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VOLUME XX. CONCORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1903. NUMBER 46.

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FAKING A GOOD BUSINESS.

Dr. Grubbins Talks of His Work—Gathered in the Sinners and the Dough.

H. E. C. Bryant in Charlotte Observer.

"Yes, the people are easily gulled," said Dr. Grubbins, the Indian medicine man at the Klondike Kitchen, Salisbury, recently. "You can tool the best of them every day in the week and go to church with them on Sunday. A great country, this is. I'm a patent medicine salesman and I see a good bit of interesting life. I sell the famous Grubbins' Indian Panaces."

I thought as much, for I was almost certain that I had seen that big head of hair and heard that peculiarly piercing voice before. Dr. Grubbins is no fool. He might be properly classed as an accomplished and ingenious fakir. He is so smart and so clever that he wins the admiration of many persons who are generally outspoken against such frauds. Being well-born, well-bred and well-educated, he attracts considerable attention. I was glad to hear him talk in such an off-hand, frank way.

"Have you ever been to Monroe, Union county?" he continued, "that is where I did a sharp trick, about ten years ago, when I first started on the road. At that time I had not settled on any particular class of wares, but, for temporary employment, sold gold-rimmed spectacles. I landed in town on Tuesday of court week, and on leaving the train went direct to the most secluded, cheap boarding house I could find and registered for a room. I took off the neat, business-like traveling suit that I had on, and dressed in a shabby, travel-stained outfit. Then, when I had slipped a pair of my glasses on, packed several hundred pair in my carpet-bag grip-sack and put on a false mustache. I sauntered along to the court yard. My make-up was good but I looked rather fierce. All the guys craned at me as I went along. I sat down by a big tree in the court yard, and remained there for several hours without moving or saying a word. The curious individuals came close and peered at me. One chap ventured to say good day, but I cut him cold. He moved on and others came to stare at me. I ignored all advances, and when court adjourned for the noon recess I got up and went for my dinner. All eyes caught the eye of the throng. That afternoon I returned to my tree and behaved just as I had done during the forenoon. The boys began to get interested. They approached nearer and dared to ask questions, which I did not heed. It was all I could do to restrain myself when they began to discuss me within hearing distance. Some pronounced me insane, while others thought I was deaf and dumb. All considered me harmless. I kept my own counsell until Wednesday, at noon. I had gone to my room the night before, remained there till morning and then taken my seat by the tree again. By noon the crowd was so large I had to act, and when the excitement was greatest I sprung to my feet, opened my sack, drew out a handful of glasses and began to talk in a clear fine voice. The crowd circulated close around and listened with eyes, mouths and ears open, and so soon as I announced that fifty cents would buy any pair of spectacles in the bag the throng, to a man, seemed to fish for money. I disposed of 100 pair in a few minutes. I pocketed the cash, hurried away, paid my board bill and took the first train out of town. The glasses had cost me $2. The crowd didn't care, for not a man there needed spectacles. The skates were satisfying their morbid curiosity. At the same time I got satisfaction. I worked the same game in Charlotte at a fair, at Dallas, Lincolnton and elsewhere. I never tried a return date at any of the above places, except under a new disguise and with a new game. I had luck. I run my bank account up to several thousand dollars that year.

"The world is full of suckers, and if one fisherman does not get them, another will. I see crooks in every walk of life. The hypocrite in the church is the worst type of crook. He catches big suckers.

"The funny part of the faking business is that you can fake a man after opening his eyes. I did a crowd at Concord to perfection once. It was my first trip to Cabarrus, and a great concourse of people had gathered at the county seat. I do not recall the occasion but the streets were fairly well jammed with all sorts and conditions of men. I climbed upon a goods box, near the court house, and began to bark. The chumps tumbled over each other getting to me. It was not long before I had a great and select audience. In order to more thoroughly capture the whole crowd I did a funny trick. I threw out a large, long well rope into the midst of the congregation and shouted: "Take hold of that line, men! Carry it out! More of you take hold, it ain't going to hurt you! Pull it back! Carry the end to the edge of the crowd!' Don't stop!'

"Well, sir, about fifty men had hold of that rope in two minutes. I wrapped one end of it around my hands and made like I was going to pull against the whole multitude. Just as the strong men began to set themselves for the tug I cried on: 'And they tell me that there are no suckers in Concord. Look at them on this line.' The boys dropped loose but I had the laugh on them. I went right to work and sold $50 worth of soap, that I had bought out the dry goods stores of Concord for a cent a cake. My price was 25 cents per cake. That was one of the best days I ever had. The people bit like fury.

"To look at me you would never believe that I preached for six months? Well, I did, and was very successful. It was like this: I went out West and got stranded. There was nothing doing but religious work. I could not get the attention of anybody. Everywhere I went some evangelist steered up against me. The people were biting for the emotional fellows right along. It did not require much eloquence to get up a good bit of feeling and bring forth a healthy contribution. I joined the choir of one of most successful revivalists. That was too hard when I saw how easy it was to fill the role of the leading man. I hopped over a county or two and begun to hold meetings. I started by pumping hot air into impromptu congregations got together in the streets. My experience as barker came in handy. I could carry quite a breeze as I spoke. The crowds were indifferent and small at first but it was not long till I had great throngs and aroused much interest. For five days and nights I preached without mentioning money. I announced my intention to leave the next day, after the fifth night, to see what effect it would have. That proved to be the proper medicine. One of my converts sprung to his feet and made a ringing speech in my behalf. He said that I had not mentioned money, but it would never do to let such a masterful preacher leave the community without some show of appreciation. He concluded by saying: "Get out your money for I am going to take up a collection for the dear, good brother." I got up as if to enter a protest, but the assembly shouted: "You need not say a word. We know you don't want it, but we are going to give it to you." The result was $500 and a picked up another wallet. I went from place to place till one day I was converted sure enough, and then I quit. I left the road and returned to my home. I fell from grace soon after and am again deceiving the dear, good people. I reckon I'll keep it up till I die."

This dissertation concluded, Dr. Grubbins took up his walking cane, his gold-headed umbrella and his silk hat and departed for new and better fields. He is a pastmaster at his trade.

A Dog By Express.

Forest and Stream.

While messenger for the —— Express Company fifteen years ago I took on at a small station a genuine "nigger" hound valued at $50. He was a vicious fellow, and I did not try to cultivate a close acquaintance. We traveled all right for 100 miles or so, when all at once the dog came tearing out of the crate. I did not try to stop him, but just let him go. When we stopped at a water tank I did not try to close the door, but let him "hit the trail." In fact, I helped him all that I could by throwing coal at him (by the way, I was on top of the highest pile of trunks in the car), this being all that I could pick up to defend myself with except my Colt 45, and I knew better than to shoot the dog.

I was drawing only $60 per month then, and when that dog left the car I saw $50 of it pinned to his tail. Well, we pulled out, and I was in a "peck of trouble." I could not afford to pay $50 for a dog, and worse still, losing my job was out of all reason. We had still to run one hour and fifty minutes, and I had that time to think it over. So by the time we reached S—— I had made up my mind to make a report of the whole matter and pay for the dog. Of course I was blue. When we stopped the agent came to the car, and when he saw me he said, "Great Scott! Kid, what have you been crying about? Did you get rattled?" I said, "No, sir!" At that moment a negro boy came along with an exact counterpart, except the biting qualities, of the lost dog, and I said, "Say Bill, you want to sell that dog?" "Yas, boss." That made me feel good.

Well, I bought his dog for 50 cents and put him in the crate; and until this day that dog man is selling full blood "bloodhounds" from that 50-cent dog—or his get. I have visited his kennels and have heard him blow about his fine dog that he paid $50 for at P——, and I smiled and drifted.

Makes a Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by P. B. Fetzer, druggist.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

The bantam hen has hatched and three little grand children are happy. They can't talk fast enough to tell me about them. There are little things in our domestic life and there are big things, but I believe the little things are the biggest.

For a month or more these children have been waiting and watching for the bantam hen to lay her litter and and hatch her little brood and this morning the telephone bell rang furiously and it said: "Our bantam hen has hatched," and soon they came running to tell us about them, but they didn't stay five minutes. They had to go back and look after the bantams. Well, there is nothing prettier in all nature than than a little brood of bantam chickens and my faith is they were created specially to make little children happy. It seems that they originated in a little town of that name on the island of Java and have been transplanted to other countries. They are a game bird and a bantam rooster will attack and whip an ordinary game cock of five times its weight. These little children come to see me every day and to comfort me while I am sick and their presence is the best medicine I have found. The happiness of our children is the biggest thing in life and my desire to live is mainly for their sake. The papers are full of big things, but they won't compare with the little ones.

Clark Howell went a thousand miles to make a big speech about Grant. That was all right. I have more respect for General Grant's memory than for any big man who was on that side, but I still fail to understand how Lincoln came to appoint a slave holder as general of the army. But time keeps rolling on and Grant's attitude on the race problem seems to be the popular one now among our northern brethren. The census and the result of negro education has at last convinced the negro lovers of their mistake.

I couldn't imagine what Booker Washington was to do with that $600,000 of Carnegie's last gift, but I see by Booker's late card he is going to expend it in manufacturing tooth brushes. That is all right—anything to get rid of the money that keeps on piling up. He might add a side factory for toothpicks.

But, speaking about General Grant, reminds me of his magnificent tomb at Grant park, and that reminds me of a good thing on one of my boys who, when in New York, not long ago, was invited by some congenial friends to take a ride with them and see the tomb. They stopped in front and my boy heaved a sigh and said, "Yes, that's old Bob Lee—the greatest soldier who ever lived, and there's what he said at Appomatox when he gave Grant back his sword, 'Let us have peace.'" When informed of his mistake he said: "Well, I wasn't there, of course, but my father was, and that's what happened—so he told me General Grant surrendered his sword to General Lee and old Bob gave it back to him and said: 'Let us have peace.'"

But we want no mistake made about the negroes down here in Dixie. We want no more slaves. We wouldn't have one as a free gift. We are ready to give them away to anybody who wants them. The last census report says the negro is much the most criminal of our population and is increasing in crime with fearful rapidity. The negroes who can't read and write are far more criminal than those who cannot. The negro is four and one-half times as criminal in New England, where he is educated, as he is in the south, where he has not been educated. What is to be done about this. "Tooth brushes," says Booker Washington. Surely the man was joking, but that's the way it read over his own signature. Reform the race with tooth brushes. If there is anything in the world that a negro does not want it is a tooth brush. There is Sam Henderson working in my garden now and I envy him his mouth full of big, sound teeth. Never had one pulled or plugged or to ache. I love to see him mouthing a watermelon.

No, it seems to be now admitted by northern philanthropists that the southern negro has been pretty well ruined by their blunder of forty years ago, when there was not a criminal negro in Georgia, and now there are near 5,000 in our chaingangs. Bring on the tooth brushes! Dr. Seale Harris, of Alabama, published not long ago in The Constitution the unanimous opinion of the medical profession that the negro was rapidly degenerating as a race, both morally and physically, and was destined to extinction as sure as the North American Indians. Old Dr. Calhoun, of our town, a man of large and long experience, told me that before the war he had an extensive practice on the negro plantations and never had a case of tuberculosis or consumption, but now they were common and as for other diseases, not to be mentioned, they were found in most families and in both sexes.

I am constrained to mention this as a warning to those who have to hire nurses and chambermaids. The time is near at hand when every one will have to go before an examining board and get a certificate.

But I see my little children coming up the winding way and the race problem must take a back seat.

BILL ARP.

A Curiosity Found in the Heart of a Tree.

Statesville Landmark.

Mr. R. D. Rufty, of Catawba, who was in town yesterday, brought The Landmark a curiosity which he found recently in the heart of a big oak tree. The tree was located on Mr. Rufty's land, at what was formerly the Hamilton homestead, a mile and a half south of Catawba. It was about two feet in diameter and Mr. Rufty had it cut for boards. When it was split up there was found near the heart of the tree a smooth round hole, an inch in diameter, in which was fitted a wooden pin. The hole looked as fresh as if recently bored and the pin looked bright and new. When the pin was removed a strand of woman's hair, of a bright red color, was found in the bottom of the hole. The hair looked as fresh as if it had just been placed there.

From the end of the pin, where the tree had grown over it, to the outer edge was five inches. Thirty-six rings are counted in this distance—which is 36 years as they count the age of trees—and as it took probably two or three years for the tree to grow over the end of the pin it is estimated that it is 38 or 40 years since the hole was bored in the tree, the hair put in and the pin driven into it. When the pin was first driven in it reached within two inches of the heart of the tree.

A daughter of the Mr. Hamilton who owned the place, and who lives near by, says she had a sister that had hair of this color and she thinks the hair found in the tree was her sister's. Why it was put there is not known. It may have been without any special reason or there may be a romance behind it.

Young Girl Killed a Panther.

The heroine [illegible] 12-year old daughter [illegible] Sasser, of Buck Swamp township. She did not enter the arena as did Ursus, in "Quo Vadis," to save the life of the beautiful Lygia, killing a ferocious bull, but she entered the cow lot to drive a young bull out into the lane. As soon as the animal saw the girl he made a rush at her with his head down. As quick as thougnt she jumped to one side and let the beast pass on. When he found that the girl was uninjured the animal made another and a more desperate head-long rush on the girl, who again leaped to one side and seized a pitchfork and plunged it into the side of the animal as it passed. The maddened brute pawed the earth for a few seconds and fell dead at her feet, the prongs of the instrument having stuck the animal in a vital part. The young girl's father was a witness to the occurrence and was running to the cow lot to save his daughter's life when she laid the enraged brute a corpse at her feet. The young lady is now the heroine of the neighborhood. The desperate encounter took place last Sunday afternoon and has given the people of the neighborhood something to talk about ever since.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver, of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Fetzer's drug store.

Dancing Going Out of Fashion.

Idle Comment in Charlotte Observer.

Dancing seems to have gone out of fashion in Charlotte. For several years past it has been growing less popular, and this year, when the place is full of young men and young women, there have been fewer than half a dozen balls. There are no longer any dancing clubs in town, and it looks as if the diversion was on its last legs here. It is unusual in the South for society to so plainly neglect an amusement that is considered the chief reason for social gathering. The strongest argument in favor of dancing, from an individual viewpoint, is the fact that everybody grows tired of it sooner or later.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c at Fetzer's drug store.

SENATOR WHO KNOWS BIBLE.

How Veteran Statesmen From Alabama Won Success as Senator.

Boston Globe.

One of the oldest, and at the same time one of the brightest, members of the national senate, is Senator Edward Pettus, of Alabama.

His eighty-one years sit upon him lightly, and he is even now considering the advisability of returning to active practice of the law.

Senator Pettus is credited with having the best acquaintance with the Bible of any member of the senate, and it is quite usual for him to fire scriptural quotations at opponents in the course of debate.

In 1849, during the gold fever, Mr. Pettus traveled from Selma, Ark., his native town, to California on horseback, and during that long ride his chief pastime was reading his Bible. In this way he was almost able to learn the contents of the good book by heart.

The story of how this veteran southerner of the old school came to be a United States senator is worth retelling:

James S. Pugh was senator from Alabama and had been elected largely through the efforts of Pettus, who was practicing law in Selma, as he had been for the last fifty years, except during the time he served as an officer in the confederate army.

A vacancy occurred in one of the federal judgeships of the state, and Mr. Pettus decided that he would like to round out his legal career by serving on the United States bench. He packed up his sachel and made a trip to Washington for the purpose of enlisting Pugh's support for the appointment.

The train on which Mr. Pettus traveled arrived in Washington about 5 o'clock in the morning. It was too late to go to bed and too early to do anything else but go and see Pugh. So the Alabama lawyer clambered into a cab and drove to the senator's house. He rang the bell loudly. A colored woman answered after a lapse of time long enough to indicate that the servant had been called from her bed. Sticking her head through the door, she asked what was wanted.

"I want to see Pugh," answered Pettus [illegible]

"He's in bed."

"Hey, there, Pugh, wake up," said Pettus when he had discovered the slumbering statesman.

Pugh awoke, for Pettus' voice is in proportion to his frame.

"There's a vacant judgeship down in our state and I want it," said Pettus, while Pugh was rubbing his eyes.

"Pettus, you are too old," said Pugh, as he rolled over in bed.

"Pugh, you are a fool," retorted Pettus, "and if I am too old to be a judge I am not too old to be a senator."

He strode out of the room, frothing with anger.

The cab went straight back to the railroad station, where Pettus took the first train for home. He had not been back in Selma five minutes before every one in the village knew that he was a candidate for United States senator.

He stumped the entire state, going into the furthermost counties to press his claim for recognition. His campaign cry was too old to be a judge, but not too old to be a senator. He won an overwhelming victory.

What a Boy Has to Put Up With.

You will bear with me that there is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and I think that you will agree with me that there is no being in the world so much neglected as the boy. There is little place, scant room for him. He is welcome in the house as a baby and he is welcome as a man, but there is scant welcome for him as a boy. The attitude of the world toward him is too nearly expressed by the mother, who said to the nurse:

"Where is Johnny?"

"He is out in the yard."

"What is he doing?"

"I don't know."

"Well, go and see, and tell him to stop it."

So long as he wears curls there are birthday parties for him, but not afterward. There are parties and teas and seats at the table, when guests are at the home, for girls, and I am glad of it. Wish there were more for boys.

A Farmer Straightened Out.

"A man living on a farm near here came in a short time ago completely doubled up with rheumatism. I handed him a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and told him to use it freely and if not satisfied after using it he need not pay a cent for it," says C. P. Rayder, of Pattens Mills, N. Y. "A few days later he walked into the store as straight as a string and handed me a dollar saying, 'give me another bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I want it in the house all the time for it cured me.'" For sale by M. L. Marsh, druggist.

HORSE MEN!
For aiding the digestion, creating appetite and for giving life, vigor and strength to horses and mules, the best remedy of all is
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Stockmen who have used, with indifferent results, condition powders recommended equally good for horses, cattle, poultry, swine, etc., will find in Ashcraft's a remedy beneficial to horses and mules *only*. It is not a cure-all, but invaluable for the purposes recommended.

Ashcraft's Condition Powders are prepared from the formulæ of a practical veterinarian of over 30 years' experience, and when once used, horsemen will have no other.

"This is to certify that we have been selling Ashcraft's Remedies for a number of years, and that they have given universal satisfaction. The purest drugs are incorporated in their manufacture, and each remedy is especially prepared for the disease for which it is intended to cure. Many of our customers having used Ashcraft's Remedies for years will have no other.—ENGLISH DRUG CO., Monroe, N. C."

Ashcraft's Powders fatten but never bloat, the hair becoming sleek and glossy. Always high grade. Price 25 cents. Sold by
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When a lady wants a watch, she wants one that will keep time as well as look pretty. Our Ladies' Watches are fitted with Elgin or Waltham movements [illegible] he wants one of our modern thin models that do not bulge the pocket, yet sacrificing none of the strength and time-keeping qualities of their clumsy predecessors.

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Children
must have constant attention from the mother. Their wants are numerous, but that palatable, simple, vegetable remedy
Frey's Vermifuge
meets most of them. Keeps the stomach sweet and well ordered; expels worms; induces natural sleep. Bottle by mail 75c.
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RED BLISS TRIUMPH MAINE
SEED POTATOES
Shipped direct from Aroostook County Maine, the home of the finest Seed Potatoes in America. If you want the most prolific, quickest producing Potato you can get call and get your share of this car.
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Its the burning truth that I have the cheapest, prettiest, best and largest stock of
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WANTED.—Several industrious persons in each state to travel for house established eleven years and with a large capital, to call upon merchants and agents for successful and profitable line. Permanent engagement. Weekly cash salary of $18 and all traveling expenses and hotel bills advanced in cash each week. Experience not essential. Mention reference and enclose self-addressed envelope. THE NATIONAL, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago. May 20—4t.

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