THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185 — GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1892. — By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance. TERMS $1.00 Per Year.

Dr. CHAS. A. TURNER,
DENTIST,

Dr. W. H. Wakefield,

Take Notice.

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

Dr. W. J. RICHARDSON,

LIFE, INSURANCE FIRE,
ONLY FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES

SPECIAL SALES
Dike Book Company,
Bric-a-Brac,
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Science Will Conquer!

THE GREAT GERMAN EYE WATER

W. B. FARRAR & SON,
OPTICIANS,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

J. H. Coleman,
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ST. LOUIS OPTICAL CO'S
CELEBRATED
Silverette
SPECTACLES
THE MOST DURABLE FRAMES.
THE FINEST CRYSTAL LENSES.
WATCH.

Administrators Notice.

The undersigned hereby give notice of their appointment by the Clerk of the Superior Court of Guilford county, as administrators on the estate of Nancy Hunter, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the estate will present them on or before the 12th of April, 1893, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

This April 12th, 1892.

ROBT. G. GORRELL,
A. M. INGOLD, Adm'rs.
Apr 12-4w.

Last Poem of Whitman.

The last poem of Walt Whitman has a peculiar significance in the light of his recent death. It was written only a few weeks before he passed away, and in full knowledge of his condition:

DEATH'S VALLEY.

Nay, do not dream, designer dark,
Thou has portray'd or hit thy theme entire:
I, Poured of late by this dark valley, by its confiner having glimpses of it
Here enter lists with thee, claiming my right to make a symbol too.

For I have seen many wounded soldiers die,
After dreadful suffering—have seen their lives pass off with smiles:
And I have watch'd the death-hours of the old, and seen the infant die:
The rich, with all his nurses and doctors:
And then the poor, in meagerness and poverty;
And I myself for long, O Death, have breathed my every breath
Alike the incarness and the silent thought of thee.

And out of these and thee,
I make a song, a song, brief (not fear of thee,
Nor gloom's ravines, nor bleak, nor dark—for I do not fear thee,
Nor celebrate the struggle, or contortion, or hard-tied knot),
Of the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows, rippling tides, and trees and flowers and grass,
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst of God's beautiful eternal right hand,
Thee, holiest minister of Heaven—thee, envoy, usherer, guide at last of all,
Rich, floral, lossener of the stricture-knot called life,
Sweet, peaceful, welcome Death.

Mrs. Frank Leslie.

This is the story of a beautiful woman of business. It is the tale of a rich woman who inherited only debts and an opportunity. In six years she has paid the debts and made a gold mine of the opportunity. Her name is Frank Leslie, and she is the widow and successor of the man who founded the great publishing house of Frank Leslie. It was not enough to found this house, it must be perpetuated. So Frank Leslie married his wife, and let all the world hear of the full significance of his marriage. She was to set up the monument he died in raising. His last words to his wife were: "Go to my office, sit in my place and do my work till my debts are paid." She did more. She made her fortune.

Mrs. Leslie came down to her husband's office the day after his death, and with calm eye perched on the chair behind her. No one woman, not a reigning Queen, has ever been called to face mightier tasks. Her husband's affairs were in the hands of an assignee. He had contracted scores of debts to place his publishing business on a paying basis, and having placed it there he died. But not before he had been forced to make an assignment and sacrificed all he had to meet inexorable demands. The creditors had agreed to accept the discharge of their debts out of the proceeds of the business. Leslie's death seemed to chance to absorb the business. Only his widow and heiress stood between them, and what they saw was about to become a magnificent property. And her position was insecure and ambiguous through a suit that had been instituted to break her husband's will.

It was an odd sort of heroine to step into such a breach that came down to the deserted office on that winter's morning. A woman inexperienced, luxurious, with no more knowledge of saving money than of making it, a Louisiana Creole of French extraction by birth, a woman of society by habit, of letters by choice, and of misfortune and suffering by circumstances, she seemed little likely to withstand the sinister forces against her. She proved to be a sort of commercial Joan of Arc. With nine lawsuits on her hands she found time to master the details of the business.

In the midst of her struggles came a sortie from the enemy. It was sharp and bitter. The creditors made upon her what they conceived to be an impossible demand. Alarmed at the energy, self-reliance and enterprise which threatened them with a payment of their claims, and a consequent frustration of their designs on the business, they agreed to crush her by a single blow. They called for $20,000 to be paid in ten days, on penalty of forfeiture. She was in a terrible position. As yet she had no standing in court. She had no ready money, and nothing to mortgage, for the property was still in the hands of the assignee. She knew the serious danger, the almost hopelessness of her position. She threw it boldly. Dear old Rev. Dr. Deems, who knew of her troubles, prayed. And then a curious thing happened.

A boy in the art department of Frank Leslie's publishing house lived in Brooklyn, and among his acquaintances was a rich and charitable woman named Miss Jane Smith. Frank Leslie had given this boy his chance, and he felt deeply for his benefactor's widow. Suddenly he said to himself, "Why not talk it over with Mrs. Smith?" He interested his friend. She called on Mrs. Leslie; she volunteered to lend her $20,000—such is the power of human sympathy. Mrs. Leslie had five years in which to pay the loan; but the first installment falling due on November 1st, she paid the entire amount with interest on the last day of October—that is, to say, in five months—out of the profits of the business.

And this is not a page out of a child's story-book!

Mrs. Leslie's career has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. She has built up a magnificent business, and her income is fully $100,000 a year. Some of her receipts from abroad have been written during days of arduous sight-seeing and nights of long receptions. In London, in Paris, in Rome, in Vienna, in Berlin, in Madrid, she is still at home and among friends. She lives when in New York at the Gerlach. She works there harder than ever, writing for the syndicates as well as her own publications, and dressing and dining and playing my Lady Beautiful through it all. She is a rare instance of voluntary consecration to work. She has money enough to be lazy—but her enjoyment of life doesn't come in that way.

How has she done it all? By a bold and decisive mind, the audacity of genius, tireless energy and the perfection of physique. The child Miriam Florence Folline was a fragile creature, a delicate Huguenot exotic in the French quarter of New Orleanes. The woman Frank Leslie—Frank Leslie by order of the Court of Common Pleas that the name might be preserved in law as well as memory—is the perfection of physical development. She swings dumbbells like an Amazon. She is devoted to bathing, and rides like the Empress of Austria. By the exercise of all her faculties, physical and mental, she has kept her whole nature in perfect equilibrium. Her handwriting is characteristic, the characters large, the strokes firm with a notable upward impulse, regular, connected and flowing. And she has never lost an intellectual opportunity. She speaks English, French, Spanish and Italian with fluent perfection, besides understanding Latin. She has read much and seen more, and welded into her own originality her studies and reflections and experiences. Much as she owes to nature, she owes more to herself."

The publications of Mrs. Frank Leslie are the Popular Monthly Magazine, Pleasant Hours, The Budget, The Almanac, and the Christmas Book. The first of these has readers wherever the English language is spoken. It is now in its twenty-fourth semi annual volume. From the start it has maintained the reputation of a high class undenominational family magazine and has been enriched by the contributions of many of the most eminent writers of our age. Its illustrations are always artistically conceived and executed range over a wide scope of subjects.

The publishing house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth street is one of the busiest hives in this city. In it all the mechanical and other business goes forward with the precision of clock work under Mrs. Leslie's supervision, who occupies what Jennie June" (Mrs. Cooley) once styled "the coziest, most luxurious and most artistic sanctum in New York." Perfect taste and unobtrusive richness are the characteristics of the apartment. There is just a touch of the practical everywhere to antagonize the impression that you are in a reception room instead of business office, but the harmony remains undisturbed and is peculiarly pleasing to the artistic sense." In this sanctum Mrs. Leslie is busy daily from 9 o'clock a. m., to 4 o'clock p. m., during which time she disposes of an amount and variety of business that would weary the majority of men, besides receiving callers, holding consultations with two business managers and the numerous heads of departments, doing all with a coolness, ready decision and a lady like gentleness of manner that are the admiration alike of friends and of strangers.

It is wonderful that this daughter of Louisiana, cradled and raised in luxury, should have risen superior to the environments and traditions of her youth and become a power in the business world, without having lost a particle of her social prestige or of her womanly charms.—*Exchange.*

New York, April 20th, 1892.

Caught on the Home-Stretch.

Jobson would have sworn he wasn't drunk. To be sure, the keyhole was a trifle hard to find, but that particular night-latch always was rather agile along toward midnight. When he got the door open he hung his coat on the hatrack and removed his shoes, and and taking them in his hand walked quietly up stairs so as not to awaken Mrs. Jobson. He lighted the gas and disrobed in as orderly a manner as any sober man would. Then he knelt down beside the bed and had just commenced his prayers when a ripple of laughter interrupted him. He glance up and saw his wife sitting up in bed laughing heartily. He retained his position and began to remonstrate with his hilarious consort.

"I shuppose you think I'm full, don't you?" "Oh, no; not at all."

"Then what you snickering 'bout? I came in the front door and I hung up my (hic) coat. Now, if I was 'ntoxicated I'd fired it on the floor and stumbled upstairs with my shoes on. Then I carefully folded up my clothes and (hic) I laid them on the chair; and any drunk man would t'row them in the corner! and here I was saying (hic) my prayers and you sit there and laff. You know yourself that no 'ntoxicated man ever says his prayers. So what's the (hic) matter, anyhow?"

"Well, my dear, I suppose you are all right; but I must say I never saw a sober man saying his prayers while wearing a silk hat before."—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

Tennessee White Caps.

Jackson, Sevier, and Knox counties, Tennessee, are in a panic over the operations of the White Caps who are said to have a tri county organization with supreme and subordinate officers and lodges. The active leader, who is employed on a salary, is said to have been brought by contract from Indiana, where he was familiar with white cap methods. So far about fifty persons have been whipped. Among them was a minister, the Rev. Mr. Jenkins. Eight women have been chastised within a few days and some of the leading citizens warned. Several of those whipped are in a precarious condition.

When one jumps to a conclusion he rarely reaches it.—Dallas News.

STATE NEWS.

Mrs. J. W. Crawford and little son George, of Greensboro, are visiting relatives here.—Graham *Gleaner.*

A bloody fight occurred in Winston last Saturday, between Will Booe and George Seth, in which the former was badly cut with a knife. The altercation grew out of silly horse play.—*Peoples Press.*

The Lincolnton Courier says: "It has leaked out that there were at least half a dozen Republicans as delegates to the last county Alliance meeting at Lincolnton, who were also delegates to the Republican convention, held sometime ago. And these voted to keep out of conventions.

DIED.—Miss Ella Coble, daughter of J. R. and Mary F. Coble, at Sydney Mills, at 3 o'clock, Monday afternoon last, of pneumonia, aged about 18 years. She was buried at Cane Creek on Tuesday the 3rd funeral by Revs. Isham Cox and P. H. Fleming. Deceased was a member of Providence Sunday School, an exemplary Christian girl, and held in high esteem by all who knew her. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the community.—*Gleaner.*

Senator Vance has reached his mountain home, Gombroon, in Buncombe county, and has improved greatly since his attack of facial paralysis. Gentlemen who travelled with the Senator say he is in good spirits and that the physicians who examined him pronounced him sound in body. He will remain at Gombroon until the 18th when he will go to Charlotte to be present at the celebration of Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.—*Correspondent Dispatch.*

Statesville had its first duel Monday night. Two gallant young men, Mr. Wm. Pinkins and Milton McCorkle, attended by their seconds, met in the rear of the old cemetery at that place, by appointment, and engaged in a two-round fist-fight. The seconds interfered at the end of the second round and prevented any serious damage. The young men had quarreled and thus the challenge. Both combatants are about the same age and weight, but Pinkins, being the taller and longer-armed, got the best of his antagonist. After the fight they shook hands and smoked cigarettes together, showing that the difference had been satisfactorily settled.—*Salisbury Herald.*

RALEIGH, May 3.—There is today a first-class political sensation. Grimesland Alliance, of Pitt county, has adopted resolutions declaring that the Ocala demands are sufficient for the Alliance and that the State Alliance has not adopted the St. Louis demands, and denounced the arbitrary and dictatorial stand taken by President Butler in making those demands a test of good standing in the Alliance, by proscribing all such as will not stand to them in the Raleigh conference May 17; declaring his action officious and culpable in the last extreme, as well as prejudicial to the best interests of the order, and questioning his authority in his presumptious and overbearing course, and commending the action of Pitt County Alliance in demanding representation in this convention and in opposition to the St. Louis demands.—*Char. Observer.*

Chit-Chat.

"There was a negro down in one of the counties of my district," said Congressman John M. Allen, of Mississippi, "who was elected to the Legislature during the reconstruction times and served one term. He was uneducated but knew enough to vote with his party every time and, besides, picked up a vague smattering of parliamentary law. The winter after that he was drawn on the jury of the Circuit Court. The docket was crowded and the court held until a late hour. It was his first service on a jury. One afternoon late, just as lamps were being lit, he was called on to sit in a new case. The ex-legislator was tired and hungry and did not relish the prospect of being kept away from his supper. So after the required twelve had been accepted and counsel for the plaintiff was about to state his case the negro-statesman-juror astonished everybody by rising to his feet and exclaiming in a loud voice:

"'May it please de coht, I moves yo,' sah, dat dis coht do now adj'n ontil tomorrer mawnin'.'"

"The Judge was amazed and informed the sable juror that courts never adjourned except on their own motion.

"'Dat's all right,' responded the parliamentary juror, 'but, sah, yo' kaint deny dat a motion to adju'n is allus in ohdah!'"—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Bottleful of Fire.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 2.—A nine-year-old lad, named Joe Foley picked up a small bottle on the street which he thought contained candy. While near the river the bottle became uncorked and suddenly his clothes were discovered to be on fire. A bystander threw the boy into the river, jumping in after him. The boys clothes were burned off his body. He was taken to his home where medical aid was summoned. His body was found severely burned, and to a crisp in some places. The bottle was found to have contained phosphorus.

Why he Quite Smoking Cigarettes.

"I'm going to quit smoking cigarettes," said a young man, who has led more than one German. "It isn't because it's a vile habit that is going to carry me down to an early grave, or anything of that sort. One placid me, or rather a young lady, in a very embarrassing position. There is a certain charming young lady on St. Anthony Hill whom I should like very much to make my wife, so I know she feels as I do. But I am not able to support a wife, so I have never said a word to the young lady's parents. Well, the other evening she and I took a stroll. It was about half-past nine when we returned to the house, so I did not go in. We stood chatting a few moments, and I lighted a cigarette. When she went into the house, I, of course, kissed her good-night. Well, without giving it a thought, she went in, bade her mother good-night, and kissed her also. The old lady immediately detected the odor of the cigarette on her daughter's lips, and questioned her about it. The poor girl had either to acknowledge that I kissed her, or that she smoked a cigarette. When the young lady told me about it, I had not the courage to ask her what course she chose. Now you know why cigarettes and I will be strangers in the future."—*Toledo Blade.*

Rev. Thos. Dixon Denies.

Rev. Thos. Dixon, of New York, denies using offensive language concerning the South, recently quoted in the New York Press and commented on by many papers. Mr. Dixon's friends will be glad to learn that he repudiates the interview. He throws the blame on a young "space writer" who recently arrived in New York from the South. He states that he was asked by the interviewer to write out his notes, but did not have time to spare. He now regrets that he did not take time.

Death For a Kiss.

ANDERSON, Ind., May 4.—When George Doyle went to the residence of Earl Dudding, a farmer near Anderson, he found Mrs. Dudley and her husband sitting on the porch. Doyle coolly walked up and kissed Mrs Dudding, whereupon the husband drew a revolver and fired three times, shooting Doyle through the right elbow, thigh and right lung. Doyle will die. Dudding takes the affair coolly and came to this city and gave himself up. His conduct is regarded as justifiable.

When a pretty girl discovers that she is pretty she loses her greatest charm.—Ex.

The Maid and the Roses.

She wore two roses, a red and a white,
The breast of her sacque adorning,
As she passed on her way with footsteps light
To church on Sunday morning.

Oh, fresh were the roses and fair to see
In the eyes of those that love them.
But they were not as fresh and as fair to me
As the beautiful face above them.

But each of the roses symboled a part
Of herself as they bloomed together:
The red of her warm, impulsive heart,
The type of her soul the other.

Thus often in beautiful things one sees
The symbols of something human,
As these roses were types of the excellencies
That dwell in a lovely woman.

J. P. C. in Charlotte Observer.

They Were in Clover.

Mrs. Telltale—I've been to see Mrs. Tittletattle, and the way she ran on about you was perfectly scandalous.

Mrs. Homebody—So she has been talking about me, has she?

Mrs. Telltale—Yes, indeed she has.

Mrs. Homebody—What a nice time you two must have had.—*Boston Traveller.*

Carry the news to Mary,
And pray be not too long,
For she is fast declining,
And surely 'twould be wrong—
not to tell her of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. We do want Mary to know in some way or other, that this world famed remedy will cure her beyond any doubt! It is just the medicine for young womanhood, and thousands has it bridged over that perilous sea.

From every state, from every city, from nearly every neighborhood in this broad land, comes the grateful acknowledgment of what it has done and is doing for our daughters. The only medicine for the distressing and painful irregularities and weaknesses of woman, sold with a positive guarantee to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. In other words, sold on trial.

Money is not altogether a religious article, but still it has a denomination of its own.—News.

On, what a Cough.—Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 c., 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.

Hot Shot No. 2!

FACTS AND FIGURES THAT CANNOT AND WILL NOT LIE!

THE KNIFE GOES DEEPER AND DEEPER.

PRICES That Will Startle You!

Shoes, Shoes!

Ladies' Rubber Overshoes, 20 cts.
Infants' Dongola Button Shoes, 25 cts.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, good style—No. 1's only—75 cts.
Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, good style—No. 1's only—$1.00.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, lace, solid, $1.00.
Ladies' Dress Shoes, lace, solid, 95 cts.
Ladies' Kid Button Opera and Common Sense, very stylish, solid, at $1.20
The most comeplete line $1.20, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 Ladies' Kid Button Boots ever shown in the city.
Men's P. Calf Brogans, solid, 95 cts.
Gentlemen's Buff Congress and Lace, good style, solid, $1.25.
An elegant Buff Congress and Lace, solid leather inner soles, outer soles, counters and taps, the best in the world for the money, price $1.50
See our $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 goods for gentlemen. They are beauties.
Misses Grain Button School Shoes, 12-2, 85cts.
Misses Grain Button School Shoes, 8-11, 70 cts.
Child's Grain Button School Shoes, 5-7, 50 cts.

NOTIONS! NOTIONS!

1000 papers of Tacks at 1ct. a paper.
Pins and Needles, 1ct. a paper.
Matches, 200 in a box, 1ct. a box or 10 cts. dozen boxes.
Ladies' solid Black Hose at 5 cts., better goods at 10 and 15 cents.
Gent's Half-Hose at 5, 10 and 15 cents.
Ladies' Corsets, 25 cents.
One lot of Ladies's sample Corsets at 35, 40, 50, 60 and 75cts., worth double.
Bargains in Napkins, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Shirts and Drawers.
100 yards Jeans Pants Cloth at 10 cents yard.
Everything SPIC, SPAC, BRAND NEW, and we intend to make every article that goes out of our store an advertisement for us.
Bring this advertisement with you and we will convince you that everything is positively as advertised.

Remember Our Rules--One Price, Cash.

DON'T FOGET THE PLACE.

C. S. WATSON & CO.,

Sign of the Big Boot. Opp. Odell Hardware Co.

Greensboro, N. C.

Feb. 17-1y. (Mention this paper.)

GOOD LUCK

TO ALL WHO will inspect our Large Assortment of WHITE GOODS just opened for the Summer trade. We have the reputation of carrying the Largest Assortment of

White Goods

in Guilford County, and sell at the LOWEST PRICES. We have increased our stock this season and are much better prepared to meet the demands of a purchasing public than ever before.

We don't pay Editor Wharton for this space to simply afford us a little pleasure in saying nice things to our patrons but we pay for it to inform the public of what we have to sell, described just as it is in every particular. We could not afford to deceive the people.

"A Word in SEASON is sufficient to the Wise." Every Lady, Miss or Child, will need some kind of thin SUMMER DRESS. Every lady wants the prettiest thing on the market to be had at the price which suits their purse.

Look for Bargains

where they are to be had, and buy from merchants who are reliable, then you will never pay too dear for the "Whistle."

Ladies don't wait for your husbands to come to town but drive in yourselves. Stop at POWELL & WHARTON'S DRY GOODS HOTEL where your horse will be cared for willingly FREE OF CHARGE.

Powell & Wharton,

Successors to Raymond & Powell.

NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, GREENSBORO, N. C.

NOW IS THE TIME,

WHILE YOU ARE CLEANING HOUSE,

TO PAPER YOUR SOILED WALLS.

We are selling Beautiful GILT PAPER at 10c per Roll.

And have over 100 Patterns at that price. Without Gilt 6c per Roll.

FINE EMBOSSED PARLOR PAPER AT 18, 20 AND 25 CENTS.

10,000 Rolls in Stock to select from. No. 311, South Elm Street.

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1892. SPRING 1892.

SPRING CLOTHING,

Spring Hats and Spring Cravats.

New Spring Goods just Received all the LATEST STYLES and best Makes.
If you want correct STYLES and LOWEST PRICES see our LARGE NEW SPRING STOCK and learn our prices before you buy your Spring Goods. We can save you money on every thing you buy in our line.

Very respectfully,

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.,

Leading One Price Cash Clothing and Hatters,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Feb. 17-3m.

THOS. N. WINSLOW,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT.

Assets Represented Over

$180,000,000.

Office 111 South Elm Street, Next to Post Office.

March 2, 1892-1y. GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE MASSACHUSETTS

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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. $63,290,789.00.

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

If you will write your name, date of birth, and address, in the blank form and send it to the address below, we will take pleasure in showing you, not an ESTIMATE but a STATEMENT showing the exact value in cash and paid up insurance which would appear in a policy issued at your age.

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

My name is .....

My address is .....

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R. W. ROGERS,
RALEIGH, N. C.,
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