

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 3

## The Alamance Gleaner,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT  
GRAHAM, N. C.

**Eldridge & Kernodle,**  
PROPRIETORS.

### TERMS:

One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Three Months ..... .50  
Every person sending us 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  
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4 "	1.75	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25
5 "	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
6 "	2.25	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75
7 "	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50	7.00
8 "	2.75	3.25	3.75	4.25	4.75	5.25	5.75	6.25	6.75	7.25
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Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

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Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him

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6-180, 17.

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### ADVERTISEMENTS.

JAS. W. ALBRIGHT. DAVID SCOTT.

## STAR

**WAREHOUSE!**  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Patriot Building, on South Elm St.

### WINTER SALE DAYS

**Wednesday and Friday.**

Believing it will be to the interest of the Tobacco Growers of this section of the State to have a Warehouse in the centre of trade, we have secured the

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and will have sales during the winter on each Wednesday and Friday, and daily the summer months.

Facilities for handling good, and satisfactory prices guaranteed.

Our Mr. Scott was the popular Auctioneer at the Enterprise Warehouse, and would be pleased to see his old friends.

For the present Houston & Bro., Wholesale Grocers, will manage the finances.

We have ample camping yard and house for teamsters.  
Feb. 6, 82-1m. ALBRIGHT & SCOTT.

## Poetry.

### Oscar, Will Thou Answer.

[From Puck.]

O flower of poetry! thou art very great,  
And very tender and most fleshly fair;  
And consummate:  
But, oh! to the knee-breeches thou dost wear  
Our hearts go out with yearning of desire,  
With fire as fire of flame.  
Oh, think not, Oscar, we are making game  
Of thee, whom Fame ahead calls  
The priest, the prophet and the seer of small!  
Oh, Oscar, are they cold?  
Or when an usterate thy legs unfold?  
Dost thou do strap thy sweet supernal shins  
In a chest protector, like to unwarred graves,  
Bound as a gleaner bindeth up his sheaves?

How dost thou keep them up?  
It is the stockings we refer to, Oscar—  
Do they go back on thee upon the stage,  
Or make thee ignominious in the boss-car?  
Oh, fill thy soul with the poetic page,  
To have them slip, O martyr of all martyrs!  
Dost thou wear garters?  
Do the three buttons or the buckles bear them?  
Tell us, sweet stranger; we should like to wear them.

O slinger of the honeysuckles,  
Ha! thou a real confidence in buckles?  
O Sair! as sweet as e'er a triptych,  
Are thy sureties gles knit?  
Or do they fit  
With wry neatness, duplex and ellipide?  
Dost thou a sorter  
Affect the patent stocking strap supporter?  
And whereunto, O prophet, dost thou hitch it?  
Tell us the garment—Fame herself shall nitche it!

Do the Philistines jeer?  
And dost thou not "keer"?  
Oh, earnest thou one continental lilly,  
Though all the world asserts the style is silly?

It is not, Oscar, poet of pain and passion,  
Just wait and see—  
Those breeches to the knee  
Have taken the fancy of our gilded youth  
And, willow, willow wally, eke, good South,  
Here is a fact that we will bet our cash on  
They will soon be the too consummate fashion.

### THE MISTAKE ABOUT HAMP SEE.

'Hamp See, a dunce! Well, maybe so; but arer what I've seed, it 'nd take a smarter schoolmaster than you to make me think so.'

It was old Riley Vaughn who spoke, and although old Riley had no education, his hard sense and sound judgment were respected by all the men who sat there in the village postoffice waiting for the mail. He had grown prosperous by dint of hard work and good judgment, and his neighbors were accustomed to ask for and to respect his opinions.

'I did not say precisely that, Mr. Vaughn,' replied Mr. Penndock, the schoolmaster. 'I only said my best efforts to educate the boy were rendered futile and nugatory by reason of his inexplicable inability to grasp and retain so simple a thing as the accidence of the Latin verb.'

'That means, in plain English, that he ain't got no grip on what you teach him, don't it?' asked Riley.

Yes, that is what I mean,' replied the schoolmaster, with something like a shudder at old Riley's English. 'But I will make an honorable exception in the matter of mathematics. He seems instinctively to grasp arithmetical principles.'

'Yes,' drawled old Riley; 'one 'o your boys tole me Hamp could figure out how long it 'ud take for a cistern to get full of there was three pipes 'o different sizes a runnin' into it, an' two others 'o still different sizes a-runnin' out.'

'Yes, he is expert in the practical applications of arithmetic; and yet in arithmetic his standing is not good, because he seems incapable of mastering the exact terms of the formulae and rules.'

'Well, now, look here,' said old Riley, rising and striking the counter with his big fist; 'in jest comes to this here, the boy ain't got no grip on your words an' things; but he's got a good grip on ideas and principles, an' it's my belief that 's the inside o' sense. I don't want to be unnecessarily offensive, but you an' all schoolmasters like you ought to teach parrots. They don't want no ideas; they just want the words, an' that's your notion o' learnin'. That's the trouble o' this here country down here; men learn words an' kin make speeches, but they can't do nothin'. Now I've seed that boy Hamp See do what nary a man in this county could do. I bought the first reapi'n'-machine as was ever seed in these parts, an' when it came it was all to pieces; an' packed in boxes. I sent one arter an' other fer all the blacksmiths an' wheelwrights an' carpenters hereabout to set the thing up, and I'm blesed if one o' 'em could make out which end o' the thing was foremost. Not one o' 'em could put any two pieces together. That 'ere boy hung around all the time, with his forred creased up like, an' finally he says to me, says he, 'Mr. Vaughn, let me try.' 'Well try,' says I; 'an' if you get together, I've got a five-dollar bill fer you.' Maybe you won't believe it, but afore noon that very day, that there reaper was a-reapi'n' wheat like a dozen hands. The boy jest

seed right into the thing. Now I say if he's a dunce, the sooner most people in these parts lose their senses an' gets to be dunces, the better 'twill be for all concerned.' And with that old Riley stalked indignantly out of the postoffice.

Notwithstanding all that old Riley could say, however, public opinion was against Hamp See. It was certain that he was dull in his lessons. He could not keep up with Mr. Penndock's classes, and instead of studying his Latin verbs, he was perpetually interrupting the school by asking Mr. Penndock to explain things like thunder and lightning and the presence of shells in the rocks on the mountain, and the curious ways plants have of taking care of themselves—things which had no relation to the work of the school. It was agreed that Riley Vaughn could not know anything about education, because he was not himself educated. It was even said—and this came to Riley's ears—that he was prejudiced against education. Even Hamp's mother was discouraged. Hamp was always 'pottering,' she said, instead of attending to his books.

'Why,' she said, 'he is been foll'g with a spring on the hill back of the house the whole season through. He's laid pipes to bring the water down here, and now he's turned the whole house into a mill!' Then she would show her visitor what Hamp had done. He had constructed an ingenious water-wheel with which to make the most of the power afforded by the spring, and had set it a variety of tasks. A stretch of line shattering passed under the floor of the house, and bands were passed through the floor to the churn and the sewing-machine, and even the sausage chopper could be attached at will. 'I don't deny that it's handy; and saves work,' said his mother. 'And now he's made a sort of fan in the dining-room, and has set that going, too, so that it keeps the flies off the table. If we had a baby in the house, I believe he'd make the water rock the cradle. But it's discouraging about his studies. Mr. Penndock is in despair, and says he don't know what is to be made of the boy.'

The summer proved to be a very dry one, and the gardens especially suffered for water. When the people began to complain, Hamp had an idea. He always had an idea when an emergency arose. He went into his mother's garden and worked all day, digging a trench down the middle, and making little trenches at right angles to the main one, so that each bed was surrounded by them, and the larger beds crossed as well. He was very careful to keep all these trenches on one level. When he had finished, he laid a drain from his water-wheel to the main trench, so that the waste water, after turning the wheel, was carried into the garden and emptied into the trench. Little by little the main trench filled; then the water trickled into the smaller trenches, and as the spring from which it came was a never-failing one, the garden was supplied with water throughout the dry, hot summer, and such a garden nobody in that region had seen that season.

People said that Hamp See certainly was a nifty sort of boy; but they were sure to add, 'it's a pity he is so dull.'

One day old Riley Vaughn was offering extravagant prices for horse, mule, or ox teams to haul stone. He had taken a contract to supply from his quarry the stone for the railroad bridge over Bush Run, and now the time for delivery was near at hand, and no teams could be had. All the horses were at work on the crops and it began to appear that old Riley must either lose money on the contract by hiring horses and mules and teamsters at ruinous prices, or forfeit the contract itself. He tried in every direction to get mules and wagons, offered twice the usual wages, but still he could get but very few. He was in real trouble, with a loss of several thousand dollars threatening him.

One day Hamp, who knew what trouble Riley was in, went down to the creek, and, cutting several twigs, began setting them up at a distance from each other, and sighting from one to the other. The few teamsters who were at work watched him curiously, but could not make out what he was doing. He went up the creek with his sticks, moving one of them at a time, and always carefully sighting from one to another, or rather from one over another to a third. In that way he worked up to the quarry, which was immediately on the creek, nearly a half mile above the point where the bridge was to be built. When he had done, he walked back, examining the banks as he went; then he presented himself before Riley Vaughn.

'Mr. Vaughn,' he said, 'I've an idea that will help you out of your difficulty.'

'Will it hire teams to haul stone?' asked Riley.

'No; but it will enable you to haul stone without teams.'

'If it will— Well, let me hear what it is,' said Riley, changing his purpose while speaking.

'Rat the stones down,' said Hamp. 'Now look a-here Hamp See,' said old Riley. 'I've stood up fer you, an' said you wa'n't no dunce when everybody else said you was; but this here looks as ef they was right an' I was wrong. How in natur, kin I rat stone down a creek that ain't got more'n six inches o' water in it, a-bubblin' around among the stones of the bottom?'

'Well, you see,' said Hamp, 'I've leveled up from the quarry and there's only two feet fall, or a little less, and the banks are nowhere less than five feet high; and so, as there's a good deal more water running down in a day than anybody would think, it's my notion to build a temporary dam just below the bridge—you've enough timber and plank here to do it with two hours' work o' our men—building it, say six feet high, there where the banks are closest together. Before noon tomorrow the water will rise to the top of the dam, and run. When it does, you'll have six feet of water here and four feet of water at the quarry and your men can push rafts down as fast as they can load them.'

How do you know there's only two foot fall?' asked old Riley, eagerly.

'I've leveled it,' said Hamp.

'That is, you figured it out with them sticks?'

'Yes.'

'Are you sure you've got the right answer?' asked the old man, wild with eagerness.

'Perf'ctly sure. You see, it's simple. I plant my sticks—'

'Never mind about how you do it; I can't understand that of you explain it but look me in the eyes, boy. This thing means thousands o' dollars to Riley Vaughn if you've got your answer right. I kin understand that much; an' if you've worked out this big sum right fer me, I'll choke the next man that says you're a dunce just 'case you don't take kindly to old Penndock's chatterin' sort o' learnin'. I'll do it, or my name ain't Riley Vaughn, an' that's what I've been called for nigh unto 55 year now.'

Old Riley was vividly excited. He called all his men to the place selected, and set them at work building the dam, while Hamp looked on, and simply made suggestions for simplifying the work. The dam was finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock the water had risen two feet six inches, while the back water had passed the quarry.

'There!' said Hamp 'that proves my work. The water is level, of course, as far as the back water shows itself and we have six inches of back water at the quarry and two feet six inches at the dam; so the fall is two feet.'

'It looks so,' said Riley, who was also eagerly watching the rise of the water. The workmen had gone home, all of them convinced that this attempt to back the water a mile up the creek was the wildest foolishness; but old Riley and Hamp waited and watched.

'It doesn't rise so fast now,' said Riley.

'That's because it has a larger surface; but it still rises, and the surface won't increase much more now, as there's a steep place just above the quarry, and it can't back any futher up.'

The two waited and watched. Midnight came, and the measurement showed three feet six inches depth at the dam. Still they waited and watched. At six o'clock in the morning the depth was four feet two inches. Then Riley sent a boy to his house with orders to bring 'a big breakfast for two.' At seven o'clock the breakfast arrived, and the measurement showed four feet three inches and a half.

'It's a-risin' faster again,' said Riley.

'Yes; the level is climbing straight up the bluff banks now, and not spreading out as it rises,' said Hamp.

At nine o'clock the depth was four feet eight and a half inches, and the men at the quarry had a raft ready, and were beginning to load it. Ten o'clock brought four feet eleven inches of water, and at noon there were five feet and four inches.

'I've missed it a little,' said Hamp. 'I said the water would run over the dam by noon, and it has still eight inches to rise before doing that.'

'Well, that sort of a miss don't count,' said Riley. 'You've worked the sum' on't right, anyhow, an' the water's deep enough for raftin', an' still a-risin'. It'll go over the dam in two or three hours more, an' I'll do what I said: I'll choke any man 'at says John Hampden See's

a dunce or anything like it. An' that ain't all,' said the old man rising and striking his fist in the palm of his hand. 'They've been a-sayin' that ole Riley Vaughn didn't vally education; now I'll show you I'm a-goin' to make this dam a permanent institution. I'm a-goin' to build Vaughn & See's foundry an' agricultural implement factory right down the creek here, an' put a big lot of improved machinery in it; an' I'm a-goin' to send my partner, John Hampden See, off next week to get the rest of his education where they sell the sort o' education as is good for him—not a lot o' words, but principles and facts. You tell your mother you're a-goin' to New York right away, boy, an' 'at ole Riley Vaughn's a-goin, to foot all the bills outen your interest in the comin' factory. You'll study all sorts o' figgerin' works an' machine principles, in the big school in New York what's called the school o' mines, an' then you'll go to all the big factories an, things.

The scheme was carried out. Hamp spent three years in study, and returned an accomplished mechanical engineer. He went into the factory as old Riley's partner, and his work has been to improve machinery and processes. The firm own many patents now on things of his invention, and the factory is the center of a prosperous region, in which Hampden See is an especially respected citizen.

### A Both Handed Banker.

'The Equal Use of Both Hands,' was the subject of a recent lecture in Cooper Union. The lecture was by Geo. E. Woodard of the Second National bank, and it was illustrated by the lecturer with the aid of a blackboard and red and white chalks. Mr. Woodard said that every man could become, and ought to become both handed. The best test of ambidexterity, he said, is writing a signature, and he proceeded to write his own signature in a dozen different ways, from right to left and left to right, with both hands simultaneously, either on the same line or on parallel lines, backward or forward, upside down or reversing the signature so it could be read only in a mirror. Then he mixed up these methods, writing the name forward with the upside-down with one hand and right side up with the other.

'This said Mr. Woodard, "is a valuable accomplishment for a bank President or a railroad official for he who can write his name twice while another man is writing it once deserves three holidays in a week, or double pay. My paying teller cashes checks to any of those signatures, and not even he can tell whether it is a forgery or not." [Laughter.]

Then the artist wrote a love letter in French in one hand and a business letter in English with the other, simultaneously. Afterwards he wrote such words as "Fontainebleau" and "Comptantuple." "An Athletic exercise club swinging and dumb bell shaking sink into stupidity beside this."

'The most difficult thing to do,' he said, 'is to draw a square with one hand and a circle with the other.' Then he attempted the task. The ends of the circle did not meet, and it was not round besides the square looked like a parallelogram, but the audience applauded. Finally, Mr. Woodard drew with both hand-symmetrical geometrical figures, which he called decorative designs, employing the right hand on the right side of the figure, and the left hand on the left side. He sketched seven of these figures and said: "I will challenge any draughtsman in New York city to perform the task in an hour and a quarter with one hand, and he may select his own designs."

An Iowa school master knocked down a hornet's nest, to use in illustrating a lecture, but if the remarks he made immediately after, while kiting across the country, were merely those he intended to use in the lecture relative to the hornet's nest—and they certainly referred to the nest—the discourse was one totally unfit for people to hear.

A lover of birds: 'I know,' said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, 'that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of birds.' Then there was a silence and the Lumberbugger might have been heard scrambling around in its box on the cupboard shelf.

Sweet simplicity: 'You must have been leaning up against the banisters, Ar-r-r, dear,' affectionately remarked the fair girl's grandmother as she brought her spectacles to a correct focus and took another look at the stains on the waist of Augy's dress. 'Then ain't no banister stains,' returned the truthful maiden, who ran a little boys' bible class in the parish church. 'Charley was feeding me-caramels last night and I guess them's the prints of his fingers.'



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