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POETRY.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever, though dead leaves are
In mournful clusters 'neath your waning
Thought wintry winds through naked boughs
The flowers are dead, yet is the memory
Of summer winds and countless roses glow-
ing
'Tis still the warm kisses of the generous soul,
Hope on, hope ever, why should tears be
flowing?
In every season is some victory won.

Hope on, hope ever, though you deem loved
Whom trembling fingers for the silent grave,
Though cold the cheek beneath your fond
Look up the Christian soul; be calm, be
brave!
Hope on, hope ever, though your heart be
breaking,
Let flowers of resignation wreath your
grief
Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom
For mortal life is full of change and loss.

Hope on, hope ever, for all-finished faces
Watch for your coming on the golden shore;
E'en while you whisper to their vacant places
The loved words, "Not lost, but gone
before!"
Hope on, hope ever, let your heart keep singing
When low you bend above the churchyard
And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts
Are winging,
Through sighs and tears to the bright
throne of God!

Hope on, hope ever, let not toll or sorrow
With the deep music of Hebe's heavenly
Voices,
From every dawn some ray of comfort bor-
row,
That in the evening you may still rejoice.
Hope on, hope ever—words beyond compar-
ison,
Dear to the heart, precious to the eye,
Oh, may they prove the Christian's guide to
Heaven!

—Chamber's Journal.

KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

BY G. A. COPELAND.

Karl Berger went to Milan at just the right time. It had become quite the fashion to run down the Italian method of instrumental instruction, and to extol the method of their Northern competitors. Karl Berger came. His name sounded like a German's, and he played music like a master, and that was all that was needed. Pupils flocked to him, and he set his own prices. Even the city itself, through its government, agreed to place their pupils with him annually, at its own expense as long as he should remain there. This was triumph enough to turn the head of a much older man, and Karl himself was only three and twenty years old. He sat in his room one night about two weeks after his arrival, smoking his big pipe with china bowl, and congratulating himself. Here was success indeed!

He wondered what his old teacher, the Kerr Kapellmeister, would say to his success. He looked around the room, furnished as comfortably as most in the city, and felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that the plebeian Karl Berger was taking his ease in the very chamber where Caesar Borgia had once slept. His was a nobility as high as his ancient predecessor, he said to himself, and he laughed grimly for the young prodigy had but little respect for nobility, and he often spoke of his ancestors, the Berger Jarls and Vikings as thieves and cut throats.

While he sat musing, lazily watching the smoke curling up toward the blotched and crumpled, almost obliterated frescoes of the vaulted ceiling, a servant brought in a note to "Ill Maestro Berger." The City of Milan informed his excellency, the Maestro, that the last of the three pupils had been chosen, and the pupil, the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would attend him whenever the Maestro would be pleased to receive her. Signor Berger scowled and shrugged his shoulders. He had already, in the short time he had been in Milan, heard several "contessas" play, and he had not been favorably impressed by their genius, and indeed, it must be admitted that the ladies in question had a greater desire to see the handsome foreigners than to make any progress in music. He had forgotten that the three pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition, and were therefore given their musical education by the charity of the city. However, he sent back an answer that he would give the contessa her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next afternoon, and then he took up his violin, and the contessa and Milan and success and the Kapellmeister passed from his mind, while the music soared in tremendous vibrations through the room.

The next day everything went wrong. He had yet to learn the patience necessary for a teacher, and the countless mistakes of his pupils, the jarring discords and the seeming stupidity rendered him nearly furious. At 3 o'clock the party pupils, Contessa Lucia, was ushered into his presence, followed by an old woman, her escort. The contessa did not look very satis-

cratic in her dress. Every thing she had on was cheap. In fact, except that her dress was neater and more tastefully arranged, it was about the same as the servants'. The Maestro was walking up and down the room with an ominous frown on his face. He wheeled around and looked at her.

"Well, Signora, what do you wish?" he said, crossly.

"I have come for my lesson, Signor," she replied timidly.

"He looked at his tablets. 'You are either too early or too late. There is a Contessa Viella who comes now. But if she does not come—'

"I am the contessa, Signor," and she proceeded to unwrap her violin from its green covering, while the servant hobbled to the nearest chair.

"You came to amuse yourself in a dilettante way on the violin?"

"I came to learn to play, Maestro; to be able to teach music some day. Who knows?" and she laughed a little nervously.

"Contessas don't teach music," he said, scornfully. "It is only poor plebeians who do that. Let me hear you play. She nestled the violin on her shoulder carelessly and obediently commenced. The air was simple, a pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft and sad, which had been sung by many Roman mothers to their children. One of those airs, which like the German Lieder, one finds among the people, its author and origin lost in antiquity, yet everlasting from its pathos and tenderness. The violin was fit to be its interpreter, an old Cremona almost black with age. The music floated out from the five quivering strings. The girl, her eyes almost closed and her head bent forward, stood erect, playing. The old servant sat listlessly, caught by the music swaying to and fro, as if rocking some child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Berger stood frowning in the shadow of a curtain. What right had a contessa, a young girl, to play like that? What right had she to a violin which was so much better than his? The soft repeated strains came to an end, and the girl turned proudly toward him.

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly played," he said crossly. "You will never make an artist of yourself. It lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lacks everything."

These petulant words—words which the honest Karl Berger was ashamed of even when the uttered them—struck the young girl like a blow. Her face, proud and happy at her successful rendering of the simple pleasant air, fell suddenly at this harsh verdict, and girl like she burst into sobs and left the room, while the servant stared stolidly at the fierce foreigner, and then rose and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of himself and his sudden fit of anger. He took up his own violin, but it sounded harsh. He was cold and courteous to the pupils who came that afternoon, but he was glad when the day was over. They were lightning the lamps in the courtyard below when he looked out. He watched the servants as they put the lamps in their places, and after they had left he stood at the window looking absently down on the empty courtyard beneath, when he saw a figure coming slowly across the yard. He stepped out on the balcony and called to her for he recognized the escort of the Contessa Lucia. When the woman had come up he asked her:

"Where does the Contessa Vinella live?"

"In this house, Signor, with a relative. The contessa has no other friends and she lives here, but not in idleness, Signor! She is too proud for that! She takes care of the house, and works like a servant. She has no friends but me; I was her nurse. Even her relatives do not patronize her, and the servants are always very polite to her, and always obey her, but behind her back they laugh at her here, and call her the 'contessa of all work,' and the 'contessa cook.' Her grandfather, the Count Vinella, had taught her music, and she worked so hard at it that she might earn her own living that way. Last week she won the prize at the conservatoire, and the city was to pay her tuition with you. You should not have spoken to her so harshly, Signor? I found her in her little room crying as if her heart would break."

Karl Berger ran his hands through his hair.

"I was very wrong—very wrong. Will you please tell her I said so? Ask her to come again, and I will promise to be fairer."

The next afternoon the girl came in.

"It was very silly of me, Maestro, to run away like that," she said; "but I want so much to be an artist, and when you told me I could not—"

"Don't talk about it, please," interrupted Karl; "I was cross and tired, and if you must know it, jealous," and he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that you could play better than I."

Lucia flushed with delight.

"If you mean that—but no! You are laughing at me!"

"I mean what I say," replied Karl, determined. "I can teach you technique, perhaps; after that you have nothing to learn."

So it was settled.

One day during the lesson, Karl said abruptly:

"Would you like also to study at night? My evenings are all my own."

The girl laughed pleasantly and cried: "Oh, Maestro, you are so kind."

So, after the work was done, Lucia would come in with Marcia, her old nurse, and after the lesson Karl would pick up his own violin and play. One night he stopped suddenly and said to her:

"I wish you would not call me Maestro. I am not a master in music. I am only a sham, and some day they will find it out. I am not much older than you and don't play any better. I want you to think of me as a fellow student, not as a teacher."

"What shall I call you, then?" Lucia asked shyly.

"Karl."

"That is a pretty name," said Lucia. "It was my father's," and he went on to speak of his Northern home, of the snow-storm when all the family died but himself, and how he was found famished and senseless, with a violin hugged to his breast. And Lucia sat still and drank in every word. Then she told him of her own home and of her past history. Each night after they laid their music aside they would sit and talk, and Marcia would sit and slumber quietly in her chair.

Stick to Your Bush.

A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN'S STORY.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortle-berries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was going out of the gate, when my father called me back.

He took hold of my hand and said in a very gentle voice: "Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or play?" "To pick berries," I replied.

"Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries stick to your bush."

I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said.

No sooner had one found a good bush than he called all the rest and they left their several places and ran off to the new found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept ringing in my ears, I stuck to my bush. When I was done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another.

When night came I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half as tired as they were.

I went home happy; but when I entered I found my father had taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe berries and said: "Well done, Joseph; was it not as I told you? Always stick to your bush."

He died a few days after, and I had to make my own way in the world as best I could.

But my father's words sank deep in my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party; I stuck to my bush.

Accommodating Divorce Laws.

"I want a divorce from my wife," said a Washington street broker to his attorney, "but I don't know how to begin it."

"Any ground for scandal?" asked the attorney.

"No; oh, no."

"Did she ever hit you?"

"No; her temper is quite even."

"Did she ever blow out the gas?"

"No; she lets it burn. Maybe that would be grounds, eh?"

"No," said the attorney. "In that case she would call to her aid the gas company, and we would have to struggle with a monopoly. That would not do."

"No," said the applicant sadly.

Points in Poultry Keeping.

The "Plymouth Rocks," being the best feathered of all varieties of chickens, are apt to be the best winter layers and as they feather up very young, are better suited to the incubator trade, or the artificial rearing of broilers than the "Light Brahma," or many other varieties. There ought to be a profit in buying up young roosters, castrating them, fattening them and selling at the usual market price. Turkeys treated in this way often reach a weight of from thirty to fifty pounds. A brood of chickens led by a turkey hen to forage in the fields, will attain to great weight and early maturity without food or care on the part of the owner. The best eggs are the result of a meat diet; the high colored and well flavored eggs of Kansas during the grasshopper visitation, were a marvel to strangers. When grasshoppers and worms fall, their lack should be supplied by feeding the poultry with a cheap butcher's offal. The crushed oyster shell supply, and the boxes of road dust or ashes, should be kept within easy reach. When moving to a new location, it would not do to say she scolded the children of the next door neighbor.

"No," said the attorney. "In that case she would call to her aid the gas company, and we would have to struggle with a monopoly. That would not do."

"No," said the applicant sadly.

"Did she ever scold any of the children?" asked the attorney brightening up.

"I haven't got any to scold. I suppose it wouldn't do to say she scolded the children of the next door neighbor."

"No," said the attorney. "In that case she would call to her aid the gas company, and we would have to struggle with a monopoly. That would not do."

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"I haven't got any to scold. I suppose it wouldn't do to say she scolded the children of the next door neighbor."

It Won't be a Match.

A man whose hair and whiskers were plentifully sprinkled with gray was in the city yesterday to see about buying a large quantity of lead pipe. When he asked how much a mile and a half of a certain size would cost, the dealer stood off and looked at him in amazement.

"Oh, I ain't loony," replied the man. "But what do you want with a mile and a half of this pipe costing you many hundred dollars?"

"See here," said the other, as he took a chair and became confidential; "I am a widower."

"I'm thinking of taking a second wife."

"Yes."

"She does on a front yard. I've got the yard. She does on lawn ornaments. I've been round pricing stone dogs, cast iron deer, and terracotta rabbits till you can't rest. She does on fountains. That's why I want the pipe."

"But why so much of it?"

An Interesting Irish City.

Limerick, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, is a pretty city, pleasantly situated and possessed of a variety and wealth of orders that San Francisco can never attain by any neglect of the sanitary laws. Like most Irish cities, it is divided into an Irish and an English town, and both are rivals in matters of narrow streets and high rookeries, molting with the damp of mists. Two of the most interesting objects in Limerick are King John's castle and the "treacy stone," they are more strikingly typical of the attitudes of the hostile parties in Ireland than anything I have seen. On one side of the Shannon at Thomond bridge stands the castle, which for six centuries has been a menace to the enemies of England. Renovated and strengthened into a commanding fortress by modern skill, the castle of King John exemplifies the position of the government which holds the restless spirit of Ireland in check by martial force. On the other side of the bridge stands the "treacy stone," which was but lately raised to the dignity of a granite pedestal through the influence of the national spirit so long terrorized by coercive measures. The contrast of the peaceful and the monument with the war-like fortress that frowns on it across the river is one that cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. It indicates the disparity of the rival powers that are contending in Ireland, and points out of the line of action on which each relies.

Some time ago I received a boy (Lona White) into the Orphan Home near Meon, from Columbus. He was one of the poorest creatures I have ever seen—nothing but skin and bone—crippled and deformed by scrofula, which had attended him from his birth. About eighteen months ago I commenced giving him Swift's Specific. After several bottles had been taken and no visible results to be seen, I began to despair, but continued the medicine. At last signs of improvement became apparent, and from that date to the present here has been constant improvements in both body and mind. He is now about fourteen years old, and is one of the brightest boys I have ever known. I honestly believe that he will ultimately outgrow the effects of this loathsome disease under the influence of Swift's Specific.

The two cases of erysipelas which were treated some two years ago with S. S. S. show no symptoms of return of the disease.

L. B. PAYNE, Supt. Orphan Home, S. C. Conf. Meon, Ga., Nov. 1, 1884. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Board of the man or woman assumes perfection.

Creditors and poor relations call at the right moment.

He who betrays the confidence of another.

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing—in no wise change. Observe system and order in all you do and undertake. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend upon yourself. Never fail to keep your appointments, or to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping. Use charity with all; be generous in thought and deed; help others along life's thorny pathway. Make no haste to be rich, remembering that small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, and never trouble others to do what you can perform yourself. Accustom yourself to think and act vigorously, and be prompt and decided for the right against the wrong. Buy, subscribe to, and read all that is necessary to fully inform yourself on the doings, discoveries, and reforms of the age in which you live. Develop a wealth of character by personal courage. Possess the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so; to acknowledge your ignorance rather than seek credit upon false pretenses. Finally, in all you do and say, think and act out; so live that your daily growth of soul and body may be ever upward in the direction of perfection.

—Presbyterian.

"Acted Like a Charm."

This is what Mrs. Mayer, of Baronne street, New Orleans, says of Brown's Iron Bitters. "A charm" works quietly, surely, promptly, thoroughly and with delightful effect. That is just the way this wonderful family medicine works on invalids who have been suffering the woes of liver complaint, dyspepsia and impoverished blood. Those who know its worth say it is a complete cure for dyspepsia, weakness, malaria, neuralgia, etc.

If it is part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart, always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt.

Presidential Handwriting.

Abraham Lincoln wrote a small, careful hand.

The handwriting of General Grant is easy to read.

Andrew Johnson's handwriting was large and labored. His fingers seemed all thumbs.

Zachary Taylor wrote with a blunt pen, with a few flourishes and no attempt at ornamentation.

THE HABIT OF DRINKING.

Speculations as to the prevalence of the habit of intemperance at any given period must count for little. Speaking comparatively, the English were a sober people until the use of spirits became common, and then things went yearly worse and worse until a time within human memory. We know with a sufficient approach to accuracy when ardent spirits were introduced into England, but have very little evidence as to the time when the evil habit of drinking them for pleasure became common. At first it is almost certain that they were used for their supposed medicinal qualities. That they were commonly taken for the pleasure they gave before the middle of the reign of Charles II. is not proved. Aphra Behn, though there is little to be said for her on the score of the morality of her writings, is a good authority as to manners and customs, and anyone reading her plays for the purpose of finding contributions to a history of drink would come to the conclusion that she and the wiser were the drink of all except the very "fast" young men about town. Lums-wool, a drink composed of ale and roasted apples, the manufacture of which is, we believe, at the present not unknown, seems to have been a favorite drink of the middle and lower ranks in the seventeenth century.

Mrs. Behn alludes to it on several occasions.—London Athenaeum.

Good manners declare that a t'ee' possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

When we become exclusively absorbed in one pursuit, however laudable it may be in itself, it draws the mind and interests away from all other things, and causes us to neglect them, though some of them may be distinctly defined duties as itself.