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THE GLEANER
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THE GLEANER
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But a whispered word of scandal
Gone the maiden's spotless fame.
False may be the dream of youth,
Pure in heart may be the maid;
But a heartless world will whisper,
And the false-tellant be paid.

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 by 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.

Who could be found to the assassin, and the whole affair was a most mysterious case. The door to the room had been opened by means of a key, and 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 most diligent 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 a memento of 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.

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 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 atonement 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 time passed, and not the slightest clue could be found towards the solution of the dark mystery. All length, however, a Jew called upon the young man, and claimed the reward. The young man was at first of the prospect of the mother's murderer being brought to justice, that he grasped the opportunity, and promised an additional five hundred if the news proved true. He testified leading him to 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 capture, took him to a room in the city. In 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 inserted 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 a pawn-broker, he said, 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 detective who had looked over his books, he bought the money, but when the young man left the office put on his hat and followed him until he traced him home. Making 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 at once sent two detectives to arrest the painter, in less than an hour they brought him to the station. 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 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, fitting 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, pale 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 of 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 basis 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 hardly expected to see me, did you?'"

Young Arnold started back with an expression of angry surprise. "You have made a mistake, my friend," he said, "I do not know you." "I looked the other way in the face," he said, "but I overheard him say 'Frank'."

The Evening Star. At eight o'clock the proprietor of the "Evening Star" called upon the young man, and inquired if he would show young Arnold and his companions to the room where the murder had been committed. The young man, who was a deep mystery to all who knew him, was determined to bring the murderer to justice, and he had no objection to the proprietor of the "Evening Star" showing him the room where the murder had been committed.

After you 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 companions 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 hoarse voice, and advancing to where the other sat he spoke.

"What do I mean?" the other echoed laughingly, "I mean this, Frank, 'widging' you."

"I wish not even here?" Arnold said hoarsely. "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 shake you until you know that your name is not Arthur Arnold, but Frank Wilding—that your mother is not dead, but alive in Texas; that you murdered both the real Arthur Arnold and his mother, that you might personate the heir to the world and enjoy the property of that world.'"

A fierce oath came crashing through Arnold's teeth, and he started up with rage. "And what do you suppose I mean to do?" he asked in a voice trembling with rage. "Why, the other answered, coolly, 'I suppose you mean to do just as I wish, and drive you square with me.' He still spoke in the same taunting tone, but hardly 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 you are wrong," he cried, "I have you now. Yes, I did do all you say, but I am not satisfied for you to know that I have been playing a desperate game and have won it. Do you think I am going to let you call the law on me now? Not much. Do you die!"

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 "pudding" vegetables and beer, I was uneasy, thinking it 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 picher in the other, scurrying down the streets. They are after the family's late supper of hot fried fish, fried potatoes and beer. The fish and potatoes are bought, trying hot at public kitchens. Two pence will buy of these a heavy meal for one, a penny, or three farthings more for beer, six 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 cheaply they cook it. These public kitchens in London, and there are thousands of them, supply the poor with a dozen simple 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 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? Yet ours is a land 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 late supper, and I gained flesh, and have imitated 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 a clock, "less" will remain up sometimes until 10 or 11 without eating. They, on retiring, some starved member whose empty stomach has been gnawing itself for an hour or two, will surreptitiously invade the pantry, and rummaging 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 larder, big and little, of the kitchen during the night.

Physical Courage.
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, for his will forced his nervous body to risk death. He could not control the nervous twitchings 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 tycoon. 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 its 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 older man up, but they won't convince him. One kid will do a pound of crackers and a pleasant day's work of cheese will put me in a good mood on the hind platform of a street car. We will now pass out into the cold and crowd world an' abash to our separate homes."

A bridal couple from the country at breakfast at the K. M. House converses as follows:— "Shall I skin you a petter, honey?" "No, No, thank you, deary. I have one already skinned."

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 almost time to pick out a location for a cemetery. "I predict," said Gaudin the other day to his physician, "an mile winter. 'Oh, 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 hushed her sobs, and drying her eyes, said: "Why should I weep? I know where he spends his nights now!"

The school-boy will goot 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 literature to a class of juveniles 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 pin and they use the boy 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 faculty for gliding 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, "Dat massa, as jes' what stonishes me, but I appec'ant 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 concealing as to the weapons of war. The money for this outfit was \$180, which one of the boys stole from a relation. The oldest is twelve years of age.

Colonel Williamson, a noted Texan, always 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.