

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 10.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1884.

NO. 13.

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GRAHAM, N. C.

J. D. KERNODLE, Proprietor.

TERMS:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months50

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.

POSTAGE PREPAID AT THIS OFFICE

ADVERTISING RATES:

Week	1 in.	2 in.	3 in.	4 in.	5 in.	6 in.	7 in.	8 in.	9 in.	10 in.
1	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$4.00	\$4.50	\$5.00	\$5.50
2	1.25	2.00	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00
3	1.75	2.50	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50	6.00	6.50
1 mo.	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
3	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00
6	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00
9	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00
12	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00

Yearly advertisements changed quarterly if desired.
Local notices ten cents a line, first insertion
No local inserted for less than fifty cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JNO. W. GRAHAM, JAS. A. GRAHAM
Hillsboro, N. C. 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
will faithfully and promptly attend to all bus-
ness intrusted to him

ADVERTISEMENTS.

R. A. NOEL,
Fashionable Tailor,
GRAHAM, N. C.

Is prepared to make Fine Clothing for every-
body. See his samples of Spring goods and
styles for 1884.
mar 2 '82 v



GRAHAM, N. C.

Is prepared to make Fine Clothing for every-
body. See his samples of Spring goods and
styles for 1884.
mar 2 '82 v

STANBURN, Brewster, Cal. The dry climate cures
Rheum, Gout, and all kinds of skin diseases, such as
Scald-head, Itch, and all kinds of eruptions.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH
Illustrated.
All that the doubtful curious, thoughtful, want to
know, about the best and most reliable way of
marriage, is in this little book, in plain, simple
English, and in a few pages.
DR. WHITTIER PITTS, M. D.,
The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impaired
Memory, and all kinds of nervous diseases.

Spring Without Blossoms.

Late in Life to Look for Joy—Yet Never
too Late to Mend.

Readers of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," will recall the pastor, with which poor Clifford Pyncheon, who had been unjustly imprisoned since his early manhood, said, after his release: "My life is gone, and where is my happiness? Oh! give me my happiness." But that could be done only in part, as a genius of warm sunshine occasionally fall across the gloom of a New England autumn day.

In a letter to Messrs. Hixson & Co., Mr. L. H. Titus, of Pennington, N. J., says: "I have suffered untold misery from childhood from chronic disease of the bowels and diarrhea, accompanied by great pain. I sought relief at the hands of physicians of every school and used every patent and domestic remedy under the sun. I have at last found in PARKER'S TONIC a complete specific, preventative and cure. For year invincible medicine, which did for me what nothing else could do, is entitled to the credit of my getting back my happy days. I cheerfully and gratefully acknowledge the fact."

Mr. E. S. Wells, who needs an introduction to the people of Jersey City, adds: "The testimony of Mr. Titus is genuine and voluntary; only he does not adequately portray the suffering he has endured for many years. He is my mother-in-law, and I know the case well. He is now perfectly free from his old troubles, and enjoys health and life, ascribing it all to PARKER'S TONIC.

Unquestioned as an invigorant; stimulates all the organs; cures ailments of the liver, kidneys and all diseases of the blood.

Poetry.

HURRAH FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS!

DICK STEELE IN TEXAS SIFTINGS.

There are men of brains who count their gains
By the million dollars or more;
They buy and sell, and really do well
On the money of the poor.
They manage to get quite deep in debt
By various crooked ways;
And so we say that the man to-day
Is the best man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down
Some alley or way-back street;
With head erect he will never defect,
But boldly each man will meet.
He counts the cost before he is lost
In some mysterious maze,
And he never calls in manner unwise,
But calls for his bills and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair
In the man who buys for cash;
He is not afraid of being betrayed
By a jack-or-shyster's dash.
What he says to you he will certainly do,
If it's cash or thirty days;
And when he goes out, the clerks will about
Hurrah for the man who pays.

LOVE AND GLORY.

HELEN OSBORNE KREHBIEL.

All the residents of Saltair were familiar with the story of John Maynard's death—the John Maynard who had spent most of his life on Ontario's waters,—the noble old pilot, rough and grim as the oyster shell in exterior, but who had held within this roughness a very tender heart. The heroic deed which caused John Maynard to yield his life for others had been embodied time and again in poetry, and a monument to commemorate his bravery and self-sacrificing devotion had been erected to him by the survivors of that ill-starred steamer, which, when on fire, he had steered straight to land, when the flames roiling all around him, the stifling smoke catching at his breath his quivering hands shivered and torn, his feet burned to a crisp, and his head pierced and crowned with thorns of fire:

"The wild race is won!
Man, woman, child, in safety each one creeps
To the firm earth—but as they touch the
strand,
John Maynard's soul has gained the better
land."

The people of Saltair were never tired of telling this story. Years went by, but his grave seldom lacked a bunch of flowers, a wreath of evergreen, or a knot of bright tangled sea weed.

Far out to sea on a rocky bluff his monument stood. It ovelooked the modest little harbor, and its glittering whiteness attracted the attention of all who lauded there. Many a stranger clambered up the rocks from the sea and stood with uncovered head to do homage to John Maynard, whose fame the eager waves had run to spread till, painting and white-mouthed, they had left no spot of shore unvisited,—whose name was known in all the seaport towns along the shore and borne far inland by the loving people.

"Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man shall lay down his life for his
friends!" This was the simple inscription
on the marble shaft.

"Maynard's Monument" was the village children's favorite resort. They liked to sit around it on the rocky ledges and tell stories of daring and bravery, while with their jack-knives they whittled daggers, swords, life-boats, flag-staffs, and pilot-wheels. There seemed to be an influence pervading that spot that inspired the village boys, that made them feel stronger, prouder, manlier, and greater as they here commended. One boy was especially infected. He never left this place that he did not feel the spirit of a conqueror striving within him. He would throw back his head, breathe short and quick, and take long strides, his hands double into fists and swinging vigorously at his side. This was John Maynard's grandson, Harry.

He longed to have charge of a burning ship or to lay down his life in some glorious way for humanity. His bright eyes flashed proudly as he told the story of his pilot-grandfather, and his bosom yearned to do some great, grand act like his. From mountain peak to mountain peak, to save another's life, Harry would have leaped, if shod with power, risking his life at every bound he made over the dark chasms, for the sake of bearing up where the glory and the danger were.

Harry's twin brother was entirely different. Within was growing the spirit that would eventually lead him down the mountain slopes away from glory that might fall upon him,—down into the shadowy valley to cheer some little life that might be striving to reach light—to encourage weary feet in their climbing upward, and in him was the instinct which taught him to guard his life with care—to risk it only when duty called John was as brave as his grandfather whose name he bore, but it seemed to never occur to the schoolboys to think of him in that light. It was Harry they emulated,—Harry that they delighted to honor, and Harry who was always their hero. Harry had once climbed to the top of a burning building that even the fireman had deserted,—to rescue a household pet that cried piteously on the rafters. Was it the creature's distress that lured him on? No, because the cries and entreaties of his dear mother below rose far above the cries of the wretched animal. Was it the creature's life he cared to save? No, for it was John that nursed the poor singed pet for days and days afterward, to the utter indifference of the brother. It was simply glory he sought, and glory that he received. His burned clothes were patched next day by the poor, hard-working mother, but it was not Harry who donated them after this—but John! It was John who quietly gave his bet-

ter suit in exchange, and John, who kissed the mother-hands that had filled in the holes, and John that caused peace to succeed the troubled sigh that had escaped the mother-heart.

"What is going to become of the boy?" appealed the mother one day to John, as Harry was brought home in a banged-up condition not uncommon to him. Again he had risked his life foolishly—recklessly, as it proved, but as usual not in vain, for the praise and glory of the unthinking endorsed the rash act.

"He is bound to be a hero, mother," said John softly, "and"
"But he is sacrificing my life with his own," interrupted the mother; "this constant anxiety is killing me," and she crept over to the sufferer's side and stroked the pale cheek of her heroic son, while the tears chased each other down his face.

"At home I get only reproaches," panted the boy; "credit never! but," with a martyr-like air, "it will be in the 'Weekly,' see if it isn't." And true enough the columns of the enterprising village sheet lauded the fearless and enterprising Harry Maynard to the skies, and said that the mantle of his grandfather had descended upon him.

That a boy like this should live to grow up seems singular, but whether he was possessed of a charmed life or not, it is no less true that that life was preserved unto him. He arrived at manhood's years a handsome and popular fellow. He became possessed of a lovely wife, and children gladdened his home.

Then came the country's call for soldiers to defend her flag. John Maynard, always ready at duty's call, talked of the matter earnestly in his own little family, in which now his mother had a home, and the dear ones, with sobs and tears, gave him permission to do what seemed to him best. But on his way to the recruiting office, thoughtful and solemn in the face of all that was before him and all that he held most dear, he met his illustrious brother, who came striding towards him, his countenance glowing with glory.

"John," said he, "I leave to-night for the seat of war, but I confide my wife and children to your care. God bless you all. Kiss mother for me, tell her to be a Spartan mother to a Spartan son who will return with his shield or upon it."

And so John, who thought always of duty, unmindful of what the doing of it might confer, saw that duty now in another direction, and turned his feet away from the recruiting office and towards his home. He had joined the Home Guards—though the fact was not regarded in history.

In a great big brother sort of a way, John put his arms about Harry's family and welcomed them to his home. He occupied only a clerical position in business and his salary was small to provide for the wants of so many, but he never murmured, though as time passed by one could see that the lines of care deepened in his forehead. The love-light in his eyes, however, never grew dim, and he was always cheerful and patient—let us say strong and brave, in the fact of every circumstance and duty.

Harry, as in his boyhood, came home under escort, but this time with the flag of his country wrapped about him. There were stains upon his once handsome face, but they were the marks of of conflict and death—for he had come home not to die, but to be buried.

"Tell my wife I take her with me into the realms of infinite bliss and happiness," was his last message to the darling of his heart, and then with his hand grasping his sword-hilt and the word on his lips that had influenced his whole life, he shouted "glory, glory, glory!" fell back, and was dead.

And into the town came the sound of muffled drums, and draped pictures of Harry Maynard greeted one at every turn, and the "Weekly's" columns bore black borders, and garlands of mourning were everywhere, as with hushed music and the tramp of many feet they bore the dead hero to his grave.

Far be it from me to detract from the glory due any dead soldier, but as a recorder of facts I must remark that Harry Maynard's wife, instead of going with him into the realms of bliss he had described, might have gone to the poor house but for brother John, who had now the sole support of the two families. But John never wavered in the performance of his duty and never served reluctantly. He did all the extra work in his power and toiled early and late that his dear ones might have every necessary comfort, and to this end devoted all his energies. He made little stir among the fortunate people of the community; those who knew him respected him as an honest, upright man; but among the sorrow-stricken and oppressed eyes shone brighter as he walked in their midst, and though he had little of this world's goods to bestow, he had a way of battling with them against odds that made him seem to them often times a real conqueror, as he helped them overcome the obstacles in their pathway, or showed them how to adjust their burdens to their shoulders so that they might be more easily carried. He shared his loaf of bread with the hungry ones, he mingled his tears with those who wept, and spoke strong, cheery, helpful words to the discouraged. But his name never got into the "Weekly."

"Dear John," said the old, trembling mother to him one day, "dear John, what a comfort you are to us,—what should we do without you?" And then one of those smiles crept out on John's face,—those smiles so rare to the faces of many—that came sunny and bright clear from the depths of a heart warm and glowing with unselfish love—and he stroked the old gray head and kissed the dear gnarled hands. "Mother," said he, "I have often thought of that question, not that I value myself so highly, but I know my dear ones would miss

me." And then the look of love deepened in his countenance, and he said almost under his breath, "Perhaps my ship will come in before then, mother dear, and if she does she will provide for you all far better than I could do."

"It wasn't the 'providin' for' that I was thinking of," said the dear old heart: "it was you, love, we would miss."

"Mother," said John tenderly, "love is immortal—it never dies. I am sure even should I be the first to go to Heaven, in the face of all its glory I should love my little family on earth with an undying love, and if, though the merits of him who died, I could get nearer the throne to be heard, I should ever ask that the choicest of Heaven's blessings might descend upon my dear ones. I am sure you would know I had not forgotten you."

How many times afterward the mother thought of this conversation and blessed those words. For it was only a few weeks later that Death's swift-footed messenger, pneumonia, laid John Maynard upon a bed of suffering, with but little chance to speak what was in his mind.

"Jennie," whispered the man faintly to the wife of his heart, "the ship I have spoken of will surely come in. I see it nearing the harbor—its sails are of gold and silver and the cargo will provide for all your needs better, far better, than I could do. Your title, Jennie, lies in the right hand drawer of my desk."

They thought his mind was wandering, and smiled on him to humor him, and the children crowded about and kissed his dear hands—the dear hands that had toiled so far for them.

"It looked like such a little ship, Jennie, when I sent it away years ago, such a little venture," he continued: "but love launched it, nevertheless,—love, love, LOVE!" and then, as if the dear voice could not have had a better place to stop or a more vital word left upon his lips, further utterance was denied, but that heart-born smile of John's broke out in glory all over his face and with far greater power than words could express bore record to the "love, love, LOVE!"

And thus John Maynard went home. Days afterward they found in the little drawer John had referred to the title to the cargo of the ship he assured them would anchor in the harbor.

And as the Policy passed from hand to hand and the little band that had thought itself penniless read of the bounty provided for them—it might have been their dazzling tears, or the sunlight in the room, or the sudden brightness of the hope that had come to them—but to one and all the world seemed illuminated and as if one of John's smiles looked up from the written page and blessed them.

"Give me a pen," quavered the old mother, with streaming eyes, "a pen and ink." And the old, trembling hand that had not traced a line for years gathered unto itself strength and wrote at the end of the policy these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man shall lay down his life for his friends."

"It's just as he said," exclaimed the old mother. "It's as if, in the face of all the glory of Heaven, he loves us yet, and is sending Heaven's blessings down upon us. And we do know, dear John," she whispered "that you have not forgotten us."

Farm Work.

Tobacco.—Keep the beds free from grass and weeds. Thin the plants by hand or rake to stand one inch apart as near as possible. Fertilize by top-dressing so as to push their growth.

Roots and Potatoes.—Plant potatoes and sow the seeds of beans, mangold-wurtzel and ruta-baga.

Corn.—Plant corn, but only on well worked and highly enriched soil, if you expect a large crop.

Millet, Corn-Broadcast, Oats, Peas, etc.—Sow any of these for ensilage, feeding green to stock, or to be cured into winter provender.

Sweet Potatoes.—Set out slips toward the close of the month. Continue to plant Irish (or white) potatoes for a late crop.

Peas or Beans.—Plant these for a crop as soon as the weather is warm and the land is dry and suitable.

Pumpkins.—Plant these as soon as convenient this month, though June will do.

Stock.—Be careful how cattle are first admitted to clover in pasture. They are apt to over-eat themselves at first and become hoarse. Give plenty of salt. Be sure and breed good stock. Select the best animals in reach to breed from; never breed from a scrub. Go without a future issue, if you have access only to a common cheap male of either or any sort of breed of stock. Improve your stock by breeding from the best and highest-bred animal within reach or breed not at all. This is the month that the farmer lays out his full plans for the year, and while they should be judicious they should be industriously pursued. Be not too grasping, only plant what you are sure can be well cultivated and at all times taken care of. Let the area be small, but highly cultivated. The season may tempt you to lay out too great a space for your future ability to properly care for.

Clover.—Is often ready for hay-making this month. Cut as soon as it shows the blossom on two thirds of the plants. This crop is generally cut for hay too late. It is more succulent and far better cut too early than too late. Cure in the small cocks, put up in the evening of the day in which it is cut. Cut clover always after the dew is off. Turn it and cock the same evening.

The "Important Year" Man.

Texas Siftings.

Almost every style of fiend has been written up, at one time or another, except what we call "the most important year" fiend. We refer to that misguided fellow creature who, not satisfied with having compiled the most important events of the past year, actually causes patience to quit being a virtue, by endeavoring to worry the editor in publishing his statistical rubbish. He is usually an old man and has been engaged in his nefarious business from his youth up. This retrospective genius turns up with a tally sheet early in January of each and every year, which is his only redeeming trait. He only blooms once a year and then he fades away for twelve calendar months. He is not liable to happen in every day as the exchange fiend or the other man who wants to give you the points of a funny story that he wants you to publish. While we propose to be a little severe with the most important man, at the same time we will be just.

Like most bores he selects the precise moment when the editor could dispense with his presence. He prefers the occasion when the editor is writing an article on the tariff question, and there is a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch on his brain: or when he is absorbed in disposing of an 11 o'clock lunch, or an irate subscriber who had not received his copy of the paper last week. Just at this crisis the door opens and the important year man enters with a bundle of manuscript and a sigh, the former being under his arm.

He takes a seat and spreading out his tally sheet, begins to manipulate his auger about as follows:

"I would like, sir, to call your attention to the importance of the year through which we have just passed. It may not have occurred to you, sir, but this last year was a most important year. The year that has just rolled away into eternity was one of the most disastrous, one of the most peculiar in its freaks of heat and cold, that the world ever knew. Never, sir, since the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, was such a winter experienced."

"What kind of coal do you use?" asks the editor, yawning as he resumes his literary labors on the home sandwich.

"It's not only the cold that was peculiar," resumes the bore, "but, sir, note the death of prominent people, elopements of well known and highly respectable parties, murders, floods, fires, backward spring."

The editor wishes his visitor would take a backward spring out through the door, but represses the inclination to do so, while the depraved old scoundrel continues, pointing to his tally-sheet.

"Here we have the fruit crop destroyed. We also had the hottest summer that has ever been known for years. And here you see is a withering drought, chilly winds, damp, unpleasant—"

"Yes, I know, but I'll not detain you a minute, and here we have snow and the death of that great man, General Goodlegrub?"

"That's a fact. His death supplies a long felt want. By the way, who the mischief was Goodlegrub?"

"Why you surprise me. I can vouch for the correctness of my compilation. General Goodlegrub is actually dead. Last year was a most important year."

"Did Goodlegrub owe you any money when he died?"

Sarcasm fails on its missions, for the important-year man feels about as much as a cow suffers when you pinch her horn. He keeps right on, returning to his tabular statement.

"And here we have a coal mine disaster."

"I tell you that I—"

"And—"

"Now, my friend," replies the editor, rising on his seat; "I don't want to hear any more of that stuff."

The eyes of the visitor protrude.

"W-h-a-t! Don't you want to publish these valuable statistics?"

"No I don't. And now let me tell you something else. You said last year was the most important year on record. Let me predict that it will be regarded as a year of plenty, compared with this year, as far as you are concerned, for if you don't indulge in that backward spring out that door, I'll retire you from circulation together. You will not be here next January to record the events of the past."

"Then I'm to understand that you are not desirous of securing this invaluable compilation?"

"Do you want me to tell you so again?"

He looked at the editor as if the assertion was beyond all human belief; then he quietly folds up his statistics and places them, with a sigh under his arm. There is no longer any wonder in his mind why so many newspapers collapse. He has had may a rebuff but this one is the most stunning. He leaves, not precisely heart-broken, but very much aggrieved. Finally the editor of some monthly paper publishes the stuff, and after this he subsides for a season, devoting himself once more to compiling fresh facts for another most important year. He is not as much of a bore as a poet, or the village humorist, but so far as the public is concerned he may die at his earliest convenience without creating any great public bereavement.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure. AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

HARDWARE

—IN—

Graham, N. C.

—TO—

Farmers,
Contractors,
and Others!

I will open up in GRAHAM, (in the building known as Fugh's corner) about the 18th of March, a full

STOCK OF HARDWARE.

Persons wanting goods in this line will do well to call and examine my stock and get prices, and if they are satisfactory, then buy. Respectfully,
JOHN DENNY.

UP STAIRS

In the same building Mrs. John Denny will keep a full line of

Millinery Goods,

Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, &c., &c., gotten up in the very latest styles with neatness. And to her lady friends and others she would say, come and see. Respectfully,
MRS. JOHN DENNY.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

mar 13 '84

C. F. NEESE,

COMPANY SHOPS, N. C.
Clocks, Watches, Jewelry.

I have a larger and finer line of WATCHES and JEWELRY than ever.
CLOCKS TO SUIT EVERYBODY.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES OF EVERY VARIETY.
Watch repairing a specialty. Call and examine my goods.
C. F. NEESE.
oc 23 '84

J. Southgate & Son,

Life and Fire Insurance Agents,
DURHAM, N. C.

Large lines of insurance placed in best companies.
Oct. 2

Subscribe for the GLEANER.