

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1881.

NO. 38.

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

Eldridge & Kernodle, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:
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Sept. 12, 1881.

Poetry.

The Gift of Tears.

In cradle at the close of day,
A little child was sleeping,
Three angels robed in white array,
A prayerful watch were keeping.

Two said, "Oh, happy should she be,
Life's best gifts we have meted."
"Nay," said the eldest of the three,
"Our task is not completed."

Then up the sleeping town she passed,
By alley dark and dreary,
The winds were cold, the rattling rain
On many a wanderer weary.

There on a pavement in the rain,
A babe and mother lying,
The child dead, a vein in vain
Are all our tears and crying!

One teardrop took that angel mill,
And gave release from sorrow,
The mother and her little child
Shall meet in Heaven to-morrow.

One teardrop took, and passed away
Wherein the new born baby lay,
Unknown to sin and sadness.

Upon its breast the tear she laid,
Then heavenwards she ascended,
"The last gift is the best," she said,
"Our mission now is ended."

Then sang they through the starry shine
"Heaven shall its blessing send her,
Should she be gifted with divine,
Of pity pure and tender."

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

A pretty girl, scarce numbering twenty summers, in a dainty room surrounded by her own dainty belongings, is the scene on which our curiosity rises.

The small, jeweled fingers hold a card, on which are penciled these words: "Introducing my friend, Jack Desmond." Below is the name of the friend, Miss Minton—this in the engraver's best form; but the latter name is written elsewhere as well on no less a spot than Sydney Collins' heart—for she is Ellis Minton's betrothed wife.

How often she has heard of this friend who now awaits her coming in her father's drawing room.

"A royal fellow among men, but utterly unimpeachable to women—currying danger always; always escaping himself."

This so often had been the burden of her lover's strain, and was she ever to see and judge herself?

What wonder that her heart beat a little quicker, or that, snatching up a fragrant bunch of roses from her toilet, she fastened them at the slender waist, making the only spot of color on the cashmere gown, and giving the one finishing touch needed to make her look as though she had just stepped out from some picture frame.

Evidently some such thought as this crossed the man's mind, who started to his feet as the radiant vision met his view.

"Yes, he is dangerous," was Sydney's inward comment, as she glanced up into the handsome, bearded face and recognized the power which might lie in those laughing brown eyes, should their laughter turn to earnest tenderness.

"Danger! Yes, but not to her. Wrapped in Ellis' love, surely she was invincible."

Suppose—suppose she tried the experiment of making him feel? Had the thought really given itself definite shape?

She hardly recognized it; yet, with her hand one moment clasped in a strong, warm grasp, her ear catching a few words of courteous pleasure at the meeting she felt as does the war horse sniffing the scent of battle from afar, and eager for the fray.

"Do you know," her visitor said, when he rose to take his leave at the end of an hour—"do you know I no longer wonder at Minton's anxiety to turn Benedict? Will you pardon me when I add that a little curiosity prompted my desire to see you to-day, and to learn how strong must be the temptation to forego bachelorhood?"

"We must tempt you to turn to follow Ellis' example," she answered with a blush.

"Had he not set it, I should have been more tempted," was the grave reply.

Five minutes later she was alone. Mr. Desmond was to be a guest in the city a fortnight. During that time she should see him often, and she anticipated it with pleasure.

That night she wrote to her betrothed, "I have seen your friend, he presented your card to-day. I wonder did you paint me to him in the glowing colors you so often have painted his portrait to me, and if he, as I, laughing at your enthusiasm, found the reality brighter than the picture? I fear not. I feel in me must have been disappointed; but in him I am not only not so, but no longer wonder at your strange bias for him. But one thing is wanting; his heart is sleeping. All women are to him alike. Do you know I feel tempted to make

him single me out. Do you know I feel tempted to rouse the sleeping lion from his lair? Shall I try, Ellis? It would be an interesting experiment."

Three days later she wrote again: "You were quite right, dear, in your delineation of your friend's character. Do you know I fancied I had made upon him a slightly favorable impression, sufficient for him to return and have it deepened—at least, sufficient for me to have the opportunity to test the interesting experiment of which I last wrote you; but evidently his latent distrust of the sex has awakened. All my hopes of causing you to suffer from the pangs of the green-eyed monster have fled. He refused to be charmed—charm I ever so wisely!"

"They were light words, lightly written, but none the less, Sydney felt an unwelcome disappointment she would not acknowledge to herself even as she penned them. It left no outward trace, however, as, a few hours later, she stood before her mirror, dressed for Mrs. Crosby's German, which she was engaged to lead with Guy Ballings, the best dancer in her set."

She need not fear to-night that she should not hear the sweet nothings whispered in her ear. Guy Ballings had been one of her admirers since he had doffed roundabouts, and never failed to show himself openly disconsolate that a hero from another city should have borne off the coveted prize. But even this pain to her wounded vanity to-night was not to be forthcoming.

Before leaving the house, a note was brought her in which Mr. Ballings' greatest regrets, at a sudden remembrance, arose from the fact that he must be deprived of a pleasure which he had so long been eagerly anticipating in feeling himself for one night, at least, the envy of all the men in the room, etc., to the end of the chapter.

But entering Mrs. Crosby's dressing room, her vexation vanished, as her hostess rapturously greeted her, having followed her in an instant hurriedly up the stairs, met her with the announcement that, having known of Mr. Ballings' accident, she had supplied a substitute—one she was quite sure would do equally well, and would possess the charm of novelty—an old friend of her husband, Mr. Jack Desmond.

Then she retreated to her guests, leaving Sydney to follow, not noting the quick crimson stain on the lovely cheek which had flung itself at her words.

"I might have spared him," thought the girl. "Now; to do only one thing will be wanting, and that is in my power!"

And taking a last glance in the mirror at the charming vision it reflected, at the face men called beautiful, at the figure whose every curve was delineated by the exquisite Parisian toilet doctored to-night in all its freshness, it was a small wonder that at the improbability of the latter a little, incredulous smile touched the rich, red lips.

It still rested when Mr. Desmond re-appeared her father of his charge and drew her arm within his own.

"We have not had much practice together, Miss Collins," he said, as he led her to the farther end of the room; "but I rather think no one will be the wiser save ourselves."

"I should imagine that you danced well," she replied indifferently, "and I can easily give you the figures Mr. Ballings and I decided upon, or I should be happy to receive instructions in any new ones at your hand."

"You have not asked me why I have not been to see you?" he questioned, a little later, as they kept time to one of Strauss' most charming waltzes.

His arm was around the slender waist; her little hand rested on his sleeve; his eyes for a moment met hers, but their laughter had gone, and there was a new born tenderness.

She strove to answer lightly, but the words refused to come.

"I dared not come," he whispered.

A little later she would have laughed at the singular influence the simple utterance had possessed over her.

Was not this man acting a part, and did she not know it? It was she who must hold sway, not he; but even as she thus decided she felt that she was toying with a flame which might scorch those who approached and yet burned on calmly and undimmed.

"I have a message to you from Ellis," she said when he bade her good-night. "Will you come to-morrow to hear it?"

He bowed assent. She had put his coming in such form refusal was next to impossible.

The next day found her in her presence. It was but the forerunner of many days to follow. But they no longer spoke or hinted of danger to either.

They talked of themselves, the past, the present. On the future they rarely touched and then but lightly.

Three weeks had passed and Mr. Desmond spoke of leaving them. On the eve of his departure he came to bid Sydney good-bye.

"You have made me break the first promise I have ever broken, Miss Collins," he said to her, "I promised Ellis to be the best man at his wedding; but I telegraphed yesterday for passage in the steamer which sails for Europe in a fortnight from to-day."

"You are going to Europe?" she said. "For how long?"

"Until I have conquered myself," he replied. "Good bye, Miss Sydney," he said, lightly. "God bless you and Ellis in your new life."

She arose and strove to speak. Tears were not common things in her deep blue eyes, but now, when she would fain drive them back, they came, welling up from some unknown fountain, falling so thick and fast that she could not wipe them away as they fell, nor check the sobs which racked the slender frame.

Instinctively he opened his arms and drew her to his heart. She felt it madly beat as in hoarse tones, but in fond endearing accents, he murmured her name. But suddenly she wrenched herself away. The tears were checked. She stood pale and trembling before him, but with fixed light of resolve in her beautiful eyes.

"I heard that no woman ever touched your heart," she said. "I determined to try you for the result. For you are scored another victory—for me defeat. I wish my humiliation to be complete, therefore I make my unnecessary confession. Now good-bye! But do not add the blessing; I do not deserve that."

"You tried to touch my heart?" he answered. "For once Sydney, let me speak the truth. The first hour I saw you, it passed forever into your keeping. Honor, loyalty to my absent friend have led me to play my poor part at disguise, but you have wronged me by my pitifully kept secret, Sydney, is it our fault that we have thus learned love's lesson? My love, my darling, what is all the world if it debars us from each other?"

"It is not of the world we have to think," she said—"it is of Ellis. Shall he be made the sacrifice upon our altar? No, no, Jack, let us be true to him, and so true to ourselves. We will utter no sophistries. The way is clear. Life will never be quite dark, dear, now that I know you, too, loved and lost. But Ellis shall not be the one to suffer from a girl's wanton experiment. This I swear!"

"And on the pale girl's face was something of the expression the ancient martyrs might have worn.

"Go!" she added. "I am not very strong. Leave me my faith in myself, and in that in which you wooed and won me. Should you stay, you would not be the man to whom I gave my heart, but another, base and ignoble from whom I would withdraw it. Hush!" she entreated, as he was about to speak—"not a single word. Leave me to my dream."

A shudder shook his frame; then he stooped from his great height and let his lips a moment touch her brow.

The next moment she was alone—alone henceforth, through the long, weary years to come—alone even as three months later on the eve preceding her wedding, she sat by her lover's side and listened, while he told her of the morrow and the bright future of which it was to be the threshold.

"Too bad Jack disappointed me," he added presently. "Do you know I fancied you and he did not quite hit it together? You wrote me something about an interesting experiment but you forgot to tell me the result. What was it, Sydney?"

"Not worth the telling," she answered with a little laugh, which sounded strangely to the man's unused ears. "Or perhaps—perhaps I was worried in the fray. Ellis will you promise to heal my broken heart?"

He thought she jesting as he bent and kissed her, but she knew that the kiss was earnest, and that in his answer lay the happiness of the life she had so nearly wrecked, the experiment the future only might solve.

When a lecturer has worked the ladies of his audience so near to the weeping point that they have gotten out their handkerchiefs, and then suddenly changes his tone and speaks of the merits of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup he is bound to rouse a feeling of indignation.

The Sunny Side of Toil.

YOUNG MEN ADVISED TO WORK AMBITIOUSLY.

Colonel McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, in a recent address to young men, said: "Take the sunny side of toil. It is made the inheritance of all, by a law that is universal and inexorable, and that tearfully avenges its violation. It is the command of God, and like all his mandates, is wise and merciful. Do not grieve because others' accomplishments favored them, for such appearances are often verily deceptive. With all the varied cares and duties and strange inequalities of life, we are largely, if not wholly, moulded by our own efforts, and sunshine or shadows will predominate as we may decide for ourselves. How often the child of toil envies the lot of the fellow-born to fortune and luxury, but it is a great mistake. The greatest lot of life is to labor at nothing and for nothing." If the true type of toil that has no compensation, and is the most tiresome and exhausting of employments. Of all the ordinary lives that of the laborer is the saddest. It is ordained that labor and content shall go hand in hand, and in all the experience of recorded civilizations, there has been no departure from toil without decay and sorrow. There may be great glory mingled with exacting and unrequited labor, but peace and content are utter strangers to this intention. It is not only the law of individuals, but it is the law of nations. When nations have reached the zenith of grandeur in their achievements, luxury and its inevitable idleness have dated their decline and fall. People advance only as they make industry their chief attribute. Vice and industry are incompatible, and can have no fellowship, and when luxury begets idleness, idleness begets vice, and vice begets death. And what is the lot of nations is equally true of communities, families and individuals. No community, no group of persons where wealth accumulates and idleness reigns, no church ever advanced against idleness, no social order ever improved in morals, intelligence or happiness when labor was rejected as wanting in respectability, and no individual ever made himself useful or gladdened home with the wealth of content. It often seems hard to toil through all the changing seasons without rest, and the laborer is many times made heavy-hearted with the failure of his hopes; but all the griefs of toil and slayish toil is our civilization that has so large a page in the history of mankind is more than supplemented by the grief of those who are enervated in their supposed luxury and repose. The grief of wasted health, of sated appetite, is the one grief that claims all seasons as its own. Even the galley slave enjoys the luxury of rest and his coarse diet is made grateful by the hunger that labor quickens, while the banquet of luxury falls upon the taste and sleep and rest flow from the miserable idler.

The Long and Short of It.

"Tell me," she said innocently, as she surveyed the reconstructed heel of an aged sock, and scratched her head with a darning needle, "tell me why so much grain is being sold at auction just now."

"Where?" he asked, starting up and manifesting the first visible sign of life he had shown during an entire evening.

"Why in Chicago? I see so much about it in the papers. Whenever I go to look for a recipe for sugar cookies I come across something about auctioning grain, and they always hold them in the bed-room of a man named Converse, or something of that kind."

"Options? woman, options. They sell options in the Chamber of Commerce."

"What's that?"

"Bear with me and I will explain." "Oats no matter," she said disinterestedly. "If it's not an auction, I don't care anything about it."

"Rye? then permit me to remark then that it is the mission of woman to buy cheap and it is man's destiny to be sold."

"Well, I reckon I maize well, acknowledge the corn."

"And this is the long and short of it."

Some idea of the vast and comprehensive character of the Atlantic International Cotton Exposition, may be had from the following statistics:

That the actual floor space covered by exhibitors amounts to twenty acres of ground, and that every foot of this is covered, and that more could be covered if it was possible to get it.

That the circumference of all the buildings is sixteen miles. That is if a person were to walk around each one of the buildings he would have to walk eleven miles before he was through.

That there are six miles of steam pipes that are used to heat the various buildings, etc.

That there are five miles of sewerage pipes used to drain the buildings and grounds.

That there are eight million feet of lumber in the erection of all the buildings on the grounds.

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