THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,183 — GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1892. — By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance. TERMS $1.00 Per Year

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DENTIST,

Dr. W. H. Wakefield,

Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose.

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Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

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LIFE INSURANCE FIRE,
ONLY FIRST CLASS COMPANIES

SPECIAL SALES!
Dike Book Company.
Brac-a-Brac,
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J. H. Coleman,
GUN and LOCK SMITH
WARRANTED
Greensboro, N. C.

The Modern Girl.

BY GEORGE D. SUTTON.

A girl must know so much these days
When talking to the men.
In conversation's devious ways
It's always why? and when?
She cannot merely arch her brow
A whole long evening through;
A smile, a blush, a maiden vow,
Are tricks no longer in the "now."
Oh, what are girls to do?

Time was when men did not expect
That every living girl
Should be a human retrospect
Of all life's modern whirl.
They used to think if lips were red
And eyes were soft and blue,
It did not matter what was said:
But now they put her brains ahead.
Oh, what are the girls to do?

In politics she cannot stand
On independent ground;
She must select her party, and
Its principles expound—
Will it be Harrison and Hill,
Cleveland and Blaine, or who?
Though reading papers makes her ill,
She must, if she would fill the bill.
Oh, what are girls to do?

She finds to-day she must talk horse,
Or men will vote her slow;
The names of favorites of course,
She is obliged to know,
And all about Suburban Day,
And Tip the winner, too,
And talk about roan and bay,
Tho' she can't tell roan from dapple gray.
Oh, what are the girls to do?

The base ball crank, his joys and woe
Must share her sighs and tears;
The young, she must pretend to know
The scores of ancient years,
Though never having heard about
Jim Ward, or of his crew,
She must affect a pretty pout,
And hope New York may bowl him out.
All this the girls must do.

For Once It Worked.

"What's your name?" inquired the man of means.

"Walker Turnpike," responded the derelictic.

"Assumed, I suppose?"

"It's the only one I remember having."

"You are not descended from any excellent family?"

"Not as I know of."

"Haven't received a college education?"

"Naw."

"Never nurtured in the lap of luxury."

"Nary thurt."

"Not a wayward son?"

"No, sir."

"Not the black sheep of the flock."

"Hardly; I'm the decentest one in the family, I am."

"You've never seen better days."

"One or two, nobbe, when I was playin' in luck."

"You are not doing this only until you can find work?"

"Yes, I am; but you bet I am not goin' to find work as long as they don't put burglar-proof locks on the poor houses of the land."

"What do you call yourself?"

"A plain, ordinary every-day tramp with a loyal devotion to his perfesh."

The man of means put the dime back in his pocket and the tramp began to fear the honesty racket was a failure, but the next instant a dollar took the place of the dime, and the tramp got it.

"Honesty is the best policy," he murmured, "but only in new place."

Queer Logic of McKinley.

Governor McKinley, on taking his seat as chairman of the convention at Minneapolis, propounded a theory. The Republican party, the protectionist leader explains, believes in taxing the foreigner. It devised the internal tax, it is true, on tobacco, beer, etc., and has maintained that tax; but it makes high tariff rates on imported goods in order, according to Mr. McKinley, to tax the foreigner. A tariff tax, in his view, is a tax on the foreigner, the American buyer of imported goods paying only so much as the goods cost abroad. Imported tin-plate, for example, costs no more to American buyers with the tax of 2[illegible] cents a pound on it than it would were tax taken off. Taking the heavy duty off raw sugar and reducing the duty on refined sugar accordingly benefited only the foreign seller and did not reduce the price to the American buyer. What nonsense!

If it is true that McKinley could tax the foreigner it will be sought, perhaps, to have taxed him higher than he did, so as to do away with all taxes other than tariff taxes. He might have piled taxes upon till the revenues should have been equal to the expenditures of the 52d Congress. That accomplished, he might have made the foreigners fill our depleted Treasury and give us a surplus to distribute among the States that demand "more money." There are millions of wealth in Europe that our farmers need and other millions that our people but farmers would gladly get. If it is the foreigner that bears the tariff tax, why not compel him to do the handsome thing? Let us tax him out of his boots.

One Dollar Per Shot.

A man in Barry, Ill., who fired six shots at his wife with a revolver was fined $6 by the indignant justice of the peace before whom his case was tried. It is lucky for him that his gun was not a seven-shooter. His fine would have been $7.—*Chicago Tribune.*

18 Years in South Carolinian Dead.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 23.—Wm. B. Smith, the richest man in the State, died here to-day, aged 77 years. He was born in this city and was engaged in the cotton business.

North Carolina Duels.

The New York *World*, in an article of some length reviewing famous duels which have been fought in America, says of North Carolina:

North Carolina has been the scene of many famous duels, and has always been regarded as a perfectly safe place to fight so far as the law is concerned.

Among the duels that have been fought in that State, only a few of the most prominent ones can be mentioned here.

John Stanly fought with Richard Dobbs Spaight, Sr., behind the Masonic Hall in Newberne, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5, 1802. At the second fire a bullet pierced the coat collar of Stanley; at the fourth Spaight received a wound in the right side, of which he died in twenty-three hours. The challenge was sent and accepted and the duel fought on the same day, 300 people witnessing it.

In 1812, on the Virginia line, T. J. Stanley was killed at the first fire by Louis D. Henry. This duel arose from a dispute in regard to the question who was the partner of a certain lady in a dance at a party given by Judge Gaston.

Jarvis Clinton and Prentice Law fought at Crosses, on the line between Gates county, North Carolina, and Southampton county, Virginia, in 1806 or 1808. Law was a northern man by birth while Clifton was a native of Bertie county. They fought over a Mrs. Blanchard. Law struck his antagonist, and in pulling the clothing from the wound, the ball came with it. Clifton afterwards married Mrs. Blanchard and she died within a year.

In 1812, Lieut. Sam'l H. Bryant, United States Army, was killed in a duel in North Carolina. In 1814 Wm. E. Boudinot, fought two duels with Montgomery Hunt, within a few days of each other. The first was on the Island of Java, where neither was hurt, the other at Singapore where Hunt was wounded in the thigh at the second fire. They afterwards became warm friends. Hunt was a naval officer and was lost at sea. Boudinot was really the inventor of the present signal service system, and died near Pittsboro, N. C., in the spring of 1889.

The half-way house, where the Dismal Swamp canal crosses the North Carolina line into Virginia, has been the scene of two duels. The first took place on the Virginia line during the autumn of '46, when H. F. Harris fell in a duel with Edward C. Yellowly. The second was on June 12, 1868, when Robt. W. Hughes, of the Richmond State Journal, fought Wm. E. Cameron, of the Richmond Index, with pistols and wounded him in the breast at the first fire.

Maurice, son of Judge Alfred Moore, of the United States Supreme Court, fought with Benjamin Smith, afterwards Governor of North Carolina, in 1800 or 1801, on the South Carolina line when pistols, because of an alleged insult to Moore's father. Smith was badly wounded in the side. He was engaged in other duels.

HE KNEW HIS GAME.

And the Old Man Dould Not Sell Him the Wallet.

"I want to look at some purses," said the young man. "Show me something suitable for paper money or change either, see? but not very large."

He was rather loudly dressed. The big puff scarf was a cheap imitation of the latest London shade of red. His trousers looked like sections of a tiled floor. His gaiters may have been worn for style, or they may have been worn to cover a pair of $3 patent leathers. Altogether he had the air of a $9 a week salesman who thought he was "in it."

The old white-whiskered fellow behind the counter pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and gazed at the youth with a paternal air.

"Young man," he said, "how old are you?"

"What on earth do you want to know how old I am for? I say what's the game?"

"Well," said the old man, "I always hate to sell one of these little purses to a fellow unless he is 25 years old or more. It seems to me every young fellow I meet is in debt. They spend all they earn and more, too. And I think the principle reason's because they all carry these little purses. The purse is too handy. It opens too easy."

"Now, here's the thing for you."

He took from the show case a big, old-fashioned leather wallet, with a strap, such as every farmer carries.

"That, young man, is a regular pocket savings bank. That strap goes round four times and hitches every time. It's so much trouble to get at your money that you will resist the temptation to buy beer and button hole bouquets. It costs $2. Buy that wallet, my son, and you will be rich in two years."

The grasshopper looked at the ant and grinned.

"You've got an elegant, case hardened, hand-sewed, double and twisted corrugated nerve, old man," he said, as he coged towards the door, "but I'm on to it. Ta-ta!"—*Boston Herald.*

Every man expects to get his reward in the hereafter, but none his deserts.—Indianapolis Journal.

FATAL FALL FROM A COACH.

Edward W. Gould's Tragic Death in a Wild West Show.

Edward W. Gould, a prominent member of the Staten Island Athletic Club and a well-known stock broker of New York, says the Tribune of that city, met with a tragic death Saturday afternoon while participating in an amateur "Wild West" show on the grounds of the Staten Island Athletic Club, at West New Brighton. The club had arranged an extensive programme in which the members took the part of Indians, cowboys, scouts. There was a large and fashionable audience present, and the athletes in their different characters were from time to time applauded by their friends, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the afternoon until the "Deadwood Coach" scene was presented. The coach, which was drawn by four bronco horses, is the original "Deadwood Coach" owned by Buffalo Bill. In this scene were represented the following characters: "Cayuga Jake," driver, Fred'k Scott; "Rapid Transit," outrider, Frank Ryder; "The Old Settler," E. W. Gould; "U. S. Scout, Edward C. Twining; passengers, Daniel Mahoney, Wm. Hemmingway, George Elzer and Robert Powers.

The "Deadwood Coach" made its appearance about 4 o'clock and started on its journey around the track. It made the circuit without any mishap, but on the second time around it was attacked by Indians and it was at this time that the fatal accident happened. Mr. Gould, in his character of "The Old Settler," was reclining on top of the coach with his feet toward the driver. He had a shotgun under one arm, pointing with toward the attacking Indians. The cowboys came to the rescue of the coach, when a stormy firing of rifles began. This frightened the broncos drawing the coach, and these animals quickened their pace. As the coach was making a sharp turn at the east end of the grand stand, it careened over, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Gould, who were the only persons on top of the coach, were thrown to the ground. Mr. Gould struck on his head and the coach fell on top of him.

His two sons, Edwin, Jr., and David Gould, who were personating the characters of Indians, were riding close by the coach at the time of the accident. They quickly sprang from their horses and went to the rescue of their father. Mr. Gould was soon rescued from beneath the coach and carried to the tennis court in the rear of the grand stand, where Dr. Frederick Barber examined Mr. Gould and found that life was extinct. Mr. Gould's neck was broken and his face was of a purplish color. Death was probably instantaneous.

Mr. Gould, who was fifty five years of age, had lived on Staten Island for thirty years. He was prominent in society and was one of the founders of the Staten Island Athletic Club. He was also a member of the Richmond county Country Club. Mr. Gould was a member of the Stock Exchange and had an office at 33 New street.

A Brother's Vengeance.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., June 13.—A sensational scene was enacted at Goode's fruit stand this afternoon Hon. T. L. Carty, a prominent attorney of this city, walked into the place, and seated in a chair was a stranger in the city.

"Is your name Campbell?" asked the attorney of the stranger.

"Yes," was the reply.

"You wrote an insulting letter to my sister, didn't you?"

No sooner had he said this than the irate attorney jumped toward the man and belabored him terribly with his hickory cane. He stopped only when his cane was smashed to splinters. Campbell's face looked like a map of Ireland when it was all over, but he was dead game just the same, and never cried quit, although practically whipped after the first blow. Campbell turned out to be S. S. Campbell, a car builder, who formerly resided in this city, but has for some time past been a resident of Memphis. No arrests were made.

Fell in the River.

Dot Zelno, the little aeronaut who made her first balloon ascension in Winston, and who was reported to have been killed in Lynchburg, made an ascension in Washington last week. The Post says that she ascended some 3,500 feet and finally drifted over the river, when at a signal from her manager, she cut loose and fell gracefully into the river. The life-preserver which she had on, kept her from sinking and those on shore could see only her curly head bobbing out of the water. Capt. Randall had several crews out in boats and as she fell all hands pulled to the rescue. On arriving at the wharf Miss Zelno got into a pony phaeton and with the crowd as an escort, she was driven to her tent.—*Winston Sentinel.*

He Had a Narrow Escape.

She (after an absence of several years abroad)—"How do you do? So delighted, I'm sure. Not married yet? Why, the last time I saw you it seems to me you were engaged."

He—"Yes, I was."

She—"Let's see; to whom?"

He—"To you."

BOUND TO HAVE A SKULL.

And Rather Than Miss They Were Bound to Kill a Chinaman.

It is related of Jack Langrishe, when he was making a small fortune by giving the early day residents of Colorado dramatic art in strong nightly doses, that he once played a memorable "return" engagment in an interior mining camp, where the inhabitants insisted on "Hamlet." Now Langrishe being a comedian in more respects than one, did not at all favor this Shakespearan idea, but instead tried to shake the natives' faith in the "legit" by insisting that "Toodles" or "Pink Dominoes" would enable him to shine to much better advantage. "Hamlet" was insisted upon, however—they wanted it all, including the ghost—and with "Hamlet" left in. Accordingly the somewhat small company was told to study up, characters were "doubled" and the leading man given a chance to distinguish himself as the melancholy Dane. One problem presented itself. No skull could be found for the graveyard scene. Mr. Langrishe represented to the committee who had made the request for a performance of "Hamlet" that the skull was all important—no skull no "Hamlet," and what were they going to do about it? The committee considered. It was a new camp, with no graveyard, and there weren't even dead Indians around. Langrishe went to bed that night feeling hopeful. If the committee couldn't find a skull he would have a reasonable excuse for substituting "Toodles" on the momentous night.

The following afternoon Langrishe went into a small Chinese laundry to get his washing. Just as he entered he heard the voice of the chairman of the committee in loud converse with the proprietor of the establishment.

"Want to go on the stage, John?"

"Yles; me lact; me bully lactor. How muchee gettee?"

"One hundred dollars, and here's your stuff."

Langrishe collared the chairman just as he was leaving.

"What in thunder do you want that Chinaman for?" he propounded.

The committeman leaned over confidingly. "For Hamlet, of course; he's going to play the skull."

"Play the skull! Why, great-all-fired crickets man, how can he? A skull is not a whole man. It's a head."

"I know it," responded the enthusiast, "that's all he'll be by 8 o'clock to-night. We'll have the head for you. We're goin' to lynch him—a Chinaman anyway. We'll give him a funeral and all that, of course."

It took the comedian an hour, after recovering from his horror, to convince the committee that a "head with meat on it wasn't a skull." He played "Hamlet" that night, but the Chinaman was in the audience, not on the stage. And the leading man soliloquised over the defunct Yorick by using the whitened skull of a mule.

A WRITING CONTEST.

A Nine Year Old Boy the Winner

LOWESBURY, N. C., June 13, 1892.

A writing contest among the pupils of Prof. R. B. Holloway took place place last week.

Master Garnie Lee Burgess, a nine year old son of Mr. M. F. Burgess, a prominent citizen of this town, won the medal for best improvement. He is a bright boy and should be considered an honor to his parents.

Little Swanna M. Picket, daughter of Mr. J. F. Pickett, made the second best improvement. She is only seven years old and a brighter, sweeter little girl is not to be found anywhere.

The citizens had a meeting this evening and decided to build a new Academy. I am not sure about the cost but they are not asleep and say they are going to have a building surpassed by none on the C. F. & Y. V. road. This is not talk; they mean it and will do just what they say.

The wheat crop is very heavy and is being harvested now. Corn is fine and from all appearances, a heavy crop will be made. No more news of interest.

JOHN P. MASON'S HEROIC DEED

Rescues a Woman from an Enraged Bull and Kills the Animal.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 16.—This morning John P. Mason, a large and very muscular man, was riding about three miles from the city on the Lexington turnpike when he was startled by the screams of a woman in a field near by. Mason jumped off his horse ann running to the field, found a large brindle bull goring a colored woman. The woman was on the ground and the bull was making desperate lunges at her. Mason jumped the fence and ran to the woman's assistance.

When within a few feet of the infuriated animal the bull saw him and left the woman and charged him. Mason grabbed the bull's horns and by a sudden twist threw the animal headforemost, and in the fall the bull broke his neck and died almost instantly. The woman was found not to be badly hurt, but her clothes were literally torn to pieces, and she would have been killed in a few minutes. Mason is well known, is considered one of the strongest men in this section, and is very courageous.

The Rose Would Blush.

All through the sweet, bright springtime
I dreamed of a perfect day
That would come to the world in Summer,
The rose would blush red on its spray;
The sky would be bright with sunshine
That never a shadow knew;
The bird by its nest be singing
In the joy of a dream come true.
A day like a flawless jewel,—
Perfection's seal and sign,—
There'd be nothing to miss or mourn for
In this perfect day of mine.

Days came that were full of beauty,
And all the world was gay,
But always something was lacking
To make the perfect day.
In the sweet midsummer music
There would suddenly come a jar,
A blot on the rose's brightness,—
Something to spoil or mar.
But I held to my faith and waited
The crowning day of the year,
Without sight or sound of sorrow.

At last I thought it here.
How the rose glowed in the sunshine!
How the birds sang in the tree!
What grandeur crowned the mountains
What glory was on the sea!
The day was a wonderful poem
Set to a tune of gold,
My heart was alarm with a rapture
No words have ever told!
But, ah! as I breathed the the fragrance
From a rose whose time was brief,
I read earth's old, old story
In a sere and yellow leaf!

—*Ellen E. Rexford.*

A Slight Error.

He came into the counting-room, says the Detroit Free Press, and left an advertisement, which read:

"Ten lady typewriters wanted; state wages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co."

Then he went out and four or five days later he came back.

"What's the matter with the paper?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Did you put that ad of mine in the other day?"

"Of course. Didn't you see it?"

"No; I haven't had time to look it up, but I haven't had a single reply. Are you sure you put it in?"

The clerk got down the file and turned to the "wants."

"There it is," he said, whirling the paper around so the advertiser could see it.

He read it over carefully and his face lighted up.

"No wonder I didn't get any answers," he said curtly.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk, hauling it around before him.

"Read it," commanded the advertiser, and the clerk read:

"Ten lady typewriters wanted; state ages. Apply by letter to A. B. & Co."

The clerk apologized, made the correction and the next day the advertiser received ninety-nine replies and they are still coming.

Opinions of the Press.

The Durham Globe: The question of the hour is: How can Reid the venomous and foul-tongued slanderer of the South, expect to be elected, or how can he help the Hat get back into office again?

The *Progressive Farmer* has done much valuable service for the cause of reform and we regret that it has seen fit to resign as the organ of the State Alliance. In an editorial headed "Freedom" it says:

"We were willing for the Alliance people of North Carolina to dictate the policy of the paper while it was their Organ, but no man, no dozen men, can do it."

We think the above was uncalled for. "No one man, no dozen men," have attempted to do any dictating. Any paper that is the Organ of the State Alliance must be under the direction of the State administration representing the Alliance, or else it would not in fact be the Organ. This is what the administration of the State Alliance insisted on and it would have been untrue to the organization if it had done less. In fact, the Organ of the Alliance should be the property of the Order, and its policy must be directed by the State officials.—*Clinton Caucasian.*

Not Even Plausible.

St. Peter—"You say yourself that you were a compositor on a daily paper. What earthly claim have you, then, to come in here?"

Compositor—"When I came to an italic c, in distributing, I always took it over to the italic case instead of putting it into my pocket to throw into the gutter after I got outside the office."

St. Peter—"Hustle this man down to the other gate. A good liar is bad enough, but he doesn't even know how to tell even a plausible lie."—*Somerville Journal.*

VICTORY FOR THE WORKMEN

The Tin Manufacturers Agree to the Scale of Wages.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 22.—A joint conference of the Amalgamated Association and tin plate and sheet iron manufacturerers agreed upon a scale this morning after an all-night session, and the mills will be run without interruption. The scale is the one presented by the workmen with a few changes favorable to the manufacturers.

Oh, 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.

BIG Bargains IN WHITE GOODS.

A DOUBT
THERE'S A SHADOW OF A DOUBT

Special Sale OF Black Lawns AT Reduced Prices.

About the wisdom of doing it but we cut down the prices of our SUMMER DRESS GOODS, to meet the prices of Inferior GOODS, sold by some competitors. The more we think about it the more we are inclined to think that we've rather over stepped the mark. You know how it is when you think you've gone too deep. However, everything goes as the earthquake said when it swallowed a whole town; the reduction is there and there it stays. Do you know it almost justifies that abrubt and rather impertinent question: "What more do you want?"

NOT CHEAP GOODS, BUT
GOOD GOODS CHEAP!

Checked white Nansook for Children's dresses Regular price 6 cents per yard, will go at this sale at 3 cents per yard. Checked Nansook Regular price 8 cts. per yard will be sold at 5 cents per yard. We have all the grades and latest styles, in Hot weather goods and now we propose to sell

FIRST CLASS GOODS

at Second Class Prices. If you want to buy reliable goods we can please you. If in search of shoddy goods our store is not the one you are looking for.

Powell & Wharton,
Successors to Raymond & Powell,
NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, GREENSBORO, N. C.

DARDEN & GAY,
SHOES! SHOES!

At any price from 25 cents up.

Gentlemen's and Ladies Fine Cordovan and French Kids at $3.00 to $6.00.

If you buy your SHOES before seeing our Stock you lose money.

They are all in Regular Numbers, NO OLD SHOES or ODDS AND ENDS to offer you, they are Dear at any price.

Big Stock and LOW PRICES.

Only Exclusive SHOE HOUSE in Greensboro. You can see Why we can sell SHOES CHEAP.

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. Springfiel, Mass., 1891.

JANUARY 1st, 1891.

Assets, $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 .....

Agents Wanted.

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