

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1881.

NUMBER 42.

## The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
GRAHAM, N. C.  
**Eldridge & Kernodle,**  
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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	13.50	14.50
5 "	4.00	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50
6 "	4.75	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50
7 "	5.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50	17.50
8 "	6.25	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50	17.50	18.50
9 "	7.00	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50	14.50	15.50	16.50	17.50	18.50	19.50
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Special attention paid to collecting.

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Special attention given to the treatment of diseases of the MOUTH.  
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## Poetry.

### Only a Woman.

Only a woman shriveled and old,  
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold,  
Checks that are strunkon,  
Eyes that are sunken,  
Lips that are ever o'erbold,  
Only a woman forsaken and poor,  
Asking for alms at the bronze church door.

Back to the organ! Roll upon me,  
The waves of the music o'er my soul,  
Silks rustle past her  
Thicker and faster,  
The great bell censeth its toll,  
Pain would she enter, but not for the poor  
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman waiting alone,  
Lolly cold, on an ice cold throne,  
What do they care for her?  
Mantling a prayer for her,  
Giving out bread but a stone,  
Under old lace their naughty hearts beat,  
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman? In the old day  
Hopes caroled to her happiest lays;  
Somebody missed her,  
Somebody kissed her,  
Somebody crowned her with praise,  
Somebody faced up the battles of life,  
Strong for her sake, who was mother and wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair  
Light on his heart where the death shadows are,  
Somebody waits for her,  
Opening the gates for her,  
Giving delight for despair,  
Only a woman—nevermore poor—  
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

### HOW HE LOVED HER.

John Emmond had just come home to the Cliff, and found another man in his place. It was pretty hard. There were plenty of bouncers, rosy-cheeked girls in the neighborhood, but not another Goldie. The pet name which had been given Captain Grant's daughter in childhood still clung to her. Plenty of girls with bright eyes and ready smiles, but not another so dainty, sweet and winsome.

Why couldn't Fawdon Darrell have taken Mollie Dare, or Kate Knox, or Belle Baxton, instead of stealing his darling, Goldie Grant.

John Emmond had asked himself this question until he was sick at heart. He wondered if he ought to have spoken to Goldie before he went away; but she was so young—only sixteen—and he had not expected that his one year's absence would lengthen into two. But this had been the case, and he had returned to find Goldie fairer and taller, with a new richness in her bloom and added depth to her sweet eyes. And at her side Fawdon Darrell. To be sure she had given him her hand, had smiled, but he felt a reserve in her that was new.

'She does not care for me, and she loves him,' was the swift, silent, bitter thought.

He watched her all the evening, his heart breaking, it seemed to him. With the gold waves of her soft hair—her rosy young figure, her silken blue dress—she was a picture indeed.

In his passionate worship of her, he was filled with amazement and anger to see Fawdon Darrell, as he stood beside her at the piano, take up one of her fair curls and roll it about his finger.

Goldie's face was turned from him. He did not see her start, or the sudden flush of color to her cheek.

'Have things gone so far as that? Is she promised to him?' he muttered.

He soon took his leave, going out discreetly into the dark from the lighted parlor of Cliff Cottage.

But Fawdon Darrell in his determination to mislead John Emmond, had gone too far. He saw it in Goldie's eyes when he bade her good night.

'Your favorite, Duke, has just been sharp shod, and my new sleigh came home last night. Will you try them both to-morrow?' he said, insinuatingly.

'Thank you, I shall not be able to reply Goldie, reservedly.'

years as just in that little moment when he held her hand that evening, but he soon went away from her side, and talked to her father about Pensacola and the Everglades. It was so sweet, and yet so sad, to hear his voice again.

She lay curled up, a little blue head, on the foot of her white bed, sobbing, and thinking of her past midnight. And then she crept, a pale, heart-broken little ghost, among its snowy folds, and shivered wretchedly asleep.

Six weeks, and John Emmond never came near Cliff Cottage. Goldie made it pretty clear to Fawdon Darrell during that time that he was not wanted there. But the young man was not thin-skinned, and Goldie was an heiress in a small way. He had deliberately determined to keep off other suitors and marry her.

'That Emmond used to be duced sweet on her, but I've got the inside track on him now, and I mean to keep it,' he said to himself.

He was a selfish, brutal fellow, but had a knowledge of good breeding which kept him aloof in good society, and prevented his being intolerable. His favorite taste was for hunting, and his chances were utterly lost with Goldie, when, at the beginning of their acquaintance, she saw him beat his favorite setter, Fannie, until the animal fell senseless from a blow on the head. This had been more than a year ago, and Goldie had only softly celebrated his success. But, as I have said, Mr. Darrell was not thin-skinned, and Captain Grant favored his suit. The Darrell family were a good family, and the Captain had a weakness for family.

'Nice people—nice peop', Goldie, he was wont to say. 'Fawdon's brother is the smartest lawyer in the county, and Mrs. Dudley, his sister, was presented at court when abroad. And they are rich. I want to leave you well provided for when I die.'

'Then don't ask me to marry Fawdon Darrell, dear papa,' Goldie responded, a little sadly.

She knew that her father was mistaken in his estimate of these worldly and selfish people. His honesty and simplicity did not fathom their brilliant hardness. She had heard, too, that Fawdon lived largely upon the bounty of his brother-in-law, Dr. Dudley. In short, the possibility of her ever marrying Fawdon Darrell was long settled when John Emmond came there.

In one matter Goldie and John Emmond were similarly agreed. She thought she was the most wretched person in the world, and he believed he was. One soft March day settled it all.

Emmond had met Goldie one day in the village, and she had spoken to him so sweetly and civilly as it her heart had not nearly leaped out of her breast at sight of him.

'We are having some very nice archery practice on the old ground where we used to play croquet, you know. Come and see us.'

And John Emmond condemning himself for the folly of it, had accepted the invitation. He had ordered his horse brought round, and was going to drive out to Cliff Cottage.

The frost was already out of the ground the road hard, the trees budding; in the air that spring hints of coming life and enjoyment which may turn 'idle fancies' to love, but it stirred John Emmond's heart in his breast to exquisite pain. He set his will resolutely to smother it; however, and touching up his horse bounded lightly over the hard road.

Then he stopped for a moment to speak to an old day laborer, who, in his youth, had been John's father's gardener, but, as it chanced, only was requited by a drop of bitterness.

'How are you, Timothy?'  
'If it yersell, Master John? But a fine looking lad ye are, sure! And so yer have been down South? Well, that is a good country for fruit farming. I wish I'd gone there when I was young; but I'm too old to make any changes now. And yer left some fine orange groves agorning up for ye, I'll be bound. Yes, yes, you'll be a rich man some day, Master John. Well, may the Lord prosper yer! Which way was ye going? Towards the Cliff? And young Mr. Darrell has been before you these three hours, with a galn.'

Emmond was so angry with himself that he wisced. Of course Darrell was there, since he believed that he knew what his habits were. The probability was that he should meet so frequent a visitor. Yet his brow darkened and he turned his horse sharply.

The *Czar* was not accustomed to the sharp twisting of the bit between his teeth and began to run away.

It was a deliberate piece of malice, for he was not frightened. A spirit of resentment, lawlessness and recklessness

had entered into the beast, and he immediately proceeded to do his mischief in his power.

Having dashed the buggy against a little stone, without, however, making a perfect wreck of it, he then tore away down the stony road.

At the moment of the first furious leaps, John Emmond found that he was comparative powerless. The horse was running in a straight direction, but in his anxiety he remembered that he was heading straight for the cliffs, which terminated high above a rocky cauldron of boiling sea. If he went over, it must be almost certain death.

'I will let him go a mile. He will soon cool with such running,' John thought grimly, as the foam flew in his face from the mouth of the leaping horse. 'When we get to the cottage, I can throw force enough on the line to turn him into the yard door.'

Fortunately, the front of Cliff Cottage stood open at the road, the smooth stretch of springing lawn grass being dotted only by an occasional flower-bed. He saw it plainly as they tore down the last rise.

They were a few swift strides from the spot of refuge, and John had already braced himself for the struggle, when he saw—Darrell, standing with his back toward him, looking down at the crucifix on a flower-bed.

John Emmond's brain whirled! Should he turn the furious horse upon this man? Had he not a right—a perfect right—to save himself.

But he made no effort, for he heard a cry a pitiful, appealing cry—and, as he sped so frantically by, caught a glimpse of a sweet, white face at an open window. On, he went to his death.

The horse leaped high in the air as he went up the last steep ascent. The fierce salt wind blew in John's nostrils; the sea thundered in his ears.

'She loves him,' he thought; 'and I would not bring suffering on her. He is safe, while I—'

The horse gave a shrill shriek as they went over; but John Emmond's lips were tightly shut.

As the buggy overturned at the edge, the instincts of a diver—for he had been a skilled swimmer from his boyhood—made him place his hands palm to palm and extend them before him, while his feet unconsciously repulsed the carriage by a quick motion. Goldie and Darrell from the cottage, saw all disappear together.

'He never knew who came to his rescue. A rush, a crash, a darkness, and then for a long month, the days and nights were all as one to John Emmond.

But when at last, consciousness came, he found Goldie and her father attending him.

'The crisis is past; he will recover with care,' said the physician.

A warm white chamber was about him; Goldie's cheek was so near him he could have kissed her had he strength.

By-and-by he had strength, and then he drew the tender cheek to his lips. 'You would not be so kind to Goldie, if you did not love me.'

'No,' she sobbed; 'creeping warm and weak, to his breast; if you had died I should have too, John.'

## Freedom of the Press.

George Williams Curtis, in his recent address before the New York State Press Association, gave the following interesting account of the first establishment of the press in this country:

In 1720 the famous printer, William Bradford issued the first newspaper in New York; the 'New York Gazette.' Favored by the government, it supported the Governor. But the people grew weary of the endless rapacity of the royal favorites who were sent over to rule them, and in 1732, when Governor Cosby, to advance a suit of his own, removed the Chief Justice of the province, sneering that the people were tainted with 'Boston principles,' and that he had great political interest in England to protect him in anything he chose to do, a storm of popular indignation broke upon him in lampoons and ballads and scolding denunciations. The storm did not blow over.

In the next year, 1733, John Peter Zenger, who had been Bradford's apprentice and partner, issued a new paper, the 'New York Weekly Journal,' as the advocate of the popular opposition. It opened an 'incessant' battery of argument and wit, and rattle and satire, against the government, a cannonade of hot shot which was music to the public ear, but warring thunder to the Governor and Council. After copies of the paper had been publicly but vainly burned by their order, Zenger was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of seditious libel. It is just where he lay seven months, he felt edited his paper. The grand jury refused to find an indictment, but the Attorney-General filed an information for malicious and seditious libel, and when Zenger's counsel excepted to the commissions of two of the judges as illegal, the court struck the names of the counsel from the list of attorneys. The only other able lawyer in New York had been retained by the Governor, and Zenger was left virtually without counsel.

But Andrew Hamilton, the most eloquent advocate in Pennsylvania, and famous through all the colonies, heard the cry from New York. He was eighty years old, but age had not withered him, and born during the great struggle of the English Commonwealth, his principles had been his natal air, and his heart beat high for liberty. He came from Philadelphia to New York, and appeared before the amazed court to plead for Zenger. With impassioned eloquence Hamilton, who doubtless knew by heart Milton's immortal plea for Unlicensed Printing, made his own great argument. He admitted the publication of the articles, 'That the verdict must be for the King,' cried the Attorney-General. 'Not so,' answered Hamilton; 'the jury are judges of the law and the fact, and if it be truth it is not a libel.' With infinite skill and sparkling humor, he followed with remorseless logic the Attorney-General's plea, searching his sophistry, confounding him at every point, and then, with a proud and lofty pathos, he appealed. Hamilton declared that it was not the cause of a poor printer, nor of New York alone, but of America and of liberty, that was committed to the jury, and that their just and incorrupt verdict looked with confidence for the defense of the liberty to which nature and the law entitled them, follow citizens—the liberty of both exposing and opposing arbitrary power, in those parts of the world at least, by speaking and writing truth.

When Sir Henry Vane was carried to the sea-ford, it was said that 'justice was seen sitting by his side, and when the Zenger jury cried 'Guilty,' and Andrew Hamilton left the court room, like an aureol around his reverend head shone the freedom of the American press.

Take little annoyances out of the way. If you are suffering with a Cough or Cold, use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once. This old and reliable remedy will never disappoint you. All Druggists sell it for 25 cents a bottle.

Skiggins was asked what he thought about cremation. 'Ah, said he, it was all well enough for those who like it, and a good many would use it because it was cheap; but he didn't think it was good in Summer anyway. Others who wished it, might experiment on such new fangled notions, but as for Mrs. S. and himself they would stick to the old fashioned butter, no matter what it cost.'

'My deceased grandfather, sir, was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage, and the boat sank. My grandfather was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me' and down he went.

Never try to raise a family without a good news paper, provided it contains the advertisement of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for this valuable medicine is necessary to keep your children in good health.

**A Remarkable Small-Pox Remedy.**  
A correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) Herald writes as follows: 'I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox, though the pustules are filled. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hunted an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the scientific school of medicine in the world as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is unfailing, as it is, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless, when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured many children of scarlet fever; here it is: I have used it 'enure' small-pox; when learned; physicians said the patient must die; it cured; Sulphate of zinc, one grain; flogloves (digitalis), one grain; tartaric acid, two grains; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either of the diseases will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease.'

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Sept. 13, 1881.

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