

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1881.

NO. 36

The Alamance Gleaner,

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Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

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4 "	3.25	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50
5 "	4.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50
6 "	4.75	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50
7 "	5.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50
8 "	6.25	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50
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Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion. No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

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GRAHAM & GRAHAM,
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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him

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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.
CALLS ATTENDED IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

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Fine and fresh drugs always on hand.
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Good horses and buggies for hire at reasonable rates.
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Names for preliminary examination. No fee unless patent is allowed. Fees less than other responsible agencies. Books of information sent free of charge. References furnished upon request.
Sept. 12, 28-17.

Poetry.

Pegging Away.

There was a girl of no maker sturdy as steel,
Of great wealth and repute in his day;
Who, if questioned his secrets of love to reveal,
Would chide like a bird of prey.
"It isn't so much the vacation you're in,
Or liking for it," he would say,
"As it is forever, through thick and thin,
You would keep pegging away."

I have found a maxim of value whose truth
Observation has proved in the main,
And which might well be vaunted a watch word
By youth.
In the labor of hand and of brain,
For if genius and talent are cast,
Into work of strongest display,
You can never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statesmen
Be made, if they were given,
Politicians for landwork made;
Some poets who better in shops had shown,
And mechanics best suited for trade;
But when once in the harness, however it fits,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure of the triumph of hand and of wit,
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend dis-
content,
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on field far away and irrelevant bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey;
And then, more persistent and staunch than
before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Have faithful endeavors for such as would gain
Their spendthrift existence in vain,
For the secret of wealth, in the present and
past,
And of fame, and of honor, is plain:
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment alone,
Nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's honest advice
To keep pegging and pegging away.

THE JILT.

In the pleasant village of Acton, situated
near the city, on the Somersetshire
side of the Avon, two years since and
for aught we know resides there still,
an elderly gentleman whose household
affairs were superintended by a perfect
paragon of a piece—a lovely and accom-
plished young lady, just emerging from
her teens, and graced with that most ap-
preciated of all charms in this unromantic
age, the possession of a small fortune.
On her arriving at the age of twenty-one
she was entitled to the sum of £1,000.
Need it be said that, with these attrac-
tions, numerous were the enamored
swains sighing at the feet of the fair
Celia who turned a deaf ear to their so-
licitations, and restricted her affections to
a pet kitten and a "love of a spaniel,"
till at length a stalwart knight, sturdy
and bold entered the lists, and soon dis-
tanced all competitors for the hand of
our heroine and her £1,000.

Matters progressed favorably, and, after
a time, the fair Celia began to con-
sider the eyes of her knight better
worth looking into and his countenance
more attractive than that of her juvenile
groom, and even the pet, Fiera, was
neglected. Numerous were their walks,
Down in the vale where the sweet waters glid-
ing murmuring streams ripple through the dark
grove.

And sundry were the ejaculations of the
knight—"How beautiful!" though whether
they were applied to scenery or his
companion must still remain an open
question. Some six months elapsed, and
our scene now opens in the loveliest
month of the year—warm, glowing, sunny
June. It was the eve of the 1st of
June, and the knight and the "fair lady"
were taking their accustomed walk.
The moonlight lay bright upon the riv-
er, and the water trembled beneath it
like timid lips beneath the first kiss.

A nightingale began to sing in the
valley, which had derived its name from
the inimitable songster, and another an-
swered it from an adjacent grove. It
was a night in which one not only loves,
but is beloved, in which one not only
longs for blessedness, but will be blessed.
The knight drew the "lady" closer to his
side, and more compressed was the
pressure on her delicately rounded arm
as he poured his vows of affection and
unalterable love into her willing ear.
His advances were not disregarded, for
the happy pair returned to the uncle,
who doubtless said, in the language of
old stage comedy gentlemen, "Take her,
you dog, take her, though you don't de-
serve her."

Time rolled on; four times had the
seasons changed, but no change had
taken place in the relative positions of
Celia and her knight. They were still
affianced, but alas, for the fickleness of
woman, such was not long to continue
the case. A Mr. D—, who in early
life had exchanged the quiet and roman-
tic scenery of his native village for the
busy, bustling scenes of Manchester, re-
turned to Acton for the purpose of visit-
ing his parents, and in the course of
his sojourn was introduced to our fair
but fickle heroine. Verily, if Cupid
shot the dart, he has much to answer
for; but certain it is that the liuen-dra-

per created, unwittingly, an interest in
the breast of the lady far deeper than
that she felt for her former lover!
But, alas! the flame was not mutual.

Whether Mr. D— was aware of the
engagement subsisting between Miss
Celia and her knight, or whether his af-
fections were of a phobic rather than ar-
dent caste, is uncertain; but, neverthe-
less, when his leave of absence expired,
he took leave of the damsel with all con-
ceivable coolness and unconcern, and
deserted the charming Celia for calicoes
and counter-jumping. Poor
girl! the shock to her susceptible
affections was insupportable. She pined
and withered, walked about the house
with an absent, distracted, melancholy
air, took to singing doleful ditties, com-
mencing with "Sweet Blighted Lily," and,
in short, was fast becoming a prey to a
lean and yellow melancholy.

In vain the assiduous knight, who
little suspected the cause of the fair one's
misery, redoubled his attentions. In
vain he entreated her to put a "termi-
nation to his doubts and fears, and" crown
his happiness by becoming Mrs. K—
No; the image of her knight was sup-
planted in the faithful heart by her dear,
her darling Mr. D—, and finally,
when she became of age, she quietly
sent a note to the young gentleman at
Manchester, avowing her predilection
for him, and offering herself for his ac-
ceptance, "for better or for worse," as
the case might be. As soon as the Man-
chester man received the letter he at
once cut the calico trade, and came as
fast as the wings of love and an express
train could bring him to throw himself
at the lady's feet. Fortune was favor-
able.

The uncle and guardian of the lady
were temporarily absent (we blush
to say it) the faithless Celia and her
linden-dropper lover were united in the
indissoluble bonds of holy matrimony.
Swiftly passed the hours and they awak-
ened from their "dream of young love."
The Manchester man explained to his
sorrowing lady that circumstances com-
pelled him to return to that city, and
that it would be highly inconvenient for
him to take her with him just then.
Wiping away her tears with his snowy
cambric handkerchief (a choice sample
of a recent consignment,) he besought
her for a short time to keep their mar-
riage secret; and assuring her of fidelity
to their pledged vows, said he should
shortly return and claim her as his
bride. They parted. Mr. D—
returned to his business; the deceived
knight was still constant in his visits,
and thus ends the second chapter of this
eventful history.

Two days only had passed since the
departure of Mr. D—, but in that
brief interval the train had been laid to
the mine which was to explode under
the feet of the unsuspecting Celia. The
uncle was informed of his niece's
secret marriage, and while she was
walking in the valley we have before
spoken of, musing on her absent hus-
band, and meditating what she should
say to present her lover (for her knight
accompanied her in her walk,) he was
preparing to hurl anathemas on her head
on her return. The sun had sunk below
the horizon, and the moon was shining
on the top of the trees, when the pair
bent their steps homeward.

The hour, the scene, all concurred in
reminding the knight of the day when
his lady-love first, blushing, owned she
loved him, and again he passionately en-
treated her to name the day, the event-
ful day, which should turn gloom into
gladness, and make his heart leap with
hilarious joy. Instead of informing him
of what had taken place, she owned his
passion was returned, and he accom-
panied her to her residence, elate with
hope at the imagined prospect of his de-
sire being gratified by the bestowal of
her hand and fortune. Judge of his as-
tonishment, however, when, on arriv-
ing at the door, an outburst of fury on
the part of the uncle too soon revealed to
him the terrible truth.

The revulsion or feeling was too great.
He was distracted; he tore his hair; and
with a wild gaze on the transfixed
Celia, he rushed from the house. Sleep
was out of question, and, like Adam,
he still lingered around his lost paradise.
Meantime our heroine had to endure the
reproaches of her incensed guardian who
never proceeded to personal violence; and
in the dead of night she packed up her
worldly goods, not forgetting the £1,000,
determined on the first blush of morn-
ing to be off and away.

She carried her determination into ef-
fect, and "at early dawn" left the house
and proceeded on her road to Bristol.
She had not taken many steps when to her
surprise, she met the disconsolate knight
who had so hurriedly "cut his stick" the

evening before, looking a perfect picture
of woe-begone wretchedness. Who shall
fathom the heart of woman!—her parity-
lity for him revived, she longed to con-
sole the wretched wanderer, and to his
dramatic exultation she replied, in accents
sweet. "My own dear knight, I am
afraid I have been a little fool. Can you
forgive your poor, unhappy, wretched
Celia?" Her overburdened heart could
say no more; she swooned, and was
caught in the arms of her faithful knight,
who, with many a fond, endearing ex-
pression and sundry pressings to his
bosom, recalled her to life.

"What shall we do?" murmured the
unhappy girl. "Cut and run," suggested
her lover, though not, perhaps, in these
very forcible words. "Something indeed,"
he said about flying with him in a state
of felicity, declaring she could not think
of doing such a thing, and, finally,
whispering, "I'll never consent"—con-
sented.

They fled, carrying with them the £1,000
sterling, and the disconsolate husband
does not know where to find either the
fugitive lovers or the winged riches.
Moreover, the clandestinely contracted
alliance being displeasing to the lady's
friend, will not assist her large lord and
master in discovering her whereabouts.

The Newspaper in a Farm-House.

People who live near the great "thor-
oughfares," where they have access to
dailies and a half-dozen weeklies, do not
fully appreciate the value of a newspa-
per. They come, indeed, to look upon
them as necessities, and they would as
cheerfully do without their morning
meal as their morning mail. But one
must be far off in the country, remote
from the maddening crowd, to realize the
full luxury of a newspaper. The
farmer who receives but one paper a
week does not glance over its col-
umns hurriedly with an air of impa-
tience, as does your merchant or lawyer.
He begins with the beginning and reads
to the close, not permitting a news item
or an advertisement to escape his eye.
Then it has to be thumbed by every
member of the family, each one looking
for things in which he or she is most in-
terested. The grown-up daughter looks
for the marriage notices, and is delight-
ed if the editor has "treated" them to a
love story. The son who is about to en-
gage in farming, with an enthusiasm
that will carry him far in advance of his
father; reads all the crop reports and has
a keen eye for hints for improved modes
of culture. The younger members of the
family come in for the amusing, anec-
dotes and scraps of fun. All look for-
ward to the day that shall bring the pa-
per with the likeliest interest, and if by
some unlucky chance it fails to come it is
a bitter disappointment. One can hard-
ly estimate the amount of information
which a paper that is not only read but
studied can carry into a family. They
have week by week, spread before their
mental vision a panorama of the busy
world, its fluctuations and vicissitudes. It
is the poor man's library and furnishes
as much mental food as he has time to
consume and digest. No one who has
observed how much those who are far
away from the places where men most
congregate value their weekly paper can
fail to join in invoking a blessing on the
inventor of this means of intellectual en-
joyment.

An Obstinate Bride.

THE BRIDE REFUSES TO ALLOW HER HUSBAND TO
ENTER THE ROOM.
Little Rock Daily Arkansas.
A young man from
northern Arkansas and a young lady
from the southern part of the State, met
at a hotel in this city and were married.
After the ceremony the young man went
out and sat in front of the hotel, while
the wife went up to the room assigned as
the bridal chamber.
"This thing of getting married is a life-
time business," he said, addressing a
man who had just been divorced from
his wife. "I reckon you have found it
so," he added, turning to a single man.
"Well, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I
don't sooner hate to go up than, too.
But I never was afeard of a man, and I
don't see why I should be afeard of a
woman."
He went up and rapped at the door.
"Who's there?" demanded the girl.
"It's me."
"Who's me?"
"Don't you recognize my talk, hon-
ey?"
"No, I don't."
"It's your own wide awake and lying
husband. Let me in."
"Go away from that door; you shan't
come in here, I ain't got acquainted
with you yet."
"Say, let me in. Them tellers down
stairs air laughing at me. Open the
door, fur I am sleepy," and he yawned
like a man waiting for a night train.
"Thought you said that you were wide
awake."
"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful
sleepy now. Say, ain't you going to open
this door?"
"No, I ain't."
"Why did you marry me?"
"Cause I wanted to."
"Well, why don't you let me in?"
"Because I don't want to."
"All right, old gal; I'll shell out for
home and leave you to pay the hotel
bill. I never seed the woman that could
pull the wool over my eyes."
The latch clicked and the door open-
ed. The hotel bill had frightened her.
"It won't do for a woman to buck again
me, lemme tell you, fur I was raised
at the cross roads, and went to mill
early."
"He Understood."
"You are my belle now," said the
printer's devil's sweetheart, when she be-
came a little too forward.
"What's a belle now?" asked he.
"A Belle now," she answered, "means a
black devil always hanging around."
"The young man pondered a good
while before he answered, very thought-
fully:
"Ab, yes, I understand; I am your
int-you-bus!"

The N. C. Colored Crator.

HE ASTONISHES THE LONDONERS.

The sensation of the day's session was
the speech of a delegate of the African
Methodist Zion Church, the Rev. J. C.
Price from North Carolina. He is a very
black man but has a decidedly intellec-
tual face. His utterance was rapid, but
very concise, his action was natural and
graceful; his wit keen, his thoughts
striking and eloquent. He got the floor
under the five minutes rule. His speech
was evidently impromptu, but complete-
ly upset for a time the prevailing good
order. His keen wit drew out peals of
laughter and his eloquence rounds of ap-
plause. The old Bishop found it hard
to hold his seat in hand; skilful driver
as he was. The speaker was rung down
in the midst of a sentence and promptly
yielded, when Rev. Dr. Marshall, of the
Methodist Church, South, from Missis-
sippi, rose, and in a happy impromptu
speech, responded. As the African
speaker was sitting just back of Dr.
Marshall it was a most natural proceed-
ing for him to turn and offer him his
hand in token of the same good will the
Southern man cherished, to the emanc-
ipated race that he had always shown to
him while enslaved. This unexpected
transaction evidently so entirely im-
promptly greeted with applause.

Be Independent.

There is nothing in this world that
ensures success so completely as does
perfect independence. People who are
always waiting for help may wait a long
time as a general thing; a little assis-
tance, a little recommendation, a little
influence, is not to be had for asking,
but there is always something one can
do for himself. "Do it," whatever it is,
and do it with his will. One thing leads
to another.

If you are a girl, don't sit still and
hope a rich man will marry you, while
your old father toils for your daily bread.
Learn how to help yourself, and take
care of yourself as much as possible.
Rather be one who does things for
others than one who must have things
done for you or suffer.

Two hands, two feet, sight and
strength—these ought to enable you to
dispense with help while you are young
and healthy.

I like men who can defy adverse cir-
cumstances, and could earn a living in
any quarter of the world in which they
were dropped down; who can roll up
their sleeves and get to work at almost
anything that offers, who can even sew
on their own buttons and make them-
selves a cup of tea when deprived of the
help of womankind.

"Like women who are not annihilated
when "the girl" goes off in a "bail," who
could preside at the White House or
scrub the kitchen floor, if either un-
pleasant effort were necessary; who are
not afraid to travel a few miles alone,
and who can split kindling wood and un-
der a bottle with the scissors, if nothing
better is at hand; and who, more-
over, if plunged into the depths of "po-
verty," would fight their own way out of
it, asking help of no man.

Independence makes no woman less
loving. The most helpful women are
loving and true; I think; and as for
a man, never trust him in any capacity
if he has not within him the true spirit
of independence, without which neither
strength nor sweetness may be hoped
for.

In the battle of life there is but one
way to succeed; fight it out yourself.
Give the helping hand when you may.
Take it if in some straits it is offered
freely, but never ask for it; be inde-
pendent as far as man may be, if you
would honor yourself, or be honored
by others, or be happy.

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his wife. "I reckon you have found it
so," he added, turning to a single man.
"Well, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I
don't sooner hate to go up than, too.
But I never was afeard of a man, and I
don't see why I should be afeard of a
woman."
He went up and rapped at the door.
"Who's there?" demanded the girl.
"It's me."
"Who's me?"
"Don't you recognize my talk, hon-
ey?"
"No, I don't."
"It's your own wide awake and lying
husband. Let me in."
"Go away from that door; you shan't
come in here, I ain't got acquainted
with you yet."
"Say, let me in. Them tellers down
stairs air laughing at me. Open the
door, fur I am sleepy," and he yawned
like a man waiting for a night train.
"Thought you said that you were wide
awake."
"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful
sleepy now. Say, ain't you going to open
this door?"
"No, I ain't."
"Why did you marry me?"
"Cause I wanted to."
"Well, why don't you let me in?"
"Because I don't want to."
"All right, old gal; I'll shell out for
home and leave you to pay the hotel
bill. I never seed the woman that could
pull the wool over my eyes."
The latch clicked and the door open-
ed. The hotel bill had frightened her.
"It won't do for a woman to buck again
me, lemme tell you, fur I was raised
at the cross roads, and went to mill
early."
"He Understood."
"You are my belle now," said the
printer's devil's sweetheart, when she be-
came a little too forward.
"What's a belle now?" asked he.
"A Belle now," she answered, "means a
black devil always hanging around."
"The young man pondered a good
while before he answered, very thought-
fully:
"Ab, yes, I understand; I am your
int-you-bus!"

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