THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 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.

DIKE'S BOOK CO.

THE GREENSBORO FURNITURE STORE
Is Now Open.

NORTHERN MADE GOODS.

GOLD WATCH CASE

WATCH.

J. H. Coleman,
GUN and LOCK SMITH

How She Refused Him.

"Twas at ball they met one night:
She seemed as sweetly fair
As poet's wildest, fondest dream;
Her lovely sun kissed hair
Curled artlessly in dainty waves
Her sweet blue eyes above,
And while he gazed in ecstasy
The band played
"Woman's
Love."

And when he ventured to request
The favor of a dance,
She acquiesced so charmingly,
With such a will pleased glance,
His heart beat faster than before,
No longer did he mope;
And while he "autographed" her card
The band played
"Wait
and Hope."

And then, when the mazy waltz
Her form so full of grace
He proved, and watched the blushes
come
And go upon her face,
He felt as though he'd like to make
The maiden his for aye;
"But hold!" he pondered, and the band
Played "Love
"Will Find
the Way."

The dance being over, they sat down
To have a little chat,
And every topic they discussed
She seemed to have down "pat."
His brain just whirled with delight,
So charming did she seem,
And while he sat enraptured, thrilled,
The band played
"Love's
Young Dream."

The time flew by, he took no note
Of how the hours went,
He only felt a sense of joy,
Of peace and great content;
He then and there made up his mind
To make her his forever,
And while she smiled her sweetest smile
The band played
"Now
or Never."

They strolled together, arm and arm,
Far from the ballroom's glare,
And found a corner in the cool
Conservatory, where,
Amid flowering plants and rustling
leaves,
His form with [illegible] reeling,
He told her he loved her, and
The band played,
Softly—
"Waiting."

He said, "Oh, will you be my own
Dear, loving little wife?
And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand,
Adown the stream of life?"
She smiled again, the same sweet smile,
At all his language flowery;
Then said, "I'll—a sister"—he and
The band played
"Annie
Laurie"

TOLD IN A DREAM.

The Inventor of the Shot Tower was Taught his Principle at Night.

Before Watts, the discoverer of the present mode of making shot, had his notable dream, induced by over-indulgence in stimulants, the manufacture in question was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Great bars of lead had to be pounded into sheets of thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots desired. These sheets had then to be cut into little cubes, placed in a revolving barrel and there rolled around until, by the constant friction, the edges were off from the little cubes and they became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an ale house, he went home, went to bed and soon fell asleep. His slumbers, however, were disturbed by unwelcome dreams, in one of which he was out with "the boys," and as they were stumbling home it began to rain shot—beautiful globules of polished shining lead—in such numbers that he and his companions had to seek shelter.

In the morning Watts remembered his curious dream and it obtruded itself on his mind all day. He began to wonder what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air, and finally, to set his mind at rest, he ascended to the top of the steeple of the church of St. Mary at Redcliffe and dropped slowly and regularly a ladleful of molten lead into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfect shot he had ever seen. Watts's fortune was made, for from this exploit emanated the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so important in war and sport.

Gideon's Band.

They have discovered a secret political society inside the secret organization of the Alliance in Georgia. It is called "Gideon's Band," and only 20 members in each county are allowed. It is composed from other Allancemen. The "Band" is to control the politics of the Alliance, fill all its offices and rule the unsuspecting farmers of the Alliance as they have left. This secret "band" inside the Alliance is not the Alliance, but it lives by reason of the Alliance for the purpose of working the Alliance for all it is worth. Rev. A. R. Vernon, Ex-president of Hart County Alliance, Ga., and a prominent Baptist minister of unblemished character was persuaded into the "Band" by false representations and has exposed the disreputable thing, and warns the Alliance against it. It is said that such a society is being introduced into this State. The constitution and laws of North Carolina make such political societies a crime and punishable. Every man who joins "Gideon's Band" of political marauders proves himself liable.—*Chronicle.*

A Dead Secret.

Lucy: I'll tell you news! Wetherby Withington is secretly engaged to Tom Nickleby!

Maude: How do you know?

Lucy: Why, Nina told Florence, Florence told Margery, Margery told Ada, Ada told Clara and Clara told me. Now, be sure and don't tell anybody. It's a dead secret.—*Yankee Blade.*

Patriots Who Are Willing to Go to Jail.

Cass county, in northwestern Missouri, is just now the scene of a unique poltical squabble. But as Gov. Tillman, of South Carolina, expresses it, this is a "record breaking" campaign; hence we need be surprised at nothing in the political arena. A few years ago a subscription was voted to a railroad to be built. It proved to be a fraudulent scheme. The county didn't get any railroad, but it did get a large indebtedness. Bonds were demanded.

The people of the county urged the county judges, Lane, George and Wray not to sign the bonds; hence they refused to do so. They were thrown in jail in Kansas City for contempt of the Federal Court, there to lie till they obey the orders of said court. That was several months ago. They are still in jail, and are the heroes of Cass county. Last Saturday Judge Lane was nominated for the Legislature by the Democrats of his county—which is equivalent to an election. He writes his campaign speeches on a typewriter and sends them out to his constituents. He had a hard fight to get the nomination. As his judicial term expires in the fall he can no longer be imprisoned for contempt, and will be free to take his seat in the Legislature. His successor will have to take his place in the old Second street jail. The terms of both Lane and George expire this fall. For their places on the bench and consequently in the jail, five men have been fighting. They all made their campaign on the jail issue, each pledging, if elected, to take the place of his predecessor in prison, and there to remain during the tenure of office unless the Federal order is revoked. Only two could win the prize—Britt and Myers.

This is patriotism with a big P. They don't claim to be "reformers"—simply plain Democrats; but theirs is a true reform. Is there a thing in the political world more needed today than patriotism? It may be there are as many true patriots in power today as formerly, but it doesn't appear so to a looker-on. We are inclined to applaud the virtues and ignore the vices of our forefathers. But have we the real patriotism today that we should have? Right is always right while policy is often wrong. Is there not much policy in political matters, and a consequent lack of principle? "The man who can be elected" has far more power than "the man who has principle." Compromise, chicanery, scheme, aught that will elect our man is the rule. This is not right and must react in evil. In the South just now many apparently worthy men are anxious to make almost any compromise with the agitating element. It were far better for the Democratic party to stand by its long avowed principles and go down in temporary defeat than yield to policy for a temporary victory. A man who sells his principle is justly detested; and is it not the same with a party? In this State there was talk of a fusion between the Democrats and Third partyites—a policy— but as indications now are that will not be true. Both parties prefer to fight it out on their own lines. Let them adhere to their avowed principles. Policy is always a dangerous expedient. True patriotism disdains such action. In all our national, State and local elections the same course of action should hold good. Will that condition ever be realized? Not fully; but let it be our ideal as American citizens. Then, and not till then, will the filthy cesspool of corruption receive a cleaning—the Augean stables be cleaned.—Cor. Statesville *Landmark.*

The Next United States Senate.

There are now 39 Democrats and 17 Republicans in the Senate; also two "Farmers' Alliance" men—Peffer, of Kansas, and Kyle, of South Dakota.

The terms of 8 Democrats will expire on the 4th of March next—Bate, of Tennessee, Blodgett, of New Jersey, Mills, of Texas, Cockrell, of Missouri, Faulkner, of West Virginia, Gray, of Delaware, Pasco, of Florida, and Turpie, of Indiana.

It is hardly probable that the Republicans can elect the successor to any one of these, except, possibly, Mr. Turpie.

The terms of 24 Republican Senators expire at the same time, all from Northern states. The Democrats have a good prospect of electing the successors of Davis, of Minnesota, Felton, of California, Hawley, of Connecticut, Hiscock, of New York, Paddock, of Nebraska, Sanders, of Montana, Sawyer, of Wisconsin, Stewart, of Nevada, and Stockbridge, of Michigan.

A gain of 4 seats would make a tie between the Democrats and Republicans, and there is no good reason to doubt that 3 of these gains will be secured in New York, Michigan and Wisconsin. Another would be certain in Connecticut if the popular vote could elect a Senator.

There is no likelihood of the Democratic strength in the Senate being reduced by these elections, but a hopeful prospect that they will obtain a majority of the body. —*Atlanta Journal.*

Little Agnes: You're a pig, Harry. You only gave me a quarter of the apple. Her Brother (sarcastically): Ain't you satisfied with a 25 per cent dividend?—Puck.

That Pension Business.

In his recent speech in Congress Mr. Tucker stated that there were now on the pension roll of the government 676'160 individuals who were receiving annually $118,548,959. This list, added Mr. Tucker, will be greatly increased at an early day, and then he submitted the following figures, which the Richmond Times presents thus:

"The total enlistment of Federal soldiers was 2,778,304. Subtracting from this number the number of bounty men, substitutes and deserters, which amounted to 2,1999,290, we have a grand total of 599,014 volunteers, which includes men who re-enlisted. Of this mass of volunteers, 300,000 enlisted just before the close of the war and saw no real service.

We have already stated the number on the pension rolls to be 676,160, which leaves 1,368,457 who are not on the rolls. Of this number 627,472 have filed applications of pensions, and under the laws are entitled to them. Add to the $118,548,959 already paid out in pensions, $273,000,000, the further amount which will have to be paid out when all the applicants are placed on the rolls, and we shall have to be paid out when all the applicants are placed on the roll, and we shall have a grand total of $391,547,959. Deduct one third for deaths and the people of the United States will be confronted with an annual charge of $260,000,000 for pensions, and that practically immediately.

With the customs receipts on the one hand declining so rapidly that in a few months they will fall to $100,000,000 a year; and with the pension charges mounting with equal rapidity towards $260,000,000 a year, the national treasury will soon be in a condition of absolute bankruptcy unless steps are at once taken to modify the McKinley law and to obstruct the further increase of the pension charges."

But the St. Louis convention was in favor of increasing the pension charges and said so, if not in the platform adopted, certainly in a resolution unanimously passed. And because the Chronicle opposes the action of the St. Louis convention, and calls upon Democrats to oppose it and defeat the Third party, the Progressive Farmer says that we raise the black flag. The Alliance has raised the black flag against that partizan and prospective newspaper, and having realized it already, it can't see anything but black flags in the air.—*Raleigh Chronicle.*

The Greatness of London.

Doubtless you are quite accustomed to the statement that London is a great city. But probably the following figures will help you to appreciate this statement:

Every four minutes marks a birth. In the next two hours after you have read this, thirty babies will have been born, and twenty deaths will have occurred. Think of it! The evening paper that records the births and deaths of the preceding day must give three hundred separate items. Verily its joys and sorrows are a multitude. London has 7,000 miles of streets and if you walked them at the rate of 20 miles a day you'd have to walk almost a year, and more than a year by nearly fifty days if you should rest on Sundays and if you were a thirsty sort of traveller, and couldn't pass a public house, don't be alarmed. The seven thousand miles of streets have 75 miles of public houses, so you need not think of thirst. In a year London folks swallow down 500,000 oxen, 2,000,000 sheep, 200,000 calves, 200,000 swine, 8,000,000 head of fowl, 500,000,000 pounds of fish, 500,000,000 oysters, 200,000,000 lobsters, 57,000,000 bushels of wheat. But how they wash all the food down you might feel proud to know. It takes 200,000,000 quarts of beer. But more than this, they drink 10,000,000 quarts of wine. Combine the wine, rum and beer consumed there in one year and we have a total of 260,000,000 quarts.—*Ex.*

How It Feels When Drowning

On Sunday of last week, John Turner, a white man, while bathing in Mr. John Richardson's fish pond, at the head of Waxhaw creek with L. L. L. R. and J. W. Archer, experienced the sensation of drowning, without suffering in full the consequences. He became strangled and sank three times to the bottom. His companions thought he was only diving, until the third time when they noticed that he stayed under too long and began to fish for him. After some time they succeeded in getting him out, and he was perfectly black and as limber as a rag. It was fifteen minutes before any perceptible breathing was noticed and over three hours before he regained consciousness. In reply to the question as to how he felt when drowning, he said "it felt good."—*Monroe Enquirer.*

Let a man believe that his poverty is the result of legislation, and that laws can be enacted that will bring success and wealth, and that man is forever ruined and will die poor. Let him feel that he has the manhood to win and success is already won. Although the country is cursed with class legislation unfavorable to the farmer, the laborer and the consumer, but legislation alone will never bring prosperity to any countrs.—*Courier.*

HOW TO LOSE A DAY.

It Would Be Fine if You Knew What Day to Lose.

You often hear some one who thinks himself "cute" telling how sailors in circumnavigating the globe "gain" a day. Such persons almost invariably mention the "gain" but it is seldom you hear of the "lost" day, which can also be dropped out of existence in making a trip around the world. The facts are these: If he goes to the east he gains a day; to the west, he loses one. It comes about in this way: There are 360 degrees of longitude in the entire circle of the earth. As the world rotates on its axis once in each twenty-four hours, one twenty fourth of 360 degrees, which is 15 degrees, corresponds to a difference of one hour in time. Now imagine a ship sailing from New York to the eastward. When it has reached a point 15 degrees east of the starting point the sun will come to its meridian, or noon line, one hour sooner than it does at the point from which the ship sailed. When the ship has reached a place 30 degrees east of the sailing point it will be noon two hours sooner on shipboard on ship board than it will 30 degrees to the westward, and so on until when the ship has reached a point 180 degress from the place of sailing it will be 1 o'clock, say Tuesday morning with the people in the ship when it is only 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday with the people at home; in other words, the ship has sailed just one half the distance around the world and has gained exactly twelve hours. Double this and you can readily understand how the day is gained in sailing around the world to the eastward. Subtract an hour from the calendar for every 15 degrees of longitude crossed in travelling around the world to the westward and you will soon find the root of the mystery of the "lost" day that is dropped out of the calendar by a person who crosses the total 360 degrees with his face constantly to the west.—St. Louis *Republic.*

TWO MEN, ONE GIRL.

Two Geese, of Goose Creek Township, Cackle.

Mr. J. A. Clontz, a 17 year-old son of Mr. T. T. Clontz, of Goose Creek township, was in town Saturday, and secured license to marry Miss Nora E. Hagler, a buxom 16-year-old lassie of the same township. He had the written consent of his parents and also of the girl's parents.

Later, Mr. Henry Hagler came to town for the purpose of securing license to marry the same girl. After reaching here he found that Clontz was ahead of him, but declaring that he would have the girl, he purchased a road cart and returned to Goose Creek for the purpose of perfecting his arrangement to get her. This he did satisfactorily, and early Sunday he appeared at her residence accompanied by a few friends, and securing the girl the party proceeded to South Carolina, where they were happily married, returning home the same day.—*Monroe Enquirer.*

Bob Ford Killed.

CREEDE, Col., June 8.—Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, was shot by Deputy Sheriff Kelly in his dance hall at 3:45 today. Kelly was standing at the door talking to a woman. An unknown man was seen to hand Kelly a double-barreled shot gun. Kelly stepped into the hall and called "Bob." Ford turned around when but five feet away, and placed his hand on his hip pocket. Kelly raised his gun and fired a load of buckshot full in Ford's neck, severing the windpipe and jugular vein and killing him instantly.

Ford and Kelly had some trouble in Pueblo some time ago and the killing is thought to be an outgrowth of that. Kelly gave himself up and refused to talk.

A Western Bank.

I struck a far western town about a month ago (said a drummer) with a check in my pocket and no cash to speak of. It was one of those modern towns, and I had my doubts about there being a bank in the place, but I ventured to interrogate the landlord of the hotel.

"Have you got a bank here?" I inquired politely, for the western man had a deal of local pride and you have to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Yes, a lot of them," he replied proudly.

"Can I get a check cashed there?"

"That depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On your luck."

"What's luck got to do with it. Isn't it run on business principles?"

"Course it is," he said, with a no very pleasant emphasis; "I run it my self."

"Then you ought to be able to tell me what kind of a bank it is."

"I can—it's a faro bank."

All the others were like it, and I had to get my only customer in the place to lend me $10 till I could reach a town where other banks prevailed.—Detroit *Free Press.*

Not surprised: Neighbor (breathlessly): Oh, Mrs. Hardluck, your little son Johnny found a dynamite bomb and took it into a stable down-town and broke it with an ax, and blew up the stable and all the buildings around it. Mrs. Hardluck: Land sakes! I wonder what that boy will be up to next.—Good News.

A Dinner and A Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle,
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food.
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of all the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss
If, always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Too Much Justice.

Congressman John Allen told this story during the Noyes-Rockwell contest: "I went down to Itawamba county some years ago as public prosecutor. The Judge went with me. When we got there we found a number of indictments against the citizens for selling whisky without a license.

"I prosecuted the indictments before a jury, and the Judge held the scales of justice. In every instance we convicted our man. When we went to the railroad station on our way back the Judge sent me out to buy a bottle of of whisky.

"I hunted high and low, but nobody would sell a drop. They said they had received harsh treatment and that they would not even given a drink away. When I told the Judge the result his face blanched, and he seemed dazed. 'Good God! John, he finally replied, 'we've overdone the thing.'"

A Bootblack with Feelings.

Two men stood on a Thirty-third street corner chatting, one having his boots blacked while the other, who had but one leg, was trying to keep a poor cigar burning. When the ragged little bootblack had got through with the one and collected a nickle he tapped the box smartly and looked up at the one legged man:

"Shine 'em up, sir?"

"Wiy, I've only one foot, young chap."

"Shine it up, sir?"

"Well, I don't know—you charge a nickel for two feet, I s'pose you will do mine for two and a half cents, eh?"

"Yes," said the boy, "if you'll furnish the change." He went industriously to work polishing up the lonely foot, while the two men continued joking. The one legged man was telling the other fellow about leaving his leg on the slope of Lookout mountain. He had pulled out a ten-cent piece mechanically as he talked, and the boy was a long time on the job. When the lad had put an extra fine polish on the broad bottomed shoe the one legged customer cheerily tendered the dime.

"I always pay double," said he, laughing patronizingly, "on account of the wear and tear on the boy's feelings."

"An' I allus don't take nothin," retorted the dirty little fellow, shouldering his box with the conventional swing. "My grandpap left a leg in the war, an' I don't take nothin' fur a one leg job, see?—on account o' th' wear and tear on me feelings—see?" he added slyly.

And he swaggered away with an air of independence that struck the two men speechless with amazement.—*New York Herald.*

"What a pity it is his face is all pimples;
He'd be very fine looking if 'twasn't for that."
Said pretty Miss Vere, with a smile at the dimples
Reflected from under the nobby spring hat—
As she looked at herself in the glass, softly sighing,
That she had for the young man a tender regard.
There wasn't the least need of denying, for every one knew it "His beauty is marred by the frightful red blotches all over his face. I wonder if he couldn't take something to cleanse his blood and drive them away?"

He heard what she said about his looks. It hurt his feelings but he couldn't deny she told the truth. He remembered a friend whose face used to be as bad as his. It had become smooth and clear. He asked how the change was wrought. "Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," was the reply, take that and I'll warrant you to get rid of your pimples."

He did so.

His face became healthy and clear, And next week he'll be married to pretty Miss Vere.

One of our young men who was raised in the county took a young lady from here to her home near Maywood last Sunday evening a week, and started back home a little after dark. He soon got lost and drove over a good part of Caswell and Alamance counties, turning up at 1 a. m. exactly where he had started, as wet as a rat and in sad plight. He was taken in, dried and brought home the next morning.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure—This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c, 50c and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Richardson & Fariss, dispensing druggists, Greensboro, N. C.

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.

WE'RE A LAP AHEAD

Of Competition in the Race for Business.

BECAUSE

1st. We have the only EXCLUSIVE SHOE HOUSE in Greensboro, giving our undivided attention.
2nd. We carry a BIG STOCK to select from.
3rd. We carry some of the BEST MAKES in the country.
4th. We have the NEW STYLES and lasts.
5th. We buy most of our goods from manufacturers, thus saving to you the middle man's profit.
6th. You can fit shoes just as privately at OUR STORE as at home, and save trouble of sending back and forth.
7th. You are not buying on an uncertainty as we GUARANTEE most of our goods to give reasonable service.
8th. We always give you the LOWEST POSSIBLE CASH PRICES, quality considered.
9th. A child can buy as Cheap as its father.
10th. We have six hundred pairs of Ladies Grain and Glove Grain Buttoned Shoes, and will sell at 75 cents; Nos. from 3 to 8. You will say they are cheap at more money.
11th. We intend to INCREASE our business this season by an increased effort to please and gratify our customers. With vigor, variety and values are not vain things to trust in, we will be in it."

Darden & Gay,

Wholesale and Retail Shoe Dealers,
113 East Market St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

May 18, '92-1y.

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 everything you buy in our line.

Very respectfully,

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.,

Leading One Price Cash Clothing and Hatters,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Feb. 17-3m.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,

Assets Represented Over

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MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1851. Springfield, Mass., 1891.
JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Assets, $11,252,039.51. Liabilities, $10,372,097.77. Surplus, $879,581.77
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.