

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VCL. XV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1889.

NO. 39.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAS. E. BOYD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Greenboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. [Sep 16]

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

GREENBORO, N. C.
Practices in the State and Federal Courts will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him.

DR. G. W. WHITSETT,
Surgeon Dentist,

GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will also visit Alamance. Calls in the country attended. Address me at Greensboro.

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GRAHAM, N. C.
May 17, '88.

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THE FISHER.

The water rushed, the water sighed,
A fisher sat thereby,
And watched his angle on the tide
With thoughtful patient eye.
As he sat and as he waited
The flood's broad bosom parts,
And thrice—her garb in damp hung plaits—
The river spoke.

She sang to him, she spoke to him:
"I would not thou shouldst
With human skill and cunning grim
My harmless finny brood!
Alas! couldst thou see how well it is
Wee then as now below;
Down wouldst thou come to share their bliss
And joy's real meaning know."

HER LAST CARPET.

The clothes line, stretched from the
June apple tree to the mulberry tree,
and on to the great oxbear cherry
tree in Mrs. Gideon Huff's back yard,
had for several days flaunted strips
of bright green, orange yellow and
dark crimson cotton, newly dyed.

On Monday there appeared several
yards of pale blue, and on Tuesday
a strip of bright red. When Mrs. Huff
lung the last strip on the line, she
stepped back with her bare, round,
red arms akimbo, nodded her pink
sunbonneted head to and fro in an
approving manner, and said:
"Well, I've had good luck with
my 'single piece' dye. If I'd make the
aniline dye a little mite darker, it'd
mobbe looked better along with the
green an' yellor in the twisted stripes I
call 'em on having, but it'll look mighty
purty as 'tis. I must git my logwood
an' coppers ready for the rest of my
rags, an' git 'em all ready for the rag
sewin' Friday, for they've got to go to
the sewer Saturday."

Mrs. Huff's rag carpets had taken
the first premium at the county fair
every autumn for three years, and she
was laying her plans again this year
to capture the blue ribbon and the five
dollar prize. She had a way of get-
ting up "twisted stripes" and coloring
and warping the chain that no one
could imitate. Her neighbors often
said that they would rather have one
of Harriet Huff's twisted rag carpets
than a two pny ingrain. She made a
great point of having her rags cut
very fine, and sometimes lay awake at
night planning something new in the
way of "hit-and-miss filin'."

"She cuts up our duds for carpet
rags 'fore we're half 'em out," said
Mrs. Gideon Huff, a little irritably.
"When a woman gits to makin' rag
carpets a man's red flannels ain't safe
a minute unless he puts 'em in the
bank in his own name, an' my blue
overalls gin'ally go into a ball of
carpet rags 'fore I've wore 'em a dozen
times."

The carpet Mrs. Huff was now mak-
ing was to eclipse all of her former
efforts. She had actually dreamed of
something new in twisted stripes, and
had risen in the middle of the night
to make fast and safe the dream-sent
idea by winding the colors in the right
order around a strip of pasteboard.
Then she went back to bed, saying to
herself:

"Now, if I could only dream of
something new in filin'!"
But such a dream did not come,
although she was a great dreamer, and
stoutly maintained that she often
"dreamed out things," and that her
dreams came true. Being thus a firm
believer in dreams, she occasionally
even invited dreams by overloading
her stomach at night.

"If I eat an ordinary light supper,"
she said, "I don't dream much; but if
I eat pickles and cheese and cake, and
a lot of stuff of that kind, I dream a
night," which was no doubt true.
She "made a rag sewin'" that week
to finish up her hit-and-miss rags, but
the rags that that wonderful stripe were
all to be sewed with her own hands.
Eight or ten of her neighbors came to
the "rag sewin'." Each of them
brought her needle and thimble, and
sewed carpet rags and laughed and
gossiped in the most agreeable way all
the afternoon, and in the evening
their husbands came to supper.
Not even to these ladies did Mrs.
Huff disclose the pattern of her
"dreamed out" stripe, although she in-
formed them that they could confident-
ly expect to see such a rag carpet
as hers 'fenever before seen, when the
fair opened two weeks later.

Her household duties occupied her
time more than usual at that season
of the year, so that she could sew only
at night, and each night she sat up
until very late sewing on the green
and crimson and yellow and blue and
black and white rags for the stripe in
her carpet.

out as plain as day, and got up in his
nightgown and finished up. He was sure
if a person could dream out a fine
poem, it'd ought to be able to dream
out a common rag carpet pattern."

Thus reasoning to herself, Mrs. Huff
ate her pie and cheese and went to bed,
and, being very tired, soon dropped
asleep.

She was sleeping heavily when her
husband called her in the morning.
Her first words when she awoke were:
"Well, it didn't do any good. I
didn't dream anything about that car-
pet, although I did dream of forty
other things. I must hurry up my
work, and have Gideon take me and
the rags over to the Widow Wattle,
and see myself that she understand
just how that carpet's got to be wove."

But when, two hours later, she went
into her little sewing room to get her
rags and chain, they were not to be
found.

"Gideon," she called to her husband,
who was putting the horses to the
light wagon in the barnyard, "have
you carried them rags out to the
wagon?"

"No," called back Mr. Huff, "I ain't
seen your old rags. I'll be glad when
I have seen the last of 'em, and you've
done a settin' up o' nights a-puddin'
over 'em, and undermin' your con-
stitution and your health."

"Well, they ain't here," said Mrs.
Huff, "and I left them here last night,
all ready to be carried out. Hanner,
've you seen them rags?"

"No," replied Hannah, the hired
girl, "I ain't seen a solitary thing of
'em."
"That's queer," said Mrs. Huff, irri-
tably. "They never tuk legs and
walked off of their own accord. Sam,
I don't s'pose you've seen anything of
my rags?"

Sam, the farm hand, happened to
pass the open window at that moment.
"Your rags, Mis' Huff? What rags?"
"Why, my carpet rags."
"Didn't know you had any," re-
plied Sam, briefly, as he went uncon-
cernedly on his way.

Then began an active search for the
rags. Mr. Huff was called in, and so
singular was the disappearance of
such bulky articles that he joined in
the search with considerable interest.
"It's the queerest thing!" said Mrs.
Huff, for the fifteenth time, as she
looked into places in which the bags of
rags could not possibly be.
"My opinion," she said at last, "is that
somebody has stolen those rags. They
must have done it! They never got away
alone; any one with common sense
knows that."

No trace of a thief could be found,
but one could easily have come and
gone without the family knowing it,
as the doors and windows were seldom
fastened. In fact, some of them had
been left wide open the night before
to admit the cool air at the close of a
hot day.

After an hour of unavailing search
Mrs. Huff dropped wearily into a
chair and said, in a choking voice,
"Well, they're gone, and gone for
good, and so's my chance of getting
the prize at the fair next week. Some
body must have stole 'em. I reckon
now that Calisty Horn will get the
premium with her carpet."

"Well, well, what if she does?" said
Mr. Huff, consolingly. "You've had
it three years hand runnin', and you'd
ought to give somebody else a chance
anyhow."

"They all have just as good a chance
as I've had," replied Mrs. Huff. "And
the premium ain't nothing at all com-
pared to the loss of that carpet that I
had called sure on putting down in the
settin' room this fall."

The rags were not found in the days
that intervened before the fair, and
Mrs. Calisty Horn's carpet did get the
first premium.

"And such a looking carpet as it
was," said Mrs. Huff, somewhat spite-
fully. "The rags was half an inch
wide, and she'd got too much copper
in her coloring, and the stripe was
nothing to compare to what mine
would have been."

Her loss and defeat weighed heavily
on Mrs. Huff, and she lay awake a
long time thinking the whole matter
over after she had gone to bed, when
she came home from the fair.

Sometime after midnight Mr. Huff
awoke to find himself alone in bed,
and as he opened his eyes he fancied
he saw some one pass the door lead-
ing into the hall.

"Harriet," he cried, "is that you?"
There was no reply.
"I wonder," he said, "if that woman
has got up in the dead of night to be-
gin on another carpet. She shan't do
it! Harriet, what are you doing?
You sick?"

Still Harriet did not answer. Mr.
Huff arose, wrapped a quilt around
him, lighted a candle and started out
to investigate. As he stepped into the
hall he heard a noise as of some one
moving around in an unused attic
room above him, a room that had not
been entered for weeks, and which was
now filled with all the odds and ends
of things that will collect in a house
many people save, under the impres-
sion, usually a delusion, that they will
some time "come handy."

A GYPSY WEDDING.

The Simple Ceremony by Which a Zigeuner
Couple Are Made Man and Wife.

One day a troupe of gypsies halted
in front of the Bohemian Mill, a snug
looking mill, situated in the Viennese
suburb of Nuszdorf. An old man with
a flowing white beard got down from
one of the carts belonging to the troupe,
and inquired of the host whether a
gypsy wedding could take place there,
adding that they would pay well.

At the same time he exhibited
a paper establishing his identity as
Bultra Simi, captain of a gypsy tribe
mustered forty souls. The party
were invited to take up their quarters
in the garden attached to the prem-
ises. Presently the hostess ventured
to inquire in which church the cere-
mony would take place. "Thy gar-
den will be our church," replied one
of the band, "and our captain is our
priest."

In a short time the gypsies
got comfortably settled, and the men
with little trouble erected seven tents,
two of them being pitched a short
distance from the five others.

In these two tents the bride and
bridegroom resided prior to their wed-
ding. The five others accommodated
the remainder of the party, which
consisted, in all, of twelve men, fif-
teen women and thirteen children.

The first evening was spent in carous-
ing at the inn. The next morning the
men surrounded the bridegroom's tent
and drank his health with brandy.
The women assembled at the bride's
quarters and ate sweetmeats with her.

On a signal given by the captain the
whole party withdrew to their quarters
in the garden attached to the prem-
ises. The bride and bridegroom were
in holiday attire for the marriage cere-
mony. Capt. Simi wore a dark green
dolman thrown over his shoulders and
a red waistcoat with large silver but-
tons. He advanced slowly toward the
bridegroom, while the bride was as-
sisted by two old women. Two fiddles
and two bassoons struck up a Zigeuner
melody, sung in chorus by all present.

The bride and bridegroom were then
led before the captain. Yerra, the
bride, is a handsome girl of 17, with
eyes and hair as black as jet. She
wore a red gown with white trim-
ming and patent leather lace boots.
The bridegroom was dressed in a
well built youth of one-and-twenty,
with a pleasant face, a black mustache
and bushy hair. A yellow scarf was
handed by an old man to the captain,
who bound it lightly round the wrists
of the happy pair, saying, as he did so,
"Man and wife must be bound to-
gether."

He then took an earthenware jar
and poured the contents—a small
quantity of wine—over their heads,
reciting words to this effect: "Some-
times wine is sour; so is life. Some-
times wine is sweet; so is life. The
existence of Zigeuners is a mixture of
sour and sweet." He then took off the
yellow scarf and said: "Ye are now a
true Zigeuner couple."

"This brought the ceremony to a close.
The young people were congratulated
by their companions, and afterward
they all adjourned to the public room
of the Bohemian Mill, where feasting
and merry-making occupied the rest
of the day. The company left three days
later, the newly married couple travel-
ing in a wicker work cart, a wed-
ding present from Capt. Simi.—Vienna
Cor. London Telegraph.

Washburn's Method.

As for me, the more I feel the diffi-
culties of good writing, the more my
boldness grows. It is this preserves
me from the pedantry into which I
should otherwise fall. I have plans
for books the composition of which
would occupy the rest of my life; and
if there happen to me, some day,
cruel moments, which will nigh make
me weep with anger (so great do I
feel my weakness to be), these do I
feel myself for joy; something from the
depths within me, for which volup-
tuous is no work, overflows for me in
sudden leaps. I feel transported, al-
most inebriated, with my own thoughts,
as if there came to me, at some un-
dertake within a puff of warm perfumes.

I shall never go very far and know
how much I lack; but the task I un-
dertake will surely be executed by an-
other. I shall have put on the road
some one better endowed, better born
for the purpose, than myself. The
determination to give to prose the
rhythm of verse, leaving it still verifi-
able prose; to write the story of common
life as history or the epic gets written
(that is to say, without detriment to
the natural truth of the subject), is
perhaps impossible. I ask myself the
question sometimes. Yet it is perhaps
a considerable, an original thing to
have tried. I shall have had my per-
manent value for my obstinacy. And
who knows? One day I may find a
good motif, an air entirely within the
compass of my voice; and at any rate
I shall have passed my life nobly, if
not with delight. Yet still it
is saddening to think how many great
men arrive easily at the desired effect
by means beyond the limit of con-
scious art. What could be worse built
than many things in Rabelais, Cervantes,
Moliere, Hugo? But then, what
sudden thrusts of power! What
power in a single word!—Cor. Gus-
tave Flaubert.

Those who are spending their powers
in providing entertainment for the
young imagination, whether through
an irresistible inclination to write, or
through use of the money thus
brought in, have a tremendous respon-
sibility, which many of them do not
seem in any way to recognize. If it
is in the first case that they are
prompted to write, they should be very
sure that they have something to say
worth saying, and in no wise detri-
mental to the young spirit in its for-
mative process; and in the latter they
should be doubly watchful of their
tendency to the temptation of profit,
their own need coming in as powerful
allies of possible evil, or blinding them
to the presence of such evil.

Not only should that which they
provide for the young be free from
vulgar, or the suggestions of it, or
from anything that might, peradven-
ture, develop into wrong, but it should
be aggressively in the other direction,
not only innocent but useful, sound
and strong and true and healthy. By
demanding the true we do not mean
to exclude fancy and imagination, but
that even with their employment the
tone should ring true, and that all
false sentiment should be frowned at
as much as false fact, by which is in-
tended a statement of fact not true to
nature. While the marketman and
the provision dealer are feeding the
body, the writer is doing much toward
feeding the soul; and a good deal of
the worthlessness of an impoverished
spiritual nature, an imbecile, poorly
stimulated, poorly equipped intellect,
may be laid at the door of whom-
ever it is who furnishes intellectual
babulium of poor quality.—Harper's
Bazar.

Medieval Belief in Miracles.
It is not easy for a modern Protes-
tant, still less for any one who has the
least tincture of scientific culture,
whether physical or historical, to pic-
ture to himself the state of mind of a
man of the Ninth century, however
cultivated, enlightened and sincere he
may have been. His deepest convic-
tions, his most cherished hopes, were
bound up in the belief of the miracu-
lous. Life was a constant battle
between saints and demons for the
possession of the souls of men. The
superstitious among our modern coun-
trymen turn to supernatural agencies
only when natural causes seem in-
sufficient; to Eginhard and his friends
the supernatural was the rule, and the
sufficiency of natural causes was al-
lowed only when there was nothing to
suggest others.

Moreover, it must be recollected
that the possession of miracle work-
ing relics was greatly coveted, not
only on high but on very low grounds.
To a man like Eginhard, the mere
satisfaction of a religious sentiment
was obviously a powerful attraction.
But, more than this, the possession of
such a treasure was an immense prac-
tical advantage. If the relics were
daily flattered and worshipped, there
was no telling what benefits might re-
sult from their interposition in your
behalf. For physical evils, access to
the shrine was like the grant of the
use of a universal pill and ointment
manufactory; and pilgrimages there-
to might suffice to cure the most
perplexing of any amount of ailments.—
Prof. T. H. Huxley in Popular
Science Monthly.

Unlucky to Kill a Robin.
There is a widely spread belief
among schoolboys in many parts of
the country that it is unlucky to kill
a robin, and it is generally supposed
that a broken limb would be the prob-
able punishment for so doing. Even
the nest of this bird is comparatively
safe, though why it should be thus fa-
vored is not quite clear, unless, as has
been suggested by some writers, it
owes its popularity to the story of the
"Babes in the Wood," which ballad
perhaps may also have given rise to
the popular notion that the robin will
cover with leaves or moss any dead
person whom it may chance to find.
There certainly, however, seems to be
no substantial reason why he should
be more favored than the other mem-
bers of the feathered tribe, for, after
all, he is a very pugnacious and im-
pudent little fellow; but perhaps there
are the qualities which have brought
him into notice and made him popu-
lar.—Chambers' Journal.

Fond Mamma—What are you draw-
ing on your slate, pet?
Little Nell—I was tryin' to draw my
dolly; but I des' I'll talk if a clothes
pin.—New York Weekly.

Effects of Tobacco on Boys.
An experimental observation of
thirty-eight boys of all classes of so-
ciety and of average health, who have
been using tobacco for periods rang-
ing from two months to two years,
has recently been recorded by Dr. W. H.
Cannon. Twenty-seven showed injury to
the constitution and insufficient growth;
thirty-two showed the existence of ir-
regularities in the heart's action, dis-
ordered stomach, cough and a craving
for alcohol; thirteen had intermittent
fevers, the gas itself furnishing the
pressure, in order that they shall be-
come charged with a great quantity of
the gas, which, being liberated as the
pressure is removed by drawing the
cork, gives rise to the well known
effervescence. In absorbing or dis-
charging the gas, however, there is no
change in the volume of the liquid.—
New York Telegraph.

Dr. Wellington.
At the installation of the Marquis
Camden as chancellor of Cambridge,
the duke received the honorary de-
gree of D. C. L. Immediately after-
ward, at a garden party at Sidney
Gretton, who approached the duke just
after the duke, heard his grace give
his name to the porter as "Dr. Wel-
lington."—N. Y. Herald.

LAUGHING AND CRYING.

How These Outward Signs of Joy and
Sorrow Affect Human Nature.

"I suppose the most prominent
cause of laughter," says Dr. William
A. Hammond, "is a sudden revolu-
tion of the emotions—that is, a
change from one emotion to another,
especially when the changes are of a
pleasant character. Thus, for instance,
when we have been reading some-
thing rather calculated to excite grief
and we come to something of a ridicu-
lous character our tendency is to
laugh, while if we read the ridiculous
all through we probably would not
laugh at all. Then we laugh at at-
tempted wit rather than at true wit.
True wit excites pleasure, but does not
produce laughter, as does buffoonery.
We laugh at the antics of a clown, but
not at the sayings of Moliere."

"What is the immediate cause of
laughter?" "It is the reflex action
excited by the causes I have men-
tioned through the brain and nervous
system upon the respiratory muscles,
throwing them into spasmodic action.
Laughter is a spasm of the respiratory
muscles, accompanied by a relaxation
of the muscles of the face and some-
times by the shedding of tears."
"At what age do people laugh the
most?"

"I think it is not often the case that
adult men laugh. They smile, but
laughing is in greater part confined
to women and children. A mere child
laughs readily, and an elderly person
who has long passed the middle of
life is very apt to laugh at slight
causes. This, however, is dangerous
for them to do, as they may bring on
apoplexy or drop dead from some
heart disease if they indulge too im-
moderately. I have known several
instances of death being brought on in
this way by old people. These persons
of enfeebled faculties will laugh at
certain things which would not ex-
cite risibility with an adult of well
ordered mind. A very curious circum-
stance connected with laughter is that,
especially with children, and some-
times with women and frequently
with old people, the visible expression
of the emotion does not correspond
with the heart's feeling. They laugh
when surprised. I had a patient once
who laughed whenever he saw a
funeral. He meant to cry rather than
to laugh. There was another who
laughed immoderately whenever he
read the obituary columns of a news-
paper. He said he did so because he
felt so sorry. He would laugh for
five to ten minutes before he could
control himself."

"Do not ignorant people laugh more
than the educated?"
"Yes; that is because they have not
been so accustomed to control their
emotions as are people of refined life.
But the reasons for laughter are most
intricate. I have a patient who laughs
over a comic book, but he is a weak-
ling. He laughs over it in a most ex-
citable manner, and what he laughs
at I cannot imagine."

"What are the facts in regard to
weeping?"
"Weeping, the shedding of tears, is
rarely indulged in by adult men of
good minds for causes of real sorrow,
but persons of weak and childish
weeps; men of well ordered minds do
not. Man does not weep as a rule
under pain; he may groan, but he
does not shed tears, though children
and women will do so often on slight
occasions."

"What produces weeping?"
"Generally physical pain. Adults
do not usually express sympathy for
real suffering with tears. It is a very
curious thing that men will witness
the real suffering of a poor woman,
having her leg amputated in a per-
fectly stoical manner. They go to the
theatre, and seeing a girl taking the
part of one in distress, shed tears dur-
ing half of the play. I have seen
many distressing scenes un-
moved so far as weeping is concerned,
but upon watching actual suffering I
have had tears come into my eyes. A
remarkable example of this principle
is that of Nana Sahib, the Indian
leader. He could never read a pitiful
story without crying over it, yet he
indicated the most heroic qualities as
the men and women who fell into his
hands, and seemed to enjoy their mis-
ery."

"At what age do people weep most
readily?"
"The proclivity to shed tears is very
well marked in old people, especially
when they are suffering from some
brain disease, and when tears do
come it is a great relief for them."
"What effect do these emotions
have on people?"

"I think that laughter is better for
maintaining than weeping. I think
those amusements which tend to pro-
duce laughter lend other things being
equal, to prolong life, while those cir-
cumstances that tend to produce weep-
ing and emotional distress tend to
shorten life."
"What harm might excessive laugh-
ter cause?"
"It might cause death."
"What would be the effect of ex-
cessive weeping?"

"People are more apt to die from
that than from laughter. Laughter
kills only as it interferes with the
action of the heart, or as it would re-
strict the arteries of respiration so
greatly that they press upon the large
muscles of the neck and cause apoplexy,
whereas weeping produces
brain disease, and when tears begin
to flow the brain is so weak that it is
—Washington Post.