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A DESPERATE GAME, OR MURDER WILL OUT.

BY H. H. D.

During an experience of many years as a detective, I have seldom met with an exception to the often repeated adage, that sooner or later murder will out. Still, it not infrequently happens that such precautions have been taken to conceal the crime that human ingenuity would be powerless to trace it; were it not revealed by some chance incident that seemed almost like the hand of Providence outstretched to bring it to light.

Such a case is the one I am about to relate. One morning, shortly after the close of the day, information was brought to the police station of a murder committed in one of the most aristocratic parts of the city. The victim was a widow lady named Arnold, of large wealth, and widely known as a generous donor to all benevolent purposes.

One could be found to the assassin, and the whole affair was a most mysterious one. The door of her room had evidently been opened by means of duplicate keys, the murderer re-locking it again when he had committed the crime. The odor of chloroform in the room showed it had been the assassin's intention to take that painless means of accomplishing his end; but, the victim resisting the influence of the drug, and struggling for her life, a heavy blow had been dealt her on the forehead, crushing in the skull and causing instant death.

That the deed had been done by some one familiar with the house was evident, and suspicion naturally fell upon the inmates. The latest investigations, however, only served to establish beyond a doubt that they were innocent. Whoever had been the assassin, must evidently have also had duplicate keys to the street door as well as to the murdered woman's sleeping apartment.

What could have been the motive of the crime? That it could not have been robbery seemed certain, as many articles of valuable jewelry lay untouched upon the dressing table. Further search, however, showed that one article was missing. This was a brooch set with diamonds, and containing the portrait of her only son.

The intrinsic value of the brooch was probably several hundred dollars; but it had been especially prized by the murdered lady, as it was the portrait, which was the only one she possessed of her son since he had been a boy.

Why, then, had this been taken, and the rest of the jewelry left untouched? It might have been that the assassin had not intended to kill her, and becoming frightened when he found he had done so, lost his nerve, and hastened to escape, only seizing the thing nearest to his hand. This might account for it, but it was not probable. Had he really been in such a state of agitation, he would never have waited so carefully to lock the doors, behind him as he made his escape. The more the affair was looked into, the more mysterious it became.

In the murdered woman's desk was found a small leather case, containing a key which amounted to \$25,000 million, to her son. Letters from her son to her were also found, which showed that a meeting had taken place between them on account of a young lady, about five years before, since which time he had been absent from home, and had not been seen since. The last letter, however, which was dated from a border town in Texas, contained a promise, evidently in answer to an urgent appeal, to return home in a month or two.

A telegram was sent once more to him, informing him of the tragedy. No answer was returned, however, and the police authorities being communicated with, it was found he had started for the East about two weeks previously, having expressed his intention, before his departure, of making the journey leisurely, and stopping over for a day or two at several towns on the route.

The next day, however, a telegram was received from the young man himself. It was dated Chicago, and said he had heard of the tragedy, and would leave at once. Two days later he arrived.

ed.

He was a not unhandsome young fellow of about twenty-five or six. He bore not the slightest resemblance to his dead mother, as far as a feature or expression went; but although there was no one who had known him before his departure for the West to recognize him personally, he gave sufficient circumstantial proof that he really was her son, and took possession of the property, as a matter of course.

His mother's tragic death seemed to have made a great impression upon him, and filled his mind with remorse for his unfeeling conduct towards her. As the only attorney now in his power, he determined her murderer should not escape, and, besides employing the most expert detectives in the force, he offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the assassin's capture.

The large reward stimulated the police to their utmost exertions, but in vain passed, and not the slightest clue could be found towards the solution of the "dark mystery." At length, however, a Jew called upon the young man and claimed the reward.

The young man was so elated at the prospect of the money, and being brought to justice, that he grasped the informant's hand and promised an additional five hundred dollars if the news proved true. He declined hearing any particulars, however, except in the presence of the captain of the police and the detectives who had the working up of the case.

Accordingly, at once accompanying him to the station, the Jew, after being assured that the reward was his, if the information led to the murderer's arrest, took a small morocco case from his pocket and opening it showed the dead woman's brooch with the diamonds still in their settings, but with the portrait of the young man taken out and a woman's face substituted in place of it.

The young man at once identified the brooch as being his mother's, and the Jew proceeded to relate how it came into his possession.

He was, he said, a painter, and a few days before a young man, of dissipated appearance, had called at his office with the brooch as a pledge for the loan of fifty dollars. Recognizing the brooch at once from the description given him by the detectives who had looked over his books, he loaned the money, but when the young man left the office put on his hat and followed him until he traced him home. Missing inquiries he had also learned that the man was a decorative painter but of very dissipated habits, and had been on a protracted spree for more than a month past.

Learning the number of the house was 48 Blank street, the captain sent two detectives to arrest the painter, and it was not long before they brought him in.

He was so intoxicated as to be unable to answer any questions, and he was placed in a cell to get sober and undergo an examination the following morning.

When the morning came, and he was told the reason of his arrest, he affected the utmost surprise and earnestly protested his innocence. Where he had been on the night of the murder he was unable to say, as he had been drunk for two or three days; but he accounted for the possession of the brooch by saying it had been given him by a woman of the town he had met a night or so previously, and who had fallen in love with him.

This was but a lame story at best, and made more so by the fact that he was quite unable to tell the whereabouts of the woman who had given it to him, while his description of her appearance was very confused and vague.

Moreover, upon searching his room two keys, lying both the street door and the door of the murdered woman's bedroom were found, as well as a murderous looking life preserver, still stained with blood, and with which the surgeons testified the death blow had been struck.

In the face of such proof as this no one could for a moment believe his professions of innocence, and he was committed to jail to await his trial.

When it came off, which was about two weeks, he had no further evidence to offer in his defense, although he still continued to assert his innocence. No one believed it, however, and his guilt was looked upon as a forgone conclusion.

As the jury retired, more as a matter of form than anything else, I chanced to look to where young Arnold was sitting, and was struck by the expression of his face. Axious to learn the fate of the murderer of his mother, any one in his place would naturally have been, but the look of his face, pallid to the very lips, was not the look of one who desired retribution for a crime. It was the look of a

gambler, sternly striving to repress all traces of agitation, but who has set life and fortune on the throw at a die or the turn of a card.

Returning in a few moments, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge rose to pronounce the sentence. Again glancing at Arnold I saw a look of triumph on his face. The card had won.

With no definite theory formed in my mind but with my suspicions aroused, I determined to watch the young man. There was evidently some cause for this strange emotion.

As he passed out of the court room, a man of rather shabby appearance came up to him and held out his hand.

"Well, Frank, old man, he said, 'you had better expect to see me, did you?' " "Young Arnold started at this, and an expression of angry surprise.

"You have made a mistake, my friend," he said, "I do not know you."

"I looked the other in the face," he said, "and brushed him as he spoke. As he did so, however, I overheard him say 'The Evening Star.' At eight o'clock, the Evening Star was well known to me in my professional capacity, as the vendor of every description of what could be called a million of dollars, want in a den of thieves. There to his shabby acquaintance had called him Frank; while the name by which he was known to the world was Arnold. There was a deep mystery here, and I was determined to bring it to light."

The proprietor of the Evening Star, like most of his class, was one who was false alike to his friends and his enemies. While in league with the worst class of criminals, he played into the hands of the police, when occasion required, and vice versa.

After we had waited thus concealed about half an hour, the two entered the room, and Arnold locking the door, put the key in his pocket, while his companion seated himself at the table.

"What the devil do you mean by calling me in the street in the way you did this afternoon?" Arnold asked in a very angry voice, and advancing to where the other sat as he spoke.

"What do I mean?" the other echoed tauntingly, "I mean this, Frank Wilding—'I mean this, Frank Wilding—' " "I mean not even here!" Arnold said hastily. "Without heeding the interruption the other went on, his voice growing more threatening as he proceeded.

"I mean that you are not going to shake me as easily as you think. I mean to make sure of what I know—that your name is not a time Arnold but Frank Wilding—that your mother is not dead, but alive in Texas—that you murdered both the real Arnold and his mother, that you might personate the heir to the world and enjoy the property—that—"

A fierce oath came crashing through Arnold's teeth.

"And what do you suppose I mean to do?" he asked in a voice trembling with rage.

"Well, the other answered, coolly, "I suppose you mean to do just as I wish, and divvy up square with me."

He still spoke in the same taunting tone; but Arnold had the words left his lips when Arnold's hand suddenly left his breast, and the next moment his revolver was leveled not twelve inches from the other's heart.

"There's some wrong," he cried, "I have you now? Yes I did do all you say, if it is my satisfaction for you to know it. I have been playing a desperate game and have won it. Do you think I am going to let you call the fat on me now? Not much!—Do you die?"

"There was murder in his face and in his voice, and I knew now was our time to act. Before his finger could press the trigger the revolver was dashed from his hand and his arms pinioned behind him."

For an instant he struggled fiercely, and then a cry of rage burst from his lips as his hands were fastened on his wrists.

"Damnation!" he gasped; "I have lost, after all!"

After this single outburst, he relapsed into the most sullen silence, and even at his trial refused to open his lips. He had lost the desperate game he had played with such skill to nearly a successful end, and he seemed utterly indifferent as to his fate. There is no need to go over the evidence against him. He had murdered the real heir in order to personate him; and having done so, traveled to New York, and, chance favoring him, had procured impressions of the keys, by which he had been enabled to penetrate the following day to Chicago, and from there sent the brooch to the police, and possession of his blood bought wealth, sought still further to evade suspicion by fixing the guilt upon a painter, whose dissipated habits made the task a comparatively easy one. All this, Frankish ingenuity, had availed him nothing. His crime had found him out in the end, and brought him to the gallows.

HOW THE ENGLISH FEED.

[London Correspondence San Francisco Herald.]

They eat more meals per diem in England than in America. There is breakfast, lunch at 1, dinner at 5 or 6 p. m., and supper at half past 9 or 10. In some families there is a light tea between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. The first time I saw a late supper, consisting of a "joint" vegetables and beer, I was uneasy, thinking it was extra trouble on my account. Fortunately I delayed all remarks to that effect, and in due time discovered it to be the custom. Between 10 and 12 at night in London you may see hundreds of children, plate in one hand and piteer in the other, scudding about the streets. They are after the family's late supper of hot fried fish, fried potatoes and beer. The fish and potatoes are bought, frying hot at public kitchens. Two pence will buy of these a hearty meal for one, a penny, or three pence more for beer fills the bill. The "ham and beef" shops sell as low as five cents worth of cooked meats, roast or boiled, and from a cent's worth of vegetables upward. Very good meat they have, too, and very nicely they cook it. These public kitchens in London, and there are thousands of them, supply the poor with a dozen staple articles of cooked food much cheaper than they can buy or cook it at home. Give a London beggar a penny, and he can buy a bowl of good soup and a good sized piece of bread—enough on a pinch, to last him a day. Give a New York beggar two cents, and what can he buy? You can't buy a bowl of plenty. Every American at first deems the late English supper the sure road to dyspepsia. Yet there is far less dyspepsia in England than in America, and the late supper is universal. I adopted his supper and I gained flesh, and have imparted the practice and kept it up ever since. I think there is as much harm going to bed starved as going with a full stomach. An animal will, after eating heartily, lie down and sleep, and I can't see why we should not have the same digestive rights as the animal. My theory regarding the origin of American dyspepsia is that it comes either from not eating enough, or going hungry too many hours, and then piling great quantities of food on an empty and exhausted stomach. An American family, after the highest of 6 o'clock "teas," will remain up sometimes until 10 or 11 without eating. Then, on retiring, some starved member whose empty stomach has been gnawing itself for an hour or two, will surreptitiously invade the pantry, and running from one extreme to another, as people always do when any appetite is unduly repressed, gorge on pie, cake, cold meat and vegetables. He or she seeks all the limbs, big and little, of the infernal regions during the night.

There is no morality in physical courage, though its absence may lead to immorality. Not infrequently, a bad man exhibits magnificent courage, because he is a splendid animal, with the nerves of a tiger, the disposition of an ostrich, and a bear's capacity for sleeping. He is courageous as a bull-dog, and for a similar reason—his physical organization.

Henry IV of France rode into battle ducking his head to dodge the bullets; but he rode, nevertheless, into the thickest of the fight. There was morality in that act, for his will forced his nervous body to risk death. He could not control the nervous twinges of his head, but the brain, located in that dodging head, led his army to victory.

A bold, bad man, named Akey, once saved his life by his cool physical courage. He commanded in the civil war, a company of California miners. His head was turned by his sudden elevation and he became a tyrant.

Maddened by a long series of petty despotic acts, his men determined to put an end to his tyranny. They resolved not to obey another command of his. They knew that disobedience was mutiny, and that his punishment was death. But they preferred that risk to Akey's persecuting despotism.

The crisis soon came. Akey heard of his men's resolution and called them out on parade. His first order commanded all who had resolved to disobey him to step two paces in front. Ninety men the number of the company, stepped forward.

Turning to the sheriff of the county, who stood near, Akey asked him if he would assist him in arresting the orderly sergeant. "Yes," replied the sheriff. The two men started towards the sergeant. Fifty cocked revolvers covered them.

The Sheriff took to his heels. Akey coolly faced the leveled pistols, and running his eye up and down the line, said: "Boys, the odds are too much!"

This superb courage saved him, for they had determined to kill him. The revolvers dropped, and he was allowed to retire.

The Government investigated the affair, and discharged Akey from the service. The men, however were permitted to go unpunished.

"Gentlemen, remember that the loudest voice don't sink the deepest into the heart. Big words may shut the odder man up, but they won't convince him. One kind word will more than a pleasant day; while a pound of crackers an about half a pound of cheese will put no heart in a poor man than all the promises ever made on the hind platform of a street car. We will now pass out into the cold and cruel world an abash to our separate homes."

A bridal couple from the country at breakfast at the Knolls House covers as follows: "He—'Small fish you a perter, honey?' "She—"No, thank you deary. I have one already sken."

Gleanings.

From the moment that a defect can no longer be concealed we exaggerate it. Whenever a doctor makes his appearance in a new settlement in the far West, the inhabitants know it is their time to pick out a location for a cemetery.

"Predict," said Caudle the other day to his school friend, "a mild winter. 'On what grounds?' My wife and her mother have gone to Europe to stay till Spring."

A French widow, who was bewailing the loss of her husband, suddenly husband her sob, and driving her eyes, said: "Why should I weep? I know where he spends his nights now!"

The school-boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in the puzzle column, but when he comes to getting his regular arithmetic lesson he considers it the greatest bore on earth.

A professor lecturing on "English Industries" to a class of amateurs informed them that it took seven men and a boy to make a pin. "I expect," said a little fellow, "that it's the seven men that make that the needles use the boys to stick it into, to see if it's sharp enough."

In the education of the blind at Boston an excellent step has been taken. They are now taught to tune pianos, and are extremely successful in their work, which is praised by leading musicians. The city has for three years intrusted to these blind tuners all the pianos in the public schools.

An inveterate old chicken thief, who had a marvelous facility for finding out of a close corner, was at last caught with a chicken in his hat. He denied the stealing of it, and on being asked how then it got into his hat, "Dumbass, as you call 'em," stonishes me, but I speak as I have crawled up my leg."

Ten young boys of London, Ont., have been discovered in a plot to buy a schooner and turn pirates on the lakes. They had each purchased revolvers and were concerting as to the weapons of warfare. The money for this outfit was \$180, which one of the boys stole from a rotation. The oldest is twelve years of age.

Culden Williamson, a noted Texas lawyer, stood up in church and called on a young lady to come forward and marry him. Since that event the Texas church has been so crowded with marriageable females that a man can't get standing room inside unless he make sure of being on time by camping at the door over night.

A leading firm in Charleston, has entered suit for \$79,000 against the proprietors of the two principal gambling saloons in that city, the amount sued for, or a portion of it, being alleged to have been lost at various times by young men in whom the proprietors were interested. The action is brought under the law which provides that money won at gambling shall, upon proof, be restored four-fold.

When Charles Lamb was about to publish his first volume, he wrote to Coleridge, telling him he intended dedicating them to his sister, and added: "There is a monotony in the affection which people living together or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to grow into—a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the trickery of surprise." It was said as Lamb alone could say it, and the sentiment is more than worthy of the author of the Essays Elia. Many homes are dull, and sometimes unhappy, because of this monotony. There is no unkindness on the other hand, all is good and affectionate, but there need of a variety that will arouse old feelings and start new susceptibilities. And it is, therefore, a good thing to now and then call to our aid the trickery of surprise.

A LADY'S TOAST TO THE MEN. Mrs. Dunway, of the New York Herald, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, "toasted" the men as follows: "I don't blame 'em! They have our boys, they have our sorrows, they have our expenses, they have our cares, they excite our indignation, they increase our respect, they wake our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property and our imaginations in every thing. This would be a very dry world without 'em. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful emigration, that without 'em it would not be much of a world any more. We have 'em, and the dear being can't help it, we are 'em, and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are always convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux, they are by no means 'matchless.' They are most agreeable visitors; they are handy at State fairs and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers, they are inexhaustibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a legislator for woman's rights, and even not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcomings and cover his peculiarities with the divine mantle of charity."