthward flight.

Osgood was near the cliff now, and he could see Pearl very plainly. She held her hands out, clasping in them a small object whose nature he could not determine.

And now he heard her dear voice, like a faint echo from the Cave of Winds:

"Faster! faster!"

An idea fastened itself upon him as he heard those words and noticed how carefully Pearl held the little burden in her hands.

He struck his horse violently with the spurs and the poor creature, rallying all his energies, plunged forward. Up the base of the cliff he staggered and a little beyond, and then—stopped shivering and fell.

At the same instant the clatter of the pursuers' boots indicated that they were just entering the rocky trail that lay between the Humboldt River and the base of the cliff on whose summit stood Pearl.

The knowledge of what was to come caused Hugh Osgood to crouch close to his dead horse, with a noise in his ears

like the rushing of a whirlwind, and even nerve strong like those of one who is expecting the fall destroyer.

And then—a crash as though the rock-ribbed mountain, towering above him, had been riven from its base and had fallen on his prostrate form, burying him in the ruins.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed a sturdy man of thirty-nine or thereabouts, clad in a red shirt, a belt and a pair of high boots that nearly concealed his buckskin pants. "That noise sounds as if there was something to pay. I guess, Ben Wilder, you'd better hurry up and find out what it means."

He did hurry up, for instead of following the trail, he slid down the smooth surface of the rock, up which neither man nor beast could have clambered to a point on the mountain side from which he could see his home.

"It's right there," he said cheerily—"right where I left it; and—Heavens! What's this?"

His quick eye had caught sight of a little white mass, lying on the level surface of the cliff; and that sight, together with the explosion he had heard, caused Ben Wilder's mind to leap instantly at a horrifying conclusion.

How he ever reached the cliff he never could tell—it seemed as though only a bird or a mountain sheep could have passed over that course; and yet he accomplished it with a speed that was marvelous, and in an instant he was holding his unconscious child in his arms.

At the agonized cry there was a slight sign of returning consciousness, and soon Pearl opened her eyes and stared vacantly up into her father's face.

"Pearl, don't you know me?" said her father, gently smoothing the hair away from her brow.

The wild and distant look became softened and subdued, and Pearl answered:

"Why, yes, father dear. But what has happened? Oh, father!"

The last words were uttered in a shriek. Memory had returned and brought with it an agony almost too great to be endured. Pearl threw up her hands.

"Father, father!" she breathed in a hoarse unnatural whisper, "if you love your poor child go to the foot of the cliff and see—and see if you can find Hugh!"

"But Pearl—"  
"Don't wait for words, father, but go—go now!" exclaimed Pearl, frantically, and pushing him with her frail hands away from her, while her face became as pale as death and her lips of a cold, purplish hue.

Deeply puzzled, Wilder left his daughter and descended the trail. When he reached the base of the cliff he gave a low whistle, expressive of the greatest surprise.

Well, well, well! If this don't beat all! Great Scott! It looks like a sausage machine had busted, and no mistake.

Here a figure painfully crawling toward him drew his attention away from the scene of devastation.

"Hugh Osgood," exclaimed Wilder, in greater astonishment than ever, "What is the matter, man, and what has happened?"

"Help me up the cliff, captain, and then I will tell you!" said Osgood, in broken, disjointed tones.

Wilder half led, half carried the other up the trail, and at the top they were met by Pearl with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Hugh! Thank God!"

And the intense strain on her nerves gave way and she burst into a flood of tears.

Somehow, Wilder got the excited lovers into the cabin, and when calmness was restored drew from them the story of Pearl's desperate move in the game whose stake was Hugh Osgood's life.

"Oh, father 'twas such a little can of nitro-glycerine, but its use has imprinted the stain of blood on my hands!" and a look of horror came into her eyes.

"Nonsense, child!" exclaimed her father energetically. "An Injun's soul ain't worth as much as a midget's eye-ball. You have done a noble act in helping us pioneers get rid of such blamed rascals, isn't it so Osgood?"

And Hugh's answer brought a happy look back into the fair sweet face.

"You don't know how it pains me to punish you," said the teacher. "I guess there's the most pain at the end of the stick," replied the boy, feelingly. "T'any rate, I'd be willing to swap."

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of a wall, it isn't the cat we object to. It's the waul.

The coal dealer takes pleasure in making things hot for his friends.

## A Weak Heart "Never Vins Nodding."

"Herman, do you still go around mit Rachel Golinsky?" said Hoffmanstein.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "I dakes her out sometimes ven I don't got nodding to do."

"Vell, you must keep on daking her odd, because she vas velly, you know, and you don't find dem often dese days, Ven I vas making love mit my wife, Leah Heidenheimer, I had a great deal of drouble, but I never weakens. Old man Moses Heidenheimer's blace vas in de govtury about von mile from Vicksburg, and I used to go dere to see Leah. Von day vile I vas buying a visit to Leah, her leetle bruder Levi come running in de house to his fader and says, 'Pa de old pruddle cow has proke de fence all down and vas in de field mid de corn. I dinks I will make a good impression on old man Heidenheimer, and I says: 'Miser Heidenheimer, you shday in de house and I will drive de cow away.' Leah, she say: 'Miser Hoffmanstein, you petter had keep away from de cow; she vill chase you all around.' 'Never mind Miss Leah,' I says, 'I neter get scared in anyding,' and ven I started out to de field Moses Heidenheimer tells me to bust de cow vide oben mit a shdick, and I says I vill. Leetle Levi Heidenheimer come along mit me, and ven I got vere de cow vas I dinks of vat a man dells me vonce, and dat vas to look at a yild beast in de eye, und frown und it vill run away. Herman, venever a man tells you dot, you dell him he vas a liar. I looked at de cow und frowns, but she don't do nodding. I gets a leetle closer, and I frowns some more, and yet you dink? De next minute de cow runs at me. Shust as I turns around myself to get out of de way, de cow hits me mid her head. My gracions, Herman, it vas derrible, und for a vile I dinks dot my head vas in New Jersey und my legs in de Rocky Mountains. De cow hits me a couple of dimes more mit her head, und I gets up and runs twice faster den I cfer did, und de cow comes right after me. At last I gets to a bersteinum sapling vot vas no larger den my arm, und I vent up de sapling. Vell, Herman, it vas an hour before I got down from vere I vas, und Leah und all of dem laughed about it, but I shust keeps on making love mid her undil ve yas married. Reegollet, Herman, vile you vas gourtling Rachel Golinsky don't get desogouraged. A weak heart neter vins nodding."

### The Hoop Snake.

C. Leventhorpe, of North Carolina, writes the New York Sun on the subject of the hoop or sachel snake, which is often seen in Virginia and the South: The snake is of venomous fame, and, though it may be an extreme precaution, I should not care to risk even now a scratch from the point of the spur. In the early summer a serpent of this species was killed within three hundred yards of my house. I saw this snake when dead. Its color was dingy yellow, marked and blotched with black. The head was flat and vicious looking. There was a remarkable muscular swell, like that of the biceps, some inches above the tail, and suggestive of an intention to give force to a blow from the tail, which tapered below the swell, and terminated in a horn like that which I send. The horn was grooved in the same manner, and curved similarly. This specimen measured four feet ten inches. The young man who killed the snake stated that the viper coiled up at his presence, appearing greatly irritated, holding its tail aloft, and agitating it violently. He did not await further hostilities, but settled the matter by a well directed shot from his rifle. There are many stories of trees that have died after having been struck by this snake. I should not wish to be responsible for them, for there is a wonderful sameness in one and all. But, beyond a doubt, the hoop snake is an ugly and wicked reptile, and is considered here as fatally dangerous.

### Billions of Matches.

Europe, continental and insular, consumes two millions of matches daily. Assuming that each several act of ignition occupies the brief period of one second—and we have reason to believe it is rarely performed in a shorter time—it will be obvious to every ready reckoner that five hundred and fifty-five thousand hours of each successive day are spent by the inhabitants of Europe in striking matches. There is food for speculation in the fact that Europeans dispose of nearly sixty four years per day in scraping tiny sticks, tipped with some inflammable composition. It is also interesting to learn that four hundred thousand cubic yards of timber and four hundred and twenty thousand pounds weight of phosphorus are in annual request for the manufacture of the seven hundred and thirty thousand millions of matches used by Europe in a year.

A Leadville journalist has shot so many men that he is now spoken of as 'the local leaditor.'

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