

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XVII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1891.

NO. 82.

## ONE \* \* PRICE \* \* CASH \* \* SYSTEM. \* \*

We announce 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.

**JAN. 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 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)

**J. R. STOCKARD, JR.,**  
DENTIST,  
GRAHAM, N. C.

Can be found at office in Graham on Monday of each week. Calls promptly attended anywhere in Alamance county. (Sept 1, 91)

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**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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Our great Southern Family Weekly, should be taken in every household. The price is only 25 cents a year, and a present worth less than a penny is sent for every yearly subscription. A sample copy will be sent free to any address. Write at once to J. H. HALL & CO., Atlanta, Ga.

#### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The Hark Barred to the Sands of Colorado Desert Out of San's Beach.

Who has not heard of the phantom ship of California, whose hull is buried in the sands of the desert, and whose spectral masts have lured many treasure seekers to destruction? At the time of its discovery, several years ago, the press raved about it, historians speculated upon it, songsters sang it, novelists wove it with romance, and Joaquin Miller, the long haired rhymer of the Sierras—dropping into poetry with the facility of Silas Wegg—celebrated it in these words:

And said, a ship lies yonder, dead;  
And said, doubtless its crew is dead;  
If you be desert, dead and brown,  
Beyond whose wave washed walls look down,  
As thick as stars o'erhead:  
A great ship, lying from the mud  
And pointing seaward a head.

This mysterious vessel lies not far north of the line between Upper and Lower California, in what is known as the Colorado desert, and has just been rediscovered by a party of prospectors. It was first seen by Joseph Talbot, who gives it as his opinion that the desert in which it was stranded was once a part of the California Gulf, but that at some remote period an earthquake threw up the chain of hills across its mouth, entirely altering the character of the country. The waters gradually subsided, but their mark may still be plainly seen some sixty or seventy feet up the mountain sides all around the harbor. The ship itself bears a peculiar crest which led her way; she may have been the very vessel named by Father Junipero Serra. She may have been a ship of exploration, commanded by some Castilian grande, which disappeared in the seventeenth century with 1,000,000 doubloons on board. None can now tell any thing about her beyond the bare fact that there she is in the midst of the desert "lifting heavenward a head."

Though many have tried, no man has yet been able to reach the spot. For miles around it on every side, the alkali crust that covers the deep, hot, stinging sand is not strong enough to support man or beast. There is no water for a great distance; and if a man could wade through on foot, where it is impossible to compel a mule to carry him, he could not be burdened with sufficient food and water to last him through the expedition, without which he must surely perish. Last year two determined miners were sent out, equipped with shovels, tools and "grub stakes" to dig up the craft and its treasure.

Time passed; they did not return, and finally others were sent to look for them, after the fashion of parties who go in search of the north pole and others who go in search of them. The latter, coming in sight of the tall white masts, found a pile of fossils and marine shells—a monument erected by those for whom they were looking; and later they came upon two human skeletons, presumably those of the miners, the flesh picked clean from the bones by greedy vultures.—Philadelphia Record.

#### AN INDIAN GHOST STORY.

How the Spirit of Govind Brahmish Killed a Prison Warder.

Sahab Den Dhooby was a prison official of proved courage and magnificent physique, who was brought from Jessore to Allipore to take the place of head warder. It was his duty to visit the patrols between the surrounding walls every night between the hours of 12 and 1. On one occasion, after he had been only a few days in the jail, he set out on his rounds as usual, between 11 and 12 p. m. It was found that he had not returned. Time wore on, and at last some wondering why he had been only a few days in the jail, a search party was organized. They carried torches, and at last came upon the insensible form of Sahab Den Dhooby. He was lying prostrate on the ground close to the hospital gate, which is situated about 120 yards distant from the gallows, and an unfortunate man was carried in the official's quarters, and there, after a time, by the application of water and other restoratives, he was brought around. The following was the tale he told:

He had been going his rounds and had stooped down to adjust one of his shoes, when he felt some one spring upon him from behind and commence belaboring him between his shoulders. The concussion forced him to his hands and knees, and he first thought that he was a prisoner trying to escape. Not very much alarmed, for he had confidence in his great physical prowess, he tried to grasp his assailant by putting one arm behind his back; but he could feel nothing, yet the blows continued to rain down upon him, and he felt himself pressed down to the earth by a great weight. At last a voice addressed him: "You dare come here to you, to defile by your presence the territories of Govind Brahmish." And with that the man felt himself bodily lifted up, and then dashed face forward on the ground. He remembered no more till he awoke to consciousness in the guard room.

When he had finished this strange story, the aged head warder, who was about to retire, came up and put the question: "What is this that is being said about Govind Brahmish?" This led to explanations, and the old warder told how a noted badmash of that name, who had committed several cold blooded murders, and had been hanged in Allipore jail six-and-twenty years before, "But," pointed out one of the auditors, "Sahab Den Dhooby was attacked a good distance from the gallows. We found him close to the hospital gate." "Ah!" replied the old man impressively, "the scaffold in those days stood on the very spot where you found the prostrate body of Sahab Den Dhooby."

The latter listened with blanched face; then he threw himself back on the couch on which he lay. "My hour has come," he said. "It must have been the spirit of Govind Brahmish that attacked and beat me. My heart is broken. It is certain I must die. And die he did in two days' time.—Times of India.

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#### FREE!

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It is with pleasure we announce that we have made arrangements with the publisher, 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 arrears on subscriptions and one year in advance from date of the day 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 pursuit. 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 more can be obtained that will be worth twice the subscription price to you or members of your home.

Do not misunderstand this offer. Only those who pay \$1.50 in advance from date get the American Farmer free.

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 former 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, so that will partially offset the extra cost we incur in giving it away.

Sample copies can be seen at this office.

#### Chastisement Granted.

An old physician, retired from practice having had blood in his hands by an Indian missionary the furnish of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Chronic and Lung Affections, also a positive and reliable cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers by thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Attended by this medicine and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to any address, a full recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, only by mail by addressing with stamp enclosing ten papers, to Dr. J. C. GLENN, 219 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.