

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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FLIRTING.

The beautiful little song which we publish below, will, we trust, be read by every young lady or gentleman reader of the Patriot, and let us hope that every one of you will make the resolve that you will never try to flirt as long as you live. It is true you may never willingly try to cause pain in this way, yet it is so easy to give encouragement at times when one is only in fun and it often ends in trouble for both:

They stood on the beach that evening Under the sunset fair, A youth in the pride of manhood, A maid of bewitching rare.

His face was pale with passion, New flushed with the sunset glow, With an eager listening ear To those words so soft and low.

"I did not know you loved me; I did not think you'd really care," And the general head crooked lower With its crown of golden hair.

"I was to be married next winter, As you see, and she offered her hand, And gathering her robes about her, She left him alone on the sand."

She looked from her carriage window, A beautiful, laughing face, An elegant stately woman, Elected in state and grace.

His eyes and the crowd of passers, Always silent and cold, A man low and grown weary, A low-sung green silent and old.

Address: "Was only flirting, It's a little thing to do, Only a little thing to do, Only a broken heart."

Experiences With Famous Foxhounds.

Nothing has so interested me for the past few years as the Fox Hunting Department of the *Lancet-Record*. I have often been at the point of venturing a little sketch of my own experience, but it has been so different from that of anyone who has yet written on the subject that even now I dread to expose it.

My fascination for hunting the wild fox was handed down from my great grandfather, and from the time I could sit a horse till my twentieth year I had weekly opportunities for indulging the taste. At that age, however, I left the farm for more lucrative fields, and for five or six years the music of the mellow-toned pack delighted my ears only in dreams. Then I came to a sudden resolution that life was not worth living without the royal sport and I began preparations for a kennel.

Hearing of three grand foxhounds in the Western portion of the State, I immediately sent the captain and the first express brought the dogs. The next thing in the natural course of events was to give them a trial. In the meantime I collected several friends of congenial taste on the corners of the square and bored them for hours with accounts of how brave and Cal had led some famous pack the week before, and how old Flight had jumped a red on the head of Swannanoa in the early morning, and by her loss self had run down and caught his foxhounds in the afternoon, near Craggy Mountain, some twenty miles away—and had been brought back by a man who happened to be in that section salting his cattle. In support of these facts, it was always necessary to read letters from various parties who had combined on me to influence a sale of these canine flyers. After so much eloquence and so many testimonials of high character, all were anxious to see the first performance.

After a good deal of talking, all details were finally settled that we would go the next morning to Gus Voss, and join him in a hunt. Just as one of my fellow sportsmen, King, who had settled up upon the business of getting into a pack, ventured in a cautious way to ask if my new dogs were well broken. "Broken?" I should say they were! I drew another epistle from my pocket and read:

"If either one of these dogs ever opens on any track but the fox, I will refund the money."

He seemed satisfied and warned me to meet him and Nelson, promptly, at 2 o'clock the next morning. It may not be out of place to remark, just here, that Nelson is somewhat of a foxhunter himself. Though a quiet man, a few words, he immediately took an interest in the new dogs, and succeeded in getting an iron-bound agreement that we were to get up the pack together and to share any future purchases we were to own mutually. Then we went around and took another look at the dogs, bragging all the time on the way we were going to clean up King, Voss, and all others who should happen to get into the race the next day. The weary hours were over and finally night came. I boarded at the time with a good old lady who had a house filled with boarders. My wife, to my surprise and delight, showed a great interest in every detail of the proposed hunt, and suggested that I take my saddle, bridle, spurs and lurch up to our room, so that I could get up and get out without disturbing any body.

I turned in at nine o'clock so as to get a good sleep before the hour of the hunt, only to roll and toss and count the hours till 1 o'clock, when I arose with a little noise as possible, shouldered my saddle and other implements, and endeavored to steal down stairs without awak-

ening a single sleeper. Of course, I missed the second step and down stairs I went, all mixed up with the saddle, horn and bridle—with screams of fire, burglars and murder coming from every room. My wife brought a lamp, I got my things together and went out of the house in shame and disgust—only to find on reaching the stable that the negro I had hired to sit up all night, to feed and curry my horse, had not been there at all, and I was powerless to get my horse for I had given him the stable key.

I waited in the lot till the clock struck three and there was no negro yet. Determined not to be outdone I slipped into the back yard to get an ax with which to beat down the door, when let a thousand dog pounced upon me like a thousand of hick! The servant were aroused and came out with brooms and clubs, crying, "sick him! sick him! Bull!" I made myself known and finally the dog was choked off. I got my horse out, mounted, turned out the famous dogs, and put out for King's. It took several vigorous blows to awaken him, but at last we were off, without Nelson, who, however, soon overtook us. After two hours' ride we reached Voss, awakened him, and found it five o'clock and time to be out.

But were soon running high as to which dog would get the strike. Soon after reaching the striking ground the first rider called a halt. Nelson and I had heard Voss's old Nan. Several dogs now joined in the chorus and everybody was in a lively dispute as to which dog had struck. When all was quiet we rode in to find each dog in possession of a sheep, and a sudden silence descended upon the party. After riding some distance I heard those who had been so loud a few moments ago, in claiming the honor of the strike for old Nan, declaring in whispered tones that Jordan's new dogs were the leaders in the whole scrape. We rode till eleven o'clock with two more sheep scrapes but no fox track, and then being fifteen miles from home, tired and hungry, we concluded to go home. We had not given up, however, for we knew our dogs had been led into these evil ways by strange dogs, and we resolved to look around over the country for two or three thoroughly broken and reliable dogs to add to those we had, believing we would then have a pack equal to the Wild Goose, July, or any other.

A few days later I was told by a friend that on his farm, in Virginia, lived a man who had two of the finest red-boned hounds, living or dead, and that Forest, especially, was a world beater. Correspondence and the outlay of an additional fifteen dollars resulted in my kennel. Beautiful! was the unanimous verdict of the hunters. By this time the fact that I was paying liberally for all hounds possessed of any fox-hunting instincts had spread throughout a large section, and each mail brought offers to sell such animals. Nelson and I investigated till one hundred and thirty-five dollars had been securely placed, and we were in possession of twenty odd of the finest foxhounds that ever lived, moved or had a being.

A grand hunt was now arranged for, but just at the last minute I was detained at home by unexpected business. The others went, however, King, Nelson and all the old hunters around about. I went to the kennel before noon to await their return, eager for news. The dogs were doing up the pack. The day wore on but no hunters came. About 5 p. m. I saw them coming up the lane in a slow walk, and went out to meet them. I never beheld more dejected countenances. I began to have suspicions, and looked around for the dogs. Alas! no Virginia dogs and no Flight showed up. Some of King's most noted foxhounds were also missing. Diligent inquiry elicited the fact that they had jumped a small gray, early in the morning, which they had been running till that hour of the day.

"Well, where's the brush?" "We didn't catch, we had bad luck. After we had been running an hour or so your Virginia dogs caught a sheep and got the whole pack into it. We beat them off, had the Virginia dogs killed, took up the trail again, and by twelve o'clock had a good run. The dogs all worked well and at 4 p. m. the fox was completely broken down, and we would have caught him in less than five minutes but your old Flight jumped on a hog and got the entire pack into another scrape."

I was heart-broken, but insisted on knowing the truth. Poor Flight! A gun had been procured from some rabbit fox exterminator and he had been put forever at rest.

An old hunter, living forty miles away, now hearing of my distress, very reluctantly made up his mind to give me three of his best (?) dogs, inasmuch as he had a large pack and could easily spare them. When I received his letter informing me that the dogs would be on the next train I took fresh courage, and concluded that even yet I would have the best pack of dogs on earth. When the train arrived that night King, Nelson and myself were there ready to receive the new dogs, and as well as our own pack. As well as addition to our pack, at the time we could judge them in the darkness they were dogs of great promise. What was my horror to discover the next morning that they were as hairless as hen's eggs. We were as hairless as the sty, and general get up of these dogs too well to give them up, and after reading in ser-

eral dog journals how easily the mange could be knocked out, concluded to cure them. We ordered several remedies, and after six months' diligent rubbing with grease, they still remained hairless, and several other of our best dogs had contracted the disease. I was beginning to get a little blue when a traveling man who had given up hunting came along and offered to give me two of his choicest (?) dogs. He said he had disposed of all but three two weeks ago which he would give me as he would be in Greensboro occasionally and could join me on a hunt. The dogs came, and sure enough they would run and catch foxes instead of sheep. I was so encouraged that I approached him for a trade on the other dog. He said this was his most famous dog, and that his most were so attached to it that they would never consent to let it go. He told me how this dog had run thirty-six hours on a stretch, with nothing to eat or drink; and he had on another occasion a skin had dragged for his legs to run on Monday afternoon, and was not means this dog, Jim, was not in the home and consequently not in the race. The night they came I showed an freeze, which did not melt off until the following Sunday when old Jim got the scent and ran the whole race. Such staying and scraping powers as these were were than I could stand. I got King and Nelson together, and we determined to have this dog if he cost one penny more dollars. He was too good priced to be owned individually, and beside, neither of us wanted to make the other feel bad by owning a dog that could so far outdo the others.

I was appointed to see the dog, and of this phenomenon and I was of the best train for two weeks. He came at last and I approached him on the subject. Imagine my surprise when he informed me that he had just received a letter from his sisters, informing him that they had decided that as Jim was so lonely they had concluded to let him go if he could find anyone who would really take the best of care of him; so if I would pay the express charges I might have him. I insisted on his telegraphing that night for Jim. The next night he was at the depot to receive his treasure. It was agreed to let him go to take him out of the box and the next morning, as he was too weak to be able to risk his getting out of the kennel that night, and the next morning we went in a body to see him out. In looks, Jim was something of a disappointment. He had a bushy, curly tail, a cur head and dew-claws just below his knees. He decided that there was nothing in looks, after all, and that a dog that could run thirty-six hours and could carry a track a week, and after a snowstorm, must necessarily look a little different from the ordinary, ordinary hounds.

But the next thing in order was to give Jim a trial. He was to be arranged, and on our way to the ground we were in constant dread lest Jim should take the week before and, consequently, get out of the box entirely, and get lost before the dogs were a trace of him. The dogs soon had a trace of much to our chagrin Jim refused positively to go in until just before a big red was jumped. When the fox was up and we knew it was the same old red that we had so often run before, we held a hasty council, and decided to go in opposite to the county, in order that some of the pack might be in at the death of Jim. We knew that the fox could not last the thirty-six hours. I rode outside the edge of a plowed field and pulled up to see if I could get the edge of the dogs. Greatly to my delight they were coming straight toward me in full cry. I knew then that I should be the first to see Jim performing the grand act. Oh, they came. I could imagine I heard Jim one mile ahead of the rest. Finally they dashed by but there was no sign of Jim. It was useless to follow the pack, unless I knew what Jim had passed that point. As Jim had reached it, for all but him I had been after that fox before and could not possibly catch it.

While in this dilemma, I heard the deep voice of a dog coming on the trail over which the pack had passed some twenty minutes before. I could not hear the awful thought that this might be Jim, but I waited to see. Suddenly I saw it was Jim, and that if that was the usual rate of speed it would be a thing wonderful for him to run one hundred and thirty-six hours. To cap the climax he waddled out to a fence near me, took a look at the corner, and barked vigorously up a pine tree. I tore him away, got the crowd together, gave them his record, and with bowed heads we rode homeward.

Now in order to escape being challenged by the Wild Goose, Ily, or some other pack, to run a series of races for money, and to keep him out of the fox-hunting world from all over the fox-hunting world, King, Nelson, Jordan, straining Foxhounds, I will state that at our first meeting after old Jim's magnificent performance we decided that we wanted no more dogs with records, that the best way was to get a pack was to raise one; so that what remained of our famous old dog strayers were court martined to the stake and shot. —*J. J. For. Am. Greenboro, N. C. The American Field.*

A DARING CHEMIST.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS ARE DESPERATE.

They Consider the Proposition of Resigning From the New York Senate.

ALBANY, January 14.—The republican senators are getting desperate. In a long conference last night they were seriously considering the proposition to resign in a body.

This daring scheme was proposed by Mr. O'Connor, who has been greatly worried, since Lieutenant Governor Slichter told him during the opening session that there was no real need of republican senators coming back after the week's adjournment.

If the plan prevails, the republicans will resign in a body the moment one of their number is unseated.

They will refuse to stand for reelection, and will issue a manifesto declaring to the people of the state that they have been deprived of all rights in the senate, and resignation is all that's left them.

The democrats ridicule them.

GEN. ROBERT RAMSON SUDDENLY PASSES AWAY.

His Eyes Last Rested on the Line Upon the Death of an Old Confederate Veteran of Hill's Camp.

New BERNE, N. C., Jan. 14.—Gen. Robert Ransom died at his home in this city this morning of congestion of the lungs. He was up and reading until 10 o'clock last night, and retired feeling badly, and by 1 o'clock this morning the death of an old comrade of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans came probably the fact he erred read. Gen. Ransom was the senior officer of the late Confederate army in this State. He has been for fifteen years engaged as assistant engineer on the government improvements of the rivers and harbors of North Carolina. Gen. Ransom was a gallant soldier, a courteous gentleman and devout christian, a zealous member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and a layman of Christ Church.

WHAT THE FAMINE COSTS.

Russia Has Already Expended 130,000 Roubles to Aid Sufferers.

St. PETERSBURG, Jan. 12.—Already 65,000,000 roubles has been appropriated by the Imperial Treasury for the purpose of providing the absolute necessities of life to be distributed among the suffering poor. All of this money has been expended, in addition to the large sums spent through the Central Famine Committee and through private individuals, and yet the wants of the distressed peasants have been supplied to only a limited extent.

The Imperial Treasury has now assigned a further sum of 65,000,000 roubles which will be devoted to relief work.

The estimates in the budget of 1892 show a decline of 28,500,000 and an increase of 3,500,000 roubles in the expenditures. A deficit of 74,000,000 roubles is expected.

A Register for Whiskey Sales.

It is reported that at the next meeting of the board of aldermen, an effort will be made to pull down on the whiskey prescription business at the drug stores. As the news hears it, the board will pass an ordinance requiring the druggists to keep a register showing the name of every party to whom they sell whiskey, how much the prescription called for, by what doctor prescribed, and for what purpose it was prescribed. This register shall be open to public inspection, the same as the "poison register."

GOVING THE TIN SOLDIER.

A Soldier Accidentally Kills a Convict—Angry Mutterings.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 15.—The convict and state militia forces at Coal Creek are each being increased almost daily. Whether this means immediate fight or not no one can tell.

It is evident to a casual observer that unless the going ceases on the part of the troops and the prisoners that bloodshed must follow.

The accidental killing of a soldier by a convict yesterday, at a military camp and convict camp and a mutiny in look at it as an outrage on humanity and are discussing it in a serious manner.

It is positively announced that no convicts will be returned to Olive Springs. The miners will be paid off tomorrow and if trouble results in the near future it will be within fifty hours.

It Was Too Bright.

"Cheer up, friend," said the paragon to the dying editor, "you have a bright future before you."

"That's what's bothering me," gasped the editor. "I can see it blazing." —Atlanta Constitution.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

It is not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of liver complaint, if you think of calling at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, according to which if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Richardson & Fariss.

A TRUCE AT CHARLOTTE.

The Whiskey License Cases go Over to Next February.

Mecklenburg's county commissioners met Monday. Neither the lawyers nor the commissioners felt like going into the liquor license fight again, so it was mutually agreed that the whole matter be postponed to the next regular meeting of the board, which will be held on the first Monday in February. The *News* says Charlotte folks now get a rest for a brief period, any way. The town is not so dry after all. The *News* states that several parties were standing in front of the Central hotel talking about the caution one should exercise in walking on the ice coated pavement. "The fellow who carries his hat room in his pocket ought to be extra cautious," suggested one of the party, "for he will fall." Just then a pedestrian went down in front of the ladies entrance to the hotel. There was a thud, a sound of breaking glass and the unfortunate scurried to his feet, his overcoat pocket filled with the remains of a quart flask and whiskey dripping from his clothing. "That's just what I was going to say might happen to nine men out of ten a day like this," concluded the speaker, as the unfortunate moved away with a capital case of the "dry" grins.

AFTER PINKERTON'S MEN.

The Alliance Candidate for Speaker Starts an Investigation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11.—Mr. Watson, of Georgia, to-day offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Judiciary to investigate the Pinkerton Detective Agency, to examine its charter; inquire into its methods and purposes; to ascertain the number of armed men it maintains, upon what terms those men are used or can be employed as a militia, and to report whether such organization, either in its charter or its operations, violates the Constitution of the United States.

The preamble to the resolution recites the allegation that the Pinkerton Detective Agency employs an armed force of 35,000 men.

A Youthful Bridal Couple in Ochopee.

OCHOPEE, Ga., Jan. 12.—Quite a novel marriage took place near Ochopee last Sunday. The bride and groom being children. Master Jehany Bazemore, aged fourteen years, and Miss Mary Emma Lynn, aged thirteen years, were united in marriage at the residence of one of the bride's relatives. The children seem to appreciate the fact that they are man and wife, and as the wife is very attentive to her husband, asking him when and where she can go. She remarked, "He is my boss now." They are of good families and are thought well of by all who know them. They live with the father of the bride, who will act and advise them until they have more experience in life.

Dr. Grisson Not Insane.

It was stated a few days ago that Dr. Eugene Grisson, formerly Superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Raleigh, was himself the inmate of an asylum in Colorado. The Rev. Dr. Nash, pastor of Fifth Street M. E. Church, yesterday received a letter from Dr. Grisson yesterday, and it is learned that the Dr. is now practicing medicine in Denver and that there is nothing whatever in the statement that he is non compos mentis. Mr. H. H. Munson, of this city, also received a letter from Dr. Grisson within the past few days.—Wilmington Messenger.

The Work of Two Girls.

SMYRNA, Ga., Jan. 12.—The Misses Lizzie and Nancy Kehely, near Bethel, made and sold in 1891, from two cows, 366 pounds of butter, at an average of 25 cents, and 363 dozen eggs, at 12 cents, amounting to \$129.37. Their father, aged 79, made last year, 700 gallons of syrup, raised a small, varied crop, and last week rolled a wheelbarrow from his home to Smyrna and back, loaded with supplies.

Procrastination.

"Did you father lick yer, Jimmie?" "Yes."

"Did yer put the jography in yer pants?" "Yes."

"Then what yer yer'n fur?" "Ah—h—h—I didn't have time to get my pants on—Bee-fo!"

The Results are Manifest.

It is a significant fact that since the bars were closed there has been no major court worth recording.—Charlotte Chronicle.

The Old Man Would Have His Joke.

Two boys who owned a cattle farm on Chestnut Street, at their sire's request:

The old man thought it quite a good conceit.

For there the sun's rays meet—(the sun's rays meet!)

The ladies prospered, and they and their families enjoyed the very best of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets were always found in their medicine-chest—the only positive cure for biliousness and sick headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and all disorders of the bowels and stomach. Strictly vegetable, small, sugar-coated, and only require sugar-water for their action is gentle and thorough. The best Liver Pill on earth.

1891 A LEAN PURSE 1892 Past May Be Yours Here.

But a lean purse will take on a new lease of life when it comes into contact with the Bargains we offer, both in Value and Price.

CLOSING OUT \$22 CLOAKS AT \$14.00	Value	Price
" 14 "	\$12.00	"
" 13 "	\$8.75	"
" 10 "	\$7.75	"
" 9 "	\$8.00	"
" 7 "	\$6.00	"
" 5 "	\$4.00	"
" 3.40 "	\$3.00	"
" 2.65 "	\$2.55	"
" 2.40 "	\$2.30	"

We have some of the best value in CLOAKS that it has ever been our privilege to show. All new styles this season and we have decided to CLOSE THEM OUT at these exceedingly LOW PRICES, that we may not have any left to carry over the season.

SHAWLS

We have too many in all grades from 85 cents each to \$4.00, we now propose to close them out and have made the price to suit buyers.

We have cut prices right and left in our Dry Goods establishment and goods are selling fast. Don't wait or you will miss the best bargains! ONE PRICE to all, and terms spot cash, no one can under sell us on this system.

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

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Fire Insurance!

TOTAL ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED

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Prices as low as Richmond for good quality goods. Time and Freight Saved to you by ordering from us.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1851. Springfield, Mass., 1891.

JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Assets, \$11,252,639.51. Liabilities, \$10,821,057.77. Surplus, \$431,581.77. POLICIES IN FORCE, 22,706. INSURING, \$63,290,789.00.

The contract of this company after two years becomes non-forfeitable, 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.

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I HAVE OPENED A CARRIAGE SHOP

For building and repairing

All Kinds of Vehicles.

If so, you can make it warm by papering it with

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

Wall Paper.

It stops all the cracks in the plaster and saves enough fuel to pay for the paper in one winter.

It keeps out the cold and adds beauty and finish to your rooms.

We have a large stock on hand of new goods—in prices from 4c up—nice glitz at 16c per roll, and embroidered parlor paper at 20c.

Remember the place.

J. H. HARRIS,
311 S. Elm Street.

My shop is in the Hagan building on Davis Street.

Respectfully,

J. H. HARRIS.