THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1892.

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Science Will Conquer!

...POSSIBLE TO RE-
...STORE EYE-
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...VISION.

...GERMAN EYE WATER
...REMEDY IN THE
...INFLAMED

...KRAK & SON,
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Where to Buy Millinery.
Mrs. Annie Cator

...and examine
...STOCK of
Novelties
...here. Especial
...the new line
...which will be
...BARGAIN.
...Opposite Post office.

...OF YOU REACH BUT
...WITHIN YOUR REACH

...WATCH CASE.
...Where
...this fine
...Greens-
...to see what
...my tobacco,
...to go to sell your
...prices are so low!
...me I want a good
...buy one so cheap
...Store, that
...hard to sell a lit
...How I'm going to
...such bargains.
...with me where
...of all de-
...silver-ware,
...the vest chains.
...gold and rolled
...and all kinds
...is you buy at
...are guaranteed
...satisfaction you
...call—will
...You will
...of them.

J. Siler.
...Market St., Greensboro.

A Sea-Side Flirtation.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

With sorrow in her eyes of blue,
With trembling hands, she slowly penned it—
The little parting billet doux
That conscience told her now should end it.

Those ...sweets along the shore,
These gipsyings with fern-filled basket,
Must join the dear delights of yore
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's:
He told his passion in his glances.
She sealed her note with scented wax,
But could not down her dismal fancies.

When he should read his suit denied,
So long the theme of idle gazers,
She pictured him a suicide,
And shuddered at the thought of razors.

At last she slept—but not till dawn
Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.
Jack conned her missive with a yawn
When he had read the morning papers.

He gave his beard a languid twirl,
And murmured as he sat a smoking:
"Tear-stained—By Jove!—poor little girl—
I thought she knew that I was joking!"

THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

A Penn. Millionaire's Daughter Dying in a Hovel at Sioux City, Io.

SIOUX CITY, Io., Jan. 22.—A woman who claims that Governor Patterson, of Pennsylvania is a relative was found today in a pitiable condition—sick, unattended and half starved—in an outhouse, and she tells a romantic story which is corroborated in many points. The woman claims to be the daughter of General Patterson of Pennsylvania, who was a millionaire manufacturer, and died in 1880. When she came to Sioux City, six years ago, she had considerable means, some $15,000 in money, valuable jewelry, and plate which bore the Patterson monogram. She soon after became involved in litigation and lost her property. She claimed at the time that she was robbed by her attorneys.

She disappeared for a long time from public view and was found in a rickety old wood-shed on the rear of a lot on which is the residence of one of her former attorneys. A charitable neighbor has been supplying her with food for two winters, and latterly the poor authorities have given a little aid. It is a wretched abode, with large holes in the roof. In one corner she has a bed of rags, somewhat protected by curtains of a tarpaulin cloth. She has been bed-ridden for weeks. She is 62 years old and bears the deeply graven signs of penury, but is intelligent.

The story of her life as she tells it is to the effect that she was reared in luxury by her father, General Patterson, and was married while young to Colonel Graham of the United States Army. When the war with Mexico broke out her husband embarked at New Orleans and she went to him with all haste and insisted upon accompanying him. She graphically narrates the sensational part which she played at the storming of Chepultepec. She says that she followed the storming party after the walls of the old castle had been bombarded; that Major Vandorn was the first man on the wall, holding a flag and urging his men on; that when the flag fell from his hands she caught it up and soon managed to clamber up, and was cheered by the whole line. The story was widely published at the time. Soon after the battle she was sent home, and after the war she lost her husband.

She displays great bitterness towards those whom she alleges has robbed her of her inheritance. She is especially vindictive towards Governor Patterson, against whom she makes serious charges. She declares that he and others have pursued her to Sioux City, and here formed a conspiracy to get her property. She says she does not care to live longer.

Her wants are being supplied by charitable people, who are taking a great interest in her case, and who will remove her from her wretched hovel to more cheerful quarters.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Money in Cigar Wrappers.

The New England Homestead shows that the cigar product for the year ending December 30, 1890, must be nearly 3,000,000,000 cigars, exclusive of those wrapped with Havana leaf. This product will require 50,000,000 pounds of wrappers, whereas the 1891 crop, with which they must be covered, cannot possible turn out over 30,000,000 pounds of wrappers. Hence the 1891 crop is 50,000 to 70,000 cases of wrappers less than will be absolutely required. This means that large quantities of Sumatra wrappers must be imported during the ensuing twelve months. It also means that in order to fully supply the American market domestic growers must next year produce 50 per cent more wrapper leaf than they did this season. This will enable them to increase their acreage at least 25 per cent without affecting prices. The present price of Sumatra wrappers ($3 to $3.40 per pound duty paid) is equal to 75 to 85 cents per pound for domestic wrappers. As the Connecticut and Housatonic Valley crops run 60 per cent of wrappers, it is believed that the best crops are worth on the average 30 to 35 cents per pound, and that even at this price dealers and packers will have a margin of 25 to 50 per cent for their risks and profits.—*New South.*

The Road Question---"Farmer" Tells What he Thinks About the Matter.

MR. EDITOR;—In your last issue of the PATRIOT I was glad to see your editorial relative to the public roads. I have felt inclined for some time to give expression to my feeling on this question through the public press; but there are so many obstacles to contend with, that I feel like it amounts to kicking against the pricks to even discuss the subject. But since you have broken the ice, I will no longer hesitate to come to the front with my views upon this important matter. You ask will any one will ever solve the question. What are the most available and possible means, by which this greatly needed improvement on our public highways can best be affected. I do not hesitate to endorse your statement relative to the work that has been done upon these roads by taxation, and believe you told the truth in its mildest form when you said that it did not amount to a hill of beans, when the rainy season sets in. I will go still farther and have no conscientious scruples in saying that it has made bad worse.

Now do not understand by this broad assertion that I am condemning this system of working the highways, but I do condemn the application of the system. I contend in the first place that in order to carry out the system of working these thoroughfares by taxation, there should be many changes made in the surveys. Every little change would often avoid a steep muddy hill, and a still slighter change of simply transferring the present road bed from the deep time worn cuts to the adjoining banks on either side, when there is a good solid soil, and opportunity for drainage, which is the first important step toward improvement. Whenever the water is allowed to stand and soak into the ground you may reasonably expect mud when troden over by beast and vehicle. In the next place I believe that where this system has been tried, there is not sufficient amount of money to accomplish the end in view—and in the sections under my immediate knowledge the work has been done in the wrong season and under the direction and management of supervisors who do not have to use these roads, for conveying the heavy and coarse productions of the farm to market. I do not saddle the blame on any one individual or intend to hold any class of individuals responsible for the deplorable condition of our roads. But as this is an aggressive age and our people as a commonwealth are making many long and rapid strides upward we feel that it is full time the public mind and public authorities should be stirred on this question, which is so important to public, and it is of great common interest. I know of no other more available means through and by which this great common interest to the public, can be properly agitated and in view accomplished than by discussion through the press, Farmer's Alliance, and upon all occasions which required attention to public interest. Then let us endeavor to concentrate each and every effort that is being made in this direction, and ask for a few changes in the surveys, also for a reasonable amount of the taxes that are used to keep the poor jail birds comfortable and idle. I should not expect macadamized turnpikes be made at once from these gullies and mud holes, but they can be greatly improved. But it will require labor, money and time. Will not every intelligent farmer bestir himself in this matter. Nothing would go further to make the farmer feel and realize that he is deriving his equal proportion of the prosperity and advancement into this county than good roads, to haul his wood, corn, hay and tobacco over to market.

"FARMER."

THE CHESTER FIRE.

Building and Property Valued at $275,000.

Further news from the big fire at Chester was received yesterday. The mills were valued at $275,000. Insurance to the amount of $150,000 was carried on the mills, it being divided among about thirty companies.

More than a million yards of the mill's "Chicora" ginghams, ready for the spring shipment, were burned.

About two hundred and fifty hands are thrown out of employment.

A negro church near by was fired by the heat and burned to the ground; loss about $1,000. No insurance.—*Charlotte Chronicle.*

A TRAMP'S REIGN OF TERROR.

How He Successfully Works a Sympathetic Stranger---His Secrets.

He had stuck his head through the alley gate of a house on St. Antoine street and peeped cautiously around, says an exchange. Then he came in and met the man of the house, rising up from behind a gooseberry bush.

"Ah, I beg your pardon," he said meekly. "I didn't know you were here."

"I guess not, responded the man with some sarcasm evident in his articulation.

"What do you want?"

"Work, sir," answered the visitor, very humbly, but with confidence.

"Shoveling snow, I suppose, or sawing ice, or mending skates, or repairing sled-runners, or firing a furnace or something of the sort?" was the sarcastic half query.

"Your sarcasm is uncalled for, sir," remarked the visitor sadly. "I am honest in my search, sir, but I am haunted by a strange fear that follows me everywhere I go, sir," and the visitor looked over his shoulder furtively and shivered.

"Got 'em again, perhaps," suggested the man, with an ironical smile.

"No; I haven't tasted whiskey for many a long day, sir," and there was a conscious pride in the voice.

"Nor stale beer?" queried the cruel inquisitor of the gooseberry bush. But the stranger heeded it not.

"As I said," he went on, "I have been haunted by a strange fear in this search of mine for work, and for years I have not been able to rid myself of it. Where I have gone it has gone; where I have stopped it has stopped; sleeping I may forget it, but waking, it is ever present with me;" and as he talked tremulously and with the same furtive glance over the shoulder the man behind the bush became so interested that he handed his vagrant visitor a quarter.

"That may be of some assistance to you," he said kindly; "and I would like to ask if you can explain what this peculiar fear is you speak of."

The visitor was standing with the latch of the gate in his hand, leaning on it.

"Thank you for the money" he murmured gratefully, pressing it to his lips. "I have always kept my secret, but now I shall divulge it for the first time, because you, I am sure, can sympatize with me. This fear that hounds me, sir, in my search for work, is the fear that I shall one day find it."

The alley gate went slam with the visitor on the outside, and he held it fast until the man on the inside started around the front way, and when he got to the gate idly on its hinges, and there was a lonesome, low sound up and down the alley as the man's quick, decisive steps rattled over the cobble stones.

WHY HIS HAIR IS WHITE.

A Hotel Man's Tale of a Grip and $250,000.

In describing how his hair changed in a single night from black to a silver white, a well known hotel man yesterday recalled the loss of $250,000, that well nigh ruined Florida, a former State Treasurer, the proprietor of the Grand National, and was the habit of leaving with the clerk all sorts of bundles, bags and boxes, many of which were absolutely worthless. Some of them were kept for a time, and many were thrown away at once, as the Treasurer would deny ownership when they were offered him.

One day, when in his cups, he wabbled up to the counter and insisted upon the clerk receiving a most disruptable looking gripsack of uncertain age and no value. The satchel was kicked roundabout the office for a day or two and finally landed in the storage space beneath the counter, where no thing of value was ever placed. A week or night passed and the gripsack was wholly forgotten. Late on a Saturday evening the State Treasurer, nervous and in all earnestness, walked to the desk and inquired when he last registered at the hotel and what sort of traps he had with him then. Some one mentioned the date and the old gripsack.

The Treasurer fell almost senseless to the floor. His only words were: "Get that gripsack." Search where they would the gripsack could not be found, and the unhappy Treasurer was put to bed. The clerk who had received the gripsack realized that its loss meant ruin, absolute and irreparable, to everybody connected with it. All night he sought sleep, but it was not until that evening a nap came to bring relief. During that short sleep he saw, as if in a vision, the valise beneath the counter, with the gripsack.

While yet asleep he made his way to the office, recovered the valise and awoke only when the Treasurer clutched him by the throat and tore from his grasp the old gripsack which contained $250,000 belonging to the State of Florida. It was during that single hour of sleep that the color of the gentleman's hair changed.—*Phila. Record.*

AT THE WATERLOO BALL.

Reminiscences of the Famous Dance Just Before the Battle.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond are living in a fine hotel on the rue de la Blanchisere, which has on its own grounds and had a great flat and flower garden extending to the city ramparts. Their rooms moved in all the society of Brussels and entertained a great deal. The duchess, who had issued invitations for the ball, proceeded to recall them when she heard that Napoleon's army was advancing. But the Duke of Wellington, to prevent alarm, requested that the ball might take place. Nevertheless, many English families left Brussels, and post horses were kept harnessed in the Duke of Richmond's stable, in case bad news should come the scene of the conflict would make it advisable for his children to be sent to Antwerp.

The majority of the people of Brussels were violent Bonapartists and were prepared to entertain Napoleon in great style should he drive the British army to retreat and enter their city in triumph.

It was that the Duke of Wellington and many of his officers went to the ball after the business of the day had been attended to.

While the merry couples were waltzing around a dispatch from the front was handed to Wellington. He asked the Duke of Richmond for a private room where he might consult with some of his generals who were present. The Duchess' dressing room was the only convenient room which was safe from intrusion. Candles were hastily placed on the dressing table, at which Wellington sat with a map before him, and having explained certain points to his staff they all rejoined the company. They left the house before 10 o'clock, and succeeded in doing so without attracting any attention.

Very few, if any, of the dancers guessed how near at hand was the fate which was to decide the fate of Europe, and it never entered the heads of the young girls that some of their partners were dancing the dance of death."

About midnight the general officers were quietly warned and disappeared from the room.—*Illustrated American.*

TOM WATSON.

Georgia Cracker Doesn't Like Washington Funeral.

Washington is a curious place for a cracker like me, in several respects.

I was much struck with the way people attended funerals here. It may be the custom in all cities. Doubtless it is. All the same it is queer to me. This is what I mean: A certain friend of Brown dies. Brown feels that he ought to go to the funeral. He doesn't care to go in person, so he sends his empty carriage. Inside of this carriage Brown puts his visiting card. That's all. The carriage drives to the house of the deceased. The driver waits till the body is put in the hearse, and the hearse started. Then he gravely steers his carriage into the procession and follows it to the cemetery. Sometimes half a dozen empty carriages will be in a funeral; nothing inside except the visiting cards of the mourners. It is about the easiest way to get rid of a troublesome grief I ever saw.

Brown sits by the fire at home and eats goobers.

His visiting card goes to the cemetery and weeps over the ashes of his friend.

You can see, almost any day, a goodly line of carriages speeding along at a cheerful trot, as if nobody in the crowd owed anybody a cent, and in the midst is a hearse unoccupied. The first time I saw it my breath left me as I stood and looked. It made my flesh creep, I must say, to see a man gayly trotting off to the bone yard as if he were a stick of wood. In a big city, though, I suppose it is all right. A live man don't amount to much in a crowded place like this, and a dead one is just nowhere.—*People's Party Party.*

A WOMAN IN A THOUSAND.

Miss Hoyle Royally Rewarded for Her Courtesy to a Cripple.

TROY, N. Y., Jan. 26.—While Miss Stella Hoyle, of this city, was riding in a crowded street-car in London last Summer an elderly man, crippled, entered.

The young lady rose and gave her seat to the gentleman, who asked her name and address.

Recently Miss Hoyle received from the gentleman, who is a wealthy resident of Baltimore, a necklace set with diamonds in acknowledgement of her kindness.

O! my sisters, see the banner
Waving in the sky,
Are you broken-down, discouraged?
Courage! help is nigh.
On that banner read this legend:
"Suffering women, hail!
Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Ne'er was known to fail."

The success of this remedy is wonderful. Its record is unparalleled. It has cured thousands of cases of female weakness, irregularities, and all diseases peculiar to the sex. It can always be depended on to do exactly what is claimed for it. All the proprietors ask is a trial. That will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful virtues. Price ($1.00) refunded if it fails to give satisfaction. See printed guarantee on every bottle-wrapper.

There are over a thousand cases of grip at Aurora, Ill.

THE NORTH STATE.

The Wilkesboro *News* announces the finding of a rich gold and silver mine about two miles from town.

Mr. Will. Hunter, of Goldsboro, is again to have the Island Beach Hotel, at the Hammocks, near Wrightsville, this year.

Mr. George P. Pell, editor of the Mt. Airy News, and Miss Mary V. DeSazo, of Spencer, Va., will be married May 18th.—*State Chronicle.*

Mr. Shady Perry, a prominent merchant and farmer of Coletrain, N. C., died last week leaving an estate of $50,000 to the Oxford Orphan Asylum.—*Wash. Progress.*

Miss Alice Small, one of Greensboro's most popular young ladies who has been on a visit to Mrs. Sol. C. Weill, returned home yesterday much the regret of her many friends.—*Wilmington Star.*

A canvass is being made in Wilmington for subscriptions to a new bank. Subscriptions amounting to about $1000.00 have been secured. The plan of the new bank will be to encourage small subscriptions.

A prominent citizen of Davie county committed suicide last week by hanging himself in his barn with a trace chain. The suicide was due to financial troubles, says the *State Chronicle.*

Mrs. Pauline Cameron Shepherd, wife, of Wm. B. Shepherd and daughter of the late Hon. P. C. Cameron, died at Edenton on Monday, Jan. 25th, 1892. Her death which came to her after a very short illness, was caused by inflamation of the brain.

Dr. T. G. Erwin, a prominent citizen of Wilkesboro, N. C., died at his home in that town Saturday, January 23rd. He was taken with la Grippe which developed into pneumonia. Dr. Erwin was a greatly beloved citizen of Wilkes county, and his death is a great loss to Wilkesboro.

Robt Graves, alias William Dillard, who murdered a man in Asheville, N. C., in 1881, and who was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for ten years, but afterward escaped, was arrested at Bluefield, Va., Saturday, by Detective C. C. Gale. Graves will be taken to Raleigh to serve out his term.—*Concord Standard.*

"It was the Popular Tent fair that originated the idea of public marriage. Capt. Chas. McDonald got up the scheme, and furnished the bride and groom. Col Thos. Robinson married the couple. County fairs everywhere caught the idea and no fair was considered complete without a wedding. The sin is on the head of Chas. McDonald."—*Charlotte News.*

News was received here Friday of the sudden death Thursday of Mr. Shade Morris, of Walkertown, this county. The deceased was in his barn stripping tobacco when he dropped dead. Mr. Morris was a successful farmer and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was about sixty years of age. The funeral services were held at Love's Church Saturday at which place the remains will be buried.—*Winston Sentinel.*

The Waynesville *Courier* says: Tom Bridgers and George Vaughn, two lads of this place, got tired of Waynesville last week and tarted out to make their mark in the world. They remained at Asheville two nights and one day and decided they were better pleased under the paternal roof. One of them had a chill and wanted to see Dad so much that they couldn't wait for the next train so they took a cross-tie ticket for home, arriving here Friday night.

The Raleigh correspondent of the Richmond Times writes that a sensation has been created by an attack which has been made by a local temperance sheet published at High Point, N. C., upon the Christian Advocate and the Biblical Recorder of this city, the State organs of the Methodist and Baptist denominations respectively, charging them with publishing advertisements of firms which sell liquor. The names of two prominent Raleigh houses have been called but the papers in question deny the chares made against them.

News was received here this morning of the destruction by fire last Friday night of the Yadkin county jail. The fire originated, it is thought, from a basket of ashes which was sitting in the hall. There were only two prisoners in the jail at the time and these were rescued. One was a white man named Lakey and a negro named Moody. After the two were turned out the jailor gave each a gun with orders to guard one another. Our informant tells us that the two obeyed instructions and stood only a few steps apart with their guns ready to fire in case either should decide to skip.—*Winston Sentinel.*

A man in Prospect, Me., has a rooster that is as good as any barometer. When a storm is approaching the rooster crows during the entire preceding night.

Oh, what a Cough.—Will you heed the warning. The general perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving a few cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Richardson & Fariss.

1891 Past — A LEAN PURSE May Be Yours. — 1892 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	We have some of the best
" "	14	" "	$12.00	value in CLOAKS that it
" "	12	" "	$8.75	has ever been our privilege
" "	10	" "	$7.75	to show. All new styles
" "	9	" "	$6.00	this season and we have
" "	7	" "	$5.00	decided to CLOSE THEM
" "	5	" "	$4.00	OUT at these exceedingly
" "	3.40	" "	$3.00	LOW PRICES, that we
" "	2.65	" "	$2.55	may not have any left to
" "	2.40	" "	$2.30	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.

SAM'L. TROGDON,
Fire Insurance!
TOTAL ASSETS OF COMPANIES REPRESENTED
OVER TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.
Office in Savings Bank,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

RICHARDSON & FARISS,
(Successors to W. C. PORTER)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS AND SEEDSMEN.
Orders from Druggists, Physicians and Grocers solicited.
Prices as low as Richmond for good quality goods. Time and Freight Saved to you by ordering from us.
Opposite Benbow Hotel, Greensboro, N. C.

THE MASSACHUSETTS
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1851. Springfield, Mass., 1891.
JANUARY 1st, 1891.
Assets, $11,252,639.54. Liabilities, $10,[illegible] Surplus, $879,581.57
POLICIES IN FORCE, 22,708. 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.
R. W. ROGERS,
RALEIGH, N. C.,
General Agents, N. C.

WALL PAPER!
THAT'S WHAT WE ARE SELLING.
We have now in Stock over 6,000 Rolls of NEW PAPER.
The Latest Styles for 1892. Seventy five Patterns of Parlor Paper—over 200 styles now on hand.
FIGURED INGRAINS—The latest and prettiest Paper for Dining Rooms and Libraries. Also Plain Tints with match Friezes.
REMNANTS—We have on hand a lot of Remnants of from 4 to 12 Rolls, which we will sell at one half cost to get them out of the way. We will also GIVE AWAY 40 Sample Books of last year's stock. These are suitable for screens and scrap work, &c. Call and see the largest line of Paper in North Carolina, at
EPPS & HACKETT,
311 South Elm Street.

REECE & ELAM,
BOOK and JOB PRINTERS
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Prices Low and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
ONLY OFFICE IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA RUNNING PRESSES BY WATER POWER.
Orders by Mail Receive our Personal Attention.

Valuable Sale of Land!

The undersigned, as Commissioner, will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, on

Monday, February 22d, 1892,

[illegible] in pursuance of a decree in case of J. M. Anthony vs. [illegible], et al., made by the Superior Court of Guilford County, to which reference is made for more definite description, the following described tracts of land, to wit: Situate in the county of Guilford, N. C., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone in the line of the lands of A. S. Hagan, the corner of the lands of Alfred Anthony, and runs thence with the lines of Alfred Anthony, [illegible] to the lands of Betsy Hall, containing [illegible] acres, more or less. Also one DWELLING HOUSE with [illegible] rooms, and all other improvements thereon, it being the residence of the late Jonathan G. Anthony, deceased.

J. M. ANTHONY, Com.

Jan. 12th, 1892. 4w

Administrators Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of [illegible] deceased, late of Guilford County, N. C., this is to give notice hereby given all persons indebted to the deceased to come forward and settle the same—and to all to whom by intestate was indebted to present their claims on, or before the 16th day of January, 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

JONATHAN M. GANT,
Stokesdale, N. C., Jan. 11, 1892.
Jan. 13, 6w.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 1084½ Whitehall St.