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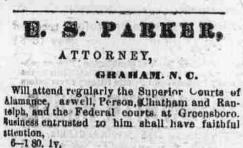
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# poctry.

## Popping Corn. And there they sat a popping corn, John Stiles and Susan Cutter; John Stiles as stout as any ox, And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corp. And raked and stirred the fire, And talked of different kind of ears, And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook, Then John he shook the popper, Till both their faces grew as red As saucepans made of copper,

And then they shelled and popped and ate, All kinds of fun 2-poking ; And he haw-bawed at her remarks, And she laughed at his joking,

And still they popped, and still they ater-John's mouth was like a hopper-And stirred the fire, and sprinkle I salt, And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten, And still the corn kept popping 1 It struck eleven, then struck twelve, And still no sign of stopping.

And John he ate, and sue she thought. The corn did pop and patter, Till John cried out, "The corn's afre ! Why, Susan ! what' the matter ?"

Said she : "John Stiles, it's one o'clock ! You'll die of indigestion ! I'm tired of all this popping eorn | Why don't you pop the question ?"

#### THE LAST OF THE DE VERES.

'Stephanie, I do wish we were not so poor.'

Stephanie was knitting, and on a low stool at her feet sat Marie. The room they were in was large with high ceilings-a room in which costly furniture would not have been out of place; but save the massive oaken chair in which Stephanie was sitting, no article of alue attracted the attention.

As Marie spoke she looked around the bare apartment with as much of an expression of disgust as her piquantly beautiful face could assume.

'And why, child, do you wish for riches now?' asked Stephanie, looking up from her knitting and emphasizing the 'now.' 'Because, Stephanie,' Marie replied, I am invited to Emily Adam's party, and I have nothing fit to wear, even if papa would let me go.'

Stephanje's keen eyes moistened as she

They made a pretty picture as they gaged to Miss Evra Ward. They have stood beneath the old oak's pondent known each other since they were chilbranches-two young beings in the dred.'

spring time of youth and beauty. He If Marie had been more worldly wise with his tair Saxon skin and blue eyes, she might have detected the talse ring in and she with her foreign, piquant face Mrs. Adam's voice; but, of course, she with its tich coloring and dark starry believed what she heard.

Soon after Stephanie came for her, and

The next day Mr. De Vere returned,

and at his request Matte went to him at

'Child,' he, said how would you like to

Yes. I mean it. I have taken passage

Marie slowly comprehended what he

went now? With teverish eagerness

the next, and the next; for she had de-

Marie was a proud girl, and when the

Not till they could see the shores of

positions among the wealthiest and

'My father, the Marquis De Vere, has

Then Marie was led by obsequious re-

The meeting between the father and

But he did not come.

for a brilliant future.'

Marie looked at him, bewildered.

oups into the library.

eyes. 'Are you coming to my sister's birthmaking her adieu quietly to her bostness day pary, Marie? he asked after a while. she shpped unnoticed from the room.

'I think not, Allan; though I haven't said anything about it vet to papa, 'Aud you had bet'er not!' growled a deep harsh voice which Marie knew well.

Unheard by the lovers, Mr. De Vere go to our native France with me?" had come softly toward them. Involuntarily Marie sprang away from Ailan's e.circling arms, but not quickly enough. on the steamer for the 15th. You and 'Young man, by what right do you Stephanie will need to hurry your prepresume to put your arms about my parations."

daughter? Then in an angry tone, turning to Mameant. Then the thought of the deceprie: tion Allan had practiced upon her came 'Is this Stephanie's bringing up? Has to her mind. What cared she where she

she not sught you that a maiden never allows such tamiliarity save from a be- Marie watched for Allan that day, and trothed lover?' Walking down the path Mr, De Vere termined to speak to him, and ask him it motioned Allan to follow. By this time what his mother had told her was true. the young man had recovered his com-

posure. 'Mr. De Vere,' he said earnestly, 'I time for their departure arrived, not even

have told your daughter that I love her, Stephane suspected the grief that was and she has acknowledged that her heart | hidden deep in her young heart. is ming.' "Indged?" was the answer in curt, dry France, did Mr. De Vere tell Marie that tones; 'when did you ask my permission they returned to their native land to take to address my daughter?'

Altan's fair, boyish face flushed as he proudest. said apologetically: 'I should have spoken to you I know, releated,'he explained to his wondering

sir, but Maris feared that you would not daughter, 'and has sent for me, his only be pleased-then, toe, my people knew sou. So, child, you see now why I in-

nothing about it ? With an angry inconsistence Mr. De Adams, With your face you may look Vere said quickly:

'Your people? Do you mean to say that they would consider a marriage be- tainers through stately halls and rooms tween you and my daughter-a De Vere furnished with princely luxury, to where, in the light of a mes-alliance?'

Allan's eyes sank beneath the piercing coming. glance bent upon him. 'Not a mes-alliance; but they wish me

to marry a rich wife.'

Marie had been standing where she Marquis held out his hand to Marie.

'Marie, tell m wuy you left me without one word in that cruel manner? Tell me that I was not wrong when I thought it must be compulsion and not your own free will that caused you to treat me thus."

Your mother told me of your engage ment to Miss Ward, ' Marie replied to his eiger words, 'and when I waited for you, intending to ask you it it were true, you never came, and I thought it was because y u were ashamed to see me. Then when my father told me he was going to France, was glad to go. 'And you believed that I was betrothed

to another and deceived you? While you awaited the I was lying stricken with a sudden fever, quable to leave the house. I recovered, and came only to find that you had gone, no one could tel me where, leaving me no word. I see it all! My mother wished me to marry Miss Ward. She did not know now far things had goue between us, and though to break our intimacy in its beginning." As Marie beard, a charming color came

hack to her cheeks. 'Atlan,' she whispered, 'it is not teo late for happiness now. If you still love 100-----

The rest of the sentence was merged in the raptgrous kiss Allan pressed upon her lips.

When Mrs. Adams learned that the wealthy toreigner who had purchased their place and the once poor Marie De Vere were one and the same person, her surprise may be imagined. Though May rie could not torget her former treachery she determined in her heart to let bygones be bygones.

Disposing of her estate in France, the last of the De Veres retarned to England, and there in that noble land, the land in which her fair young mother sleeps be-neath the daisiest sod, Marie lives with the husband of her choice, from whom Fate came so near parting her.

#### The Two Boys,

Once two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's office. One was older than the other, and had some experience in tertered between you and that young the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean; and his face had quite an houcet expression, which was like a letter of recom mendation. It seemed most likely that upon a couch, an old man awaited their the gentleman's son would get the situation, yet the merchant gave it to the poor widow's son in preference. Now let me tell you what led him to do this, son, who had parted in anger thirty years The two boys came together at the before, was very affecting. Then the old hour appointed, and the merchant was

on his door step at the time. Just then a poor little shivering child cros a w



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smoothed back the dark ringlets from the speaker's brow.

'Poverty is hard, Miss Marie, and it is a Veres, should be kept from all that makes youth happy and enjoyable. When is the party to be my dear?'

But by this time Marie's brief impalience had passed away.

'Ob, never mind-siter all, I don't care to go so very much. /Stephanie, tell me a story-tell me about the De Veres and my Dear mamma, and before you are through I shall have forgotten the party and that I ever fretted because I could not go.'

Then, nothing loth, with the garrulity of an old servant, Stephanie told the listening girl all the stories (wheh, though cften beard, were ever new) of the glories and prowess of her ancestors, and finally of the young French mother, who, though not of noble blood, was more beautiful than words could tell,

'Oh, my dear, your father was young, aud be loved her so that when he was threatened with disinheritance it made no difference. He married her despite all efforts to prevent, and brought his bride to England-here to this old house, How happy she was for a year! Then, dear, these faithful arms held you close to her that she might look and see the baby whose ht. is life had cost her her own, for she knew she was dying. Your father has never been the same since and that is why I have taught you to be so patient with his peculiarities. I re-

from what he is now, and I know it is griet for his young wite's early death that has made him so cold and reserved. By this time Marie's eyes were full of | clouded.

unshed tears. Stephanie had finished, and, rising, she began to busy herself about some household duty, while Marie garden.

The unshed tears still filled her eyes, things." and now they tell one by one down her rounded cheeks.

der papa does not care for me. It it white, with cardinal rosebuds in ter dark not have died !'

A tall figure entered the garden ununcared-for flowers.

"Crying, Marie?"

. With a fond gesture the young man drew the weeping girl to bim: 'Oh, Allan !' was all Marie said ; but | her tears still flowed. It is sweet to

weep when sympathetic arms surround of a flirt, and doesn't like to spoil his

could not hear the conversation, expect-

missed with bitter words, when, to her You have the face of the De Veres. shame that you, one of the proud old De great surprise, she saw that her father was actually emiling.

> rich wife, and you, knowing that my daughter has no toriune, love her and would marry ber?'

'Yes, sir,' simply replied Allan, wondering as much as Marie at his questioner's suddeu change of manner.

Well, sir, I began this conversation in anger and I end it in friendship. You remind me of my own youth. But my daughter is too young to think about marrying yet. Good morning.'

Going back to Marie he drew her arm through his and led her to the house, leaving Allan to take his departure in silent surprise.

When they had entered the hall Mr. De Vere said, in his usual impressive tones:

'Marie, I hope this will be the last shall hear of such nonsense. That is a nice young man, but, child, he is no mate for a De Vere, Keep your fancy free; some day we may return to our native land, and there you can wed in your own station. Now go to Stephanie.'

'Keep her fancy tree!' Marie was of an impulsive race; her heart once given, no power could cause her to change, Mr. De Vere's warning had come too late, The next week her father had occasion to leave his home, and one alternoon Stephauje called Marie into her room.

'Little one, wouldn't you like to go to member him when he was very different Miss Adam's party? You haven't said anything more about it, but I know you would enjoy it.'

Marie's eyes sparkled, then her face

'But Stephanie, papa wouldn't like it and, last, but not least, I have no dress." "I asked your paps and he said; "Let betook hersell to her favorite nook in the her go, it will not matter,' and he gave me leave to look through your mother's

There, upon Stephanie's bed, lay delicate India muslin as fine as if woven 'Ah,' she thought sadly, 'it is no won- in Titanis's reams. So, robed all in hadn't been for me my mamma would hair. Marle went to her first party. Mrs. Adam's sharp eyes soon noticed the lover-like manner of her son toward noticed by her, and walked up the path Miss De Vere, and later in the evening, overgrown with its border of lazariant, when conversing with her young guest, she casually informed her of an expected visit they were to have soon from Allan's

betrothed. Alian never told me he was engaged. Marie exclaimed, impulsively.

'Did he not? Oh, my son is something

chances of fun in society. But he is en- | hands.

'So this is my granddaughter? Child, ing every moment to see her lover dis- 1 am glad I have seen you before I die.

Five years make great changes. As 'So your family want you to take a the last one rolled away, Marie tound herself, young as she was, sole mistress of the De Vere estates. Her father had never enjoyed very good health, and he had not survived the death of the old Marquis long, and thus Marie was left, save for her old nurse, Stephaule, entire-

> ly alone in the world. Since she had come to France, a mere girl of 17, she had seen a great deal of the world, and many a wealthy suitor had sued for her hand, but only to be

courteously but firmly refused. 'I long for England, Stephanie,' she said one day, 'Let us return for a short

time.' So, leaving her affairs in charge of capable hauds, Marie returned to her early home.

It was not long before Marie heard of the misfortunes which had come one after the other to the Adams family. Of the father's failure and death, and of the son's noble and unselfish exertions to keep his mother and sister in the comforts to which they had been used,

'Allan,' said Mrs. Adams to her son as he came home one alternoon, 'our place has been sold as last."

The old lady, greatly changed from the worldly, pure-proud woman of former days, burst into tears as she went on : "The lawyer sent me the notice to-day.

Oh, my son, it will be a sorrowful day that will see us leave the dear old home. At the sight of his mother's and sister's tears a cloud darkened Allan's blue eyes. It was hard indeed that they should

have to think of leaving the place in which their lives had been spent so many vears.

But he had no comfort to offer; for ha knew that it was inevitable. The gong of the factory in which he

was employed sounded its call to work, and dropping a hasty kiss upon his weeping mother's brow, Al'au strode away. As he walked along he passed the familiar gate which led to the deserted grounds

of the house where his never-forgotten Marie had lived, Obeying an nucons trollable impulse he pushed it open and went in. Some one was seated upon the rustic bench beneath the old oak tree.

Alian could hardly believe his eves. for surely that wealth of dark, carling hair could belong to no other than Marie! She turned and saw him, and a wave

of color fluted over her face, then receded to leave it paler than before. With a cry of 'Mariel my own los

Marie l' Allan sprang to her side. Marie shrank back. He grasped her

street, and as she stepped on the sidewalk, her foot slipped on the icy stones; and she fell in the palf-melted snow. The elder boy langhed at her sorry appear ance, with the water dripping from her thin, ragged clothes; but the child began to cry bitterly as she searched for her four penules she had lost. Willie, the younger boy, bastened to her side, and helped her to search for the pennies Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curb-stone. Willie bravely rolled up his sleeve, and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found ; the other seemed hopelessly lost. 'I'm afraid that can't be found, little

girl,' said he, pleasantly. 'Then 1 can't get the bread,' sobbed

the child, 'and mama and the children will have no supper.'

'Here is a penny,' said Willie, taking one from a little purse which contained the stock he had. Then he made haste to wash his hands in the snow, and dry it on his coarse white hankerchiet. The other boy looked on with contempt, and

said, 'You are a greenhorn, I can see.' But the gentleman, who had seen it, thought differently. He determined to take Willie in spite of his patched clothes. Thus Willie was 'blessed for considering the poor.'-- Ex.

### A Liberal Reward will be Given

To the small boy who never whistled. To the woman over thirty who never had an offer.

To the boy of 18 who does not know more than his parents.

To the widow who does not like to have her mourning becoming.

To the young man who doern't think

the girls are all dying after him. To the politician who never sought the place that seemed to seek him.

To the writer for the press who never said that his contribution was dashed off. To the doctor who has the hardihood to tell a wealthy patient that nothing ails him.

To a young woman who wouldn,t choose an ice cream to a substantial meal.

To the married man who never considered the possibilities of a second marriage.

To the school (eacher who can talk without seeming to watch every word she atters.

To the clergyman who doesn't feel just a little proud of the tears he calls up at a funeral. To the married woman who does not

sometimes wonder how she ever came to sby 'Yes.'

To the car conductor who does not take peculiar pleasure in helping the ladies off his car.

To the man who ever- exchanged umbrellas and west off with a worse oue than he left behind.

To the young lady graduste who wouldn't rather have a white satin dress than high houors at the graduating ex. i and ercises.

An exchange 'says; 'Man's average life is 38 years.' Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will always live,

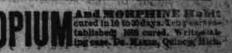




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