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Real Estate Agents.

Wanted!
Persons to make five dollars per week
at home, no experience necessary.

DEMOCRATIC SUPREMACY FOR THE GOOD OF ALL, AND A DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION ADMINISTERED BY DEMOCRATS.

GREENSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888.

CIRCULATES LARGELY IN THE COUNTRY
GUILFORD, ROCKINGHAM, GRANVILLE, CASWELL, PRISON, A. L. MASON, ORANGE, CHATHAM, RANDOLPH, SCOTLAND, FORBES, STEEL, DAVIDSON, BURBY AND STOKES.
Pittsylvania, Patrick and Henry Counties
ADVERTISERS STICK A PIN HERE.

BY THE SEA.
Last year we paced the yellow sands
Beside the restless sea,
I held in mine your tiny hands,
I drew you close to me,
I looked at you and smiled and go,
Thought, the smile, the tear,
The words you whispered soft and low
To me, my dear, my dear.

We two were dreaming love's young dream
Beside the murmuring sea,
Your presence made the whole earth seem
A paradise to me,
We said our love would never change,
Would no abandonment know,
While life should last I'll be so strange,
Two just a year ago.

Once more we pace the yellow sands
Beside the summer sea,
I do not hold your tiny hands,
You do not cling to me,
I look at you and smile and go,
Nor kiss your snowy brow,
Nor see you smiling now,
For we are straying twenty years apart—
For we are married now!

THE STORY OF THE ROSES.
One nestled close at the dainty waist;
One kissed the braids of the sunny hair;
And, hid in the lace at the slender throat,
Was a blue-rose fair.

Out in the porch the moonbeams played
On leaves that covered a hidden nest;
The small birds stirred in a slumber soft
At a love confessed.

And where are the roses fair and sweet?
Ah! one is withered and one is dead—
For the south wind stole the slender throat
Of a bright instead.

The eyes are bright as they meet the light,
And the quivering lips are covered red,
The heart beats fast to the music sweet
Of the words he said.

And under the stars a happy rose
Thrills at the touch of a lover's kiss,
And droops content as a token fair
Of a lover's bliss.

WEEKLY PATRIOT,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888.

A SCATHING ARRANGEMENT.
The New York Times (whose article appears in another column) deals with the Republican Presidential nomination temperately, but its reasons for adhering to the support of Cleveland and his administration make up a very incisive and forcible arraignment of the Republican party—which has "outlived its usefulness," which is held together only by "the cohesive power of public plunder," which has "departed hopelessly from the guidance and the principles with which it won its early triumphs," whose professions are no longer sincere, its policies no longer wise, its leaders no longer pure. If ever it deserved its high-sounding appellation of the "Grand Old Party," I chabod! I chabod! thy glory hath departed; decay hath its clutch upon thy lintels and thy door-posts, and dry-rot is undermining thy toppling fabric.

The New York Times dismisses Harrison and Merton in a word or two as common-place men. Are they? A more sweeping, damaging summary of the qualities of men placed before the public eye could not be made. Convince the American people of that, and Harrison's defeat in 1888 will take its place in our political history as remarkable as a failure as the grand triumph of his grandfather in 1840 was extraordinary. We have frequently known men to slip into little county positions from the very fact that they lack force of character to make either friends or enemies; they had no record—they were negative—common-place. But the candidate for the chief place of honor and trust in the gift of his fellow citizens must possess qualities which challenge attention, arouse enthusiasm, or evoke opposition. A leader can afford to bear the attacks of the most inveterate enmity, for he will be sustained by devoted friendship, but indifference, which is akin to contempt, will beyond peradventure dig his political grave.

GOLDEN WORDS.
On Tuesday last the committee appointed at the St. Louis Convention to notify Mr. Cleveland of his nomination to the Presidency of the United States, performed its duty in the presence of a large number of distinguished auditors. In the course of his address signifying his formal acceptance of this exalted trust Mr. Cleveland said:

"Familiarity with the great foe which I hold has but added to my appreciation of the sacred character and the consecration demanded of him who assumes its responsibilities. It is the repository of the people's will and power; within its vision should be the protection and welfare of the humblest citizen, and a quick ear it should catch from the remotest corner of the land the plea of the people for justice and for right. For the sake of the people, he who holds this office of theirs should resist every encroachment upon its legitimate functions, and for the sake of the integrity and usefulness of the office, it should be kept near to the people and administered in free sympathy with their wants and needs."

Could one paragraph possibly convey more force in the same number of words? It is an epitome of the whole range of duty of him who

stands before the people as the sworn custodian of the people's rights; it is fraught with patriotic feeling—imbued throughout with a high appreciation of the sacredness of the relations between the citizens and the chief magistrate.

WHAT FOLLOWS?
A North Carolina protection paper (what an anomaly) says that "if the free-trade Democratic party goes into power, then the farmers of the country will see prices for their agricultural products drop to nothing."

In the first place, the Democratic party is not a free trade party, and the advocates of the high tariff cannot name three prominent leaders who cling to any such heresy. We insist upon such a reduction of the tariff on the necessary articles of use and consumption as will still leave a revenue sufficient for the expenditures of the government; we insist upon the needless, the extravagant and the cruel injustice to the masses of the people, of piling up hundreds of millions of dollars in the United States Treasury. Can it be possible that a newspaper or political speaker is to be found who will attempt the justification of extorting money from the laboring and tax-paying millions of this republic for which there is no use—for which it has actually been argued in both houses of Congress that appropriations should be made, in order that it may be disposed of, and the unwieldy pressure upon the Treasury relieved? Yes. There are such newspapers and speakers—there is such a party. In one of its recent letters—that, we believe, to Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune—Mr. Blaine, who is so much the leader, the savior of Republicanism, that his followers day after day forced him upon the Chicago convention, notwithstanding his own positive declaration of a nomination (though it was only Caesar gently thrusting "away the crown upon the Lupercal"), explicitly declares that protection and the retention of the iniquitous high tariff is the vital issue of the approaching campaign. Farmers, mechanics, daily wage-earners, men of small means: those who are directing the game have shown the cards—do you like the hand?

In the second place, a reduction of the tariff, so far from producing a stagnation in manufacturing and a depression in our varied industries which will have an unfavorable effect upon the products of the farmer, will increase competition and give an impetus to the establishment of mills and foundries in sections which have hitherto struggled vainly against the monopolies of the Middle and Eastern States. The laws of supply and demand are stronger than parties or party enactments, and have existed in all their force and integrity since skilled labor became a power in the advancement of civilization.

In the third place, if we grant, for the sake of discussion, that the "free trade doctrines" of Democracy would have the effect of lowering the price of everything that the farmer, with infinite toil, brings from the earth by "the sweat of his face," he can well afford a heavy decrease in the prices of all that he puts upon the market, for the sake of the cheapness of living effected by tariff reduction—low prices for the necessities of life upon his daily board, for his hat, shoes, clothing, cotton and woolen goods, hardware, glass, crockery, farming implements, work-horses, etc., etc. He can strike a balance-sheet at the end of the year, and be incomparably better off than he has been for a quarter of a century.

PLAIN UNVARNISHED FACT.
Hon. Frank Hurd, one of the ablest political economists of the time, whose influence in Congress was so much felt, and whose uncompromising devotion to Democratic principles was so much revered, that all the money power of the monopolists of the West was put in requisition to defeat him for the House of Representatives, writes as follows to Belford's Magazine:

In the war over! How long since the last soldier returned to his home! The unborn child of Appomattox day is a voter of this day. To most of the youth of the land today the exciting periods of history are twenty-five years have come and gone, and over the graves of the brave defenders of our Union twenty-five seasons have come—in spring to scatter its blossoms, in summer its gorgeous flowers, in the winter its stainless snows. Nothing remains except the splendid results of the valor of those engaged in the conflict, and the reminiscences in which the living soldiers alone have a right to indulge. Nothing remains! Yes, the tax gatherer who was taking money out of the pockets of the people in 1862 is taking money from them today. The taxes are paid today for

the most part as when the battles were being fought around Richmond, and when Sherman marched to the sea. Shall this continue forever? If it shall, the day will come when the government alone will be able to pay the interest on these taxes to be reduced, in what direction shall the reduction be made? They are taken, as I have already suggested, through the internal revenue system and through the customs duties. If off the customs duties then how much and in what way? If off the internal revenue system, how much and in what way? The internal revenue system taxes only alcoholic liquors and tobacco. Shall the tax be taken off of those who indulge in whisky and tobacco shall escape the payment of taxes, and the little shoes and the little suits of clothes that your children have to wear to school shall pay them? The tax on whisky and tobacco is a tax on luxury, and who indulges in them can well afford to pay the taxes which the government shall impose. But concede that it is a tax upon necessities. Then the consumer will not be benefited by the removal of the tax, for there have been a dozen times as many changes in the laws taxing whisky and tobacco since 1862, but there have been no changes in the price of the articles to the consumer. You may reduce as much as you please the taxes on whisky and tobacco, and I will have to pay just as much for the cigar which I buy from the tobacconist or for the glass of whisky I buy at the bar.

The above gives us ample material for thought when we take into consideration that the Republican party is going into this campaign pledged to the retention of the custom duties on the unabated scale of the high war taxes, and that, while vastly in the majority in the control of every department of the government, that party has persistently refused to take any steps for a repeal of the internal revenue law.

HERE'S A CANDIDATE FOR YOU!
The Republican candidate for Vice-President is plaintiff against North Carolina in the United States Court to compel the payment of the special tax bonds created by a legislative body of ignorant, irresponsible white and black men, which were squandered, hypothesized in New York city, and gambled away—not a dollar of which ever inured to the benefit of the people of North Carolina.

If we are not greatly mistaken, we have, laid away somewhere, certain utterances of Republican newspapers not a thousand miles away, advocating the payment of these same special tax bonds, or a part thereof. Which part? If they were honestly issued, if they constitute a part of the just indebtedness of the State, every dollar should be paid; if not, then not one cent should be paid.

We are reminded just here of the "supposed speech of James Otis," which we and other shock-headed boys were accustomed to shout with much action in the old field schools before the war: "America, thanks be to God and herself, is rich, but the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand," etc. North Carolina, thanks to the sealawags and carpet-baggers, and their mismanagement, during the trying days of reconstruction, is poor—only just recovering from the pernicious effects of that hideous era of mismanagement, incompetency and corruption; but, were she possessed of a treasury overflowing like that of the United States, she will never consent to the payment of bonds wrongfully imposed upon the taxpayers—and she will never give her electoral vote to a representative of the Wall street monopoly, who, like Shylock, will "have his bond" if it takes the very heart's blood of the old commonwealth!

THE TICKET.—But the people of this country will pass judgment upon the Republican party, not upon the Republican candidates. Were that party any longer worthy of confidence had it not departed widely and hopelessly from the guidance and the principles with which it won its early triumphs; were it actuated by an honest purpose to make the people of the United States more prosperous and happy than its political opponents can make them; were its professions more sincere, its policies wiser, and its leaders purer, the New York Times might not find it a distasteful task to support the candidates, commonplace as they are, who were put in nomination yesterday.

The Times will give Cleveland and Thurman its hearty support, and will do what lies in its power, and it is not commonly an inactive newspaper in a presidential contest, to make their majority such that there will be no doubt about it the morning after election.—New York Times (Independent).

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESS BUSINESS.—The vast express business of this whole country may trace its origin to the small carpet bag which a young man named William F. Hardon, a native of Reading, in Massachusetts, began to carry forth and back on the Long Island Sound boats, between New York and Boston, via Providence, exactly half a century ago. That famous traveling bag was kept in Boston as a memorial for many years, perhaps to day.—The Argonaut.

DOST THOU REMEMBER, LOVE?
Dost thou remember, love, one night in June?
Above our heads the stars their tapers swung;
And from her fleecy couch the fair young moon
Lifted herself, and smiling o'er us hung.
Dost thou remember, love? Ah, life's furnace
Can never hold a brighter memory.
The waves crept up and whispered at our feet,
Across the hills three cities in evidence
Sweet
The silvery swaying of a distant bell;
And with thy kisses, ruby-lipped, divine,
My soul was reeling as from draughts of wine!

Dost thou remember, love? Canst thou forget
How my hand thy vibrant fingers held?
How quickly moon and evening star hid
And how the moments sped as dreams
When thou didst smile? Thou didst not loiter?
Say it again, my own! again!—again!

BEYOND THE GATE.
Two dimpled hands the bars of iron grasped,
Two blue and wondering eyes the space looked through;
The massive gates loomed by had been cast,
Nor was she ever known to be but true.
Strange were the sighs she saw across the way;
A little child had died the day before—
And as she watched, amid the silence hushed,
Some carried flowers, some a casket bore.

The little warden at the garden-gate
Grew fearful—here such thoughts and wonderings were;
Till said the nurse: "Come here, dear child,
We'll meet you 'tis God's heaven for her."
"If he should not for me," thus spoke the child—
"I'll have to tell the angels: 'do not wait;
The God has sent for me, I cannot come;
I never go beyond the garden-gate.'"

A VERY SENSIBLE QUERY.—A Prohibitionist in another column puts a very pertinent and important question to the Third party and to Mr. Walker, its leader—how do they stand on county government? Every day we are noticing in the mouthpieces of our Third party friends such expressions as, "speak out, gentlemen," "let us hear from you," &c., in their exceeding eagerness for information on points of Democratic policy, and we always endeavor to satisfy them in our poor, feeble manner. Please relieve the anxiety of "Prohibitionist," Mr. Walker, on the question of county government. Have you (that is, the party) made any pledges to the negro voters which make this an awkward question?

To the white people of Guilford, Randolph, Chatham, Forsyth, Surry and one or two other counties from which accessions are confidently hoped for to the numbers of the Third party, the cry of negro supremacy comes with a faint and muffled sound, like the desperate appeal, from a man drowning in the dark hours of night in a rushing torrent, striking upon the ears of one lying safely housed in his bed. Strong in the safeguard of a large majority of white people in their own counties, they have no fear of negro rule for them and their house.

But the old men well remember, if young men do not, that there was a time—and not so far back in the past, either—when the condition of thousands of intelligent, honest, law-abiding men and virtuous, refined women in Eastern North Carolina was rendered deplorable by negro supremacy; it was that, pure and simple—negro supremacy! Ignorant, corrupt, irresponsible black men controlled county affairs, represented the counties in the legislature, and farmed out white paupers at block a head at the auction block! At last it became utterly unbearable, the agonizing Macedonian cry came up from that negro-cursed county of the coast, "Come and help us!"—and the present system of county government gave the only relief possible for the hideous evil.

Ah! "blood is thicker than water," those good people in the East are our brothers, made by our God as "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh" in their closeness to us, and the people of middle and Western North Carolina have no idea of abandoning them by a course of selfishness and narrow mindedness.

TOO TRUE.—Copying our brief personal of a few days since noting the arrival in the city of Col. Jno. N. Staples, the Wilmington Star says:

He rendered excellent service by his able speeches in two campaigns, but they were not appreciated. He has been left out in the cold, and so with other able canvassers.

This is damagingly true—true to the very serious detriment of our party. We can count a score of men in this and the Cape Fear section who have for several years been utterly ignored by the "managers," who did splendid

service in the trying days of reconstruction. They are not office-seekers, though the administration of affairs would be greatly benefited by their services; they are not demagogues, and hence are distasteful to the third or fourth-rate fellows who push themselves forward in every canvass, and put in a standing bid for every office that needs an incumbent.

As to the subject of this article, it is superfluous to speak of the value of Col. Staples' services to the party. One of the strongest speeches we heard in the campaign of 1884 was made by him at "Liberty Point" in Fayetteville.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—Mr. J. A. Pritchett, of South Greensboro, has shown us an interesting relic of olden times—a short poem beautifully printed on white silk, a tribute to the patriotism of the Petersburg Volunteers, Capt. McRae commanding, in the war of 1812 and at Fort Meigs in 1813. It is 75 years old, and has been long preserved by Miss Olivia B. Brower, formerly of Hillsboro, now Mrs. Pritchett.

[From the Daily Patriot of Saturday.]
THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.
Large Attendance—A Splendid Roll of Membership.

Pursuant to previous notice, Mr. J. W. Forbis, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, called to order a very large gathering of the old and young Democrats of Morhead and Gilmer townships, in the court-house at 8:30 o'clock last evening; and, in a few fitting remarks having explained the object of the meeting, submitting at the same time a form for club organization received from the State Executive Committee, declared the club ready for business.

After some discussion as to the best method of procedure, on motion of Mr. J. F. Jordan the temporary organization of the club was effected by the election of Mr. Forbis as temporary chairman and Mr. J. N. Wilson as temporary secretary.

Mr. Lettwich offered a motion that the chair appoint a committee on permanent organization, to which an amendment was offered by Mr. T. A. Lyon that the club proceed as a body to elect its officers by ballot. This amendment was adopted, and the chairman having declared nominations in order, Mr. Hundley placed before the club the name of Mr. B. C. Sharpe and Mr. Lyon that of Mr. Geo. Sergeant. The names of Mr. D. F. Caldwell, Mr. B. Shipp, Capt. Percy Gray and Mr. J. F. Jordan being placed in nomination and withdrawn at their request, the ballot proceeded and resulted in the election of Mr. Sergeant.

Upon motion, the club proceeded to the election of nine Vice-Presidents with the following result by acclamation:

Messrs. B. C. Sharpe, first Vice-President; R. P. Gray, second; J. J. Nelson, third; W. D. Wharton, fourth; B. Shipp, fifth; G. T. Glascock, sixth; J. R. Mendhall, seventh; Robt. Flemming, eighth, and Clark Lindley, ninth.

Upon motion, the club went into an election for permanent secretary, when Mr. John N. Wilson was elected by acclamation. Upon motion Mr. A. T. Whitsett was elected corresponding secretary by acclamation; Mr. J. J. Mitchell was then elected Treasurer.

Mr. J. N. Wilson moved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to wait upon Mr. Sergeant upon his return from Washington, to ascertain if he would join the club and become its president. The chair then appointed Messrs. B. C. Sharpe, J. J. Nelson and T. H. Tate as that committee.

Upon motion by Col. J. T. Morehead the election of an executive committee of seven was postponed until next meeting.

Upon motion, the club adjourned to meet next Friday night in the court house.

It does not become us, a stranger in the community, to pronounce an opinion upon the officers selected last night. But we may say that they give general satisfaction with all those who know them well, the President, being one of the most energetic and enterprising business men of the community, who does with his might the work which comes to hand and brain; the Vice-Presidents sterling Democrats of high character and standing, and the Secretary and Treasurer emphati-

cally the men fitted for the positions. The spice of humor and repartee was added to the business of the meeting last night, good temper prevailing throughout; but "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," and many of the young men felt that it would do no harm to have a little fun while we were beating Harrison and Morton, and consigning Walker, together with the Republican clique of Guilford to the retirement of private life and a state of "masterly inactivity." The young men are all right; "they'll be there" when the election comes, and if they laugh while at work—why, all the better for the work.

The enrollment of membership is the largest for a beginning that we have heard any account of throughout the State; the secretary reported 244 members for the first night.

GROWING FINELY.—Friends from the country in town to-day are full of gratefulness for the splendid rains of the past two or three days. Corn and tobacco had been standing the dry weather remarkably well, and they will go forward with a rush. Some few have been replanting tobacco.

A WREATHED PICTURE.—The last issue of our neighbor, the North Star, says:

Dan Welker was in town Tuesday, his face wreathed in smiles. When asked what pleased him, he answered "Harrison and Morton."

It would have delighted us no less than it has evidently pleased Brothers Keogh and Boyd to see Mr. Welker's remarkable and expressive countenance set off by happy smiles rippling athwart its surface. As the cause of Daniel's beatific state of mind was "Harrison and Morton," we may hope to look upon him often, until the 1st Tuesday in November, with this rapt expression of felicity transfiguring his "phiz." After that fateful day the smile will be replaced by the "mean grin"—and, oh! what wouldn't we give to see him then!

THE CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.—The convention to nominate a candidate for Congress in this district will meet in the court house in this city on Wednesday, 11th day of July, and it is to be hoped that the Democracy of Guilford county will on that occasion be here in their full strength. At the county convention of the 19th of May a resolution was unanimously passed endorsing Col. Jas. T. Morehead, and we want to see the party emphasize that endorsement in no uncertain terms week after next.

For ourselves, we are the ardent supporters of the nominees of our party, whenever those nominations are made, but it would give us an unusual pleasure to place upon the State ticket head-line our columns the name of Col. Morehead for Congress! It is not our practice to utter a word as a public journalist in advance of the election of nominating conventions, which may have a tendency to influence and forestall such action; but this is an exceptional case, and he is a poor citizen who won't stick up squarely to his home folks.

The other day our Winston correspondent notified us in plain terms that Forsyth would meet us on the 11th of next month solid for Hon. J. C. Buxton, of whom we have naught but words of praise, and whom we shall support with enthusiasm should he be successful—all of which applies to Mr. Williams, of Granville, though he is father removed from our part of the district, and not so closely connected with us. But in Col. Morehead we present a political leader of great strength on the canvass, whose forbears were political giants before him, whose patriotic course after the result of the election of 1886 gained him hundreds of warm friends in the county, and who would accomplish much in restoring Guilford to the ranks of the State Democracy.

THE LOST BEST INHABITED COUNTRY.—Thibet, most of which is just becoming known to Europeans, is divided by General S. T. Walker, of the Royal Geographical Society, into a southern zone, 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea, containing all the towns and villages of the settled population; a middle zone, 12,000 to 14,500 feet high, comprising the pure tundra of the nomad Bodpas, or pure Tibetans; and a northern zone, 14,000 to 17,500 feet above the sea, partly occupied at certain seasons by Turkish and Mongolian nomads, but mostly abandoned to wild animals. The country is about 1,400 miles long by 600 miles wide.

STATE NEWS.
A Sensational Tragedy.
[Little River, S. C., of Wednesday Star.]
A short time ago Mr. M. T. Vereen, a widower with five children, and a well known citizen of Little River, married a Miss Winnie Lancaster, of Brunswick county, N. C. The marriage seemed to be a happy one, so far as any one knew outside of the family, but facts that have since developed go to show the contrary. One morning Mrs. Vereen arose and prepared some toddy which she invited her husband to drink, at the same time telling him to give some of it to all the children. Mr. Vereen told his wife that he would do so, but at the same time insisted that she should drink some of it also. Mrs. Vereen replied that she had already taken some and did not wish any more. Her husband, not suspecting that anything was wrong, gave two of his little boys some of the toddy, drinking what was left himself. In a very short time the two boys were taken very sick with vomiting and soon afterwards Mr. Vereen was prostrated. Two of his brothers were sent for and a physician was summoned, and when they came found Mr. Vereen apparently dead, but the family succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. Mr. Vereen, suspecting that he and his boys had been poisoned, asked the doctor to examine the bottle of whiskey from which his wife had prepared the toddy. The doctor made an examination of the contents of the bottle and found that it contained whiskey mixed with chloroform.

Mrs. Vereen upon being closely questioned, admitted that she gave an ounce of chloroform to her husband, and that her purpose was to kill her husband.

Since this occurrence, Mr. Vereen says, his wife has made two attempts to poison him with pound cake, and he is now thought to be in danger of dying, as he is satisfied he swallowed a goodly portion of the pounded glass bottle whatever for making these repeated attempts on her husband's life—only that she was not allowed to live with him any longer, and she thought she would get him out of the way. After all this had been found out she made two attempts to take her own life—first, by trying to cut her throat with a pen-knife, and then by drinking the contents of a bottle of laudanum. (Since then she left Mr. Vereen, saying that she was going back to her home in Brunswick county.)

LIGHTNING'S WORK.—Lightning struck a dozen or more times in town a two-story frame building known as the Richardson, colored, situated back from Turney's avenue and about fifty yards to the rear of the residence of the editor of the Gold Leaf, was struck and set fire to. It burned down with out damage to any other property. It was not until 12 o'clock that the building was struck and some of the shingles were knocked off. Mr. Owen Davis who was writing in an upstairs room was somewhat shaken up but not hurt. A chimney was knocked off by Mr. E. Younger's residence. No other damage was done to it. Mr. Walter Stark's dwelling was struck and some of the shingles and weatherboarding torn off. His wife was severely shocked and is yet in an almost helpless condition from the effects of her injuries. Mr. Stark was slightly hurt as was also their little child. Fox's gin house was struck, but little damage was done. A chimney on Mr. W. N. Ellington's house was knocked off. A tree in Mr. J. B. Burwell's yard was struck. The rod on Mr. Geo. B. Harris's dwelling was lit, as was the top of the Henderson Tobacco Company's factory. Mr. L. G. Newton, who lives near Steedsville, in this county, had a fine mare and colt killed by lightning the same night. It struck a tree in his lot under which the animals happened to be standing at the time. We learn that the storm was quite severe in other portions of the county, and that many trees and outbuildings were struck by lightning. Altogether, the thunder storm of last Thursday night was the most terrific and appalling—the severest this writer has ever known.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A destructive fire occurred in the vicinity of Leesville, on Sunday, Mr. Fuller Jones had lately completed a handsome two story frame residence and furnished it. Mrs. Rachel Hoyer, his mother in law, lived in an old building in the yard. Mr. Jones and family had gone to spend the day with a neighbor. The fire was first discovered about midday by Henry Nixon and others, and when they got there the old building was all ablaze and soon the flames were communicated to the new. In a short while both buildings were in flames, and smoke houses, together with other outbuildings, a total of eight in all, were reduced to ashes.—Lincoln Courier.

TRAIN WRECKED.—The north bound train on the Roanoke and Tar River Railroad was wrecked about three miles north of this place on Monday evening of this week. Ten of the passenger cars of the train were loaded with logs, and while the train was going down grade and running at a rapid speed the standards that held the logs on one of the cars gave way and the logs rolled off and got under the cars, throwing them off the track and causing a complete wreck of seven of them, besides tearing up a portion of the track. Fortunately only one man, a train hand, was hurt, and he very slightly.—Roanoke Patriot.

THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.
These transport wagons, or "obozes," form a characteristic feature of almost every landscape on the great Siberian road from the Ural mountains to Timmen. They are small, four-wheeled, one-horse vehicles, rude and heavy in construction, piled high with Siberian products, and covered with coarse matting securely held in place by large wooden pins. Every horse is fastened by a long halter to the fastened by a long halter to the preceding wagon, so that a train of fifty or a hundred obozes forms one unbroken caravan from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in length. We passed 538 of these loaded wagons in less than two hours, and I counted 1,445 in the course of our first day's journey. No further evidence was needed of the fact that Siberia is not at all a land of desolation. Commercial products do not come from a barren arctic waste. As it gradually grew dark to ward midnight, these caravans began to stop for rest and refreshment by the roadside, and every mile or two we came upon a piecemeal of the edge of the forest, where a dozen or more of these drivers were gathered around a cheerful camp fire in the midst of their wagons, while their liberated and hobbled horses grazed and bled slowly and warily here and there along the road or among the trees. The gloomy evergreen forests, lighted up from beneath by the flickering blaze and faintly tinged above by the glow of the northern twilight, the red and black branches of the birch trees, and the group of men in long black and scarlet or blue shirts gathered about the camp-fire drinking tea, formed a strange, striking, and peculiarly Russian picture.

We went on, without stopping throughout the night, changing horses at every post station, and making about eight miles an hour over a fairly good road. The sun did not set until half past 9, so that it was not very dark, and we passed several times through the villages through which we passed were sometimes of great extent, but consisted almost invariably of only two lines of log houses standing with their gables to the road, and separated one from another by a narrow strip of land without a sign anywhere of vegetation or trees. One of these villages formed a double row five miles in length of separate houses, each fronting on the Tsar's highway. Around every village there was an enclosed area of pasture land, varying in extent from 200 to 500 acres, within which were kept the inhabitants' cattle; and at the point where the enclosing fence crossed the road, and separated one village from another, there was a gate and a gate-keeper's hut. These village gatekeepers are almost always old and broken down men, and in Siberia they are generally criminal exiles. It was not until we had passed the village called the street out of the enclosure and to open the gates for passing vehicles at all hours of the day and night. From the village commune they receive for their services a mere pittance of three or four farthings, and in some cases a wretched horse made of boughs and earth, which throughout the year is warmed, lighted, and filled with smoke by an open fire on the ground.—George Kennan's "Century."

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