

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1881.

NO. 40.

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

Every person sending a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices No Departure from the Cash System POSTAGE PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE

ADVERTISING RATES:

	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	col.	1 col.
1 week	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	7 00	11 00
2 "	1 25	2 00	2 50	3 00	8 00	12 00
3 "	1 50	2 25	2 75	3 25	9 00	13 00
4 "	1 75	2 50	3 00	3 50	10 00	14 00
5 "	2 00	2 75	3 25	3 75	11 00	15 00
6 "	2 25	3 00	3 50	4 00	12 00	16 00
7 "	2 50	3 25	3 75	4 25	13 00	17 00
8 "	2 75	3 50	4 00	4 50	14 00	18 00
9 "	3 00	3 75	4 25	4 75	15 00	19 00
10 "	3 25	4 00	4 50	5 00	16 00	20 00
11 "	3 50	4 25	4 75	5 25	17 00	21 00
12 "	3 75	4 50	5 00	5 50	18 00	22 00
13 "	4 00	4 75	5 25	5 75	19 00	23 00
14 "	4 25	5 00	5 50	6 00	20 00	24 00
15 "	4 50	5 25	5 75	6 25	21 00	25 00
16 "	4 75	5 50	6 00	6 50	22 00	26 00
17 "	5 00	5 75	6 25	6 75	23 00	27 00
18 "	5 25	6 00	6 50	7 00	24 00	28 00
19 "	5 50	6 25	6 75	7 25	25 00	29 00
20 "	5 75	6 50	7 00	7 50	26 00	30 00
21 "	6 00	6 75	7 25	7 75	27 00	31 00
22 "	6 25	7 00	7 50	8 00	28 00	32 00
23 "	6 50	7 25	7 75	8 25	29 00	33 00
24 "	6 75	7 50	8 00	8 50	30 00	34 00
25 "	7 00	7 75	8 25	8 75	31 00	35 00
26 "	7 25	8 00	8 50	9 00	32 00	36 00
27 "	7 50	8 25	8 75	9 25	33 00	37 00
28 "	7 75	8 50	9 00	9 50	34 00	38 00
29 "	8 00	8 75	9 25	9 75	35 00	39 00
30 "	8 25	9 00	9 50	10 00	36 00	40 00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.

Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion. No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. W. GRAHAM, HILLSBORO, N. C.
JAS. A. GRAHAM, GRAHAM, N. C.

GRAHAM & GRAHAM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts, Special attention paid to collecting.

J. D. KERNODLE,
Attorney at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts and will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

E. S. PARKER,
ATTORNEY,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Will attend regularly the Superior Courts of Alamance, Caswell, Person, Chatham and Randolph, and the Federal courts at Greensboro. Business entrusted to him shall have faithful attention.
6-1-80. 17.

Dr. J. W. Griffith
DENTIST
GRAHAM, N. C.
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

DR. GEO. W. LONG,
GENERAL PRACTITIONER
GRAHAM, N. C.
Medicine and Surgery
Pure and fresh drugs always on hand.
9-1-80. 17.

T. B. Eldridge,
Attorney at Law,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts. All business entrusted to him shall receive prompt and careful attention.

Just Received.
Genuine Farmers Friend Plows, all number, Plow Points, and Sticks, Mould Boards, Bolts and Clevises.
SCOTT & DONNELL.

T. E. JONES
Livery & Feed Stables,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Good horses and buggies for hire at reasonable rates.
Horses fed at 20c per meal.
11-15-80. 17.

Patents for Inventions
W. W. ANDERSON, & JOHN L. J. C. SMITH,
Anderson & Smith,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
No. 700 SEVENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.
No fee 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. 13, 28-4.

Poetry.

Over the Bars.

'Twas milking time, and the cows came up
From the meadows sweet with clover,
And stood in the lane, while pretty Jane
Had a quiet chat with the drover—
Such a quiet chat it scarcely seemed
That a single word was spoken;
While a magic spell with the night dew fell,
And the rhythm was unbroken.

The cattle stood at the lover's side,
Without any show of vexation,
Although impressed that a five-bar rest
Was a part of their restoration.
And as Jane listened to the notes that came
Right under the bars and over,
Her heart took wing, the silly thing,
Nested up close to the drover.

She heard him say his home was poor,
That he'd nothing but love to give her;
And she smiled content as though love had
Spent.
Every arrow he had in his quiver;
She smiled content, when the evening air
With the voices of birds is ringing,
And her lips confessed that a lovely nest
Should never prevent her singing.

So over the bars the lovers lean,
In the joy of their sweet communion;
And their love declares that poverty ne'er
Shall be a bar to their union;
Oh, sweetest music, go thread your rhymes
Now under the bars and over!
Where pretty Jane, in the fragrant lane,
Bewitched the heart of the drover.

AN OCEAN BRIDE.

The good ship 'Waverly' homeward bound
From Japan, was becalmed in mid-ocean.

'What land did you say that was
Captain Lane?' asked young Perley,
The second mate, pointing to a wild picture
Resque-looking island lying less than a
League and a half off their lee bow.

'One of the Society group. By my
chart that should be Morley Island. Let's
see, you said you touched there for water
the year before last when you were on
the 'Atlas,' did you not Jack?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' returned the old tar,
quickly; and a lively time we had too.
We secured the prettiest gal that ever
I'ved, I'll bet! But Lord, she was as
wild as a gull!'

'A beautiful girl on that island?' cried
Robert Perley, incredulously.

'Ay, ay, Mister Perley. And I'll bet
my soul 'twas agin' my head she was
none of the black and tan natives, either!
We wanted to go back and look for her
agin', but the old skipper wouldn't believe
us, nor say that she was an ingun gal.'

'Captain Lane, I am more determined
to go ashore than ever,' exclaimed the
mate, in a fever of excitement. 'What do
you say Charlie?' he asked turning to
the super cargo, a good-looking young
man of fifty and twenty.

'I am with you. We can get back before
the breeze comes up.'

'Oh, yes, I'll warrant you are both
dying to go!' muttered old Captain Lane.
'Just say there is a pity gal on that is-
land, and all the sea lions in seven seas
couldn't keep you away! Well, you had
my consent before, and I shall not with-
draw it. But look sharp for the out-
throat savages there, and return the min-
ute I sound the trumpet.'

In less than fifteen minutes the young
officers accompanied by four sailors,
were fairly flying over the water towards
the island.

Touching upon the sandy beach, they
drew up their boat in a cove nearly
hidden by overhanging trees, and started
inland.

'If we wish to see the gal we have
got to be purty sly, for she's a wild one,'
declared Jack. 'Then we must be on our
lookout for the natives, too, for they
are as heinty a set as you ever saw.'

After an hour's weary tramp, how-
ever, they were beginning to think they
should have to return in disappointment,
when, as they paused for a moment, to
gaze out upon the sea, the tone of some
one sweetly singing was wafted to their
ears.

When they had listened until the song
was finished, enraptured with the melody,
Charlie Weston exclaimed joyously—
'It must be she!'

'Yes; and she must be a fairy to sing
like that. Come, boys, let's go down
there, but for your life, don't disturb her.'

Advancing cautiously, until they gained
the line of thick shrubbery that skirted
the beach, they peered the foliage; to
behold the loveliest vision their gaze had
ever met.

Standing in the shallow water, that
laughed and played at her delicately
formed feet and ankles, in high glee,
while she was engaged in fastening her
waving mass of golden hair, which fell
far down her waist in pretty braids,
was a beautiful maiden of scarcely six-
teen summers.

Her form, habited in a well-fitting
garb made of the inner bark of the sea
island willow, was faultless; and her

features were perfect in their outlines,
while the purity of her complexion
seemed only enhanced by the slightly
bronzed hue that a life of exposure to a
tropical sun had given it.

'Isn't she beautiful?' exclaimed Robert,
lost in admiration.

'Yes,' whispered the supercargo, in re-
ply, equally fascinated with her appear-
ance. 'But see! she is going to sing
again.'

Again the air was filled with the sweet
notes of her song, and until the last
sound had died away the entranced
listeners did not dare to even breathe
aloud, for fear of breaking the spell.

'There is no Indian blood in her veins!'
declared Bob, lowly, as she ended 'her
song; and they continued to gaze upon
her in rapt wonder. 'Her features and
the tone of her speech are English!'

'You are right, Bob,' whispered
Charlie. 'And, look! she wears a chain
and locket which tells that she has not
always been here.'

His companions started with renewed
surprise as they discovered a gold chain
and locket, suspended from her neck.

'I would give a year of my life to
know the mystery of her existence here!'
explained the mate impetuously. 'I am
going to speak to her.'

Suiting action to the words, he stepped
lightly forward, and addressed her in a
clear voice. But, as the first sound fell
from his lips she turned in alarm, and
catching sight of him fled like a fright-
ened gazelle.

Seeing that it was vain to think of
overtaking her, they could only watch
her out of sight with looks of wonder!

'We must find her, boys,' declared the
excited mate, and his words were hearti-
ly seconded by the supercargo. The
others were nothing loth to join in the
wild chase.

Away dashed the sailors on the course
of the fugitive maid, but finally they
were forced to abandon the search as a
fruitless one.

Flush at that moment, high and clear
over the mile or more of intervening sea,
came the clarion tone of the captain's
trumpet.

'We must return to the ship now, but
I am determined the Waverly shall not
leave these waters till we know more of
that—'

'Hough-ough-oo!' broke in a wild,
discordant yell upon the mate's speech.
Then, half a hundred furious natives
rushed towards them from every
quarter.

Six against fifty in an open fight! The
sailors were brave men, but in less time
than we could describe it they were
hurled to the earth and overpowered.

Instead of putting them to death then,
and there, however, the savages bore
them away with exultant cries.

Finally a valley, wooded with tropical
growth was reached, and the prisoners
saw the rude huts under the cocoa-nut
trees that comprised the home of their
captors.

Here they were met by a molley,
through of old men, women and children,
who crowded around with anxious gazes,
and upon uttered startling yells.

But our friend looked in vain for the
island nymph.

The triumphant savages bore them
forward to the centre of the glade into
the presence of an old, weazen, faced
native seated squat upon the ground in
front of the largest wigwam.

At sight of the captives he gave an ex-
clamation of delight.

After he had satisfied his curiosity, a
long consultation was held between him
and the leader of the captors, wholly un-
intelligible to our friends, though they
knew, from the violent gestures made, no
good was bodied then.

Briefly told, at its conclusion three of
the savages seized Robert Perley and
led him to a huge cocoa-nut-tree, where
he was compelled to stand up right
against the trunk.

Charlie and Jack were then placed
one on each side of him, when three
spearsmen with their rude weapons were
stationed a short distance off, ready to
send the instruments through their
bodies.

The doomed men looked in vain for
mercy from the swarthy visages before
them, and their lips moved in prayer.

At this critical juncture a sharp cry
was uttered, and looking up, the whites
saw the beautiful maiden rushing to-
wards them.

She did not pause until she reached
their side, when she placed herself in
front of Robert, and waved her hand
frantically to the spearsmen.

The old chief came forward with an
angry frown and ordered her to stand
aside, but with flashing eyes she met
him unflinchingly.

'Warana no warrior to kill helpless
white-faces,' she cried, in broken English,

'See, they like Star Singer much! She not
let Warana kill!'

Maddened by defiance, the chief com-
manded his followers to take her
away.

Her shapely foot stamped the ground
impetuously, as she cried:

'Warrior, touch Star Singer and she
kill quick! She go if white-faces do!
and the defiant maid held a sharp, mur-
derous looking weapon over her own
heart. 'She no more sing for Warana!'

Evidently the chief did not care to
lose her, for he hesitated in his designs.
It is doubtful if the heroic girl could
have rescued the captive sailors, but she
had saved their lives by defying the ex-
ecution.

Wild shouts rang in the air, and a
body of the 'Waverly's' crew rushed in-
to the valley.

Panic seized the frightened natives,
and the whites won a bloodless victory.

'The captain thought you were in
trouble and sent us to you.'

'And with this brave girl you have
saved our lives,' said the young mate,
warmly grasping his brother officer's
hand.

The wonder of the seamen at behold-
ing the fair timid maid, can be well
imagined.

'You must go with us,' said Robert,
clasping her hand.

She trembled violently, and her gaze
hardly left the sight of the terrified na-
tives, huddled together in a group not
far off, but without a word she yielded
seemingly to feel that she was a captive.

It was many days before she mingled
freely with her new-found friends, and
even then, at times, that old spirit of
uneasiness stole over her.

Finally the mate could bear the oppres-
sion no longer, and he resolved to know
his fate.

As yet, she had allowed no one to
touch the locket she wore, but guarded
it with anxiety.

As Robert told the story of his love,
however, he pleaded again that he
might examine it, when, at last she con-
sented.

Pressing a spring it flew open, dis-
closing the portraits of a man and woman.

As his gaze met the picture, the mate
uttered a cry of surprise and almost
dropped the locket.

'My father and mother!' he exclaim-
ed. 'Can it be possible you are my sis-
ter, who was lost at sea, twelve years
ago in the ship 'Jason' bound for the
Sandwich Islands? She never was heard
of after passing the Horn, and we never
knew where she was lost, but here is a
clue.'

'Writing in there!' said the girl, and
taking the locket from his hand she
pressed out one of the miniatures, and
hereby a bit of paper yellowed with
age, which she handed to Robert. He
read aloud:

'The wearer of this is Captain 'Og-
good, Perley's daughter. She and I
have been cast away upon this island
from the ship 'Jason'. The natives have
doomed me to die. I pray whoever may
find will bear her to her parents, now in
the Sandwich Islands or their
address.'

'It is true!' cried the mate. My sister!
my long-lost sister! And he clasped
the surprised maid in his arms.

Charlie appeared upon the scene with
looks of amazement.

'Congratulate me, old boy!' cried
Robert, excitedly. 'I have found my
sister, the lost Minnie, that we have
mourned so many years—who was left
behind when father and mother went to
the Sandwich Islands, fourteen years ago,
but when she was four years old Uncle
Jabez took her on his whaling-ship
bound for Behring's Strait, design-
ing to leave her with our parents in the
Sandwich Islands, where father then
was English consul. The ship never
was heard from after she passed the
Horn; but here is the sad proof that
she was lost.' And he handed the pa-
per to Charlie, who, reading it, exclaim-
ed—

'Then I have a sweetheart!
'Need we attempt to describe the happi-
ness that followed?'

The 'Waverly' reached port in safety,
and soon after a father and mother, who
had mourned their daughter as dead for
twelve years, was overjoyed to have her
restored to them; while to her it seemed
like a strange sweet dream.

Two years later Charlie Weston and
the fair Minnie Perley were married.

Robert Perley is now a happy husband
and father as well as a thriving merchant
in the old town of Plymouth.

SOCIETY BELLES.—On account of its
remarkably delicate and lasting fragrance
society belles are loud in their praises of
Floreston Cologne.

Great Because First Good.

A story told of Gerhard, a German
shepherd-boy, illustrates the fact that he
who is faithful over a few things will be-
come the ruler over many.

One day, he was watching his flock,
which way feeding in a valley on the
borders of a forest, when a hunter came
out of the woods and asked:

'How far is it to the nearest village?'

'Six miles, sir,' answered the boy;
but the road is only a sheep-track, and
very easily mislead.

The hunter looked at the crooked track
and said:

'My lad, I am very hungry and thirsty;
I have lost my companion and mislead my
way. Leave your sheep and show me
the road; I will pay you well.'

'I cannot leave my sheep, sir,' rejoined
Gerhard. 'They will stray into the
woods, and may be eaten by wolves or
stolen by robbers.'

'Well, what of that?' queried the
hunter. 'They are not your sheep. The
loss of one or two wouldn't be much to
you, master, and I'll give you more than
you have earned in a whole year.'

'I can not go, sir,' rejoined Gerhard,
very firmly. 'My master pays me, for
my time, and he trusts me with his sheep.
If I were to sell my time, which does not
belong to me, and the sheep should get
lost, it would be the same as if I had
stolen them.'

'Well, said the hunter, 'you will trust
your sheep with me while you go to the
village and get me some food, drink and
a guide? I will take care of them.'

'The sheep,' said he, 'do not know
your voice, and I do not know speak-
ing.'

'And what? Can't you trust me? Do I
look like a dishonest man?' asked the
hunter, angrily.

'Sir,' said the boy, 'you tried to make
me false to my trust, and tried to make
me break my word to my master; how
do I know that you would keep your
word?'

The hunter laughed, for he felt that
the lad had fairly cornered him. He
said:

'I see, my lad that you are a good,
faithful boy. I will not forget you.
Show me the road, and I will try to
make it out myself.'

JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bites
and Erys, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism and other ailments. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering with these ailments can have a cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLELY BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

For the Liberal Education of Women.

Examination for entrance, Sept. 15th. Catalogues sent on application.

W. L. DEAN, Registrar.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR THE STANDARD EDITION OF THE
REVISED NEW TESTAMENT,
13 STYLES. ELIGANT EDITION, about 600 pages. COMPARATIVE LARGE TYPE. EXCISES over 1,000 pages. From \$1.00 to \$7.00. Old and new versions opposite pages. History of the Bible and of New Revision given to subscribers. The secret of successful canvassing given every agent. Send for our liberal terms. (Illustrations included.) THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO. Established 1847. Norwich, Conn. Sept. 7, 28-81.

J. W. Lassiter

YEARGAN, PRITTY & CO.,
Foreign and Domestic Dry-Goods,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, Carpet, etc.,
20 Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.
Orders Solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Sept. 13, 28-81

Just Received.

SHEET IRON

body made FOR THE

Tobacco Flues

SHEET TIN

Simp Stuff for Stock Feed.

WHITE-SIFTED CORN MEAL.

SCOTT & DONNELL.

THE GLEANER JOB OFFICE

Is prepared to Execute
Job Printing

—IN—
GREAT VARIETY,

—AND WITH—
NEATNESS AND DESPATCH,
AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Give Us A Trial.

Salem Janes's site lot at SCOTT & DONNELL.

OPIUM

AN UNCOMMON REMEDY
cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years est-
ablished. 3000 cases. Write at
once. Dr. KASSEL, Quincy, Mich.