

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1891.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

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eyes.

M. B. FARRAR & SON,
OPTICIANS,
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Where to Buy Millinery.

Mrs. Annie Cator

Invites her friends to call and examine
her FALL and WINTER STOCK of
Novelties.

before purchasing elsewhere. Special
attention is called to the new line
of SAILORS' which will be
sold at a BARGAIN.

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HAVE OPENED A

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For building and repairing

All Kinds of Vehicles.

I have secured the services of some
good mechanics, and will be pre-
pared to do any kind of

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PAINTING and TRIMMING.

the very latest style and as re-
asonable prices as good work can be
done anywhere.

I shall endeavor to use good material
through, and have the week's de-
livery to obtain the best results.

We will also furnish fine Furniture of
all kinds. Would be pleased to have a
call from any who need work.

My Shop is in the Hagan building
on Davis Street.

Respectfully,

J. H. HARRIS.

The emigration of colored peo-
ple from the United States to
Africa goes on steadily.

Stepping Stones.

JESSIE THOMAS LESLIE.

Weary, the little mother
Sat in her swaying chair
To steal a moment of thought-time
And needed quiet there.

The evening shades were hovering,
Over the drowsy earth,
And from the distant nursery
Came softly sounds of mirth.

But the mother's brow was clouded
As she mused o'er the day just spent;
Her trials, temptations, and worries
Filled her with discontent.

How much had she meant to accomplish
When she rose with the glowing sun?
But with so much to hinder and worry
How little had really been done!

The stumbling-blocks were many.
That her pathway lay,
But then there were many a blessing
Upon that self-same way.

Her babes were bright and happy,
Her husband good and true,
And moderate health and wealth
Were in her portion too.

And as she swayed, still musing,
Lo, a fair land rose to view,
A glittering dome and spire
Shone against the distant blue.

But as she rushed on, eager
To view a sight so grand,
A ridge of rock and stone
Seemed in her way to stand.

She sought to find a foothold;
Behind a rocky stair,
And this the cheering legend
Which she saw graven there:

"A stumbling-block surmounted
Reveals a stepping stone,
And every victory counted
Is a step-towards God's throne."

Refreshed, the little mother
Awoke, and smiling there,
Thanked God for every hardship
That goes to build that stair!

THE SISTERS WHO TOIL.

Are They Not Happier Than the Do-
Naught Beauties?

Take many among the so-called
society girls. They have beauty
of face or dress. Education and
eured surroundings have given
them a peculiar charm. They are
sought out, made much of, and
their influence is great, but how
often they are unattractive, foolish or
careless. They have their trials,
disappointments and work, but how
badly they bear the former and
shirk the latter. There is always
something more they crave, and if
unattainable, they show their dis-
pleasure too often in face and
speech. Few would endanger if
they knew them and their lives.

THE SISTER OF THE FACTORY.

On the other hand, take many of
their sisters in the neighboring
factory. For example, one like the
following: For years she has bravely
been at her post. There is work
to do at home and she is up at 5
o'clock, winter and summer to do
it. At 7 she is at her loom, and
there, amid the whirl and noise, she
sits until 12. An hour is
but a short time for lunch and rest,
but still shorter when home duties
claim a part of it. From 1 to 6
the noise and strain go on, and
work is not then over.

She must be prepared, washing
or sewing done. Education is to
be completed, kindly deeds done
(oh, so gladly and freely), and
strength given to others which
should have been saved for the
future. No days off, no brightness,
except such as can come in small
and quiet ways. During the years
family ties are broken, new cares
taken up, yet no words of com-
plaint are heard, but she is always
true and full of courage.

SISTERS OF THE SEWING-ROOM.

Turn to a sewing-room, and see
there a girl who, for seventeen
years has run the same machine.
Notice her bright talk, her patient
shaping a new comer, her reading
aloud a good book at lunch hour,
her wit and enthusiasm. She is
already ready to give of herself to
others.

A few blocks away another girl
sits at her table. She has never
earned more than \$6 per week, but
by self-restraint and courage has
dressed herself well, paid her
weekly share of family expenses given
away presents, bought books and
papers, and in five years had saved
with its interest \$350. Through
necessary sitting she had broken
down her health so that the doctor
ordered rest. When urged to go
away she gave this answer: "No, I
cannot go. It is true I can afford
it, but if I stop basting two girls
will be thrown out of work who
could not afford to stop, and I
could not take my vacation and
pay them as I would like to."

In came Director No. 5.

"You've made an awful mistake;
you ought to stick to what you said
last week. That was just right. It
hit the nail on the head; went
right to the spot. Now you've
gone and taken water on it. You
ought to consult Jackson about
these things." His judgment on
such matters is excellent.

By this time the editor began to
think how his name would look at
the bottom of a resignation.

FACT AGAINST FICTION.

A Striking Instance of the Mislead-
ing Character of Circumstan-
tial Evidence.

A recent number of the Albany
Evening Journal tells of the arrest of
a man upon the charge of killing his
cousin. The dead man was
found lying upon a lounge, about
3 o'clock in the afternoon, with a
22-calibre ball in his brain. The
cousin, who had an interest of
\$100,000 in his death, was alone
with him in the house at the time.
The discovery of the real cause of
death was due to the lawyer of the
accused, who took the ride from
which the ball had been fired, loaded,
and hung it upon the wall, and
then marked the form of a man
upon a white sheet and placed it
upon the lounge where the man
had been found. Then a heavy
log for a cradle was laid for a
baby? Why, with a small bit of
board can be constructed an imple-
ment which will cradle acres of
grain! The St. Louis Furniture
Board, which deals in logs only,
must be under the impression that
it is called upon to construct a
dormitory arrangement for the old
gentleman—a couch in comparison
with which the famous "great bed
of Ware" in England would seem
but a crib. There is evidently a mis-
take somewhere. Things and names
must have been mixed. What is
a bit of planking made a
cradle for a baby, or not logs
enough to furnish timber sufficient
for a platform upon which the hap-
py father might stand if called
upon to do so, next time?

—Admirer.

This is interesting, not only be-
cause the real occurrence is quite
as strange as the imagined one, but
because the fact came after the
fiction and paralleled it so closely.

TRROUBLES OF AN EDITOR.

Whose Paper Was Controlled by a
Board of Directors.

A certain newspaper not over a
thousand miles from Detroit was
once owned and operated by a syndicate
of lawyers, business men and
politicians, says an exchange.
About half of the board of directors
at first wanted the fun and
honor of running the paper. So,
whenever one of them fancied he
had an idea in his head, he would
run up to the office and interview
the managing editor.

Director No. 1's idea was that
the editor and reporters were loafing
most of the time, because they
were not in the building every
minute of the day like his own
ministers.

Yesterday Craigmiles was ar-
rested by Detectives Bedford and
McConnell, and a regular story
was unfolded.

The man appeared ill and stated
that the cause was his attempt to
commit suicide the night before by
taking morphine.

"I don't want to live," he said,
"for the woman I love will not marry
me. I can't live without her, and
I want to die. I met her in
Murphy, N. C., and thought she
reciprocated my affections. Saturday
I called upon her here and found
I was mistaken. That night I tried
to take my life. I didn't succeed
next time."

He stated that the young lady
lives on Rawson street, but he
wished to protect her from embarrassing
publicity. She is an excellent
family, and a lady well known and very popular.

Craigmiles' story was confirmed
by finding of a bottle of laudanum,
morphine, and a jeweled letter
to the young lady in his pocket.

He is a progressive young man
about twenty-three, and stands
well in North Carolina.

He is editor and proprietor of the
Bryson Times. The draft will probably be
settled to day.

Here is the letter he left address-
ed to a young lady. It is an exact
copy, except that the young lady's
name is left out:

ATLANTA, Ga., November 7, '91.

My Dear Miss:

Such is the serious charge Against a
Maryland County Physician.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Nov. 9.—This
morning, about 5:30 o'clock, Frank
Laflin was walking along the Baltimore
and Ohio Railroad tracks when he fell into a cattle guard,
cutting a fearful gash in his leg. Friends carried him to the office of Dr. Craigen, the county physician. The doctor examined the wound, and after dressing it put several
stitches in it and then asked for his pay, which was \$2. The men were surprised, and thought he being a
country physician, there would be no charge. The doctor said if they did not pay him he would undo his work. They insisted; they were penniless, and the doctor cut the stitches, thus undoing
deadly drudgery.

Remember me, dear, in your
prayers.

J. CRAIGMILES.

Young Craigmiles' name is at
Murphy, N. C., where his parents
and a brother reside, and he bears
the reputation of being a rapid
healer. He is a nephew of Hon. J.
Craigen, a prominent and
wealthy citizen of Cleveland, Tenn.
He has been connected with the
newspapers at Murphy, N. C., and at Ashville,
N. C., and has made a character
as a bright young newspaper
man.—Atlanta *Journal*.

"Oh, yes, and it along. I won't
say anything out of it."

Another director came in one day and remarked:

"That's a fine article you've got
on the editorial page this morning! Gets me in a nice mess!" Why, the
man's one of my best friends, and he'll lay for me. Who wrote it?"

"Mr. Jackson."

"Well, Jackson is a — fool.
He's no more judgement than a
sheep. We ought to get rid of him."

In order to appease Mr. Director,
the editor a few days afterward had another article prepared
carefully, taking back what had
been said, and making a veiled
apology for it.

It came Director No. 5.

"You've made an awful mistake;

you ought to stick to what you said
last week. That was just right. It
hit the nail on the head; went
right to the spot. Now you've
gone and taken water on it. You
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