

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889.

NO. 40.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAS. E. BOYD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Greensboro, N. C.
Will be at Graham on Monday of each week to attend to professional business. (Sep. 16)

J. D. KERNODLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
GRAHAM, 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. Dec 8 if

JACOB A. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
GRAHAM, N. C.
May 17, '88.

THEY'VE CUT THE WOOD AWAY.

They've cut the wood away,
The tree that stood
Wherein I used to play
In happy mood.

The woodman's ax has chafed
Each noble tree,
And now, alas! is left
No shade for me.

The brooks that flow in May
No longer run
The first hot summer day,
And flow no more.

The fields are brown and bare,
And parched with heat;
No more doth hallow there
The place so dear.

No more his note is heard
No more his rattle
Where erst the woodland bird
Wokelest and sang;

No more the wood flowers bloom
Where once they bloomed,
And the emerald gloom
Of ferns entombed.

Fled, now, the woodland slight,
The scented air!
Fled, all the sweet delights
That once were there!

And fled the gracious mood
That came to me,
When to that quiet wood
I used to flee. —Boston Journal.

HE CONQUERED HER.

"Ten to one you'll fall in love with her," said Fred Ederly, energetically.

"I won't take the wager. I don't want to rob you, Ederly."

"You think you are proof against assault and battery from West Point belles for five years and upwards," Ederly answered, laughing, as he glanced at the handsome bronzed face of his friend, as they drove over the high road leading from Carmen station to Hurlton Top, where the two men were expected to join Mrs. Hurlton's gay party. "But you have not seen Miss Viner yet; when you do prepare to surrender unconditionally."

"You seem to forget that I am not an impressionable school boy," Lieut. Fleetwell answered, with a scornful smile curling his lip under his heavy mustache. "I have seen hundreds of women handsomer and more charming than Miss Viner, I dare say, and I have escaped heart-whole, fortunately," he added with a sarcastic curl of the lip, which escaped his friend's notice.

"Fortunately! and why fortunately? Surely when a man is good looking, wealthy and in the army he ought to marry and give hostages to fortune."

"Perhaps he ought, if he can," said Lieut. Fleetwell, calmly.

"If he can! That can't apply to you, Fleetwell. There is hardly a woman in five hundred who would refuse you."

"Is there not? Why?"

"Because you are rich and handsome, in the army, and—admissible."

"Excellent reasons for a woman to marry me," said Lieut. Fleetwell, a trifle bitterly, "and equally excellent to keep me from matrimony," he added, as they turned in at the park gates and drove up the avenue to the old Hurlton mansion. It was a fine day, toward the latter part of September, bright and cheerful and sunshiny, and the grand, stately old brown stone building was looking its best in the haze of golden sunlight.

It was upward of five years since Lieut. Fleetwell had seen his cousin's stately old mansion, and his handsome dark eyes brightened as they dwelt upon it, and brightened yet more when they fell upon a lady in a picturesque gown who came out on the wide stone steps with her eager hands outstretched and her dark eyes aglow with pleasure.

"My dear Jerome, how glad I am," she said, as Lieut. Fleetwell took the little hands in his, and bending, kissed them with a graceful, Old World courtesy which was pleasant to see. "Frank is fishing, of course, but he will be back early. What an age it is since we met."

"It is a long time indeed," Jerome answered in his low, rich voice, "but looking at you, Florence, I am inclined to think it is five months, and not five years, that have elapsed since I went to West Point."

"Wait till you see my boys," she said, laughing, as she turned to greet the young collegian with pleasant, cordial courtesy—and the two gentlemen followed her into the hall, a stately apartment in keeping with the exterior of the mansion. "Most of my lady guests have driven over to Bamy's Head," Mrs. Hurlton said, as she led the way across the marble pavement towards one of the many doors which opened into the hall.

"Miss Viner and I are alone," Mr. Ederly, I have good news for you; Miss Dusan is coming to-morrow."

As she spoke she pushed open a door leading into a pretty, dainty, rather stately looking room, where tea was waiting, and which at first seemed to be unoccupied, but as the door opened a lady who was standing by the open window turned slowly round, and came toward them, holding out her hand to Mr. Ederly, with a smile, which did not blind him to the sudden gleam of intense eager admiration which flashed into Lieut. Fleetwell's eyes as they rested upon her face.

She was very beautiful—there could hardly be two opinions upon that point. She was small, though queen-like; and her dress of some soft cream colored material, which fell around her in soft folds, showed the beauty of a figure which was nothing less than perfect.

"Lieut. Fleetwell—Miss Viner," said Mrs. Hurlton, quietly, and Miss Viner bowed slightly, with the faintest tinge of pink rose in her fair face as she met Lieut. Fleetwell's eager, dark, admiring eyes.

Hurlton Top was one of the very pleasant houses in the country to stay at, for the hostess exercised the greatest discretion and judgment in the choice of her guests, and spared no pains to make their visit an agreeable one. Mrs. Hurlton was, like

many another happy wife, a match-maker at heart.

It very soon became apparent to some of her lady visitors that their pretty hostess had designs against the peace of mind of her husband's cousin—and Fred Ederly smiled to himself as he saw how hopelessly and irretrievably in love his friend had fallen with Miss Viner before many days had elapsed.

September drifted into October. On a smooth lake some little distance from the house an idle boat with little oars was floating down with the current. The moonlight played at will on the placid breast of the lake.

Such the picture had once been a mere spectator to the mimic scene—but to the two actors surroundings were lost sight of—they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the silver moon when they glanced upward, they soon could across the lake and through the trees the twinkling lights of Hurlton Top and hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the group on the bank from which they had just escaped. Arch smiles had passed between its members as they saw Dorothy Viner and Jerome Fleetwell stroll off arm in arm to where the little boat was moored.

The women had almost ceased to be jealous of Dorothy, or to ask where lay her charm. When she exercised her fascinations men bowed before her—first from necessity, then from choice.

But, though her victims were countless, she was 24 and Dorothy Viner still. However, this time she had encountered (her little sister said) a foe-man worthy of her steel. What she was among men, Jerome Fleetwell was among women. Therefore, seeing these two brought under the same roof, and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor was rife, and speculation awaited results with bated breath. Meanwhile the little boat floated calmly on the surface of the lake.

"Miss Viner—Dorothy!"

It was the first word that either had uttered in full ten minutes. She looked quickly up at the speaker. The white knit scarf thrown carelessly upon her dark hair, out from which peered the beautiful pale face, lent her some of the moon's mystic charm; but meeting the earnest gaze of the dark, magnetic eyes bent upon her, hers fell for an instant. Then, as though ashamed of the momentary weakness, again shot a questioning look into Lieut. Fleetwell's face.

"Miss Viner," he repeated, calmly, "did you know we were in danger?"

"In danger?"

"The dreamy look faded from her face, the color deserted her cheeks and, shivering heavily, she glanced up at the blue vault where sailed so majestically the Goddess of Night—down into the dark depth of the waters, only to see the silvery moon's brilliance reflected there, around, about her. All was peaceful.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "not from any of these. The moon, the wind, the water—all are our friends to-night. We are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fall to make apparent the instant rushing of blood to her cheek! She felt it glow like a warm crimson rose, even while she raised her little head almost defiantly as though to meet a challenge at his audacity. Men had loved love to her in many forms, but always as suppliants. This man dared to suppose her in equal danger with himself!

"You deal in riddles, Lieut. Fleetwell," she returned, coldly. "I am accustomed to plain speech."

"Rather say that plain speech is to you an unknown tongue, and that I am the first man who has dared to speak frankly. Would you have me speak plainly still? You shall have your wish. A week longer under the same roof with you, a week more of exposure to your fascinations and my slip would go to wreck and ruin on the bar; unless"—he leaned nearer, and his voice grew softer, more full of tender feeling, and his hand fell on hers very lightly, but with caressing grace—"unless, Dorothy, you would let it float your pennon and guide it into the safe harbor of your love."

She had been wooed many times, and in many climes, by many men, but nothing had ever moved her as this wooing on this moonlight night in October. Yet this soldier—this man—dared to tell her that in another week this all might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence to put an end to the existence she had rendered miserable, or had vowed that henceforth woman's smile would be galled and wornwood, or pledged that she had shorn their manhood of its strength and rendered their life a burden.

This one did none of these things. While his strength yet was his he saw and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself bitterly, "and the flame might singe him. Now his wings are all uncorrupted. He does not say 'I love you'! 'In time I might love you'! Was he then to win easy a victory? Never!"

"Let us go home," she interrupted in a constrained voice. "It is growing chilly."

"Dorothy, is this my answer?"

"Your answer," with an assumption of surprise. "I was not aware of any question."

"You shall not have even this excuse. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was hoarse and stern, and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Lieut. Fleetwell," she complained petulantly, making an effort to withdraw her fingers.

"Instantly he released her.

"I see that I hurt you," he returned courteously, and took up the card. "Pardon me," he continued. "I will not do it ever again."

A few bold strokes and the boat's keel grated on the shore. Ten minutes later and the two reappeared as Mrs. Hurlton's beautifully appointed salon. On the parterre beyond shone the red light from a man's cigar. It was still there, still gleaming when she had gone up to her own room. She crossed to the window to

pull down the shade, but stood a minute, fascinated, motionless.

"After to-night he will forget me," she murmured, sadly. "And I—I shall remember him—forever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had burst upon her, she threw down the shade, to throw herself, with a quick, impetuous motion, prone upon her couch, and weep the first heart tears she had ever shed.

"It is all over—Miss Viner has refused him." This was the general verdict, when, twenty-four hours later, Jerome Fleetwell bid his friends adieu, and withdrew to town on plea of sudden business.

The news soon reached Dorothy.

"I have not refused him," she said aloud; "not even that satisfaction is mine," she said to herself—"nor ever will be! It was only the might have been."

He was not a man, she knew full well, to plunge desperately into flirtation, or associate his name at once with another woman's, or to retire later or rise earlier or in any way disturb the even tenor of his way. The difference between them was only this—his heart was healing, perhaps already healed, but he would bear his scar to the grave; hers was a festering sore, which hurt the more she had let the physician who might work his cure pass her by.

The summer wanes to a close. Autumn had touched the mountain and hillside into a glorious beauty of brown and red. Then came winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully bearing the exquisite shroud of snow to cover up all signs of devastation and decay.

The season in the gay world was at its height. Occasionally murmurs among the debutantes for its honors arose at the fact that, though Miss Viner's fifth winter, her former success paled in its most effulgent light. She and Lieut. Fleetwell constantly met. She almost wished he might avoid her, but at their first chance encounter he had approached with outstretched hand.

"How charming you are looking, Miss Viner," he had said. And all in vain she had watched for a tremor in his tone, or a shadow of embarrassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and shipwreck," she thought, bitterly. "Oh, he has sailed so far from the fatal coast that doubtless he would now laugh at its supposed danger—and I—I was weak enough to think he stood upon the precipice's brink!"

The new year had come, and one evening Dorothy stood alone in her father's drawing room, looking out at the fast gathering darkness, when through its somber shade she saw a figure pass and mount the steps.

"A Leigh Viner," she murmured, she waited the inevitable announcement she knew must follow. But spite of her every effort, she started when the servant, throwing open the door, called out "Lieut. Fleetwell!" Oh, how glad she was that the rooms were not yet lighted as she went forward to receive him!

"May I welcome you in darkness?" "May I will," he answered. "I have but a few moments to stay. I am come to bid you good-by and to ask you to bid me bon voyage."

"Bon voyage. You are going abroad?"

"Yes. I sail on Thursday. I hesitated about calling, but my desire to see you led me to believe you would pardon my audacity in supposing my few moments' stay would be worth the while to you."

"My friends are always welcome. I did not suppose it necessary you should hear that repeated now."

"Nor is it. It was only a morbid fancy on my part which induces me to question it. I shall come back, I trust, with my mind clearer. At least I shall be some years older. When I return I presume I shall look for Miss Dorothy Viner in vain, until I find her in some matron, equally charming. I cannot imagine her quite still and portly."

So he could speak thus lightly of her becoming the wife of another man! And he was going away; she might never again hear his voice nor see his face. It was too cruel! He and fate were too strong for her. The tears gathered in her black eyes, but the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak. Then he rose to go.

"Good-by, Miss Viner!"—he took her hand in both his—"Good-by! God bless you!"

"If you fancy that just at the last his voice trembled!"

He crossed the room; he had gained the door. Another instant he would be gone; another instant it might be too late.

"Jerome!" she said softly.

Two strides, it seemed, brought him back to her side.

"You called me, for what? To make my good-byes more formal?"

"Oh, is it hard! In-mercy tell me, for my own heart's breaking!"

"Your heart is breaking? Dorothy, Dorothy! what does this mean? But the sound of her sobs was his only answer.

"Dorothy," he continued, "can it be that I have guided you wrongly? Look up, my darling! Is it your wish that I should stay?"

Then she found her voice. "I thought you did not love me enough," she murmured. "But stay, or if you must go take me with you."

"I will," he answered her simply as he folded her in his arms.

A month later a great steamer moved slowly out to sea, and as they stood on the deck, hand clasped in hand, with the salt breeze blowing keenly in their faces, it bore them away into the placid beauty of the coming night, toward the Old World and the new life.—Walter I. Blakey in New York Graphic.

ANIMAL LOVERS OF MUSIC.

Elephants, Camels and Horses Charmed by Melodious Sounds.

Man is not alone in his appreciation of the charms of music. Animals which come under his influence often show their liking for it, though among them, as among folk of creation, there are evidently some to whom the sweetest strains give no pleasurable sensations. A visit to a circus is almost sure to show that the noblest of all the inferior animals is not insensible to the power of music, and is able to discriminate between its various notes. Horses there may be seen trotting and galloping, advancing and retiring in accordance with the strains of the orchestra, and even dancing tunces. It is no uncommon thing to come across a horse which will strike up a kettle drum with its fore feet, keeping in perfect time with the music that is being played. Mr. Stephen, in his "Book of the Farm," says:

"There was a work horse of my own which, even at its old age, would desist eating and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue so to listen as long as it was sustained, and another was similarly affected by a particularly high note. The recognition of the sound of a bugle by a trooper and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack gives tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds. They never mistake one sound for another."

In the latter part of the Seventeenth century Lord Holland, who was noted for his eccentricities, used to give his horse a weekly concert from a covered gallery erected in their stable for that purpose. He contended that listening to good lively music had the doubly beneficial effects of improving their coats and tempers; and his view of the matter is borne out by a witness of one of these strange concerts, who records that the animals "seemed to be greatly delighted thereat."

Numerous experiments have shown it to be a fact that elephants are great lovers of music. It seems to have been pretty well established that simple melodies afford these intelligent beasts far more gratification than elaborate harmonies. Naturalists, from Buffon downward, have noted the elephant's partiality for melodic sounds, and the matter was thoroughly tested once at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. Several prominent musicians interested themselves in the experiment and tried their fortunes in exciting the interest of the huge pachyderma. Kreutzer succeeded in apparently gaining their warm approbation for some simple tunes which he played upon the violin, but when he went on to give his audience variations they were at no pains to conceal the lack of interest that they felt in the performance. An elaborate piece of music, in which several instruments took part, was just as badly received; but when Duvernoy began to play upon the horn it was evident that their sensibilities were thoroughly aroused, and they made efforts to get near the performer as possible, showing their enjoyment of his skill in most unmistakable fashion.

More than one traveler in the east has noted among his impressions of that part of the world the surprise he felt on witnessing the cheering effect which music has upon camels. During long and tedious marches the conductors of caravans often comfort these patient creatures by playing to them, and the sound of music has such a good influence upon them that, however weary they may be of their heavy loads, they step out with renewed vigor, seeming literally refreshed by the melody. It has been noticed that while lions appear to enjoy the high notes of a piano-forte, they are greatly disturbed by the low ones. A lion will lie gently waving its tail to and fro as long as the performer keeps his hands among the treble notes, giving every indication of pleasure at the sounds emitted from the instrument, but directly a bass chord is sounded its attitude changes completely. It springs up from the repose which it has maintained during the playing of the higher notes, lashes its tail furiously and, dashing about its cage, gives utterance to the deepest yells. It is supposed that the low notes sound to this animal like the roar of some rival with whom it wishes to fight.

The Arabs have a poetic saying that the song of the shepherd feeds the sheep more than the richest pasture of the plains, and no doubt the proverb has a foundation in fact. In the east shepherds may often be observed singing and piping to the flocks under their charge with a view to making them contented and docile. The Rev. J. G. Wood, whose death has left so wide a gap in the ranks of observers of the animal world, tells of a lamb which delighted in music and showed a great deal of discrimination regarding it. Cheery tunes, such as those to which quadrilles and polkas are danced, were this little animal's favorites. Anything of a solemn or mournful tendency is plainly disliked. We are told that "it had the deepest devotion for the national anthem, and would set up such a continuous bass as soon as its ears were struck with the unmelodious sound that the musician was fain to close the performance, being silenced by mirth if not pity."—London Illustrated News.

THE EXHIBITS OF MACHINERY AND OF THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS IN SOME RESPECTS THE MOST INTERESTING AND SUGGESTIVE TO AMERICANS OF ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The exhibits of machinery and of the industrial arts in some respects the most interesting and suggestive to Americans of all the departments of the Paris exhibition. The correspondent of The Scientific American commends the excellence of the workmanship of the French and Belgian machinists, while he thinks that in point of design, and especially in light machinery, the Americans are superior to them. Though the exhibitors are very willing to have their machinery examined, and patiently and courteously explain their methods of working, some of them, not wholly unaccountably, show great annoyance if any sketch is made of their machines.

A few days ago I was just beginning to make a sketch of an odd piece of designing, when the machinist, putting the engine together, caught sight of my pencil and note book, and the celebrity with which he got up and came over to me put me on my guard, so that I just prevented him from snatching my book out of my hands.

"It is strictly forbidden (C'est absolument defendu) to make sketches," said he, "and I won't have it."

This, however, was not true, there being no official prohibition of making drawings for scientific journals.

Putting my sketch book away, I bared my cuff, and made a pretense to sketch on it. He was completely non-plussed, and began to look about for an officer. Then I turned to him and asked: "Is it also absolutely prohibited to carry away the design in your head?"

Whereupon I turned my back to the engine, took out my note book, tore out the embryo sketch and handed it to him. He tore it into shreds with great satisfaction, while I, with my back still to the engine, made a side elevation, and a plan of the connecting rod and, for that was all it was, and showed it to him.

He looked at it, called his assistant to see it, shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and said, "Mais qu'est-ce que on peut faire avec un volur comme ca?" (But what can be done with such a thief?)

The most laughable part of the whole business is that these men, or many of them, seem to think that Americans want to copy their designs, whereas in a great many cases the things sketched are absurdities from an American point of view.—Youth's Companion.

JOSH BILLINGS' AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A Brief Account Written in a Book Store.

That quaint humorist, Josh Billings, penned the following letter in Carlton's book store in this city more than a score of years ago, and forwarded it to his literary friend, Mr. Bowen, of Fort Plain.

"DEAR CHARLES: If you can get me a few kalls to lecture out your way it will be clever in you. Sorry that I have no pictorial biography of my face to send you; the fact is that I am so cussed humbly that I can't be took. I have sent to England for one of the Book Billings. Those publishers are worse than resurrectionists—they steal a man while living. I ought to have had at least \$500 from the London publishers, but never had a cent. My letter on milk has been skinned for Lyceum talks. There ain't anything in it that makes anybody faint away, and I believe there is some nervous truth in it.

"As regards the catastrophe in my biography thus far, I can only state that I was born in Massachusetts, between two mountains, in the year 1820. At the age of 15, the first business I attacked was the wool business—driving sheep. I had never been away before, and everybody seemed to know more than I did. I saved myself, but lost the flock of sheep pretty thoroughly. At 16, I brought up on the west bank of the Mississippi, even in them days quite a stream. The past thirty years have been divided, multiplied and subtracted in and among the various schemes of a vagrant temperament supplanted in a strong natural constitution, such as husbandry in the wilderness, where there was more wild life to hunt than out to cut; merchandizing at the forks of a mud turpentine with a stock of brogan boots, Lowell calico, and whisky by the quart; running a high pressure steamboat on the Ohio river—a lively life, where man can see human nature with the bark on, and learn how to sweat with great precision. Also speculated in West India stores and potash, the two first crops of a new country; an auctioneer, and for eight years a land hunter on Indian trails, and made tough by riding a hog skin saddle and eating acorn fork pork and corn dogs.

"My life has been a success thus far for I am still alive, but occasionally, the eccentric wanderer from one vocation to another but little better than a common trapper and honey and venison hunter! I have had much comfort out of all this, and would not take the best farm in the state of New York for the rights I have seen. My literary raid has been short but sweet. I have had a much fun out of it as any man ever lived, and when I reflect that it is but little more than five years since I first put comic on paper, I can certainly feel that if I have not made much coin, I have the quiet satisfaction of knowing that I have never written a line in naïfice against the truth or virtue of the world. I might have gained more wisdom by seeking a cloister, but would have missed the lark's wild song in the morning and the sober hoop of the midnight owl in the wilderness. I was never sick all day in my life; never saw a man in a tight spot; but what I was willing to loosen the screws, have lived among the high and the low, and never put in my pocket a knife or a pistol, because this if it looks like a man, I only mean to brag on the joy the world has furnished me. Yours tenderly,

"JOSH BILLINGS."
"New York, Jan. 20, 1867."
—New York Sun.



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