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GREENSBORO, N. C.
FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888.

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THE WEL... PATRIOT
CIRCULATES LIBERALLY IN THE COUNTIES
GUILFORD, ROCKINGHAM, GRANVILLE, CASWELL, FERRIS, ALAMANCE, ORANGE, CHATHAM, RAYDOLPH, MOORE, FORSYTH, DAVIDSON, SURRY AND STOKES.
Pittsylvania, Patrick and Henry Counties in Virginia.
ADVERTISERS STICK A PIN HERE

tion to the present (this) is one long, disheartening lesson of their own incapacity of self government. There is no more discouraging feature in their total lack of advancement than their total misconception of education. To elevate them in the scale of citizenship, and render them more useful members of the human family, like their brethren in Liberia, they regard a smattering of rudimentary English to be valuable only as a preparation for holding the "offices"; and, after attendance on the course at the Colored Normal School or some other educational institution, their mission is accomplished if they procure a certificate to teach a public school or take charge of a struggling church. They become therefore forward consumers instead of producers, and "manual labor" is expunged from their lexicon.

It gives us no pleasure to feel that these things are true. No man who has arrived at middle age, and has passed his life in intimate relations with them, can flagrant about friendliness, or sever, and sympathy for the colored man of the South. We can only hope that the ambitious which are scholastic or literary. In a time when the negro will never make any substantial progress so long as he entertains the delusive idea that the ability to read and write does away with the necessity of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

And yet—and yet—deny it or disguise it as they may, the Republican party are pledged, should they be restored by this election to power in North Carolina, to negro supremacy in certain parts of the State! They are pledged to a change of county government, which means the rule of the negro in such counties as New Hanover, Craven, Edgecombe, Halifax, etc.—and not the educated negro only, but, in many instances, the ignorant, incendiary, dangerous negro!

Most grievous of all, a class of our citizens—good, honest, patriotic men—in their zeal for prohibition, are about to cast their votes in such a way that they will only strengthen the hands of the Radicals in imposing these intolerable evils upon Eastern North Carolina. We do not believe this of prohibition Democrats—we will never live until the cruel fact is forced upon us at the ballot box!

MORALITY BY COERCION.
He who questions the extent and bitterness of the great evil of intemperance is either endowed with but limited facilities of observation, or he is an obtuse, blunted moral nature. Not even does the wretched held in the fetters of this all-consuming appetite bless the chains that bind him. The eloquence of the rostrum is not needed here—his own experience tells the story daily with all the force of tragedy.

The inscrutable wisdom of the Creator has made the physical as well as moral nature of man a complex study. All the races of the earth, without exception, so far as we know, are addicted to the use of stimulants and narcotics in one or the other forms in which they are known to medicine and commerce. Indian hemp, the betel nut, peppermint, opium, alcohol, etc., are all brought into service to satisfy the cravings of a strange bodily appetite, and alcohol, in some shape, most of all. We do not say that, because this is in accord with the demands of an imperfect physical nature, it is right. Some men will commit theft under the pressure of temptation, and others will do murder under the impulse of bad passions; but none the less should the law mete out their proper punishment to these crimes. But so long as men are weak—with "the carnal mind enmity to God"—no party and no set of men can legislate poor fallible humanity into perfection.

To what sort of virtue that would be which is sustained under coercion—making men mere negative machines, not doing ill because they have lost the power of free agency—was once very forcibly illustrated by the late Horatio Seymour, the Governor of New York, and afterwards Democratic candidate for the Presidency, which we will repeat in his own words:

During my first administration, Mr. Delavan (who built the Delavan House in Albany), the great apostle of temperance in his day, came to me to express his dissatisfaction with the existing statutes which punished men for selling liquor under certain circumstances, making them amenable, and to urge more positive legislation. I said to him: "Now, suppose you could be satisfied, and that you could get a perfectly effective temperance law that could be executed, and that by way of supplementing or adding to its efficiency you could put the man who had been intemperate under circumstances where he would labor industriously and regularly, engage in no evil conversation, go to church twice on

Sunday, and, indeed, be withdrawn from other temptations. Would you like such an arrangement?" "Yes," said he, "that is a more perfect system of law than I suppose could be made." I then replied: "I will show you just such a system in operation. If you will go down to Sing Sing prison, I will show you hundreds of men living under exactly that system. They cannot indulge in other vices, in evil conversation or communication, are delighted to have the chaplain talk with them, are regular in habits, go to church twice on Sunday; but the whole system is one of coercion. Now, if your house was robbed, and you saw that a man was in the neighborhood who had been living under your ideal system, he would be the first man whom you would arrest."

THE ISSUE JOINED.
If anything were needed farther than a contrast of the platform and declaration of the principles of the two parties, it has now been furnished in the passage of the Mills bill. The bill is a reduction in the house, and the vote thereon by the two parties. Stripped of verbiage, it means simply an earnest, organized effort on the part of the Democratic party to bring about economy in the administration of the government, a reduction of treasury surplus, tariff for revenue only, and such a decrease of duties as will give the tilling masses of the American people cheap food and cheap clothing. Arrayed squarely against the accomplishment of these great ends the Republican party stands, occupying precisely the position which it held twenty-five years ago—having learned nothing, having accomplished nothing, having advanced not one step forward. The immense expenditures required in the prosecution of the war of four years, from 1861 to 1865, brought into existence the high tariff with its annual revenue of hundreds of millions. The sword is now the ploughshare, the tidied flags are mided and dropping away piece by piece, the stacked muskets and piled cannon are piled with rust and dust in the armories here and there. But peace has brought no victories to Republicanism; the necessities of the government require no longer the huge expenditures of the war period—but the money must be ground out of the people all the same; year after year the report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows an accumulation of from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 of dollars—but the revenue officials must add to the unwieldy pile with every quarterly return; in disputable facts and figures demonstrate the onerous burdens endured by the people in the tribute paid on all the necessities of life—but that tribute must remain on the poor man's comforts, his sugar and coffee, the tools of his daily labor, the very savor of his coarse food, nevertheless. And for what end? Is there one single argument in favor of all this which appeals to the judgment of the people? Do justice, fairness, consideration for the rights of the laboring man demand it? Not so. Call the roll of the prominent politicians who have been chiefly instrumental in placing the national Republican ticket in the field; read the list of the newspapers which are strong in its advocacy; number the monopolists, the "trust" and "combine" managers who are contributing their money to its support—and it bears on its face the stamp of its patronage. It is the rich man's ticket, the offspring of overbearing, overgrown capital; it is the pet of the Money-Devil, sent forth to oppress and destroy, and its head quarters are Wall street.

THE OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.
Of the 2,647,000 women in occupations in the United States, 505,000 are engaged in agriculture—most of them colored women in the Southern States; 637,000 are in manufactures, of whom about one-half are in New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; 382,000 are milliners; etc., and 50,000 are tailors. Of the forty four occupations recorded as "personal service," forty have women on their rolls. The 225 female surgeons of 1870 have increased to 2,743; the 7 lawyers to 75, and the 65 clergymen to 163. Of the 122,000 laundries 108,000 are managed by women.

QUEST SPEAKING.—"My son, you should be more careful in your speech. It is just as easy to be right as to be wrong. And you should be more studious. While you were running about town last night I was burning the midnight oil."

"No, you wasn't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you should be more correct in your speech, father. You were burning gas, not oil. It is just as easy to be right."

Brown, to Robinson, who is reading a telegram with a look of anguish on his face: "What's the matter, old fellow? Somebody died?" Robinson (crushing telegram in both hands): "No, some body's alive by thunder. Twins?"

REBUKE TO THE MURMURER.
The world is old and the world is cold, And never a day is fair, I said, Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled, The green leaved forest above my head, And the grass where the berries peep.

A ROMANTIC STORY.—Twelve years ago Maurice Johnson, the son of a well-to-do farmer, was sent to Harvard to complete his education. On entering college his father's name and purse soon placed him at the head of his class. An unexpected financial crash left his father nearly penniless. Young Johnson at once gave up his sumptuous apartments, his horse and other luxuries. He lived frugally, studied hard, and after a while stood at the head of his class. The young man was so accepted by the faculty of the college. When Johnson's financial condition changed, the father declared the engagement off. A different message came from the girl, but the penniless student was proud, and he answered neither the letter of the father nor the loving message of the daughter. With the utmost determination he bent himself to the task of completing his course. The one who loved him so truly he never saw until his graduation day, and then, remembering only that her family had scorned him in his misfortune, he did not speak to her. He studied medicine and went to New York, but was far from realizing the success he had hoped to attain. He worked with a will, but he became thoroughly disheartened. He took to drink, and finally brought up in a hospital on a verge of delirium tremens. There he met a physician in whom he recognized an old classmate, and by his aid he was soon restored to health. Fired anew with ambition and courage, he went to a New England city. He soon gained there an excellent reputation as a physician and went back to Lowell. One day, on entering his office, he was summoned to attend a lady, whose case, he noted, was very urgent. He hastened to the house and there found the woman whom he had loved in earlier years. He used his best skill to restore her to health, and, after his professional services were no longer needed, he continued his visits as the lady's accepted lover. They were married a few weeks ago.

BRINGING UP A PRINCE.—The late Emperor of Germany was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he was ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his little principality, a man of high rank, visited him. "Your Highness, I must complain of the little Prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "Well, remedy that. After that he'll be a prince."

"It will be done," said the governor. Now, the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after the 4-year old prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry box, where a grim soldier stood, the man stood rigid without presenting arms. The little prince—astonished to see a soldier who had been so friendly to him—displeased, but said nothing. Presently another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little prince angrily spoke of it to his old governor and they passed on. At the end of the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father, exclaiming: "Papa—papa—you must whip every man in your guards! They refused to salute me when I passed!"

"Ah! my son," said the Crown Prince, "do rightily, for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little prince."

After that the boy took a shower bath every morning.

ENGLISH LUXURY.—In a great house thirty or forty in-door servants is a common number, and of these there are as many more in the stables, and still as many others in the garden, or the "glass," as the conservatories are called. One nobleman that I knew was master of the hounds and kept seventy horses, and for every two horses a man. At an entertainment of the country—a sort of pageant or play—I heard some one say that a hundred of the servants came into the great hall and stood behind the guests; the remainder were on duty elsewhere. Several times, in large establishments, the servants are permitted to visit the offices; and the kitchens and still rooms and sculleries, the larders and laundries, the gun rooms and plate rooms, and brushing rooms, the non-keeper's rooms, the pantries and the servants' hall, make a labyrinth of labor difficult to explore. In making the rounds I was taken to the nurseries and the school rooms, for tutors and governesses are on a higher sort of servant in England. They live and eat apart from the gentry, and get less wages than valets and ladies' maids. I saw, too, the bedrooms and the linen rooms and the rooms where the maids were making up clothes, all rising when their mistress entered. I visited the stable and the carpenter shop, even the butchery and the brewery—for

many of the large proprietors kill their own meat and brew their own beer. Each servant is allowed beer money, as well as wages, and supplied with many glasses, or sometimes literally horns of beer.

AN UGLY CITY.—San Francisco is probably the ugliest city in the Union, despite her beautiful surroundings, her ideal situation, her ravishing water view. Nature has supplied her with charms galore, but on her face the deforming hand of man has left heavy, hideous marks. Her architecture is a nightmare of gray wretched horrors; her houses lack both paint and dignity, and are all huddled together, separated by the omnipresent, ultragray, all prevailing fumes. A tall wooden fence has its obnoxious use in rural districts, where it protects the garden and grounds of the residents from the unwholesome incursions of roving cattle; but it is many a year since kine and swine have been permitted to gambol in the San Francisco streets, and there is neither sense nor decency in the largest and grandest of the residences that surround the lawns and parterres of every second house in San Francisco. Eastern cities have long since abandoned fences, except in some cases, where a low, iron railing is substituted, and one can ride miles through the beautiful boulevards of Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, or Boston without seeing a fence of any description. There your grounds are separated from your neighbors' only by a low, stone coping, and the lovely expanse of green and flowers stretches away indefinitely, unmarred by the painted exorcismes which render our streets as lugubrious as the shadows of convent walls, which neither adorn nor defend, but successfully conceal the really beautiful lawns which lie behind their aged backs.

MEXICO A GOOD NEIGHBOR.—Do we want Mexico? Perhaps it would be hard to make the man who has ever been there understand that we do not. It is a rich country, and will develop yet greater wealth. It grows every fruit and every kind of vegetable. Portions of it grow four crops a year—two of wheat, one of corn and one of beans or pepper—and continues to do so, two years after for centuries. By going so far south it will never, no matter how long the winter, be cold. Portions of it grow four crops a year—two of wheat, one of corn and one of beans or pepper—and continues to do so, two years after for centuries. By going so far south it will never, no matter how long the winter, be cold. Portions of it grow four crops a year—two of wheat, one of corn and one of beans or pepper—and continues to do so, two years after for centuries. By going so far south it will never, no matter how long the winter, be cold.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.—One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is a man's harvest, and the day is his sowing time. The night is a man's harvest, and the day is his sowing time. The night is a man's harvest, and the day is his sowing time.

Port Haron, Mich., July 19.—Last night United States Deputy Marshal Stein was taking Labele, the opium smuggler, back to Indianapolis, and about 8 o'clock, when the train was near Port Haron, Labele went to the water tank to get a drink. He opened the door and leaped from the train. The marshal followed. A horse and buggy were waiting along the track in a side, who jumped in and although hand cuffed, drove to the river bank, two miles distant, at a breakneck speed. George Geel, who lives on the river bank, rowed him to Canada. The marshal got to the boat land on the Canadian shore.

Young Geel is under arrest for aiding a prisoner to escape, but claims he is innocent. The officers think the whole scheme was prearranged.

HOW A DARKEY DODGED THE ISSUE.—"Deed, Miss," said he, addressing the daughter, "yon looks mighty pert, you is, grown a big woman, since I first knowed ye. An' dar' you mudder, too. Lawd! Lawd! 'stonishin' how smart she looks. I ain't gwine say dat you look's a old's you mudder, but I ear it am a certain fact you mudder looks a young's you."

And the courtly old coon chuckled softly as he resumed his shovel.

STATE NEWS.
Potts Checks the Gallows.
Washington, N. C., July 17.—After all Potts checks the gallows. Another sensation swept over the city last night. W. Potts, Jr., who was to be hanged to-day for the murder of Paul Lincoke, made the second attempt to kill himself and succeeded. About 8 o'clock last evening he slided his keepers for a few moments and took a dose of chloral and morphia, dying about 12 o'clock. How he procured the drug is still a matter of mystery. There is much subdued excitement and feeling about the matter and public opinion is likely to be visited upon certain parties. Potts' body is now lying in his cell ready for burial, and large crowds are passing viewing the remains. Almost the entire county believed the tragedy would end as a base but her as she failed in the first attempt to destroy himself, it was hoped that sufficient precautions would be taken to prevent the suicide and that the law would be avenged. There is much public opinion in this county about the manner in which this affair has been conducted, and the effect is not good. So ends the last act in this horrible tragedy. Potts is dead by his own hand, and still public opinion is not satisfied. It is felt that the law is not satisfied and justice is defeated.

GOLDSBORO'S HOMICIDE.—The evidence before the coroner's jury of inquest in the case of the killing of Wm. Porter in this city Friday night is still going on and the verdict has not yet been rendered. The evidence in brief is as follows: Given in, is to the effect that Bud Anderson, who is in custody for the crime, was refused credit by Mr. Porter for some barbecue, whereupon Anderson abused him in coarse language, and in return was turned away and when a good opportunity afforded itself while Porter was bowed over his tray cutting a piece of barbecue—struck him and rapidly ran away to the corner of an alley and hid in a hole, where he changed hats with a friend of his named Long, and afterwards returned to the scene of the killing as if drawn there with the crowd that gathered. He was immediately recognized by several who saw him strike Porter and run off, and was promptly arrested by special officer H. L. Spicer. This is the evidence in brief of one of the most unprovoked and brutal murders ever committed in this city. Wayne county by white men—and those far, every single villain of that sort who perpetrated the deeds has gone unwhipped of justice, all through the law has seemingly settled the question of their guilt.—Argus.

A Murderer Hanged.
Winston N. C., July 19.—Will Houston, colored, who murdered Kate Crosby, colored, at this place on the 21st of May last, and was convicted the same week by Judge Clark, to be hanged June the 21, was publicly hanged here to-day by the Governor having respited him until this time. The hanging was witnessed by five thousand people or more.

On Tuesday last, the Rev. of baptism was administered to the condemned man by the Rev. H. O. Lacy, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church of this place. He was taken from the jail about 12 o'clock and escorted a short distance outside town, where the gallows had been fixed. After mounting the scaffold, which he did with the utmost composure, he called for three of his colored friends and asked them to pray for him, which they did. After which Rev. H. O. Lacy, who had accompanied him, read the burial service, concluding with prayer. Houston, when asked if he had anything to say, replied that he wanted every one to take warning from his fate, and that he would like to see him in a better land, feeling assured that he had been pardoned for his crime.

The drop fell at 1:20 o'clock this afternoon. At 1:08 the pulse at 1:20 no pulse at wrist, but heart beat. At 1:27 he died without a single struggle, and at 1:40 was cut down. The arrangement for carrying out the law was perfect in all its details.

On the 21st of last May, Houston and Kate Crosby got on a spree together. Both imbibed freely in "Mountain Dew," and were in a room where some men were playing cards. Houston, who had a pistol at one of the men, when the woman remonstrated with him for so doing. He cursed her and said he would kill her, and fired instantly, shooting her through the heart. Houston escaped, but was arrested by policeman Maroney and Stewart that evening and lodged in jail. Houston had served one term in the penitentiary.

The Press Convention.
Atlantic City, Morehead City, July 16.—The following were today elected officers of the North Carolina Press Association: President, Thad B. Manning, of the Henderson; Vice President, J. P. Bellows, of the Charlotte; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Sherrill of the Concord Times; Assistant Secretary, W. S. Herbert, of the Winston Free Press; Chaplain, Rev. P. B. Lewis, of the Charlotte; Historiographer, H. A. London, of the Pittsboro Record; orator, V. W. Long, of the Winston Sentinel; poet, F. B. Cooper, of the Clinton Canoeist; executive committee, H. O. Wall, Josephus Daniels, J. M. McEwen, H. S. Blair and W. G. Burkhead.

The annual report was delivered to-night by W. G. Burkhead, of the Durham Plant. The members leave in the morning for Washington via Greensboro.

UNDER THE CANVAS.—If the entire State of North Carolina had been searched from sea to mountain no more suitable place for an encampment for the military of the State could have been found than Seaside Park, on Wrightsville Sound. The Park includes about fifteen acres of ground, a part of which is shaded by large oaks. The rest is open ground, sloping gradually to the sound. In this beautiful grove the tents, &c., are stretched. The drilling and dress parades will take place in the open field, which affords ample space for handling the troops. Within sight of the Park is the sea. Bath houses have been built on the Sound near camp for the accommodation of the encampment. Just across the Sound—one mile—is the fine hotel near the beach, built by the Seacoast Railroad Co., which is now open to the public.

At an early hour this morning the encampment was opened with the usual ceremonies. The reading of the program, carried out clearly showed in the beginning that the boys were not to have a frolic or picnic. This calling together the troops means business, as it should. Why call men from their homes and stop and office for a dozen days at large expense unless some real good is to come from it?

Through the courtesy of the officers in command your correspondent obtained the official reports of each regiment and company, as follows: The First Regiment, Col. Cotten commanding, has in camp seven companies, numbering two hundred and eighty-six men.

The Second Regiment, Col. W. C. Jones commanding, has five companies, numbering two hundred and nineteen men.

The Third Regiment, Col. J. D. Glenn commanding, has seven companies, numbering two hundred and fifty men.

The Fourth Regiment, Col. J. T. Anthony commanding, has seven companies, numbering two hundred and nine men.

From these figures you see there are about a hundred and fifty men. This does not include all of the officers and musicians.

Large crowds witnessed the dress parade this afternoon, and expressed themselves as being proud of our State Guard, and that they might be called upon in the future to carry the flag of our country and defend our soil.

LOCAL NEWS.
THE RATIFICATION MEETING.
Last evening at 8 o'clock, pursuant to previous announcement, the Democratic torchlight procession, with many mottoes, banners and transparencies, and escorted by the Winston Cornet Band, marched from court-house square, under command of Chief Marshal Blackburn and his assistants, and proceeded down Elm street to the railway depot.

On the arrival of the two trains bearing the invited guests, the procession was re-formed and marched back up Elm street, the distinguished visitors in carriages, to the residence of Judge Gilmer, thence down Belle Meade Avenue, thence through Edgeworth street, thence to court-house square, where the speakers' stand had been erected.

Hon. Daniel G. Fowle was introduced on the square by Mr. B. C. Sharpe, First Vice-President of the Young Men's Democratic Club, in well-chosen and fitting words, and in fervid and impassioned terms congratulated the people of Guilford that, even as their ancestors, over one hundred years ago, had battled on this historic soil against the evils of British tyranny, they were united in solid pliancy to-day against a still more awful evil—the Republican party, with its startling and hideous record of misrule, extravagance and corruption. In his view of the two parties Judge Fowle was especially earnest and forcible, and carried his audience with him in unabated interest to the close.

At the close of Judge Fowle's address, Mr. W. R. Land, Corresponding Secretary of the Young Men's Democratic Club, presented to the eloquent speaker, in a few remarks of excellent taste and appropriateness, a magnificent bouquet, in behalf of the ladies of Greensboro.

Mr. J. W. Forbis then gracefully presented to his audience Maj. S. M. Finger, Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose speech was replete with strong argument and significant facts, which placed in contrast the records of the two parties in the administration of both national and State affairs. Maj. Finger is gifted with a fine voice and presence, has himself well under control, and is very strong before a large crowd of people.

Rev. G. W. Sanderlin, the last of the State candidates present, was handsomely introduced by Mayor Barringer. His speech was received with great enthusiasm. In voice, in manner, in a pleasing "bonhomie," combined with remarkable personal magnetism, Mr. Sanderlin captivates his hearer from the start. A man of culture and education, he relies little upon the commonplace of word painting and rhetoric. His arguments are incisive, his points always well-taken, his anecdotes (of which his haversack is full) are irresistibly ludicrous, without being coarse, and, when he so wills, he carries the delighted listener with him in a burst of moving eloquence. He will be a power in the State canvass.

Col. Jas. T. Morehead, Democratic nominee for Congress, was then called upon, and responded in a very strong speech. More and more we are convinced every day that the Fifth District has the man in the field to achieve its redemption, and relegate Brower to the delightful shades of private life.

Calls were then made for Hon. D. F. Caldwell, who, after a brief response which embraced the good sense and accurate political judgment which is always to be expected from this old and tried leader, excused himself on account of the lateness of the hour, promising to lend his efforts in the approaching campaign.

REAPPLY DEVELOPING.—We hardly realize the gratifying and substantial development of this part of North Carolina, which is taking place through the western extension of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway. A quick route to a choice of markets must benefit all classes—the farmer, the merchant and the manufacturer—and the rapid growth of the flourishing villages and towns between this point and Mt. Airy is but the evidence of a substantial prosperity destined to abide with the people of all that section. Summer visitors, too, have returned their faces this year in large numbers this season. Mt. Airy, with the contiguous White Sulphur Springs, has enjoyed a steady influx of guests for the past month, and the hotels and boarding-houses, in the aggregate, can count their arrivals by the hundred. Stokes county has the same experience, for the Danbury Reporter-Post says:

One of the proprietors of the McCanness House told us last week that if all the visitors to whom he had promised rooms should come in at once that he could not supply them, but you must remember that a summer resort hotel is like an omnibus or street car, it never gets so full but another can get in. We expect a large crowd here the latter part of this month and through August; other places are easier to get to, but when you get there you do not find the same delightful nights and days, beautiful scenery and health giving waters that we have here.

THE CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY AND ITS OFFICERS.—A correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger, who has recently been visiting this section of the State and the country west of us, pays the following well-deserved compliment to the merits of a citizen of Greensboro whom we all know to be well worthy of the praise bestowed, and no one who has ever been brought in contact with them will decline to endorse the commendatory mention of his subordinates. As to the road, it is a North Carolina road; it has accomplished and has yet to accomplish a great work for the people of the State; we rejoice in its prosperity and that of its protectors, for we feel that our interests are identified with theirs:

A word as to President Gray. It only requires proper information of the history of this same road, of the almost insurmountable difficulties he has overcome in his heroic and patriotic efforts for so many years amid countless obstructions and discouragements, to finish up this gigantic work of building the road, to know that he may be justly regarded as the Napoleon of railroads in North Carolina. And his subordinates and assistants, who have worked near with him and for the road are gentlemen of high culture and thorough-going North Carolinians. It is pleasant to travel over it, and to have business with its officers and agents. No chilling formalities of red tape ceremonies have to be overcome in dealing with them. No repulsive airs are put on by them, but they are all polite, courteous, attentive, kindly and efficient.

OUR TOBACCO MEN.—We have met many excellent people in our occasional trips west of Greensboro, and especially we have been pleased with the acquaintance made of many farmers in Stokes, Surry, &c. Congratulating us on the prosperity and rapid increase in population of the city of Greensboro, a Surry county tobacco planter informed us the other day that he found no market in North Carolina which gave him more satisfaction in the disposal of his tobacco than this. The buyers, he said, are accommodating and pleasant in manner, prompt and satisfactory in their transactions, and can always be depended upon to give the very highest market prices.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.—The Danbury Reporter-Post, one of the best-balanced and well-furnished newspapers in the State, is well satisfied with the Democratic Congressional nomination in the Fifth District, and speaks also for its people, saying:

The Democratic Convention of the 5th Congressional District held at Greensboro last week nominated Col. James T. Morehead for Congress. In this we think the convention acted wisely; while we would have cheerfully supported either of the other gentlemen whose names were mentioned. Col. Morehead was the choice of the people of Stokes county, and we think, under the circumstances, he was the strongest man in the District and the man to beat Brower.