

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891.

NO. 30.

ONE * * PRICE * * CASH * * SYSTEM. * *

We announced a proposed change to take effect Sept. 1st—that "change" will be the adoption of the Simon pure, One Price, Cash System. All country produce will be taken at cash prices, and goods given in exchange at cash prices, we do not give 25 per cent more for produce and sell goods correspondingly high to avoid loss; that is not business and it is not honest.

Our schedule of prices, on an average, is the lowest ever offered in this section, but Sept. 1st, we propose still lower figures. And we expect to make a fair living too. Our motto shall be, as in the past, to buy in large quantities, discount all bills, and give our patrons the benefit, not only of our experience, but of facilities, and special channels for buying of first hands.

Some may say, why are we not willing to offer accommodations to the trade, in giving time, simply because we do not intend to make our good customers pay for the bad debts of their neighbors. Some merchants say, "we sell to the cash man at cash prices, and to the time man at time prices," we, therefore, can not do that, as we most emphatically will have but one price to every body.

GOING NORTH SOON!

Our buyer will go North soon, and to make room for Fall and Winter stock we will unload all summer stock at slaughter prices, now is your time—come and let us prove our "newspaper talk"—get posted before you come, the more you know of the value of goods, the more you will buy.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS FOR

Baugh & Son's Bone and Potash Compound, and Raw bone phosphate, Eureka Salt Works—have 970 bags bought, Laffin & Rand's Powder—Magazine located in Graham., "Lake George," and Randolph sheetings, Oneida, Tar Heel and Tally Ho plaids, J. & P. Coats spool cotton, Williamantic Spool Cotton Co., E. P. Reid & Co.'s., Zeigler Bros., and J. A. Faust & Son's fine shoes for ladies, L. Boyden & Co.'s home tan and home made shoes for men and women, Imperial Chilled Plows, Smith's straw cutters, R. W. Roundtree & Co.'s trunks and valises, Black Hawk corn shellers, Chatham M'f'r's Woolen Mills, jeans, cassimers and blankets on hand, Our stock is complete in all departments.

MILLINERY.

Miss Francis is now North getting new designs, and will have the latest rig to show you by Oct. 1st, or sooner, so don't buy millinery without first seeing our line. Seeing is believing, so come and judge.

L. B. HOLT & CO., Graham, N. C.

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 Court and will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him

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

E. C. LAIRD, M. D.,
HAW RIVER, N. C.
Feb'y 13, '90.

W. E. FITCH, M. D.,
GRAHAM, N. C.
Offers his professional services to the people of Graham and vicinity. Calls promptly attended. June 11-91

CURIOSITIES OF PLAGIARISM.

The Habit of Claiming Other People's Literary Work.

The setting up of a claim to the authorship of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by a lady whose literary work has never attracted public attention to herself most awaken interest in the phenomenon of a malady not yet classified by the doctors, but familiar to all editors, critics and publishers.

The disease is akin to the optic habit in its persistence, in the case with which it is acquired, in the obstinacy with which it resists treatment and in its effects upon the moral character of its victims. The characteristic symptom of the ailment is an irresistible disposition to claim to have written other people's literary works.

It has never been definitely determined whether the disease is infectious or not, but there is a strong suggestion that it is so in the fact that even the most robust moral health seems to afford no secure immunity from its attacks.

Let us consider a few typical cases. The late Dr. Holland was the instigator of the "Bake Halm" stories. They were written by a person or persons perfectly well known to him. He was consulted from time to time concerning them. He received them in manuscript, suggested occasional changes, many of which were made, and as the editor of the magazine in which they were published, he drew checks in payment for them. He confidently believed, therefore, that he knew who wrote the stories as certainly as he knew who wrote his own poems. And yet there were three entirely reputable persons, all accounted truthful, each of whom solemnly assured Dr. Holland that he or she, in fact, wrote the stories, each having a different tale to tell of the way in which the manuscripts were stolen.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant once told the present writer that a person who was not born until years after the first publication of "Thanatopsis" vehemently claimed the authorship of that poem and went away indignant when Mr. Bryant declined to surrender his own pretensions in that particular.

The number of persons who wrote "Beautiful Snow" was estimated by the late Richard Grant White at twenty-four, and everybody remembers how many different persons produced "A Quiet Along the Potomac" and "Took Me to Sleep."

The curiosities of plagiarism are endless, and sometimes startling coincidences arise in connection with them. The present writer, when editing a weekly periodical many years ago, had offered to him an article which he had himself written and published anonymously in a daily newspaper two years earlier. The article was written for a temporary use, and there was nothing in it to cause any reader to remember it after the immediate occasion had passed away. If the plagiarist had offered his literary swag to any other editor his theft would not have been suspected. His ill luck led him to submit his manuscript to the only person in the country who could have known its origin and real authorship.

A rural clergyman in New York had the courage upon one occasion to offer a literal transcript of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" to a New York editor for sale, and when the editor objected that the work was already widely known as Dickens', the clergy-

man solemnly protested that he could not imagine how the author of "Pickwick" could have got at his manuscript, which had been looked up for years in his paragonage desk. The editor was unable to aid him with any plausible conjecture.

Some years ago a student in the University of California made a collection of the best college magazine pieces he could find, and among the pieces was one of unusual quality, whose author had been much admired throughout the college world for his remarkable production. A newspaper critic presently discovered that Alfred Tennyson had shamelessly stolen the poem and published it as his own many years before its actual author had ceased to wear bits at dinner.

In the year 1873 or 1874 a woman committed suicide in Milwaukee who had attracted a good deal of attention there as George Elliot. She had explained to those who interested themselves in her literary career that her latest story, "John Andrew," then running as a serial, was written under the pseudonym of Rebecca Harding Davis. Yet the editor of the periodical in which the story was published had been all the while paying a Philadelphia lady for the installments, under the impression that she was Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and that the story was really her work and not George Elliot's at all.—New York World.

On a Horse's Back.

Billy Hayward is the oldest jockey on the turf. His experiences would fill a book. "How does it feel to ride at a record pace?" repeated he to a question asked him. "Well, if you know how to ride it is very exhilarating. But if you don't know how it is anything but pleasant, as that boy thinks now. If you ride with your head down, that is to say, bent slightly so that the wind does not beat right in your face, you can breathe easily, but you hold your mouth wide open and let the air beat right in your face, then you will have great difficulty in breathing, and if the race is a long one you will become exhausted by the end of the ride.

"A mile race on a good horse is run in about one minute and forty seconds—that is the record made in a race. It has been run in 1:30, but that was on a prepared track. A mile in 1:40 is at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. Ordinary trains usually travel at about twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, so you see that a horse runs as at express speed. If you want to see how it feels to go through the air at race horse speed, just hang your head out of a railroad carriage window, turning your face toward the way the train is traveling. At the same time imagine that you are sitting in a saddle and have to hold on to your horse and guide him on to victory if possible, keeping him from being run down or interfered with. It is no easy task to ride a horse in a race. The jockey must have all his wits about him. He does not have much time to think how it feels. Boys are well tried before they are allowed to ride in races. They first learn not to fear the horse, give him his feed and clean his bridle and saddle. Then perhaps they will lead them about at exercise, and after a while will ride a quiet horse at his work, but only slow work at that. This may last for years before they have a mount in a race. The trainers will watch the boys carefully, and if one shows an aptitude for riding he will be given every advantage to improve. Jockeys are born, not made.

"A good jockey in a race pays very little attention to the grand stand, except perhaps as he centers by on his way to the starting post. At the post he must endeavor to get away well in front when the flag falls. Very likely there will be a number of breakaways and then the jockey must keep his horse from running out and so losing his strength. When they are off he has to watch a hundred and one things. The leading horse must not be allowed to get too far in front and your own horse's strength must be reserved for a final desperate struggle. When riding a neck and neck race down the home stretch I forget everything except that I must strain every nerve to pass the other horse; no thought is given then to the plaudits of the grand stand."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Something you have to drink when you're sick.

"What are you talking about, William?"

"About elder blow tea, sir."

"Yes; about the word 'look'."

"I didn't say anything about 'look' sir."

"Why, William, you spelled it just now."

"No, sir; I didn't spell it, sir."

"What don't you contradict me! Now tell me once more, what were you talking about?"

"About elder blow tea, sir; but I didn't spell nothin'."

By this time the school was in a titter, and Amanda Smith put up her hand.

"Tain't I, double o, t he's trying to say, sir, but el-der blow tea; and that's a kind of tea his mother makes for sick folks!"

"That's it!" said the puzzled teacher.

"All right, sir!" exclaimed William, promptly: "el-der, el-der, der, b-l-o-blow, I-double-e, tea!"—Youth's Companion.

Sanderburg's Strength.

Writing of Tritonus, the Samnite swordsman, whose son carried the giant with a single finger, reminds one of the remarkable stories told of Sanderburg, King of Albania, whose swordsmanship has never been excelled. Sanderburg was born in the year 1414, and grew up to be a splendid specimen of physical manhood. His strength of arm was the most extraordinary that has ever been known. His sword arm was much the larger and stronger, but even the smaller of the two, the quaint account says, "was gigantic in its lordly proportions; being as much as two lappes around it." A lappe was 12 1/2 inches, which would have made the biceps of Sanderburg 24 1/2 inches in circumference, or about one-fourth larger than the arm of John L. Sullivan. It is to be regretted that the measurements of the sword arm of this Titanic king are unknown, as they must have been even more "gigantic in their lordly proportions."

With his cimeter he was known to cleave a man from the top of the head to the waist at a single blow. It is related that when in battle he frequently cut his antagonist in two on a sweeping stroke.

Sanderburg and his horse treated the Albanians with indignities unnumbered; several of them were finally caught and convicted. Among the felons were two relatives of Sanderburg himself, a brother and a nephew. Sanderburg took it upon himself to execute this pair. The order was given that the king would lop the heads off these two worthies in the palace court yard. Before the hour of doom had arrived, while the father and son were taking leave of each other for the last time, the enraged king rushed upon them while they were embracing and at one stroke severed their bodies above the hips, the mass of quivering flesh all falling in a heap. This extraordinary exhibition of strength of arm has never been equaled by swordsmen, ancient or modern.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.

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It is with pleasure we announce that we have made arrangements with that popular, illustrated, monthly magazine, the American Farmer, published at Cleveland, Ohio, to have it mailed direct, FREE, to the address of any of the subscribers to the ALAMANCE GLEANER who will pay up all arrearages on subscriptions and one year in advance from date and to any new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. It is a grand opportunity to obtain a first-class farm journal free. It costs you nothing to get a large 16-page illustrated journal, of national circulation which ranks among the leading agricultural papers. Its highest purpose is the elevation and ennobling of Agriculture through the higher and broader education of men and women engaged in its pursuits. The subscription price of the American Farmer is 1.00 a year, that of the GLEANER \$1.50 a year. By paying the \$1.50 strictly in advance you can have the American Farmer free, if you want it. From any one number ideas can be obtained that will be worth thrice the subscription price to you or members of your house.

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We reserve the right to withdraw this offer at any time, so if you want to take advantage of it, do not put off doing so too long.

We believe our farmer readers will be greatly benefited by taking advantage of this offer. It is by long odds the best proposition we have ever been able to offer, and we hope it will be the means of largely increasing our subscription list, as that will partially offset the extra cost we incur in giving it away.

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Our great Southern Family Weekly, should be taken in every household. The price is only \$2 a year, and a present worth that amount is sent for every yearly subscription. A sample copy will be sent free to any address. Write at once to **J. H. SEALS & CO.,** Atlanta, Ga.

The GLEANER and Sunny South will be furnished for \$2.75 a year to those taking both papers. July 91

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Made in 49 colors that set better than any other dye. Sold by Druggists. Also Peerless Brown Paints—6 colors. Peerless Laundry Blueing. Peerless Ink—4 colors. Peerless Shoe & Harness Dressing. Peerless Egg Trees—4 colors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Newton H. White, dec'd, of the 1st ward of Graham, I have the honor to give notice to all persons having claims against the estate to present them on or before the 4th of July, 1891, or this notice will be closed to bar of recovery. **A. H. BROWN,** July 30, 1891.

Death in a Letter.

Just a little while ago an occurrence took place on the other side of the ocean which, while by no means without a parallel, is still a matter that will interest all fond of studying, in an amateur way, the transmission of disease. A poor fellow died in London of typhoid fever, and his wife sent to a friend in Glasgow a letter conveying the news of his decease.

While the fever at the time was very prevalent in the neighborhood where the London victim died, there was no sign of it in Glasgow then, but three days after the receipt of the letter the Glasgow friend grew sick with all the typhoid symptoms. The doctors who attended him so diagnosed the case, and expressed the opinion that, notwithstanding the long journey he had travelled London and Glasgow, the letter had carried the germs of the disease.—New York Press.

Nature Plays at Dominoes.

Said the Antocrat of the Breakfast Table, years ago: "If you would be jumpy in Berkshire, you must carry mountains on your brain; and if you would enjoy Nabant, you must have an ocean in your soul. Nature plays at dominoes with you; you must match her piece, or she will never give it up to you."

Rabbits to Help Cure Diseased Strands.

Dr. Whitcombe, of the Birmingham lunatic asylum, has turned a number of wild rabbits loose on to the fields adjoining the institution. His thought was that the inmates will be amused by seeing the rabbits run about, and to divert the minds of the patients is one of the great objects of the institution. —Pa. Mail Gazette.

Elder Blow Tea.

In a country district school, a pupil, reading aloud from a story of warfare in the east, came to the sentence: "After their victory, the soldiery began to loot the enemy."

"Turning to a stout boy at the foot of the class the teacher asked:

"William, what does I, double o, t mean?"

"It means a kind of medicine, sir," said William.

"I meant what?"

Superstition.

The days of superstition are by no means over. There are women, not over conscientious in the discharge of religious observances, who would sooner disconcert a hostess and throw a roomful of guests into confusion than sit down with twelve others at the dinner table. The lover will not give his sweetheart an opal ring, however pretty the stone may be; the guest at the table shudders when he spills the salt, and furtively tries to precipitate fate by throwing a few grains over his shoulder. Fork-knives and scissors are tabooed as presents. Many a man would choose any day in the week but Friday for starting on a journey, or beginning some great enterprise. Many a woman dandles (apart from sympathetic sentiment) to meet a funeral or encounter a black cat.—Young Ladies' Journal.

Child's Account for the Name.

The young lady who gets the tariff mixed up with the cognomens of the states is apt to do almost anything. A sweet Washingtonian, who has recently been doing a great railroad town of the west, astonished a Michiganian by remarking:

"I have traveled all over Michigan, and yet have seen so few shops, I wonder why it is called the Wolverine state."—Washington Post.

Eating by Smell.

"Talking of people eating," said a robust looking woman and the reporter of an exchange at the same time, "did you know that a great many people take the most of their food through their noses?"

"What do you mean by that?" inquired her friend.

"Just this. I can satisfy my hunger at any time by merely inhaling the odor of good cooking. The aroma of coffee, for instance, sustains and exhilarates me. A beefsteak flavor is as satisfying as a full meal. Any cook will tell you that."

"Then why should people eat?"

"They don't eat when they can get full meal of cooking odors. This is why tramps hang around the open doors of kitchens and restaurants. Did you never feast on the smell of warm gingerbread? I am very fond of candy, but I never eat it, as the substance does not agree with me. But I buy a box of it every week, and when I feel candy hungry I take the cover off and inhale the delicious flavors. The candy itself I give away to those who are not yet educated up to feeding through the olfactory."

The friend looked at her in amazement, but she only remarked, sadly: "What an awful thing it is to be a cook."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice having had 10 years in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a "miraculous remedy for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all the lung ailments, also a positive and reliable cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested the wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Assisted by the steady and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it."

Henry's Formula

Are broken down, nervous or exhausted? See **Brown's Great Peppermint Cure** for the cure of all these ailments. It is the only medicine that cures, and it does so. Beware of cheap imitations. Get the genuine. Sold by all druggists.

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