THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1891.

{By the Patriot Publishing Company, TERMS $1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

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All Kinds of Vehicles.
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Respectfully,
J. H. HARRIS.

Mystery.

I did not love him; long ago
Instead of Yes I gave him No.

I did not love him, but to-day
I read his marriage notice. Pray

Why was I sad, when never yet
Has my heart known the least regret

Over that whispered No? And why,
Reading the notice, did I sigh?

No analyst can guess the cause;
A woman's reason laughs at laws.

Sure, I am glad to know the wound
I gave is healed; that he has found

Love's blessedness and peace, and yet
To-day I seem to see him stand,

With every glance a mute caress,
Still pleading for the longed-for Yes.

His early love for me is dead—
Another lives in that love's stead.

And if he loves her well, as men
Should love their chosen ones, why then

He must be glad that long ago,
Instead of Yes I gave him No.

Perhaps that is the reason why
I read the notice with a sigh.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

BAD BUSINESS.

Col. Fairbrother Sermonizes on the Abernethy-Grimsley Affair.

The end came very soon in the Abernethy case. It may be remarked that bad blood is about as bad as anything on earth. Abernethy has the community with him, it is said, but that is poor comfort to a man who has a bullet in his neck. The *Globe* expects that Grimsley was hasty—yet he may not have been.

The man of cloth who goes about kissing his flock—that is the members of it, must not complain if he gets his neck full of bullets. He had no more right to kiss the woman than he had to kiss Grimsley. If kissing is a part of spiritual aid, then there should be a revision of the law. This is a pretty safe thing to say that when a man comes in and kisses your wife and she tolerates it something is wrong. If the woman must be kissed and her husband refuses to kiss her—then she could get a divorce before she called in the neighbors to fix her up.

Some preachers take too many liberties and Abernethy had done this.

There is no reason and no law to show that a preacher has a right to kiss women, unless he first obtains permission of the husband.

Rich red blood is liable to assert itself. A preacher is only human, and many of them have gotten into bad scrapes because they first kissed a charming sister.

The *Globe* is not defending Grimsley, but it is denouncing Abernethy.

What did he want to kiss the woman for? What solace was his kiss to her if it was merely a professional kiss? Professional kisses signify nothing. It is simply a performance of duty—even admitting that there should be professional kisses. The man who employs a lawyer, professionally, and pays him for his service has no particular regard for the taffy which the lawyer gives him while pleading for him. We hold that a professional kiss does not fill the bill.

In fact we are of the opinion that the bullet which is in Abernethy's neck is in just about the right place.—*Durham Globe.*

A Unique Courtship.

Here is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The two young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking the well born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confessions on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all under a woman's necessity of keeping silent.

At length one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Suppose you ask her and find out!" It is said that the journal is preserved in the Alcott family.

It is said that Tom Reed is "laying" for some of the fellows who take advantage of his position as speaker to berate him in the last Congress, and it is further said that Gus Enloe is one of them. Reed will have more fun for the next few months than any man in the house.—Knoxville Journal.

Well, now, that will depend. If it should occur to Mr. Crisp to treat Reed as Reed delighted to treat many democrats during the last session of Congress, the great bully's fun would be considerably curtailed. He might not even be recognized by the speaker at all; while if he were counted as voting when he was not even in the capital building, perhaps the humor of the situation would not be so obvious as the Journal now anticipates.—*Citizen.*

Dora Marshfield's Prize.

"Ten dollars, father! Just think of it!" and Dora Marshfield took the new, crisp ten-dollar note out of the envelope and held it up for her father's inspection.

"I am real proud of you, Dora. Some how I had an idea you'd get the first prize, though I did not say anything about it to you."

The father was hoeing potatoes in the lot, and, as he spoke, he laid down his hoe took off his wide-brimmed hat, and fanned himself with it, for the day was very hot.

"Does mother know it, child?"

"No father, I saw you up here and I came across lots to tell you. I will run back to the house now and tell mother."

Mrs. Marshfield was taking the fresh butter out of the churn and she looked up to see her daughter's round, smiling face looking through the kitchen window.

"I got it, mother, the prize, I mean, and again the ten-dollar note was brought out to view.

"Why, Dora Marshfield, I can hardly believe it. How glad I am! Does your father know it?"

"I just came from the potato lot. He is as happy as you are over it, mother."

"Well, child, you deserved it. Walking three miles every morning to school, and three miles home again every afternoon, and not missing a single day, or being tardy once during the whole year and you did not make any fuss about it either."

Dora ran upstairs to take off her white dress. It had been made out of the good parts of two outgrown dresses but nevertheless was neat and pretty. The other girls had new dresses, but Dora was independent and felt as happy in her combination dress as they did in their new ones. Her great regret had been that her father and mother could not go to hear her read her essay, and see and hear all the interesting things that are sure to come on the last day of school.

But the "last day" came in the busiest time of the whole year for farmers. The father must get his hoeing done to be ready for haying, and the mother had a large churning to take care of, and it was impossible for them to get away.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshfield had always been hard-working people, and had not had the advantages, in an educational way, which they were determined to give their children. There was a district school in the neighborhood, and the younger children attended it; but Dora had passed into the High School, which was three miles away. Notwithstanding the distance, she had been enabled to go every day and she looked more ruddy and healthy than any of the other girls after all.

When the family were all seated at the supper table, a younger brother said: "What are you going to buy with your ten dollars, Dora?"

"Nothing," replied the sister. "I am going to give it to mother to go and make a visit at Aunt Ellen's."

"You shan't do any such thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshfield. "You are going to buy you a new winter cloak with that money."

"Mother," said Dora, in a gentle tone of voice, "you are going to see Aunt Ellen; I shall keep house, and you must have an outing and a rest."

"You cannot make the butter, Dora and there is a churning now every other day."

But Dora carried her point. Mrs. Marshfield was on the road to her sister's the very next week. They had not seen each other for sixteen years, notwithstanding they were only two hundred miles apart, for the sum of ten dollars could not be spared from the family income to take such a journey, and Aunt Ellen had inflammatory rheumatism and could not go to her sister. Dora knew what a joy it would be to both those sisters, who were all there were left of the family, to see each other again; and her mother, she knew, was sadly in need of change and rest. Dora's sister, Nell eight years old, entered into the spirit of the occasion; she was very efficient in helping with the work. And Judge Seeley's wife, who lived in the large house on the hill, said Dora's butter was as good as her mother's.

When Mrs. Marshfield came home, she seemed so bright and told so many interesting incidents about her journey and what good times she and her sister had had, that the children were delighted to hear it all. A week after her return she said to Dora; "I did not want to say anything about it but before I went to Aunt Ellen's I felt that I could not get on another day. My work began to drag, drag; but now I feel like a new person, and I am so thankful and happy that I have a daughter who is so thoughtful of me and of my happiness."—*Susanna Paine in Herald and Presbyter.*

Was Too Poor to Buy a Drum.

Twenty-five years ago the Salvation Army was composed only of two people—a Methodist preacher, ostracized by his own church on account of his unconventional ways, and his wife. Now it has an annual revenue of $3,750,000 and over half a million adherents, and is a great power for good. Sam Jones wasn't far wrong when he declared that when the Methodist church was first established it was very much like the Salvation Army, the only difference being that it was too poor to buy a drum.—Raleigh *Chronicle.*

ABERNATHY SHOT

BY THE INFURIATED GRIMSLEY AT SNOW HILL.

The Recent Greene County Sensation Results in a Street Duel—The Minister Wounded, Perhaps Fatally.

GREENVILLE, N. C., Dec. 1[illegible].—W. E. Grimsley, near Snow Hill, who on the 5th inst. shot Rev. J. [illegible] Abernathy for kissing his (Grimsley's) wife, made a second assault on Abernathy on the streets of Snow Hill yesterday. Abernathy was on the street for the first time since being shot in the face with the gun. Grimsley saw him and commenced firing at him with a pistol. Abernathy drew a pistol and returned the fire. Abernathy was struck on the left cheek with a 38-calibre ball, which passed through and came out back of his neck. It is feared the wound will prove fatal. Grimsley was struck in the leg but has fled and cannot be found.

The sentiment of the community in which these shootings have occurred is strongly on the side of Abernathy, who alleges that he only kissed Mrs. Grimsley good-by in a fatherly manner as he was leaving her. The people do not believe there was the slightest criminality between them. Grimsley's father so expresses himself, and declares his belief in the entire innocence of Abernathy and Mrs. Grimsley.

There is great excitement in and around Snow Hill over the affair, and indignation is so aroused against Grimsley as to provoke threats of lynching if he is caught. Warrants have been issued for Grimsley's arrest. Telegrams were sent by the sheriff of Greene county to the sheriffs of the surrounding counties to keep a lookout for him.

A TINY TRAVELER.

How Marie Peterson, Aged 5 Years, Came all the Way from Sweden.

A blue-eyed and fair-haired little girl, scarcely 3½ feet in height, appeared before the registry clerk at the barge office this morning among the passengers landing from the steamship Havel. When asked the usual set of questions she was unable to tell the clerk anything except that her name was Marie Peterson, that she was five years old and that she came from Nelsonberg, Sweden, and was on her way to meet her father. She was unable to answer any of the other questions, and a look of blank astonishment came over her face when she was asked if she had any money, or whether she had been assisted to emigrate by any society or other unlawful agents. Finding the case too difficult for his brilliant intellect, the clerk turned the little traveler over to the matron, who learned from her that she had an envelope in her pocket containing all information in regard to herself.

On opening the carefully sealed envelope, the matron found an interesting communication addressed to all whom it may concern and signed by some of the child's relatives in Sweden. It also contained some money to be used in case of need. The letter stated that the little girl's mother had died when she was an infant and that her father who had emigrated to this country had recently sent a ticket to bring the child to his home at Philadelphia.

The barge office authorities decided to keep the little girl until her father could come and take her away. She is one of the youngest children who has traveled across the ocean alone. A telegram was sent to the girl's father at Philadelphia this afternoon, but no reply had been received up to the time of closing the office to-night. The little traveler will remain in the care of the matron until the father arrives.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

HE BLEW OUT THE GAS.

He Who Laughs Last Laughs Best With Money in it.

There is one shining example in the history of the congressional life of a member who solved the problem of how to make ends meet satisfactorily. This individual is Major Marsin, of Texas, who blew out the gas the first night of his arrival in Washington. The Major's living expenses in Texas had ranged from $700 to $800 per annum. He resolved when sent to congress by his neighbors that he would not permit the extravagences of fashionable life to tally with him to the extent of more than $200 in excess of that sum. In short, society or no society, $1,000 per annum was his limit. He stuck to his resolution through the four years of his service. Upon the expiration of his term he walked into the office of the sergeant-at-arms, threw down a huge roll of bills, and asked for exchange on New York. He stroked his goatee complacently and remarked to the cashier:

"They say the old man blew out the gas, but I guess none of them fellers that wear patent leather shoes and drink that fizzin kind of wine can tote home any wad like that."

"The 'wad'" contained $17,500, saved in four years out of an aggregative salary of $20,000 and milage. This is where the Major had his laugh."

There poured from the Mint in a shining stream last week, $[illegible]013 in silver dollars.

THE BABY, WHAT IS IT?

A Long String of Pretty Definitions.

London *Tit-Bits* has just awarded a two-guinea prize for "The Best Definition of a Baby." The prize was won by Miss Nellie Braidwood, of Girvan, Eng., who sent in this answer:

> A tiny feather from the wing of love, dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

A human flower untouched by the finger of care.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

Father's rival in mother's love.

A stranger with unspeakable cheek, that enters a house without a stitch to his back, and is received with open arms by every one.

The sapling of the tree from which will be built the bulwarks of our nation's future greatness.

A bursting bud on the tree of life.

A bold asserter of the rights of free speech.

A tiny, useless mortal, but without which the world would soon be at a standstill.

The latest edition of humanity, of which every couple think they possesses the finest copy.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

An invention for keeping people awake at night.

A mite of a thing that requires a mighty lot of attention.

A diminutive specimen of perverse humanity that could scarcely be endured if he belonged to some one else, but, being our own, is a never-failing treasure of delight.

A man or woman making a start in life.

The unconscious mediator between father and mother, and the focus of their hearts.

A daylight charmer and a midnight alarmer.

A wee little specimen of humanity, whose winsome smile makes a good man think of the angels.

The sunbeam that drives dull care away.

A thing everybody thinks there is a great deal too much fuss about unless it is their own.

The one thing needful to make a home happy.

There is only one perfect specimen of a baby in existence, and every mother is the happy possessor of it.

A mite of humanity that will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail.

A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

The pulp from which the leaves of life's book are made.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which we cannot do without.

A necessity—in order to keep up the supply of RECORD readers of the future.

A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

That which increases the mother's toil, decreases the father's cash, and serves as an alarm clock to the neighbors.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body and a necessity to the world.

A key that opens the hearts of all classes, rich and poor, in all countries.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

Are There Any Such Here?

When a minister has preached Sunday after Sunday from the beginning of the year to the end, he should be paid his salary. There are no mitigating circumstances why he should not be paid. If a pastor fails to do his duty, (from the creditor's stand point) that is no reason why a member of that church should fail to do his duty. Two wrongs do not make a right. No church member is a Christian who will not pay his part toward the support of the pastor.

When Bill Fife was here, also when Evangelist Lee was here, there were some folks who were so anxious to reach the contribution box that a forty-horse-power steam engine could not have kept them out of reach of it. Some of these days a dynamite cartridge will take some such individual about the butt of the ear and knock him sheolward so rapidly that he won't have time to say, "Oh, Lord, have mercy," with his mouth already open.—Burlington *Hawkeye.*

THE FIRST COLORED PRIEST.

He Will be Ordained by Cardinal Gibbons.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 14.—The first colored man to be raised to the Catholic priesthood in the United States will be ordained on Saturday morning in the Cathedral in this city by Cardinal Gibbons. He is Charles R. Uncles. Another colored priest has been laboring for several years. He is Rev. A. Folon, of St. Monica's Church, Chicago, but he was ordained in Rome.

NEWS NOTES.

"Paint me the sign, 'Attorney at Law,'" said Lawyer S. W. Hutchinson, of Osceola, Ind., to a very green but artistic local dauber. "Eternally at Law" it read when painted and hung.

The Governor of Kansas has been trying to get himself on the free list of leading newspapers and magazines. He promised to keep them in his office for the entertainment of his visitors.

When Lemuel Richards, of Milwaukee, read of the suicide of his old friend, Dr. Boring, of Evanston, he was so much affected that he choked himself to death. Both Richards and Boring were over seventy years old.

Besides her own daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, the widow of Jefferson Davis has also an adopted child, now sixteen years of age. Her family name was Bessie Tillman. The girl formerly lived at Beauvoir, Miss., but is now in a Northern school.

Dr. D. E. Seymour, of Calais, Me., bears a close resemblance to General Mahone, the Virginia politician. On a train in West Virginia recently he passed through a car in which a family party were seated. The father and mother nodded pleasantly to him, the girls smiled sweetly, and the small boy swung his hat and shouted: "Hurrah for Billy Mahone!"

Louis Gathmann, of Chicago, has an invention which, he says, will produce rain in the driest spot on the globe. His scheme is to explode retorts of liquefied carbonic gas at a great elevation. The rapid evaporation of the gas creates a current of cold air. The specific gravity of cold air being greater than warm air sinks to the earth, sets in motion streams of atmospheric air, lowers the temperature at a great altitude, and produces rain "instanter," as Mr Gathmann says.

Captain Charles Godwin, who served in the confederate navy under Admiral Semmes, died in the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., last Tuesday. He was born in Dorsetshire, England, and was about sixty-seven years old. He was on the English transport ship. The Trent in the Crimean war and also served on a blockade running vessel for the confederacy. He was in the fight between the Alabama and Kearsarge and was picked up by a French pilot-boat. He was very proud of his honorable discharge, signed at Cherbourg by Admiral Semmes. He served awhile in the ship chandlery business with Captain Coffin in New Orleans.

FOR HUSBANDS TO READ.

Don't Get Off That Old Stale Christmas Joke.

About this time of year your wife is wearing out her nerves in an endeavor to secure something that will gratify you at Christmas as her present to you.

Her task is a loving one but wearisome—only wives know how wearisome. There are so few things that are appropriate, and you already have so many of the few. Moreover, she must purchase judiciously. She must secure the becoming gift at a cost within the imperfectly known limit of your financial ability, while you in buying something for her may be as extravagant as you please, because you can pinch the extravagance out of her allowance for household expenses afterwards.

Besides all this, the gift you get for her costs you nothing but money; the gift she makes to you costs her thought, worry and that most toilsome of all things, shopping. She must spend hours in study, over-crowded shops; she must price things here, there and everywhere, she must consult and consider, in distressing uncertainty as to the fitness of things to satisfy the whimsical masculine taste.

And all this she does with a loving tenderness for you which is in itself a gift of priceless worth. Do you think it well, on the whole, to reward her toil, her patience and her love by getting off the cheap joke afterwards about your having to pay for your present yourself?

There is not any wit in that joke; it is as stale as a loaf of bread from a Pompeian oven, and its utterance is ill-mannered, inconsiderate, brutal.

Moreover, it isn't true. If you have a good wife she earns every dollar she spends, whether upon herself or you.—New York *World.*

Conjugal Wisdom.

"She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules"—

is a type of wife happily becoming common in these days when women may have good health, cheerful dispositions, strong nerves and clear minds, simply through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Before the reputation and use of this remedy became world-wide, irritable, cross, nervous, debillitated women, suffering with displacements, hysteria, and every female disease, were the rule rather than the exception. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven to be the key which effectually locks out that old array of uterine disorders, periodical pains, weak back, prolapsus, inflammation, ulceration, nervous exhaustion and general debility. See printed guarantee on wrapper. Money refunded if it doesn't give satisfaction in every case.

'CHRISTMAS OPENING'

On Dec. 2d we held one of the most attractive displays of beautiful CHRISTMAS GOODS ever before seen in this City. The BAND PLAYED and the people came in throngs and everybody seemed to be pleased.

Now on Exhibition

and to remain until sold the same beautiful goods (except those that have been sold) and if you have not seen them, COME NOW! it will please you!

OUR STORE

is crowded with DRY GOODS and NOTIONS and Sparkling with BARGAINS. All prices guaranteed to be as LOW or LOWER than elsewhere. We cannot begin to tell you in this message what inducements we are offering.

WE ASK

A thorough inspection by you of our entire STOCK. If you examine our goods and prices and give them proper consideration, we have every reason to believe that we may consider you our customer.

See Us And Try Us!

RAYMOND & POWELL,
NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, GREENSBORO, N. C.

Popular Prices.

People have no use for prices that are not popular, neither have we a popular price means a LOW PRICE. Our low prices are lower than any body else, here is a case in point, velvet toques and bonnets from $1.75 to $1.00, $2.25, &c., worth $2.25, $2.75 and $3.00. We have a large and well selected stock of

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that you will find the BEST and CHEAPEST in town and equal in STYLE and FINISH to any. We deal FAIR, SELL LOW and make all transactions satisfactory. No pains spared to please customers. Come in and look at our stock and judge for yourself that is all we ask. LADIES' KID GLOVES a specialty, every pair warranted. We offer special bargains in our line through the coming Holidays.

Miss Lillie Orrell and Miss Mamie Pickard will be glad to serve their friends.
Respectfully,
Mrs. Omohundro & Co.,
Opposite Court House, West Market St.

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Fire Insurance!

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HEAD QUARTERS FOR PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

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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.
PRICE- REASONABLE
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Successors to W. C. Porter,
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Opposite Benbow House,
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1851. Springfield, Mass., 1891.

JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Assetts, $11,252,639.54. Liabilities, $10,382,057.77. Surplus, $879,581.77
POLICIES IN FORCE, 22,706. INSURING $62,290,789.00.

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 ______

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