

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 7.

GRAHAM, N. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1882.

NO. 45.

The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

Eldridge & Kernodle,
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

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Poetry.

LOVE.

O'er his darling beaming low,
While the roses come and go
On her cheeks;
Rupert strokes her golden hair
Fondly, and discovers there
Switches made of yellow tow,
All in streaks.

Then he lifts the fair young face,
Radiant with love and grace,
Takes a kiss;
But the nectar that he sips
From the pouting, ruby lips
Mingled, is with paint that kills
All the bliss.

Then in fond embrace he flings
Arms around the form that clings
Close to his;
But, alas, the padding caves,
And in wrinkled, shapeless waves,
Paper, cloth, and other things
Spoil the biz.

JOHN'S LITTLE JOKE.

'Well, I snum!' exclaimed Uncle Phil Wheeler, in his characteristic way, finishing the speech with a prolonged whistle.

'What is the matter, Uncle Phil?' 'Hey?' 'What's the matter?' 'Why, your Aunt Susan just bought another bureau!'

The speakers were Mr. Phillip Wheeler commonly called Uncle Phil, and his handsome, devil-may-care nephew, John Langdon. Uncle Phil was standing under the big brown horse-chestnut tree, whittling a new handle for his hammer when a hay wagon containing a bureau, stopped before the gate.

'Whose bureau's that?' demanded Uncle Phil. 'It's for Miss Wheeler,' was the answer. 'She bought it down at Squire Thomas' auction.'

'Well, I snum!' 'John Langdon, just coming from the wood house armed with rod and line heard the exclamation and inquired the cause.

'So Aunt Susan has bought another bureau, has she?' he remarked, after a moment's scrutiny of that awful piece of household furniture. 'I say, Uncle Phil, where is she going to put it?'

'Hey?' ejaculated Uncle Phil, staring hard at his nephew over his silver bowed specs.

'Where is she going to put it?' Uncle Phil shook his head and renewed his whittling.

'I'm blamed if I know,' he said at last. 'I reckon 'twill have to set atop of something, for I don't believe there is floor room for it in the house.'

'I've got three in my room now, and I shall protest against a fourth,' laughed John. Aunt Susan, addressing that lady, who appeared on the piazza to superintend the removal of her newly acquired treasure from the cart to the house, 'where are you going to put that thing?'

'Well, John if you want it, why of course you can have it, but I did think I'd put it in the battery, it would be so handy.'

'By all means,' interrupted John, 'the battery is just the place for it: there are as many as I can occupy, inasmuch as I only brought a hand bag along on my little visit. If you were to give me a fourth, I should be reduced to the necessity of remaining in bed in order to use it.'

'Oh, go away, you rogue,' cried his aunt, looking lovingly at him; 'and stop laughing at your old auntie. Here you, in alarm to the driver. 'Take care there, you will have that leg off! Hold on to the glass! My! my! How careless you be!'

After much anxiety on Aunt Susan's part, hair breadth escapes on the bureau's, and a good deal of harmless swearing, such as 'I snum!' 'by golly!' etc., on Uncle Phil's, the old bureau was at last deposited in the battery, where it took up just three inches more room than it could with any degree of propriety be accommodated with. Consequently being of a firm and unyielding nature, a sharp and uncompromising corner was thrust obtusely and offensively out; against which unwary toes and unfortunate shins would in all probability be frequently punished.

But Aunt Susan was not the woman to go forth to meet trouble, and no shadow rested upon her placid brow, nor misgivings annoyed or made afraid. The bureau was a bargain, and that sublime fact shed such a halo of glory over its somewhat battered surface as to completely put to rout the convenience of its position.

Next morning Aunt Susan rose betimes, sent for the woman who lived on the back road, and enjoyed a day of 'putting to rights.' Those days in which she caused to be brought forth from garret, cellar and hidden store-rooms, treasures collected from all directions innumerable were dear to her heart, though abomi-

nation in the eyes of Uncle Phil who wandered around midst the household gods in bitterness of spirit.

John watched the cleaning operation with an amused smile curling the corners of his handsome mouth, till at length a bright idea struck him.

'By jove!' he muttered. 'I believe we might do it!'

Five minutes later, he might have been seen in earnest confab with Uncle Phil who grinned and nodded his head in evident satisfaction and full approval of the plan whatever it was.

The day was ended in great success in the cleaning line. Before sundown an array of spotless mahogany, brass, china, britannia, etc., might have been seen ornamenting Uncle Phil's front yard—articles which the waning rays of the sun touched and caused to reflect like polished mirrors. Soon everything was replaced, the old woman departed, and quiet brooded over the old farmhouse once more.

Next day John was to return home to C., and Aunt Susan was to accompany him, for the double purpose of paying her sister—John's mother—a visit and witnessing the ceremony which should give to John a wife.

This wedding was very dear to her heart; first, because she loved John very dearly, and second, because he had bought a lovely little nest of a home close by her house and was—after a reasonable trip—to bring his young wife here under Aunt Susan's motherly wing, while he began his career as a lawyer in the brisk little village near by.

Nothing short of the immense importance of this event could have induced the good woman to commit the daring act of risking her neck upon a railroad: for the twenty mile journey was formidable to her, with her old time notions, as would a visit to India be to a town bred man.

The morning arrived, and Aunt Susan, with many injunctions and cautious, at last took her place in the wagon which was to convey her to the depot.

John delayed a few moments to take special parting with Uncle Phil. 'What was said no one heard save the parties interested; but John's low words called forth a series of energetic words from his uncle, and a dry, hard chuckle, betraying an unusual amount of interest.

The journey ended safely, and Aunt Susan was beginning to feel at home on springs, and to sleep in spite of the noise on the street, when a letter from home completely upset the good woman, and threatened to start her on the homeward track without delay.

'The house has been robbed,' wrote Uncle Phil. 'I was down to see Martha—his sister—and it set in to storm so hard I stayed all night. Well, when I got home I thought things looked sorter queer, and sure enough, I found lots of things gone. The bureau in the battery, and all the things outen the summer kitchen, a whole lot of brass things from the stairway closet and no end of fixin's all over. I can't see,' wrote the old gentleman, 'as any close or silver has been took, and I guess the thieves must have knowned of your bargain and cum for them special. I've heard they set stores by them in big places. I reckon at a ruff guess we've lost about five burrows, three sofas and six or seven parlor stoves, to say nothing of chinny and brass things.'

To say that Aunt Susan was stuned would be faintly to express her state of mind; but she determined John's happiness should not be dimmed by her anxiety, and by a great effort she succeeded in overcoming her despondency and assuming a cheerful face.

The wedding day came and passed. John and Mary were bound in the holy bonds of wedlock, and had departed on their bridal trip.

Aunt Susan lingered a few days to make some purchases, then returned to the even tenor of her own home, and waited with what patience she could for John's return.

Uncle Phil was waiting too—silently, but no less anxiously. In fact, a little air of mystery hung over the old house and hid shyly away amidst the wrinkles of the kindly old faces of its excellent owners. Uncle Phil had some secret he did not tell Aunt Susan, and Aunt Susan had some secret she did not confide to Uncle Phil, and stranger still, each was so engaged with his own, as to be perfectly oblivious of the other's possession.

Only one person saw, understood, enjoyed and remained silent—Uncle Phil's sister, Martha.

The summer's heat slowly died out, and autumn was beginning to paint the tree tops in the glories of red and gold, when John wrote that he was coming with his wife to take up his home in the little house. They were to remain at

Uncle Phil's until their house was ready.

Of course everything was on tiptoe, Aunt Susan caused a supply of pies and cakes to be baked that would have victualled a man-of-war; while Uncle Phil spent the entire day shaking the buffalo robes and polishing up the old carriage and wagon.

Train time came; so did John and Mary, and the old people drove them home from the depot with great pride, under the scrutinizing gaze of the entire village eye, so to speak.

Tea was ready, but not so soon Uncle Phil had found time to divulge his secret to John, for from the wood house came a low murmur of voices, with now and then a hearty peal of laughter in John's clear voice mingled with Uncle Phil's low guffaw.

Twice did Aunt Susan call out and demand to know the joke, and twice did she get her trouble for her pains, for no hint was given.

After tea the whole party strolled down to the new house. Now it was Aunt Susan's turn. With a proud step she marched ahead and opened the door of the house, a faint flush on her withered cheek. Mary followed closely, but Phil and John stood rooted in the hall, staring blankly and stupidly into the parlor.

Certainly there was nothing there which ought to frighten two full-grown men—only four or five bureaus of somewhat antique design, several tables with massive pedestal and claw feet, two sofas large enough to accommodate the 'pre-historic man' we hear about, and a goodly assortment of clocks, audrion, shovels, etc.

'You don't seem to be pleased,' said Aunt Susan in a crestfallen manner, her voice trembling a little. 'New I thought you would be tickled to death with them. I found them all in C. (Uncle Phil and John exchanged guilty looks), and I was so took aback at fosing mine, and I noticed you looked kinder red and out up when the news came, so I thought to myself, 'Just buy these for you, John this here burrow'—placing her hand on a large and imposing piece of furniture—'did look so like the one I bought of Squire Thomas and had in my buttery, that I couldn't help getting it. You know you kinder wanted it, John, the night it came home, and I alus felt sorter mean that I didn't give it to you then; so as soon as I sot my eyes on this one I up and bought it and had it sent down with the rest, unbeknown to anybody, so as to surprise you. You didn't even suspect, did, you Phil?'

But Uncle Phil was still speechless, and even John's ready tongue refused to do its usual work.

While they yet stood a silent, crest-fallen group, a shrill high trebble broke upon the silence, and Aunt Martha came walking in.

'Wall, I do say you look meeting enough; I told you, Phil, that Susan would find you out! I thought I should bust when Susan went to Caleb to go down to the depot and haul up those things just ten days after he hauled um down, though as fur that, 'was dark enough when he took um down, being night.'

At that stage John recovered himself sufficiently to confront Aunt Martha and by dint of winks and nods make her understand that she was making a mess of it.

Poor Martha stared, as open mouthed as the rest, but the warning had come too late; Aunt Susan was by no means slow, and the whole plot was as plain as as daylight to her.

'And so, Phillip Wheeler,' she burst out, with trembling scorn, 'you thought 'twould be fine fun to deceive me with your tramp 'n story of thieves that has made the shivers run down my back every night since I came home! Oh, you needn't say nothin'—'as Uncle Phil attempted to speak—'it's mity honest, mebbe and does 'great credit to your profession. As fur you, John, I wouldn't have belived you would have treated your old Aunt in such a way. You ken take them old things and send um back to C.—; I hate the sight of um! And Aunt Susan broke down; and bowing her head on Mary's shoulder burst into a shower of tears which caused Phil and John to feel not only like snakes and scoundrels, but like midnight assassins and burglars as well.

John explained that no harm was intended, and that it was but a foolish boyish trick. And Uncle Phil scratched his head and tried to look boyish, and failed because he already looked so sheepish and mean.

But Mary she kissed Aunt Susan and said:— 'Uncle Phil and John meant to play off a good joke on you, but you have turned the tables fluely, and I am double glad—first because I do love to get the best of a joke, and secondly, because I doat on these dear, quaint old things. Why,

aunt you have given me treasures! Just wait till you see how sweet I'll make this little place look.'

And so she did; so quaintly sweet and altogether charming did the little house grow under her skillful fingers that it became the rage, and the demands for old things was almost as high in the village, as it was in our big city, where something always rages.

John became a convert of a very early day, and even Uncle Phil said:— 'I snum! I don't know the old truck could look so kinder 'scratic.'

To whom Aunt Susan replied:— 'I alus knowed 'twas 'ristocratic Phil!'

They are all happy, and Aunt Susan has long since forgotten and forgiven John's little joke.

How the Ladies Fish.

There are generally about six of them in a bunch, with light dresses on, and they have three poles with as many hooks and lines among them. As soon as they get to the river they look for a good place to get down the bank, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot-heel in the bank and makes two careful steps down—then suddenly finds herself at the bottom with both hands in the water, a feeling that everybody in this wide world is looking at her, and she never tells anybody how she got there.

The other girls, prodding by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and knees, just back yard. Then they scamper over the rafts until they find a shallow place where they can see the fish, and shout— 'Oh, I see one!' 'Where?' 'There!' 'Oh, my! so he is.'

'Who's got the bait?' 'You lazy thing, you're sitting on my pole!' 'All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens every eye within a mile around, and sends every fish that hear into galloping hysterics. Then the girls, by superhuman exertions, manage to get a worm on the hook, and throw it in with a splash like the launching of a wash tub, and await the result. After while it is seen that the fish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid woman, and she gives vent to her tongue.

'Oh, something's got my hook!' 'Pull up, your fool!' shout five voices, as poles and hooks are dropped and they run to the rescue. The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk which sends the unfortunate 'sunny' into the air the full length of the line, and he comes down on the nearest curly head with a damp squib that sets her to shivering as though there were bumble-bees in her hair.

'Oh, murther! take it away! Ugh, take it away, the nasty thing!' 'Then they hold up their skirts and gather around that fish as it skips over the logs, one all the time holding the line in both hands with her foot on the poles, as though she had an evil-disposed goat at the other end. Then they talk it over: 'How will it ever get off?' 'An! it's pretty?' 'Wonder if it ain't dry?' 'Poor little thing; let's put it back.'

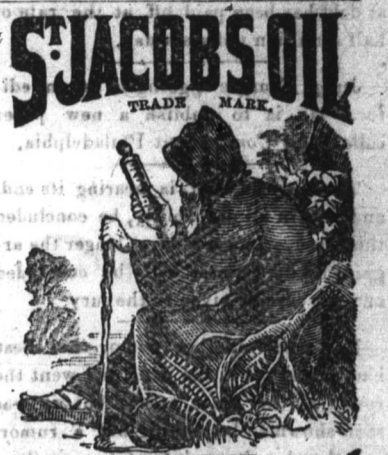
'Pick it up,' says the girl, who backs rapidly out of the circle. 'Good gracious, I'm afraid of it!' 'There it's opening its mouth at me.'

Just then the 'sunny' wiggles off the hook and disappears between two logs in the water, and the girls try for another bite. But the sun comes down and fires the backs of their necks, and gets three headaches in the party, and they all get cross and sord at the 'fish like so many magpies. In an unwary chub 'dares to show himself in the water they poke at him with poles, much to his disgust. Finally they get mad all over and throw the poles away, hunt up the lunch baskets, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass, and eat enough of dried beef and rice and hard-boiled eggs to give a wood-horse the night-mare, after which they compare notes about their beaux and hand down, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their dear friends by telling them what 'just a splendid time they had.'

Old Shoes.

You probably think that if you look very sharply at an old shoe, when you throw it away, you will know it again if it ever comes back to you. One of these days you may button your dress with an old pair of slippers, comb your hair with a boot, or grasp a cast-off gaiter while at your dinner. You don't see how this can be? Well, we will tell you. Old shoes are turned to account by manufacturers in the following manner: They are cut into very small pieces, and kept for a couple of days in chloride of sulphur. The effect of this is to make the leather hard and brittle. Next the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water and dried. When thoroughly dry it is ground to powder, and mixed with some substance like glue or gum, that causes it to adhere together. It is then pressed into moulds and shaped into buttons, combs, knife handles, etc. So you see how it may come to pass that you will comb your hair with a boot, and fasten your clothes with a slipper.

Having been troubled with a very bad Cough for about two years and having tried almost every cough mixture that was ever made, I have found none that has given me such great relief as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and I earnestly recommend it to all afflicted. Bessy F. DUGAN, 14 Park Pl., N. Y.



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