THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,155 — GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1891. — By the Patriot Publishing Company. TERMS $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

A. R. WILSON,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

Dr. W. J. RICHARDSON,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Gilmer & Wright,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

ROBERT M. DOUGLAS,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

LIFE, INSURANCE FIRE,

ONLY FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES

Books! Books! Books!

DIKE BOOK CO.,

BOOKS, STATIONARY, FANCY GOODS.

J. H. NEESE,

DEALER IN

American and Italian Marble.

SCIENCE HAS CONQUERED.

JOHNSTON OPTICAL CO'S

PATENT

EASY-FITTING

Made It Possible to Restore Defective Eye Sight to Normal Vision.

PATENT OPTIC EYE-METERS.

W. B. Farrar & Son,

REECE & ELAM,

BOOK and JOB PRINTERS

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

ONLY OFFICE IN GREENSBORO NORTH CAROLINA RUNNING THE PRESSES BY WATER POWER.

Orders by Mail Receive our Personal Attention.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand.

Oh, why should the world seem strange
With the beauty around me still?
And why should the slope of my sward path
Seem suddenly all up-hill?

I had gone, with a buoyant step,
So cheerily on my way:
How could I believe so calm a light
Could turn to so chill a gray?

And wherefore? Because the hand
That fed in its sleep my own—
Warm pulse with a reflection such
As only the blest have known—

Was caught in the viseless hand
Of an angel and upward drawn
What hope, what comfort, what gladdening
Since the star of my life is gone!

Some stranger is left to floor
Some comforting whisper saith—
"The man that shall carry thee safe to him
When you cross the tides of death."

If Christ in His mercy hour
Shall send of the chosen three,
To guide with him through the awful
Of the dread Gethsemane,

Oh, grant His human heart
Will pity and understand
The soul that, trusting, yet faltering, too deep for
Words,
For the touch of the vanished hand.

W. [illegible] in Harper's Bazar.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Do you pass a carpenter shop on your way down town?" asked Mrs. Bowser of her other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.

"Why?" he cautiously asked in reply.

"We ought to have a screen door in the kitchen. There's where all the flies come in. We can use one of those doors we brought with us, but we'll have to have a carpenter to put it in."

"We'll, no! I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for what I can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."

"But don't you remember that you tried before?"

"You tried to hang a screen door last summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."

"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to stand up there and spin! In the first place, I never tried to hang a screen door, and in the second I never got mad."

"But, you—you—" she stammered.

"Nothing of the sort! I don't even remember that we had a screen door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have had a very queer effect on you."

"But, won't you send up a carpenter?"

"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for me."

He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and replied:

"Just a few tools. Come handy to tinker with. Every man ought to keep a few tools and do his own repairing. I think I saved us at least $200 last year."

"Well, I hope you won't fly mad over your work. A screen door is a very particular thing to hang."

"Oh, it is? You've hung lots of 'em, I presume?"

"I know that it takes a skilled workman."

"You'll better write a book and call it 'What I Know About Screen Doors.' I ought to feel proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now, and begin on the first chapter of your book."

Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen doors of different sizes. He selected one he thought would fit and carried it up. It was six inches too high. The next one was four inches too short. The third was almost long enough to make two such doors as he wanted. He had the fourth out, which was almost a fit, in the backyard, when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:

"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your doors you wouldn't have had to lug up half one."

"Wouldn't I? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"

The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and was about to use the saw when she asked:

"Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"

"For what reason?"

"If you don't you can't saw straight."

"I can't? Perhaps I am blind?"

When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw upon an angle.

"I told you so," she quietly observed.

"Told me what?" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about? Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door? If you know so much go ahead and finish the job?"

Mrs. Bowser went into the house, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to lack on a strip or leave an opening for all the flies in New York State. He was sawing a piece off one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:

"You'll spoil that door, too, Mr. Bowser. Why don't you take a piece from this box? If you had put a straight edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he laid down his saw, "am I a purblind child 5 or 6 years old, who must be brought in when it rains, or am I the man of the house, 40 years of age, and generally supposed to have sense enough not to sit down under a pile-driver to eat my dinner?"

"But you'll never make the door fit," she protested.

"If I don't no other man on earth need try!"

She went out again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. Then he held it up to find the frame an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.

"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or setting down!" he growled as he held the door up. "I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make it fit, and she'll either fit or down comes the shanty!"

He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to ask:

"What good is a door there if you have all those cracks?"

"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"

"Look here—and here—and here! Mr. Bowser, even the humble-bees of New York would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"

Mr. Bowser laid the hammer, the gimlet, and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed into the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.

"Confounded old door-way is out of plump and that's the matter!" he grizzled as he set to work to unhinge it. When he got the door off he racked it this way and that and tried it again. More cracks than before. He took it down and sprung upon it with all his might and this time as he held it up there was a crevice through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it down, but fell forward, tumbled over himself, and sprawled on his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the back door.

Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all around for the axe, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen doors and kicked with both feet until they were reduced to strings and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and perspiring and pale-faced, and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal putting work around the house I'll go—go never to return!"

"When did I coax you?"

"Never you mind! It's all right!"

"But I say——"

"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table leg for a caster! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

NEGROES WILL COLONIZE.

Gathering at Langston City in Readiness to Take up Indian Lands.

Guthrie, Okl., August 27.—A movement is on foot to colonize with negroes the Indian lands which are soon to be thrown open to a general settlement. It has its origin at Langston City, the metropolis of the negro settlement, not far from here. The agents (850 in number) of the Langston Colonization Society are now laboring in the Southern States to persuade negroes to come to the new country.

Hundreds of negroes have already gone to Langston and have been cared for by the colored citizens until the time for invitation arrives. Many negroes are arriving daily, and by the time the lands are proclaimed open to settlement it is believed thousands of colored people will have arrived here.

Kansas City, Mo., August 27.—Fifty-two well-to-do colored men, under the leadership of R. H. Waterford, of Memphis, Tenn., left here yesterday for Oklahoma, where they will await the opening of the Indian lands soon to be thrown open to general settlement. These negroes are from various parts of the South, and expect to found a colony of their own in the lands.

Waterford says the agents are at work in all the Southern States soliciting adherents to the plan of forming a negro colony, and he expects the colony will ultimately number 100,000 members.

A Sea Serpent 200 Feet in Length.

Shediac, N. B., Aug. 26.—Two pilots and three other men while on a mackerel fishing expedition report that on Sunday last when eight miles off the Richibucto they saw a sea serpent. They estimated the animal to be 200 feet long and of about the size of a man's body. It had a flat shaped head, with the eyes on top, like those of a frog. It resembled a snake and sometimes raised its head six feet out of water, and its body curved like an immense hawser. They were near enough to see its scales, and the animal remained in view for an hour or more. The men who saw it are reliable.

SOMETHINGS UNCLE JERRY SAID

In his Speech in this Place on last Thursday.

Hon. Jerry Simpson of Kansas, held his audience spellbound yesterday nearly two hours—making a plain, forceful and argumentive speech. His manner is pleasing, and he tells a good story very well. Among other things he said substantially:

The whole shape of our society has changed. I read to-day the papers of both the old parties, and that this new movement is temporary and visionary, but in consequence of it, a number of statesmen are out of a job and a number of others will soon be. The movement is permanent, and has grown out of the new condition of affairs.

The world is old. Society has been trying to elevate and perfect itself from the first when men lived in caves. Then the strong preyed upon the week. It came down from this to the pastoral state where the industrious tended flocks and herds in the valleys. The idle, vicious and greedy, built castles upon the hills and made raids upon the flocks and lived at the expense of their more industrious neighbors. Afterwards we see the robbers building their castles at fords and forts and laying tribute upon those who carried their flocks and came to the market. This was the first tariff system. The producers built a wall around them, but the robbers went in and continued to prey upon them by taking advantage of their religious convictions.

That age was cursed with a corrupt church and robbed by priestcraft. It was an age of religious robbery. After two hundred years struggle this kind of robbery was checkmated.

But the robbers got control of the law and these robbers are now robbing you by law. Society is rebelling against this kind of robbery now. The people are reaching forth to settle the new making problem. The outcome is the Farmers' Alliance. History tells us that there is no going backwards. Cause and effect. The conditions are forcing us to the front.

Forty years ago there were no railroads. People lived in small communities and borrowed little from their neighbors. They used home-made products. To-day one man made a pair of shoes. Now sixty men are employed in making of shoes. The change demands the use of railroads. Too much power has been given them and it is dangerous. They take too much tole for what they do.

He wished every body were rich and the poor would be better off. The national banks were monopolies, but he was not opposed to bankers. Bedbugs are tolerably decent looking insects, and we are not opposed to them either, but the business they are engaged in. The banker lends the farmer money at more than double the rate of interest he pays.

The remedy for this is the subtreasury bill. Stateson say it is unconstitutional, but are the trusts now in the country and subtreasuries of they own? Is it not unconstitutional for the government to lend money to the Union Pacific railroad? which has not even paid their interest.

The bankers, the silver men, the distillers all have our treasuries, but when the farmers wants money on his crop it is unconstitutional. Some time ago Jay Gould cornered $75,000 in Wall street. The wind of that man's garment as he passes from east to west enough to corrupt the legislature of any State.

I am for a third party. I don't think a man ought to belong to a party, but the party to the man. The day has gone by for a man to stick to a party. I believe the day has come when the best of each party will be represented in the Third party. In the South your Democratic Senators are fighting us on the sub-treasury, because they think it is our weak point.

He discussed both the two old parties, and said he and a few other members of congress had determined not to go into any caucus with either, but would hold a little caucus of their own, and he hoped the alliance men in the South would each year add to their number, until they could make themselves felt.

The following are two of his western jokes, which called forth words of applause. They are mellow with age, but "little Jerry" tells them very well:

Two Irishmen, Pat and Jimmy, were forced to leave Ireland by the same oppression under which the farmers of this country are today.

After arriving here they camped one night near the railroad. While Pat lay dreaming of old Ireland and his sweetheart, the limited express rushed by, thundering, snorting and bewildering. Pat was dumb-founded—speechless, and lay quite still until the train was out of hearing.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy," he cried as he nudged his brother, "let's leave. They are moving Hell! Send the first train load has just gone long."

That is just what some people think we are doing. We carried the first load when we put Ingalls "out of a job," and the train is tearing through Ohio and before three months John Sherman will be loaded up.

One of our smart Kansas boys trained a mule of his to a number of tricks. Among them was that he would sit down whenever the boy would touch him in the flanks.

One day on the road he met up with one of these English tourists—one of brother Polk's syndicators—who was in this country hunting. Gomgalong, the mule, suddenly sat down. The astonished Englishman wanted to know what was the matter?

"Oh," the smart boy replied: "He is a setter. Do you see that rabbit yonder? Well, that's what made him set. He is better than a dog."

Very soon the mule sat down again.

"He sets quails too," the boy explained as he pointed toward a covy of the birds.

The Englishman wanted this wonderful animal. So after some considerable talking, a bargain was struck by which the tourist received the mule and the boy $100 and the stranger's horse.

They proceeded together until in crossing a creek. The Englishman drew up his long legs and twitched the mule in the flanks and down the mule sat in the water.

"What is the matter now?" asked the dripping syndicator.

"Oh, he is just settin' for suckers," the boy cried out as he left him.

TOLD HER TO DROWN HERSELF.

His Wife Plunged Into the Surf and He Did Not Stir a Finger to Help Her.

Spring Lake, Aug. 26.—Considerable excitement was caused here this afternoon by the attempt of Mrs. Martha Wilkie to commit suicide by plunging into the surf on the beach opposite the Hotel Allair. She is the wife of John Wilkie who is engaged in the carriage business here.

This afternoon they started for a walk on the beach to talk their domestic troubles over. They did not come to any agreement, and when opposite the hotel they stood still and quarrelled bitterly. Suddenly Mrs. Wilkie was heard to exclaim:

"I'll kill myself."

"There is the ocean," said the husband; "go drown yourself."

The words had no sooner been uttered than the woman sprang in the breakers and fell forward, disappearing in the spray.

Mr. Wilkie calmly stood and watched her as she was tossed about and washed ashore. He never moved. The woman sprang up and rushed into the waves again. This time she succeeded in getting beyond the breakers, and it seemed as if her wish for death was soon to be gratified. Several guests who stood near by called to the man to go in and get his wife; but he told them that she wanted to die and he was going to let her. The people then called the bathing master. He came on a run, and with a few swift strokes reached the woman and carried her ashore. She was unconscious, but in ten minutes was restored. Her first words were:

"Why didn't you let me die? My husband wants me no longer and I want to die."

Judge Kelley, a guest at the hotel, talked to the woman awhile and then escorted both husband and wife to their home, advising them to patch up their difficulties and live peaceably.

The woman finally said she would not attempt suicide again, and the husband promised to watch her closely. They have been married nine years.

The Billville Banner.

We were arrested yesterday on suspicion of being one of the robbers of the Central express train. This comes of a man walking around Billville with six loose dollars in his pocket.

We started to Cumberland island last week, but the proprietor heard we were coming and closed the hotel. This means one more mouth on blind faith. Our loss is his gain.

We have joined the salvation army, and we are now engaged in beating the groceryman and the bass drum. ☞ Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m. to 10 o'clock p. m. Sinners saved on short notice. Salvation free after the first payment. Call early and avoid the hot weather.

Six widows from Atlanta came down on the train last night. ☞ No paper will be issued from this office next week, as we have business elsewhere.

We knew that we would strike it rich before we left Billville. After seven years' hard work we have been invited to a barbecue. We believe in justice, and we will see that justice is done when we get there.

What's the use of talking about funds for the Confederate Home? We're the only living confederate private, and if the state will just put us on exhibition there for six weeks, and charge 10 cents admittance, they will raise a fund sufficient to run the home for fifty years. All we ask is a third of the gross receipts.—*Billville, Ga., Banner.*

Somewhat Polific.

New York, August 25.—Rebecca Rubenstein arrived at the Barge Office yesterday from Odessa, bringing with her twenty-four children. Their ages range from one to twenty-five years. The Rubensteins are in good circumstances and will settle in this city.

Sallie and Claudia Morson, of Birmingham, Ala., aged 17 and 15 respectively, were drowned yesterday in each other's arms while bathing at a family picnic.

HURLED TO DEATH.

A MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN KNOCKED FROM A TRESTLE

And Dashed to Death on the Rocks Sixty Feet Below—Taken by Surprise by a Special Train.

Louisville, Ky., August 25.—Near Nicholasville yesterday a special engine on the Richmond, Nicholsville, Irvine and Beattyville Railroad ran over and killed Mrs. Mary Richardson and two children. She was walking across the bridge over the Kentucky river with her three little girls, aged 8, 6 and 4 years. They felt secure, as all regular etrains had passed. Suddenly the engine came on to them. She drew as far to one side as possible, gathered the children by her side and all croushed down as low as possible. The tender, projecting further than the engine, struck them and knocked the mother and the larger children off the bridge to the rocks sixty feet below. The baby was lying flat on the ties and escaped.

SHOT BY HIS PRISONER.

He Then Shoots the Prisoner and Both Die in the Car.

Kingfisher, Indian Territory, Aug. 25.—For several months the officers all over the Territory have been on a constant lookout for the Dalton boys who committed the daring robbery on the Santa Fe road last spring.

The large reward has made the deputies very watchful, and last Saturday, when C. E. Bryant, a member of the gang, rode into Hennessy, a small town about 18 miles north of here, to purchase supplies, Deputy United States Marshal Ed Short spotted his man, and soon had him in limbo. During the day and evening numerous attempts were made by members of the gang to release the prisoner, but Short, who is a daring fellow, was too vigilant for them. To-day Short boarded the Rock Island passenger train intending to land his prisoner in the United States jail at Wichita. The prisoner was then unarmed.

On arriving at Waukomis, the same men who were at Hennessy interceding for the prisoner, were at the depot. When the train stopped they boarded and secretly gave the prisoner a pistol.

Although he was chained to the seat he managed to pull the trigger and shot Short. Short drew his revolver and shot his prisoner, killing him instantly. Short died a few minutes later.

Music Preferred to the Old Man.

Some time ago Hamilton Gregg gave a chattel mortgage on an organ. This organ is the pride of the Gregg household and was the special pride of old man Gregg's fair young daughter, who was wont to charm Mrs. Gregg into fairyland by her sweet operations on the instrument which her father had been unmusical enough to mortgage.

Two or three days ago the mortgage matured, but the money was not forthcoming. The holder, upon Gregg's failure to come to time, sent a bailiff for the organ.

But the bailiff didn't get it. Mrs. Gregg and daughter sent the bailiff about his business, telling him he shouldn't have the organ. He went his way quietly, but soon returned and took old man Gregg in charge for not turning over the collateral. He was taken to jail, old and palsied as he was, a sacrifice for Mrs. and Miss Gregg's love for music.

He is a carpenter by trade and takes his incarceration philosophically. He says if the old lady and her gal wants the orgin wuss an' him they can take it and go to Guinea."—Atlanta *Constitution.*

Here Lies!

Epitaphs is a demoralizing kind of taffy. It appears on the tombstone, and eulogizes the dead almost to the very stars. The usual method of beginning is: "Here lies." Very suggestive, for the lies are frequently quite astonishing—almost enough so to both amuse and amaze the dead of whom they are written. A truthful epitaph, in many instances, would be: "Here lies one who omitted to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery." If sick and suffering, and dreading premature death, test the potent remedy. It cures all chronic, liver, blood, and lung diseases, as biliousness, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, salt-rheum, tetter, erysipelas, and even scrofula of the lungs (or Consumption), if taken in time.

A TARIFF LESSON.

Paregoric pays a tax of 60 per cent; flannel shirts 100 per cent; buttons 150 per cent; suspenders 65 per cent; socks 120 per cent; coats 95 per cent; shoes 25 per cent; cook stoves 45 per cent; tin utensils 50 per cent; bridles 35 per cent; blankets 111 per cent. And yet in the face of this burden, some people say that the tariff imposes no burdens and that it is a side issue.

They were making lemonade, and the prettiest girl of the party asked:

"Where is Jack L——? I want him to help us."

"Why do you want him?" asked her friend.

"Because," was the answer, "he's such a good squeezer."—Detroit *Free Press.*

Washington M. Steed of St. Paul, Minn., has just had confirmed by the Supreme Court, after seven years fight, his right to $500,000 worth of land in that city.

4 Cts. per Yard

is the price at which we are closing out our beautiful line of CHALLIES and FIGURED LAWNS. Who can afford to buy these goods? Why, anybody who has 40 cents can wear a new dress pattern of ten yards.

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.

RAYMOND & POWELL,

NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, GREENSBORO, N. C.

SAM'L L. TROGDON,

Fire Insurance!

TOTAL ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED

OVER TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

Office in Savings Bank,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

Patent Medicine, Mineral Waters

AND

NEW CROP TURNIP SEED at Wholesale and Retail.

TRUSSES AND BRACES CAREFULLY FITTED.

From our Large Stock we can supply Physicians and Stores in the Country at short notice.

Orders and PRESCRIPTIONS by Mail filled and forwarded by next train.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Richardson & Farris,

Successors to W. C. Porter.

Opposite Benbow House. GREENSBORO, N. C.

feb. 12.

ARCHITECT'S NOTICE.

If you contemplate building, call upon us and we will be pleased to give you any information you may require, in regard to the matter.

Plans, Specifications and Details

furnished at reasonable rates, also Superintendence if desired. Address

Epps & Hackett,

311 SOUTH ELM ST., GREENSBORO, N. C.

OUR LARGE STOCK OF

WALL PAPER

is steadily increasing. Come and examine even if you do not wish to buy at present. We are offering splendid bargains in all grades of paper, and can furnish you competent workmen to do the hanging.

Look up our former advertisements in this paper and you may find a chance to save money, we stand to our agreements whether old or new.

Our address is 311 South Elm Street, McAdoo Block, GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE MASSACHUSETTS

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1851. Springfield, Mass., 1891.

JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Assets, $11,252,639.54. Liabilities, $10,382,057.77. Surplus, $879,581,77

POLICIES IN FORCE, 22,706. INSURING, $63,290,789.00.

The contract of this company after two years becomes nonforfeitable, incontestable, unrestricted as to residence, trade 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.

I was born in the ..... day of ..... in the year .....

My name is .....

My address is .....

Agents Wanted.

WINSLOW & ROGERS,

General Agents, N. C.