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SOLICITORS IN BANKRUPTCY.

Office over Bank of Greensboro, opposite Benbow House.

PRACTICE in State and Federal Courts.

Special attention given to matters in Bankruptcy, under letters of Administration, in District Court of Western District of North Carolina.

June 25, 1872. 2061y.

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MENDENHALL & STAPLES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Will practice in the Courts of Guilford, Rockingham, Davidson, Forsyth, Stokes, Randolph and Alamance; also, U. S. Circuit and District Courts.

Special attention given to collections in all parts of the State, and to cases in Bankruptcy.

Office one door North of Court House. Jan. 27:ly

RALPH GORRELL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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WILL practice in the courts of Alamance, Davidson, Guilford and Randolph, and Bankruptcy courts. Office, No. 5 Law Row on West side of Court House.

Prompt attention given to collecting, and all other business connected with the care. April 27, 1871:ly

Walter Clark, J. M. Mullen,

Attorneys at Law,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Halifax, Martin, Northampton and Edgecombe counties. In the Supreme Court of North Carolina and in the Federal Courts.

Collections made in all parts of North Carolina. mar 14:ly

W. S. BALL, THOS. B. KEOGH,

BALL & KEOGH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

(Up stairs, near Lindsay Building.) GREENSBORO, N. C.

Jan 12:ly

A. M. SCALLES, J. I. SCALLES,

SCALLES & SCALLES,

Attorneys at Law,

Greensboro, N. C.

PRACTICE in the State and Federal Courts.

A. M. Scalles will attend the Probate Court of Rockingham County at Waverly on the 1st Monday of every month, Jan 15:6mp

D. A. & R. F. ROBERTSON,

Surgeon Dentists.

Having associated themselves in the practice of DENTISTRY, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensboro, and the surrounding country. One or the other of them can always be found at their office on Lindsay's corner up stairs, entrance East Market Street.

Satisfaction reference given, if desired, from our respective patrons during the past twelve or fifteen years. 213:4f

STOP AT THE

YARBOROUGH HOUSE!

Raleigh, N. C.

G. W. Blacknell, Proprietor.

Smith's New Hotel,

REIDSVILLE, N. C.

Board 1.50 Per Day.

Patronage of our friends and the Public. Livery Stables connected with the Hotel. J. W. SMITH & CO., Proprietors. mar 7:4f

PLANTER'S HOTEL.

This House is pleasantly located on East Street near the Court House, and is ready for the reception of Boarders and Travelers.

THE TABLE

Is always supplied with the best market goods.

THE BEAR

Attached to the Planter's is always supplied with the best Wines, Liquors and Segars.

LIVERY STABLES

Have lately been attached to this Hotel, and parties wishing conveyances, can be accommodated with Good Teams.

Prices as low, if not lower than any other hotel in town. JOHN T. REESE, Proprietor. 56:ly

BOYDEN HOUSE,

Main Street, Salisbury, N. C.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

EVERY DELICACY IN SEASON

Passengers and Baggage Conveyed Free of Charge.

C. S. BRWON, Proprietor

CENTRAL HOUSE

NO. 1408 MAIN STREET,

Richmond, Virginia,

TRANSIENT Board, with Lodging, \$1 per day. Board per week, \$5.

Has supplied with the Finest Liquors and Cigars. Meals at all hours. Openers in every style. D. J. MCCORMICK, Proprietor.

The Greensboro Patriot.

Established in 1824.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1873.

New Series No. 255.

Business Cards.

J. A. Fritchett,

Cabinet-Maker

Furniture Dealer

AND

Undertaker,

He is prepared to furnish, at TWO HOURS' NOTICE, Coffins of any style, and has a fine HEARSE built expressly for the use of the public.

All orders for FURNITURE, COFFINS, &c., promptly attended to at moderate charges. Any marketable produce taken in exchange for work. feb 22:ly

J. E. O'Sullivan,

Tin Plate & Sheet Iron Worker,

DEALER IN

Plated, Japanese & Stamped

TIN WARE, STOVES,

PUMPS, Lightning Rods, &c.; Stencil Plates,

BRASS CHECKS,

Gas Fitting, Roofing, Guttering, &c., promptly executed.

Merchants are invited to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Jan 25:ly

A. J. BROCKMANN,

Manufacturer of Cigars,

SOUTH ELM STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large stock of the finest cigars, of Havana and domestic leaf, also finest brands of Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, Cigar-Holders, and a selected stock of musical instruments.

He keeps constantly manufacturing cigars, and can promptly fill orders on shortest notice. Jan 25:ly-pd

W. B. FARRAR

Watch-Maker,

Jeweler & Optician,

Greensboro, N. C.

Has constantly on hand a splendid assortment of Fashionable Jewelry, and some splendid Watches and Clocks.

Which will be sold Cheap for Cash!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Sewing Machines, and Pistols repaired cheap and on short notice. Call upon the Old Alhambra Hotel, East Market Street. 10-ly

An assorted stock of Guns, Pistols, Cartridges, &c., always on hand.

DAVID SCOTT,

Jeweller and Watchmaker,

North Elm St., East side of the Court House

Will Work for Half-Price

In repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. april 25:ly

N. H. D. WILSON,

LIFE & FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,

Greensboro, N. C.

REPRESENTS first-class Companies with an aggregate capital of

THIRTY MILLIONS DOLLARS,

and can carry a full line at fair rates.

Office, up stairs over Wilson & Shoemaker's Bank, under the efficient supervision of

W. H. HILL,

who will at all times be glad to wait on all his clients either

Life or Fire Policies.

mar 14:ly

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE!

J. W. Scott & Co.,

East Market St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

KEEP constantly on hand a full and well selected stock of groceries and country produce. Also hard ware, wood and willow ware and tin ware.

Prices as low as any reliable house. Jan 25:ly

Chas. G. Yates,

MANUFACTURER OF

Tin, Sheet Iron & Copper Ware

AND dealer in Dry Goods, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Wood Ware, Lamps, Crockery, and Glass Ware, Groceries, Stoves, and assorted Goods, generally. No. 21 South Elm Street, Greensboro, N. C. Goods sold low for cash, or barter. Jan 19:ly

N. H. D. WILSON, CHAS. E. SHOBER,

WILSON & SHOBER,

BANKERS,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

(South Elm Street, opposite Express Office.)

BUY and sell Gold and Silver, Bank Notes, State and Government Bonds, Rail Road Stocks and Bonds, &c.

Receive Money on deposit subject to SIGHT CHECK; and allow INTEREST on deposits upon time deposits of CURRENCY or SPECIE.

Discount Business Paper!

Collections made at all accessible points. Sept. 16th, ly

Greensboro Book Store,

C. W. OGBURN,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Christmas Presents.

A large and select stock of Books, Ch na and L. v. Ware, Mechanical Toys, &c., suitable for Christmas Presents, is received. Call and examine.

B. N. SMITH,

(Formerly of Guilford.)

Grocer & Commission Merchant

Charlotte, N. C.

DEALER in all kind of country produce, such as grain, flour, meal, bacon, lard, butter, eggs, poultry, fruits, liquors, tobacco, &c.

Flour a specialty. nov 13:3mpd

Mrs. C. F. Leo,

Having received a new 7-foot arvo Piano, is prepared to give satisfactory Lessons in Music at reduced rates.

OLD INSTITUTE, Greensboro, April 5th.

16:1f

Plows.—The Watt Plows—All sizes

Extra Points and Slides for sale by

Ag. 1872. JAMES SLOANS SONS'

A SWEET SOUTHERN SONG

Mrs. S. A. Vance's harp is now unstrung.

For three years she has brooded in sadness over her widowed love. She has been bereft of her husband who, no doubt, inspired the following beautiful lines, published in 1850:

TO COLIN.

Come over the bright seas, my Colin, to me;

I've watched for thee long—am still waiting for thee!

I've built in the fair South, a rose-bowered home,

Where the blue, leaping wave is besprinkled with foam—

Where the clear sky above, with its star-jeweled wreath,

Is scarcely more fair than the green earth beneath.

Why dost thou linger! Has love lost its wings

That calling thee, like the sad bird that sings

And plaintively woe back her bright-plumaged mate,

Who has wandered too far and who taries too late!

The bird loves her mate and the flower its breeze,

But I love my Colin far better than these.

Knowest thou not of the Lesbian maid,

Who broke her sweet harp when her love was betrayed?

The passionate children of love and of song

Yield up the fierce life that is darkened with wrong;

Her Phao was false, but my Colin is true

As the star to its place in our heaven of blue.

They tell me the land which thou dwellest in now

Is bright as the smile on a beautiful brow!

I know that 'tis fair—I've dreamed of that clime

'Neath the shade of the myrtle in summer's sweet time,

But I smile at the folly that thinks there could be

One charm in that country to win thee from me.

Thou art coming—I know by the gleam of your star

Reflecting the glory it sees from afar;

The dewy-tipped zephyr awakens and sings—

'Tis fanned into life by thy beautiful wings—

Thou has come—by the shadows that move and depart,

And surer than all, by this joy in my heart.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., 1850.

Saved by a Cipher—A Detective's Story.

CHAPTER I.

I have worked up many hard cases and have cornered many notorious criminals, but never before or since have I been engaged in a case so complicated, or one which was so hard to clear up as that Stuart-Firstone murder case.

You know that the Stuards were very wealthy, and the Old man had only two sons, Cecil and Gilbert;—outlandish names they had, to be sure, but they were very proud of them, at least the younger one. As I said he had only two to bother him, and to these of course he gave the bulk of his property. Cecil was a cripple, the result of being dropped by a careless nurse in his infancy.

Gilbert, the younger of the two, was early known to all the sports as a jolly good fellow, partly because he would always stand treat, and would play billiards and such down to an insignificant sum, and he had to look in some other direction for money to pay his gaming debts. He had often applied to his brother for aid, and had often obtained it, together with good advice, which he was always to heed, but never did.

Cecil was always very studious, and had surrounded himself with all the old-fashioned books that he could get hold of. And on account of his lameness this kind of company had a charm for him that was in good health would not feel.

Cecil was always very lenient toward his erring brother, but at last, hearing from every source of his scrapes, he was compelled, by a sense of duty, to resolve to refuse his application for aid. And it was not long before he had to test his resolutions, for Gilbert, after an "all night" of it in a gambling saloon, came to him and begged for more money. Cecil reasoned with him, and with tears in his eyes begged that he would quit his wild habits. But all was of no avail, and he was compelled, much against his brotherly feelings, to refuse him the aid he sought. At this Gilbert flew into a frenzy of rage and left the house, swearing that he would get the money in some manner.

As he was walking homeward, feeling anything but pleasant, he saw his deadliest enemy riding with a young lady to whom he had been paying attention for some time, but who now gave him the "cut direct." Maddened at this, he rushed into a saloon near by, and calling for whiskey, he swallowed a glassful in an instant, then went home and called his bosom friend and counsellor to him.

Albert Firstone, the friend, was a broken-down gambler—a man

who had spent a fortune on the turf, and was now nominally acting as a jockey for Gilbert Stuart, but was in reality his confederate in schemes of robbery, and, as the sequel will show, of murder. These two friends were closeted together for a long while, and time showed the result of their conference, though I would not spoil my story by revealing too soon their nefarious designs.

Of course you remember the excitement in the up-town circles when the news of Cecil Stuart's murder was circulated, and the astonishment of every one who knew that this body had been found in the coal-cellar of Roger Lyon's brown-stone palace. Astonishment was increased manifold by the intelligence that Roger Lyon was arrested and charged with the crime of murder.

Although but a few were intimately acquainted with Cecil Stuart, and a scarcely large circle barely knew him as a very eccentric man, yet the crime being committed at the very hour of the time when it made it seem the most startling one in the records of our city; and as there were many influential persons who loved Roger Lyon better than all their friends besides, and many a poor washer-woman who blessed the day that she saved her bit of ground from the auctioneer's hammer—to have him, the people's favorite, charged with such a deed, seemed to be a stroke upon all classes of our citizens.

I well remember when Lansing, Lyon's lawyer, called upon me and begged me to try my best to clear up the mystery. At this time I had been in the detective force nearly four years, and, of course, knew the ropes pretty well. But for a month I confess that at times I was nearly sufficed.

But I will come directly to my story. As a first step, I went to the cellar where the body was found, and, as I had ordered it to be left there after the inquest till I could examine everything myself, it still remained there. Being something of a doctor, I naturally examined the wounds, and was satisfied that they would not cause instant death. But I did not rely on my own medical skill in this, but sent for a physician. He came—a sharp fellow by the name of Deuning,—and probed the wounds. One of the wounds went close to the heart, but the other two were in the lungs, evidently intended to cause hemorrhage, which had followed, but sufficient to cause death immediately.

Roger Lyon's knife, with which the deed had evidently been committed, a silver-mounted affair—presented from some one—lay near the wall.

The doctor soon finished his work, and giving me a look that I interpreted instantly, went out, taking Lansing with him, to whom he communicated the result of his examination. When they had gone I walked over to the wall and picked up the knife. As I stooped over to do this I saw some marks on the wall that appeared to have been made by a sharp instrument of some kind. While I was examining these, Gilbert Stuart and Albert Firstone entered. I was about to call their attention to the marks when a sudden thought caused me to close my mouth upon the words that were on my tongue's end.

After obtaining permission they took the body over to his late residence.

As soon as they were gone I again examined the marks, and I found that they were a combination of letters and figures arranged like this:

S-1225-D.

I copied them upon paper, and then, taking the knife with me, went to my office, down town, to study out, if possible, the cipher I had discovered. I had no doubt that it was made by Cecil, probably after he had been stabbed; and I was convinced that the cause of its being in cipher was, that no one would be apt to notice it enough to obliterate it. But by what means could I obtain a key was now the puzzle.

Acting according to a suggestion of Lansing, I went to the public library, and for a week I rummaged all the books over the upper, and ciphered-cipher writing. I continued bringing home books until my den looked more like a reading-room than a detective's office, while in their midst sat Lansing, searching every page, and occasionally jotting down something in a book by his side.

One day I entered with my arms full of books. I noticed a look akin to triumph on his face as his pencil flew over the paper, and in answer to my inquiry he handed me a slip of paper, upon which he had copied a table, giving the relative number of each letter that is used in common English words. I looked it over and waited for him to speak. In a moment he looked up and said:

"You see, the table gives 'e' the prominence over all others; 'all 'e' one. Then see 't' is second best—call 't' two. Then run your eyes up to the fifth in importance, and we have 'd' and 'l.' Take last number five, and the figures, with the addition of the two letters that were expressed, read 'settled.' So, you see, I have translated the cipher in one way."

I admitted that it was a very ingenious translation, and was very much encouraged by it, although his words "settled" might not have any special relation to the case in hand. But I did not doubt that it was nearer the true rendering than

any we had reached yet, and it convinced me that the figures were to be changed in some way to letters before the cryptogram could be deciphered.

About a week after this Lansing was called out of the city by the sickness of his mother. As I parted with him at the depot I told him to keep up his courage and to write out his defence, while I would attend to the remainder.

During all this time the opposing counsel were striving in every possible manner to make an admission of evidence that should immediately condemn the prisoner beyond any shadow of doubt.

"Guilty or not guilty?" Lansing, in behalf of the prisoner, broke the silence with these words:

"Not guilty," and added, "I would accuse Albert Firstone of the crime that is charged upon my client."

I sat next to the criminal when the announcement was made, and as the eyes of the court were turned upon him, his self-possession left him. And when Lansing asked that he should be taken to custody by the poor fellow fell over in a fit, and was taken out by a policeman.

Fattening Young Women.

Throughout the interior of Africa, and indeed in some parts of Asia, a woman is prized for fatness. Beauty is associated with excessive obesity; and such being the public sentiment, mothers seasonably commence a system of dietetic treatment that makes their daughters irresistible. Colonel Keating's travels give an account of the process of fitting young women for a Tunis market. As soon as betrothed she is cooped up in a small room, with gold shackles on her ankles. If her proprietor has lost a wife by death or divorced one, her ankles are sent forward to the new matrimonial candidate. When she has attained a desirable size, indicated by filling the pattern rings, she is carried in triumph to her new home. The preparation of food that actually produces that coveted dimension—a mountain of fatness—is called dough, made of the seeds of a vegetable peculiar to the country. Some positively die from excessive fatness in an effort to surpass in that bewitching accomplishment rival candidates for matrimonial positions. These fatious mortals are not the poor girls. They are the higher orders in society, and therefore are ambitious, like fashionables in some civilized States, of securing an elevated position with a rich husband. Bruce, the traveler, saw a great queen in Africa—a gem of women, the envy of her sex and withouters—who weighed over four hundred.

A Good Bustle Story.

A merry party of ladies and gentlemen had a narrow escape from a terrible death among the Thousand Islands at the St. Lawrence recently, but were saved by presence of mind and heroism of one of the ladies. They were out in a yard at a late hour in the evening, when the clouded sky rendered it almost impossible to distinguish