

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1891.

(By the Patriot Publishing Company, GREENSBORO, N. C.)

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MRS. M. HILDEBRAND,
MRS. C. H. BROCKMANN,

"A GOOD CUSTOMER OF OURS."

The Tea Kettle Hummed It, the Dog Barked It and the Wind Hissed It.

When Rodney came into the club the other evening, one of the boys remarked:

"Ah, Rod, you're looking pretty slick!"

"Yes, and I am feeling pretty slick, as you term it. My eye-teeth have come through since the last time I was around here. One evening, not long ago, I dropped in at Brack's to get a few bottles, and while I was sitting at a table drinking, Brack, after shaking hands with several convivial friends and bidding them good-bye, chanced to come near my table. The old fellow was waiting on me—the one we call Bismarck—thought to pay me a high compliment by giving me an introduction to his master, and, turning to Brack, said:

"This is Mr. Rodney, a good customer of ours."

Brack sat down and ordered the drinks. He was exceedingly jocular, and laughed immoderately at some little pleasantry uttered by himself, and I attempted to be of good cheer, but if I smiled at all it must have been in a constrained way, for certain words lay with shuddering elminess upon my mind:

"Mr. Rodney is a good customer of ours."

"Many a time had I sat at that table, studying the faces of the clamorous crowd about me, and many an ill-spent dollar had I left there, but never before had I struck me that I had been picked out as a 'good customer of ours.' I went out, with the words ringing in my ears, and meditatively strolled along Michigan avenue. Hundreds of resplendent equipages whirled past. A man gayly waved his hand at me. He was driving a handsome span of horses. I recognized Brack. 'A good customer of ours.' Good customers of ours had provided him with that striking turn-out. But where was my turn?

"I went home. My wife was cooking supper. We could not afford to keep a servant. My wife had said so, and I had agreed with her. She had often declared that I was working too hard, and that it was no more than right that she should attempt to cut down expenses. I had agreed to all this, for I knew that I did work hard, and prided myself that I had never been intoxicated, and yet—I was a good customer of ours." We sat down to supper. My wife—and who weary she did look—sat with arms resting on the table. "Aren't you going to eat anything?" I asked.

"Not now," she answered. "I'm so tired that haven't any appetite."

"Mr. Rodney is a good customer of ours," tea-kettle hummed; and a cat, purring at the leg of my chair, seemed to repeat the words. A chill crept over me.

"What has you learned at school to-day?" I asked my little daughter.

"I didn't go to school to-day," she answered.

"My wife looked up wearily and said:

"Her shoes are worn out. She'll have to wait until we can get her a new pair."

"Great God! A good customer of ours."

"I went into the sitting room and lay on the sofa. A troop of reproachful thoughts skurried thro' my brain. And then, old, villainous human nature tried to soothe me:

"You were never drunk," it said "you have always been kind to your family. You drink of an evening when your work is done, but you need some sort of recreation. You spend money, it is true, but why does a man care to live if he cannot enjoy himself occasionally?"

"Ah, how easy it would have been to yield, but truth, in a sad tone of approval, waved aside the tempting sound and said:

"The money you spend for beer would make you home a rest-inspiring and happy place. You say that you must have recreation. What recreation has your wife? Whose good customer is she?"

"My wife came into the room and sat down near me.

"Are you very tired?" she asked in a voice low and sweet with sympathy's music.

"No," I could not help but exclaim, "I am not tired, but a good customer of—I mean that I am a brute."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked in surprise.

"I mean exactly what I say—that I am simply a brute. I have wasted many a dollar that I should have brought home; my selfishness has kept you hard at work when you should have been reading some entertaining book. In truth, I am a good customer at a beer hall, and you are a slave!"

"Oh, don't say that, dear," she implored, gently smothering back my hair. "I am sure that your position demands the spending of some money. You must not be made to appear selfish."

"Oh, no," I replied bitterly, "I must throw money away—I must be a thoughtless brute at home so that I may not appear thoughtless selfish among my down-town associates. We'll not discuss it, but we shall see."

"We have seen," Rodney continued after a short pause. "We have seen a girl in the kitchen; we have seen my daughter, bright and well-

clothed, going to school—have seen my wife rested and cheerful, and especially have we seen that I am no longer a good customer of ours."—*Opie P. Reed in Arkansas Traveller.*

"GO WORK FOR YOUR LIBIN"

De Debit Tempted Ebe, and Ebe Gin Adam a Bite.

"My text, bruderen and sistern, will be found in de fus' chapter of Genesis, and de twenty-seben verse: 'So de Lor' mak man jus' like Hecsel'." Now, my bruderen, you see dat in de beginnin' ob de world de Lor' mak Adam. I tote you how he mak him: He mak 'im out ob clay, an' he sot 'im on a board, an' he look at him, an' he say 'Firs' rate'; and when he get dry, he breathe in 'im de bref of life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and he sot 'im in one corner ob de lot, an' he tote him to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for de winter apples. By-me-by Adam he get lonesome. So de Lor' mak Ebe. I tote you how he make her. He gib Adam lodum, till he get sound 'sleep; de he gouge a rib out ob de side and mak Ebe; and he set Ebe in de corner of de garden, and he tote her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for de winter apples. Wun day de Lor' go out a visitin', de debil come along; he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe; an' he tote her: 'Ebe, why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe say, 'Dem ob de Lor's winter apples.' But de debil say: 'I tote you for to eat dem, case dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple an' gib Adam a bite; an' de debil go away. By-me-by de Lor' come home, an' he missed de winter-apples; an' he call: 'Adam! you Adam! Adam he lay low; so de Lor' call again: 'You, Adam! Adam say: 'Hea, Lor'!' an' de Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter apples? Adam tote him he don't know—Ebe he expect.' So de Lor' called: 'Ebe! Ebe she law low; den de Lor' call again: 'You, Ebe! Ebe say: 'Hea, Lor'!' De Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter apples? Ebe tote him she don't know—Adam she expect.' So de Lor' catch 'em both, and he frow dem over de fence, an' he tote 'em, 'Go work for your libin'!"

ROBBED IN HER MUSIC ROOM.

A Young Woman Attacked By a Masked Man, Probably of Her Own Set.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 3.—A sensational robbery, which involves the names of two well known persons, is stirring local society to its depths. It occurred on last Thursday night, but was not made known until to-day.

Miss Clara Mabel Moore, nineteen years old, is a daughter of O. W. Moore, of No. 1,604 Madison avenue. She is well known in society and is a leader in amateur theatricals.

The story that is given out is that Miss Moore was alone in the music room of her home when a masked man crept up behind her, clasped her in his arms and attempted to remove the rings which she wore.

The young woman fought desperately, and in the struggle her hands were terribly lacerated. The thief had forced one bracelet from Miss Moore's arm and was struggling for the other when she managed to unloose herself and reach the hall, when she cried out for help.

The robber escaped and Miss Moore has been only semi-conscious ever since. In her delirium she mentions the name of a young man as her assailant who is a member of her own social set. Until Miss Moore becomes conscious and can make a charge against him he will not be arrested.

EMMA ABBOTT CREMATED.

The Ashes of the Dead Actress to Be Deposited in a Boston Vault.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 3.—The remains of Emma Abbott, the well known singer and actress who died last January, were cremated in this city on the 17th of February last. The fact was kept quiet at the request of the mother of the deceased, and became publicly known to-day. The incineration took place in Samson's Crematory. On the morning of the 17th an elegant casket addressed to Mr. Samson, arrived from the west on the limited express, and was taken directly to the crematory on 6th avenue. The remains were immediately placed in the retort, and in exactly one hour and 15 minutes the incineration was completed. At 4:40 o'clock that evening the ashes were placed in an ordinary urn, and shipped on the Philadelphia express to New York City, where they were placed in a vault of the safe depository company, to await final interment in the family burial ground in Massachusetts.

When the body was placed in the furnace, it was roused in an elegant dress made in Paris at the cost of \$5,000. It was the singer's favorite costume and was made of heavy cream satin with lavender stripes and hand embroidery in gold. Miss Abbott had expressed the desire to be cremated in this dress.

The Illinois Chestnut.

SPRINGFIELD, March 3.—One vote was taken by the skeleton of the joint assembly to-day, resulting: Palmer 7; Streeter 5; Oglesby 1.

BLUE AND GRAY EXHIBIT.

Proposed World's Fair Re-union of the Survivors.

MONTICELLO, Ill., March 1.—The Confederate veterans of Vicksburg, Miss., have sent to an aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic plans for the proposed re-union of the blue and gray at Chicago during the World's Fair. The plan is outlined by Col. E. O. Carroll and Major Lamar Fountain, of the Confederate army, is to have a pavilion erected at Chicago, to be called the blue and the gray, for the old veterans of both armies, in which the flags, swords, guns and other relics will be stored, and the veterans to camp in tents furnished by the War Department.

The various states will be asked to furnish transportation for the old soldiers within their borders, and the Government will be asked to furnish rations. The blue and gray building to be built by the States combined. The governing committees to carry out the programme. The re-union is expected to last from ten to thirty days. The Confederates have written to the President asking his assistance to carry out their plans, and the re-union, and the Southern senators and Congressmen have also been called on to aid in the work.

NOW FOR THE COTTON TAX.

Why Not Refund It as Well as the Direct Tax?

Congress having done the right-ought act of refunding the direct tax levied during the war by the different States, contrary to the direct prohibition of the Constitution of the United States, the next thing that justice demands is the refunding of the cotton tax, which was equally unconstitutional, and much more onerous, because it was levied upon only a portion of the country. Its burden, so far from being even approximately evenly distributed, was laid entirely upon the six cotton raising States, and the balance of the States of the Union were exempted from paying one dime of the tax. This raised no cotton, consequently had none to be taxed. It was wrong from few States already impoverished by war, and in no condition to stand such a burden. It was a downright, barefaced robbery, in defiance of the supreme law of the land, and now that the national conscience is awakened, restitution would be in order. It would be only an act of common decency to restore it, and a great country like ours certainly ought to be honest.

THE POLICE OF LONDON.

Great Indignation Expressed of Their Inefficiency.

LONDON, March 4.—Popular indignation against the police authorities runs very high, and the feeling is not confined to the lower classes. Sir Edward Bradford's failure to detect the Whitechapel assassin has had a discouraging influence as to the public opinion of his capacity. Much was expected of him at the time of his appointment and the revulsion from the former high estimate is serious. The failure of the police also to arrest the men who robbed a bank clerk in broad daylight for nearly £15,000 arouses apprehension in the breasts not affected by the Whitechapel murders. It is said that there are gangs in London who make a business to become intimately acquainted with the inner workings of every bank and the habit of handling large amounts in coin or notes. Why are these gangs not broken up? The people are asking, and comparisons are drawn with Paris and New York very unfavorable to the London police.

CUT HIS THROAT FOR \$300.

A 2-Year-Old Murderer Confessed by a Colored Woman.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 4.—The Chief of Police of this city received a message yesterday from the Chief of Police of Denver, Col., stating that a negro named Day-ton had confessed the murder of James Wade, in this city, about two years ago. Wade was a collector for the Justice of the Peace Packing House, and at the time of his mysterious disappearance was known to have had several hundred dollars in his possession. The Dayton woman confessed that she killed him by cutting his throat, and then threw his body into the river. She secured about \$300 in cash from his body.

TOWN LOTS FOR A DOLLAR EACH

Texas Negroes on Their Way to Oklahoma.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., March 4.—During the past ten days 300 negroes passed through this city en route to Oklahoma to settle there. Nearly all come from eastern Texas, and are a most distressed and hard looking set, destitute of money, clothing, provisions, farming implements and everything necessary to prevent starvation and suffering in the new country. A white man from Oklahoma has been representing to them that they could secure a good farm for nearly the cost, and has also sold to nearly every one of these migrating negroes town lots for \$1 each. These lots were represented to be located in the heart of large towns and to be worth \$100. Every negro had a deal to some imaginary town lot.

SUFFERING NEGROES.

They Went to Oklahoma, and are Now in Terrible Distress.

OKLAHOMA CITY, March 3.—A deplorable state of affairs exists among the negroes who have lately emigrated to this Territory. They have come to the number of several thousand, with the understanding that the Government feed them and give them a piece of land, and they are now opening their eyes to the fact that the land is taken by the white men and that the Government will not feed them, and as they have no money and there is no work for them to do, they are in a deplorable condition. They are at starvation's door, with not a friend in a thousand miles, as many of them are from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

A JEALOUS YOUTH

Of Four Years Bites Off His Baby Sister's Toe.

AKRON, Ohio, March 3.—Four weeks ago Mrs. Frank Bauer became the mother of a baby girl. For that baby her 4-year-old son took the most intense dislike. Yesterday the mother left her children together. She was gone only a few minutes. When she returned the baby was crying piteously. Continual crying led to an examination of the little thing's body. The mother was horrified to discover that the great toe of the right foot had been bitten off near the first joint. The boy admitted that he had done it.

A FAITHLESS LOVER'S FATE.

His Victim Ends His Career With a Couple of Bullets.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Nerved by an injured woman's wrong, Paulina Robertice, an Italian seamstress, this morning fatally wounded Nicola Piero, who had been her lover, but had betrayed her, give her a revolver and told her to shoot him if he should fail to keep his word and marry her. Having learned that he was about to take all his earnings and sail at once for Italy, leaving her to become a mother but no wife, Paulina took Nicola at his word this morning. One bullet entered his stomach, the other his back. The physicians say he will die.

Dashed Out His Son's Brains.

CLEVELAND, O., March 4.—Delos Roswell, a farmer, seventy years of age, who lives in Cogley township, Summit county, went insane early this morning, and grabbing an axe dashed his son's brains out before the young man could raise an alarm. The old man then rushed at his aged wife and dealt her a terrible blow, after which he tried to cut his throat. Neighbors hurried in before he could put an end to his life and it is hoped both he and his wife may recover. His troubles are the result of financial difficulties.

Only Three Will be Missed.

Twelve members retire from the United States Senate tomorrow for good. They are Brown, of Georgia; Ingalls, of Kansas; Evans, of New York; Spooner, of Wisconsin; Farwell, of Illinois; Estis, of Louisiana; Blair, of New Hampshire; Payne, of Ohio; Hampton, of South Carolina; McConnell, Pierce and Moody, short term senators from three of the new states. With the exception of Brown, Hampton and Ingalls, they will not be missed.

CARELESS PARENTS.

Two Fools Lock Their Children Up and go to the Theatre.

CHICAGO, March 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson, of 447 West Huron st., went to the theatre last night, locking their two children, Canon, aged 9 years, and Macey, aged 4 years, in the house. During the parents' absence a lamp, which had been left burning dimly, exploded and when they came home the children were dead, having been suffocated by the smoke.

Whipped all the Same.

Boston newspapers refuse to believe that Sullivan was whipped by a Georgia train-hand. They hold that he was merely "subjected to a slight chastisement while he was in a somewhat state." But this means "whipped" in Georgia.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Reaching Out for Republican Heads.

Gov. David Bennett Hill is a very busy man, but he can always find time to take a whack at a Republican head, even though he has to reach over into the State of Connecticut for a victim.—*Washington Post.*

White Men Selected.

B. K. Bruce, colored, register of deeds for the District of Columbia, has a very large army of clerks in his department. The honorable chief is allowed by the government three confidential clerks; up to this time all are white men.

Soon Forgotten.

Defeated politicians are soon forgotten. But for his notorious bill, McKinley would not be heard of now. Ingalls is drifting into oblivion; Reed will soon be an uncertain memory, and Harrison is already dead, though the funeral services have been postponed until 1892.

DON'TS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

Little "Beware" Bits About the Newly Arrived Darling.

Don't do everything for the baby that everybody recommends. Don't do it with soothing sirup. Don't give peppermint teas for its nerves. Don't worry and fret yourself ill, then expect a "good baby."

Don't give tapioca cornstarch or potatoes. Don't give meats of any kind. Don't fall to form, early in its little life, a habit of regularity in nursing.

Don't offer nature's fount every time the baby cries. A too full stomach is doubtless the cause of its pain.

Don't bind too tightly; nature will keep the baby from falling apart.

Don't dose with castor oil; but for constipation gently rub the abdomen.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

A Pretty Thing.

The prettiest thing that has ever been run in the way of a railroad train is the special limited vestibule which the Richmond & Danville is now running from Washington to Atlanta daily. The whole train is a solid vestibule with dining car, library, etc., all complete and it goes like a ball out of a Gatling gun. It only makes eight stops between Washington and Atlanta. It stops in this state at Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte.—*Raleigh Observer.*

A Regular Zoo.

Saturday Mr. Moses Ford, who lives near Forestville, this county, on the farm of his father, Mr. D. F. Ford, cut down a large hickory tree in which he found twenty-four live opossums, two gray squirrels, two owls and four flying squirrels.—*Raleigh Chronicle.*

Invited to Winston.

The Wilmington Messenger makes this announcement: Dr. Kingsbury, of our staff, has been invited to take the chair of English in one of the most flourishing institutions of learning in North Carolina, the Davis Military School, at Winston.

An Affecting Sight.

One of the most intensely absorbing sights to be seen in this monotonous, work-a-day world is that of a young man with arms four feet long tenderly embracing a maiden with a waist fourteen inches around.

A Watch for the Blind.

An invention by a Swiss watchmaker is very ingenious. It is a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. The peg drops out when the hour is reached and the owner counts back to twelve, and so finds what hour it is.

Not Suspended.

The Billville, Ga., Banner has not suspended, esteemed contemporaries. Take the editor's own words for it: "We said that we were here to stay, and we meant it. The sheriff has us locked up in the office, and we can't help it. The Banner will be out as usual, however, as we are working away. Copies will be delivered from the press, as soon as the edition is worked off."

A Snow Squall.

A man named Snow, living in the suburbs, was made a father a few days ago, and he sent this announcement to the local paper: "A little Snow drifted into my house last night."—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Tie that Binds.

The North and South will entertain for each other this year kiltier and more friendly feelings than ever. That is to say, it is prophesied that the watermelon crop will be unusually large.

Broke Two Ribs at a Single Hug.

"A Tennessee girl met her father at the depot the other day and broke two ribs at a single hug. Her name is suppressed, for fear that young men will give her house a wide berth."

They'll Be There.

The three Georgia editors who are opposed to free passes, will be present at the Albany Chautauqua. They started out last week, with ten days' provisions, and will arrive in Albany, March 29th.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

His Cheek Saved Him.

A book agent took refuge under a hay stack during a thunder storm and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

At Some Other Mark.

Aunt Mary (with horror)—Charlie, is it possible I heard you swear, you wicked boy? Don't you know the angels are listening to every word you say?

Charlie (calmly)—Well, what if they are? I ain't swearing at them.

Mr. Gorman's Platform.

Senator Gorman is not basing Presidential hopes on any pretended fondness for civil reform ideas. Like Hill, he is a Democrat and he believes in putting the rascals in whenever possible.—*Hartford Post.*

A A SHEETING

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Ladies' 10 cent Cotton HOSE in Grays, Browns and Black,

which we believe to be the BEST 10 cent HOSE offered in Greensboro. We are selling a FIFTY CENT CORSET at THIRTY-NINE CENTS, and when you see it you will say so. If you cannot come yourself, send for one and if it don't suit you, we will refund the price paid for it.

We Carry a full line of CALICO'S, GINGHAMS, and WORSTED DRESS GOODS, and have just received a quantity of NEW STYLES that will please you.

The only way we can induce you to patronize us, is to make OUR PRICES lower than our competitors, and that is just what we have done and have the courage to put them in PLAIN FIGURES. Don't wait, these goods will not last long at these prices.

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Jan. 15.

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Deposited with Insurance Department, \$1,059,181.25
Losses paid in the United States over \$7,000,000.00

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