THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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Sometime You Will Miss Me.

"Sometime you will miss me, darling
When the long night shadows fall,
I shall be beyond the starlight,
And I shall not hear you call.
You will wake at midnight,
And will think of one dear head
That your bosom softly pillowed—
Resting among the dead!

"All the precious love you gave me
In the olden, happy time,
You will think of, and you will weave it
Daily into heartfelt rhyme.
You will make my memory sacred to me,
For perhaps you could not give
Unto me the power to cheer or bless
And watch over you while you live.

"I shall come if he is willing,
At the lonely midnight hour,
And in my garments soft round you
Their cloud which overshadows heaven,
Shielding you from every evil,
Though you may not see my face,
I will not leave you lonely—
There must be no vacant place.

"While here are aspirations
All the angels have to bless,
This shall draw our souls together
Round the great Alternate Throne,
Yes, if angels for me pray, darling,
We shall meet in the twilight, love,
Where the ransomed throng assemble
Which you and I are with love.

GLOWING WORDS ON THE SOUTH.

From an Address Delivered by Hon. John Temple Graves, at Atlanta, Ga.

The battle of our candidate is in the prime. The splendid status of today is only the progress and present culmination of this grand struggle of recuperation and improvement which has no equal or parallel in the world. The history of the South has been an epic of commerce—an industrial romance in which her hero spirit has driven blood and chivalry as inspiration to the heart, and wrapped endeavor in the grandeur of practical achievement.

In the honest experience of accession the coupled by billions of her treasure, and recall this appalling loss when she lent bravely over the ashes to lay the foundation of another life. If every manufacturer in Massachusetts, standing at their door between Maine and the Maryland line had been suddenly swept away, the North would not have suffered one-half the ruin written in these mighty figures. Out of this abyss of financial despair the South has fought her way through adversity and courage into a magnificent prosperity. Her cotton crop of to-day is twice as large as it was in 1880, and thirty-three-quarters of all the world requires. The number of her cotton mills has doubled, her looms and spindles have been trebled, and since 70, $3,000,000,000 have come to pay for the white staple of her fields. Her income from cotton now is $300,000,000, and is the approaching and inevitable time when her staple shall be manufactured in the fields of production, with stalk and seed and blossom spinning into diamond values. This resource, along with twenty-one thousand millions a year to its working capital. Her great iron product, the new glory of her soil, has been quadrupled, and $20,000,000 pinned annually to her treasury in return. Her property has multiplied fourfold in value, and three thousand millions marks the measure of its mighty increase. She has passed her chief product, trebled her corn crop, doubled the mileage of her railroads, multiplied her banking capital, paid the great bulk of the rapidly increasing debts of her states, and with untold riches in her soil and elixir unspoken in her incomparable air, she is moving through new channels with cheerful footsteps to a future of certain and inconceivable development, plastered in industry and lit by the dazzling multiples of sunlighted millions than ever splendored the dreams of eastern luxury.

SHE FOUND RIPS.

The Young Wife Was Quite Equal to the Emergency.

There is a young married woman of my acquaintance whose first wifely experience with the needle has resulted in a capital joke on her. She found what appeared to be two immense rips on the inside of the tails of her husband's frock coat and while he was down town she carefully pressed them up. When the young man came home to lunch his wife met him, coat in hand.

"I've just mended it," she said: "there were two awful rips in the tails of it."

"Let me see," said the husband of the industrious young woman "I didn't know there was a tear in it."

"Yes there was a rip right there."

"But they are the—"

The young man caught the look of innocent doubt on his wife's face and stopped.

"Yes, those were fearful rips! things were getting in them all the time."

And the young man went down to his office and picked out the threads in order to get out of his book and a few letters that he had in those tail pockets.

DR. BAKER SENTENCED

To Be Hanged on the 27th of November Next.

ABINGDON, Va., August 19.—In the case of the commonwealth against John P. Baker, the motion for a new trial was overruled, and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, November 27th next. Counsel for the defense had a consultation as to the exceptions taken for the purpose of an appeal to the circuit court.

TILLMAN ON THE THIRD PARTY

From a Speech at Red Springs, N. C., Reported in the Charleston News-Courier.

We farmers of the South and West know that we are growing in power day by day, and we have sworn by the eternal God that our demands shall be granted by the robbers. [Applause and cheers.]

What strange scenes have we witnessed of late! The farmers have organized, driven to it by farm necessity. They did not care about organization when they were prosperous. Now the alliance between the South and West has some promise of realization. In Kansas and other northwestern states—"Bleeding Kansas," the blackest of black Republican states—which helped to make us in South Carolina, at least, subservient to the black horde that once dominated our State, the farmers with poverty staring them in the face and the sheriff behind them with their mortgages unpaid, have been driven to adopt Democratic principles in spite of themselves. [Applause.] They haven't the manliness to come out and say we have been wrong and you were right. Instead of joining the Democratic party outright, they want to organize a Third party.

They won't come right square into the Democratic party, although I admit it is hard for a fellow who has been voting one way for twenty-five years to confess he was wrong; but we don't care how they come in so long as they do help us. [Laughter and applause.] If they want to vote for Democratic principles make a Third party, in God's name let us send them joyful greetings. For if we can divide those fellows up there we'll have a shooting chance, won't we, boys? [Applause.] But I am afraid that Third party idea has taken too strongly with South, and I hear that there is too much of it especially in North Carolina. I may be mistaken, but I have got the impression that there is an under current that may carry off a lot of weak-kneed supporters.

I want to talk about this to men who have always been Democrats in mind, heart, soul and body, where Democracy is bred in their very bones. You often hear people say, "If the Democratic party don't give us what we want we don't care what we do." Now that is a bad attitude to assume towards anybody or party. You can't build up the American people, and there are often things involved in party principles that cannot permit certain things to be done.

A WORD OF WARNING.

I would call the attention of those men who are running after ignis fatuus to the deeds and misdeeds of the Republican party. Ever since 1860—that party has been responsible primarily for every piece of sectionalism that has been perpetrated in the United States. [Applause.] How can I prove it? Up to 1874 they controlled the House, the Senate and the President. In that year the Democrats carried the house, but the other fellows held the Senate and President. They stole the Presidency in 1876, but a lie will stick to it as well as the truth, and a de facto President is as good as a de jure President when he holds the fort. The Republicans held the fort and they were responsible for all the acts of the Government. Once we had the House and Senate, but the Republican President had the veto power.

Last year the Republicans had the House, Senate and President, and look at what they wanted to do. They tried to reconstruct us—to make the pyramid stand on its apex and give us back again.

[illegible] AS A NATION.

And yet some Democrats talk about reorganizing Democratic party. As I asserted, the Democratic party since 1860 had had no opportunity to do anything for the relief of the people. They have only been able to hang on the back of the Radical party and keep it from doing more devilment. Is there any reason why any Democrat should grow weary with this long struggle, and especially now when slavery is about to perish on our borders and by after utter political moribund? They will not do it in South Carolina, and I do not believe you will do it in North Carolina. [Applause and cheers.]

A RACE CONFLICT IMMINENT.

Whites and Negroes Get Into a Difficulty in Cabarrus County.

CONCORD, N. C., Aug. 18.—Sunday at a camp-ground in the southern part of Cabarrus, three white men and two negroes got into a difficulty which resulted in the cutting of all and the stabbing of one white man. His wounds are fatal, his intestines falling out. Officers attempted to arrest the negroes to-day at the camp-ground when two hundred or more blood thirsty negroes surrounded the officers with knives and pistols, swearing blood shed if the negro carried away. Messengers came to Concord appealing for the Cabarrus Black Boys, Military Company to go down and prevent trouble. It is feared that the negroes are ripe for the torch and anything. Even the colored preacher advised the negroes to resist the officers until death. The whole township is thoroughly stirred up and uneasy.

A Bath (Me.) young man got up the other day and shaved himself during his sleep.

MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.

FIFTY-FIVE LARGE BUILDINGS TOTALLY DESTROYED.

The Firemen Worked Heroically, but Nothing Could Stay the Flames.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., August 18.—A path of smoldering ruins two blocks wide and six blocks long, extending from Bay Street up to Beaver Street and one block on each side, is the result of a fire which started at midnight last night. It caught in R. D. Knight & Co's. grocery, adjoining the large Hubbard building and in a very short time the block was a sea of flames. It destroyed fifty-five buildings, including Knight's store. Among them the Hubbard block, in which was located the Western Union telegraph office and a dozen large concerns. The Grand Hotel, Seminole Club, Smith & Mattlair's building, Hotel Chelsea, Chelsea House, The Tilton House, McMurry & Baker's carriage warehouse, St. Joseph's Convent, the Ritzwaller residence and Floyd Bros'. crockery store.

The fire spread on all sides, being fanned by a stiff breeze. The firemen worked heroically throughout, but nothing could stay the flames until exhausted for want of material. They were stopped on Beaver street on the North, Laura street on the West and Ocean street on the East. The loss is estimated at one million dollars; insurance half a million.

IT WAS A TRADE.

He Got The License and a Nickel to Boot.

He had a basket of eggs on his arm as he went into the building looking for the man that writ out weddin' licenses.

"I'm from Stoney Point and I want a weddin' license," he said to the clerk at the desk. "Is this the place?"

The clerk said it was.

"Might as well be sure," he continued; "for the feller at the door told me it was. But I got doubts about what you either fellers tells a stranger when he comes. I got no proofs."

"Do you want a license?" asked the clerk.

"You bet I do, and I want it for myself, too. I am a bashful, I am. A feller has got no right to be that has been courtin' a gal for two year like I have been doin'. He's much air they say."

"Got a car."

"Gorramity, Gos! They ain't that much, air they? They was married last year, and I've been reading how the McKinley bill had brought down prices of all the necessaries of life. Is it that so?"

"I hasn't got any here yet," explained the clerk.

"Well, I've got to have her, dollar or no dollar, but I'm a young feller, I've got seven dozen eggs here worth 15 cents a dozen. Right fresh out of the hen. Can't you take it out in trade and let me have the five cents in cash to buy some red stripe and striped candy for the gals? It isn't much, young feller, and if you can come up on, Stoney Point will come up on you, sure, and fetch eggs, if I don't board yer a week for nothin'. Is she a swap with a nickel to boot for the weddin' present?"

Ten minutes later he went out chuckling with the license in the basket where the eggs had been.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EDITOR RAMSEY INTERVIEWED.

He Says the Alliance is Inflexible in Demand for the Sub-Treasury.

Editor Ramsey, of the *Progressive Farmer*, was specially interviewed to-day by your correspondent. He spent last night at Morehead City at the Alliance Convention, and said: "In no conference or meeting was there any talk of the third party. I heard some talk of it individuals. Many questions were asked regarding the third party, the answer was the Alliance had nothing to do with it. I never met any bold out and out third party men. I do not know whether any can be found in this State. I do not see any diffidence that way. I heard men say they believed the third party would come, but they spoke merely their own speculations. There is no increase in the feeling of dissatisfaction with the political parties. In none of the meetings was there a word of politics. The Alliance is inflexible in its demands for the sub-treasury plan. The Alliance endorsed it without a dissenting voice. It will not favor any particular bill for one of those before the last Congress, but will answer—with perhaps some slight modification. The Alliance was not concerned upon any particular candidate for Governor, so far as Col. Polk's friends are concerned, they are not willing for him to be a candidate. They do not propose for him to step down. His best friends in North Carolina had rather see him where he is than in any political office. The election in December, and he will probably be again chosen President of the National Alliance.—*Raleigh Chronicle.*

How the Editor Made Ink.

Last week as we went to press, it was discovered that we were out of ink, but it was only by a short time until we had plenty. The devil washed out the office towel and boiled the water down—we at once had ink.—*Milwaukee Post.*

An Inspiration to Editors.

The late George Jones life as it is now related is an inspiration to all editors. He was not an able and brilliant writer, but he was above price and dared to attack and expose the Tweed gang, the most corrupt political gang in all American history. Here is an incident in his life that ought to be pasted in the hat of every editor. Jones had the documentory evidence against Tweed and expected to publish it in the *Times* next morning. Here is what occurred:

"The conversation (between Tweed's emissary and Mr. Jones) occurred in Mr. Jones' office in the Times building. Shortly after a lawyer, who was a tenant in the same building, sent for Mr. Jones to his office, as he wished to see him on an important matter. Thinking that the business pertained to the building, Mr. Jone's went to the lawyer's office, and, being ushered into a private room, was confronted by Richard B. Connolly, the Controller, and Tweed's partner in crime.

"I don't want to see that man," said Mr. Jones, and he turned to go out of the place.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Connolly, "let me say one word to you." At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession, and offered him an enormous sum of money to do this. The amount of this offer was $5,000,000! As Connolly waited for his answer, Mr. Jones said:

"I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that."

Connolly then began to plead, and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with $5,000,000. He concluded by saying.

"Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince!"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any other offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

How many editors in New York this morning would bear that test.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

How to Advertise.

The Humorous paper *Puck* is evidently impressed with the fact that no little art is required to advertise in a successful manner. "The foolish and inexperienced advertiser," it says, "buys so much space in a newspaper, and fills it to the very edge with extravagant puffs of his wares, written in superlatives, and printed in almost microscopic type. Few read his advertisement, and nobody believes it, and so nobody buys his goods. Then he is angry, and cries out in his blind wrath that advertising does not pay, or other idiocy to that effect. But the wise and experienced advertiser, buying the same amount of space, devotes the larger portion of it to a clearly written, cleanly printed, modest, and reasonable statement of the merits of his goods—such a statement as he is willing to stand by. For that man, advertising pays. One of the cleverest advertisements we ever saw was the announcement on the part of a firm of clothiers that a certain lot of overcoats, which the house had been selling for some months, had turned out to be inferior in wearing qualities to the standard guaranteed by the manufacturers. So every buyer was notified that if he would bring back his coat, he could have his money back with no reduction on account of his use of the garment. Do you not suppose that that advertisement was worth columns and columns of foolish praise of the marvellous Meltons and original Oxfords and charming Chinchillas which that firm have had to sell?

Blasts From the Ram's Horn.

If men were sure they could get to heaven by hard work every loafer would soon be busy.

Unless a Christian's walk corresponds with his talk, the less he has to say the better.

Unless we walk where we should somebody else will be sure to walk where they shouldn't.

As long as there is one sin in the heart it is impossible to keep the door shut against others.

One way to shorten the arm of God is to see how much you can do to discourage your preacher.

If we do not let our light shine as God wants us to somebody may have to stay in the dark forever.

Nobody ever thinks about the stick that carried it up when they see the beauty of the sky-rocket.

We are as responsible for what we permit others to do in our name as we are for what we do ourselves.

People kill one another for the perishable things of this life, and refuse to take eternal life as a gift.—*Ram's Horn.*

Blood Will Tell.

Of course it will—that is if it is good, healthy blood. It will glow in the cheek, and tell the story of perfect physical health. If it does not, if the complexion is devoid of color, the muscles weak and flaccid, something is wrong, and something ought to be done about it at once, for in such cases delays are dangerous. For torpid liver, "billiousness," and the thousand and one ills to which these conditions of the system lead, there is no remedy in the world equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Boils, pimples eruptions, scrofulous sores, salt-rheum, and all kindred diseases are cured by it.

NEWS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

The manufacture of false teeth for horses is a new industry just opened in Paris with a capital of 2,000,000 francs.

The undertaker who furnished Mrs. Polk's coffin performed the same service for President Polk forty-three years ago.

The suspension of the British Bank of Australia is announced. The liabilities are $8,000,000, half of which is owing to creditors in England.

Edison is now at work on an electric motor to replace the ordinary locomotive. It is designed to take up electricity from a central rail, and to develop at least 1,000-horse power.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says the old bachelors should be taxed to support the old maids. But just think how the girls would have to humilate themselves in order to get on the pension roll.

A Mr. Foster in Jersey City has been suffering with a cancer on his lower lip two years, and has refused to see a doctor, relying entirely upon the faith cure. The faith cure tackles a big job when it strikes a cancer.

The following epitaph is in Lanesboro, S. C.: Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, $250."

By the death of Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Garfield become the only surviving widows of Presidents. Mrs. Tyler, the second wife of President Tyler, died in Richmond in July, 1889.

A woman fell overboard in Japanese waters and was eaten by a shark. For three years her husband has done nothing but hunt sharks, and up to date has landed about 300 of them and is still fishing.

Ex-Senator Reagan, of Texas, a hard-headed, practical man of the world, got it from an old darky that it would bring him ill fortune to put on his left shoe first, and never once in all the years that have sped has he failed to give the right foot precedence.

The court of Appeals of Virginia has recently decided that the State law forbidding the running of freight trains on Sunday is unconstitutional, on the ground that it interferes with the right of Congress to regulate inter-state commerce. The case was the State vs. Norfolk & Western R. R. Co.

General Custer's venerable father, now 81 years old, was at Detroit the other day, at the cyclorama of the battle of Big Horn. As he gazed upon the portrayal of his son's death he wept, and finally turned to leave, when a lot of veterans of the Civil War, who were present, recognized and greeted him, and an affecting scene ensued.

Gail Hamilton has written a five-column defense of Mrs. Maybrick, in which she clearly proves that unfortunate lady's innocence. If the British home secretary reads it carefully he will order the release of the prisoner. Gail Hamilton has more sense and can make a better argument than forty lawyers.

A jeweler at Akron, O., is offering a gold watch for sale on a novel plan. The watch is offered at $20, and the price is reduced $1 each day until the timepiece is purchased. If not sold at the expiration of twenty days, the watch is to be given to the first person entering the store on the morning of the twenty-first day.

The president's salary is paid to him in monthly installments of $4,166.67. The warrant is brought to the white house by a special messenger from the treasury department, and after the president has endorsed it, as he would an ordinary draft, his private secretary deposits it at the Columbia Bank. When the president is out of town, the draft is mailed to him. The same method is pursued in paying the justices of the supreme court.

A young banker, well known in Berlin, recently attempted to take advantage of a young woman on Haltera Common at Ofen. The woman proved to be the stronger and braver of the two. After a brief struggle she mastered the would-be ruffin, tied his hands behind his back, and fastening a rope around his neck led him to the police station of Ofen, where she charged him with attempted assault. Women who go out alone should always take a rope along with them.

He Was Mr. Lease.

Jerry Simpson has been telling a Washington correspondent a great many funny things, and among other anecdotes relates the following: "On a recent rainy day Mrs. Lease got on a Wichita street car and was recognized by all the men who had seats, for they kept them to give her a taste of her own medicine. As she passed to the other end of the car a man looked up from his paper in a startled way and instantly arose to give her his seat. 'Don't,' said the man next to him, 'that's Mrs. Lease. She believes in equality of the sexes and all that.' But Mrs. Lease took the seat and the man who gave it to her turned to the one who had admonished him and said, as he straightened up some: 'Guess you don't know me. I am Mr. Lease.'"

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Black Plaid Lawns
A new Lot just Received at 12½ cents, 15 cents and 18 cents, these are the popular selling goods of the season and are SELLING faster than we can get them.

CLOSING WHITE GOODS!
Ladies and Childrens White Embroidered dress patterns are offered at prices which will induce almost anybody to buy. Patterns reduced as follows. $1.50 goods going at $1.00, $1.25 going at 85 cents, 75 cent goods going at 50 cents, 60 cent goods going as 45 cents, 40 cent goods going at 30 cents, 25 cent goods going at 18 cents. And so on down the line, at prices to make the goods move.

Now is your time to buy a Dollars worth of goods for 50 or 75 cents.

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The contract of this company after two years becomes nonforfeitable, incontestable, unrestricted as to residence, travel or occupation.
If you will write your name, date of birth, and address, in the blank form and send it to the address below, we will take pleasure in showing you, not an ESTIMATE but a STATEMENT showing the exact value in cash and paid up insurance which would appear in a policy issued at your age.
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