

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,183

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1892.

[By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance
TERMS \$1.00 Per Year

Dr. CHAS. A. TURNER,
DENTIST,
Office South Elm Street, Over the
Bishop's Store.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield,
Office in the
Bishop's Store.

Take Notice.
Notice is hereby given
that the undersigned
has been appointed
administrator of the
estate of

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,
Office in the
Bishop's Store.

Dr. W. J. Richardson,
Office in the
Bishop's Store.

LIFE, INSURANCE, FIRE,
ONLY FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES

SPECIAL SALES!
Dike Book Company.
Eric-a-Brac.

J. H. NEESE,
Business Manager

THE GREENSBORO FURNITURE STORE
Is Now Open.

VERY BEST WORK TAFFET
NORTHERN MADE GOODS.

REPAIRS AND REWEAVING
WATCH.

J. H. Coleman,
GUNN AND SMITH

The Song of the People's Party.

Three times three are sixty six,
Steady work needed for making bricks,
Crops depend on politics;
And the People's Party know it!
Plough and hoe are both played out,
The way to farm is to run about
To find a better and sterner spout;
And the People's Party knows it!
Why should the farmer delve and ditch,
Why should the farmer's wife darn and
stitch?
The Government can make 'em rich,
And the People's Party knows it!
When we've kicked the plutocrats down
And purged Wall street of its bulls and
bears,
We're all going to be millionaires;
And the People's Party knows it!
Away with the infamous mortgages,
Away with the debts haunted by such as
I, let us pay for all, for ever
And the People's Party knows it!
O that it will be a glorious day
When things are done as we have
planned,
And we'll have prosperity, fresh and
luscious.
And the People's Party knows it!
The leaves of the trees will be dollar
notes,
The diamonds rings round the
heads of old,
And silver tips on the horns of the
new.
And the People's Party knows it!
No more shall be slaves, the latter'll be
free,
The slave shall own whiskey, hot and
cold,
And the People's Party knows it!
The old shall be the better poor,
The girl will cease to think of frisks,
The boys' tops shall be whizzed in
fisks,
And the People's Party knows it!
No more, hurrah for the great P. P. Party!
And the People's Party knows it!
No more shall be slaves, the latter'll be
free,
The slave shall own whiskey, hot and
cold,
And the People's Party knows it!

and bales rubbing together. Then
of a sudden, I heard a voice sing-
ing. It was a faint, far-away voice,
and I had to listen closely, but it
certainly was a human voice. It was
impossible to locate it. It seemed
to come from above as much as
in any other direction, and I went
on deck thinking some of the hands
might be playing a joke.
"It will be anything but a joke
for the man who's playing this if
I can catch him at it!" I said, and
I gained the deck and found both
watches grouped around the hatch
and waiting for me.
"Mr. Merzsin, did you hear aught
down below?" asked the carpenter,
speaking for all.
"Not down there, but I heard
some one singing up here."
"No, sir! I pledge you my word
that that every man here that
not a man of us uttered a whisper.
It was singing you heard, sir?"
"Yes."
"And that's what the men com-
plain of, sir—singing most of the
time, but now and then something
like praying and calling out."
"Well, singing and praying will
not hurt any of you, even if it's
that that. It's in the cargo, how-
ever. We've got three or four old
pianos aboard going to England to
be fixed up, and it's the lozes rub-
bing together which makes the
singing sound. It's free music and
you ought to be glad of it. Go,
below the watch and let's hear no
more of this!"
The men hung back for a mo-
ment and then followed one an-
other down into their sleeping quar-
ters. I was honest in what I had
said. As soon as I remembered
the pianos I was sure that the
singing noise came from them. It
no doubt looked reasonable to the
sailors, as nothing more was heard
from them that night. I was off
at 1 and on again at 3 next morn-
ing. The breeze had died out and
we were on an even keel and not
making over two miles an hour.
It had come nine o'clock. The
Captain was overhearing some pa-
pers in the cabin, the men were all
at work on jobs and I was pacing
the quarter and keeping an eye on
a bit of a sail just showing to the
windward of us when a shout of
terror rang through the ship.
A hand named Thomas Burns
had been into the fore-castle after
something wanted on deck, and it
was he who called out as he tum-
bled up and seemed for a moment
to contemplate going overboard.
The yell brought the captain to
the deck, and then the story of the
strange noises came out. He was
furious. Burns declared that a
human voice had called to him
while he was below had the rest
of the crew stood by him with regard
to the singing and praying, but
"old man" was mad enough to
kill somebody. He drove them for-
ward and then followed them up
and cursed and berated them in
Bristol fashion, and ended up by
threatening to put any man into
irons for the rest of the voyage
who let it be known that he heard
the singing again.
The captain of a ship knows very
little of his men as he never comes
in contact with them. As the days
and nights passed and our captain
heard nothing further from the
men he began to boast of had dis-
solved the mystery and put Jack's
superstitions to flight. The second
mate and I knew altogether better,
however. The queer noises still
continued, and the men had be-
come so rattled that the watch-
box smoked their pipes and kept
very wide awake. The discipline
of the ship was being upset by a
mystery, and I am free to confess
that it was a mystery which also
bothered me. On two occasions I
had entered the fore-castle and plain-
ly asked the necessary questions, but
I had not been able to locate them to
my satisfaction. I was pretty sure,
however, that they came from the
forehold, and one afternoon I told
the whole story to the captain and
suggested that the forward hatch
be moved and an investigation made.
He flew mad at once and began
berating me for an old won-
ger and a graveyard sailor, and
then he went forward among the
men and told them he'd run the
bark ashore and be hanged to her
before he'd pull off a hatch cover.
He thought that settled it, but he
was mistaken.

"I was the Irishman, we had re-
fused to take aboard at Cape Town, and
after three and four days had sat-
isfied the hold up her story. The last
time she came aboard the men were at
supper and the cargo nearly stowed.
She had her plans all made, and she
slipped down the stern hatch without
being seen. She made her way over
the cargo to the fore-castle bulkhead,
and she took up quarters among the
bales of dried codfish we had stored there.
She had brought with her four quarts
of sea-food and her coat of brown
leather, and her presence being known
before she suffered from hunger and
thirst, she was dreadful sick when
we got to sea and her groans and pray-
ings and sobbings were heard in the
fore-castle. When she got better she
sang to keep herself company. She
made the bread and water last her
week. Then she tried to attract at-
tention by rapping on the bulkhead,
but the frightened sailors paid no atten-
tion. She had a pocketknife with her,
and on the afternoon of the night they
abandoned the ship she cut the bands
of four bales of skins and moved them
away and then attacked the bulkhead.
She was all night cutting through the
stout planks, and when she appeared
on deck she had been forty hours with-
out food or water.

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on deck she had been forty hours with-
out food or water.

It was the captain's watch—all
ways held by the second time—
from midnight to 1 o'clock next
morning. It had become almost
a dead calm when I left the deck.
Every man of the second mate's
watch was up before him, and I
noticed that none of mine went
below. What happened half an
hour after I had turned in gave
the captain the greatest surprise
of his life. Mr. Groat, the second
mate, was suddenly seized, gagged
and bound, and a voice which he
recognized as the carpenter's cau-
tioned him to be quiet or he'd go
overboard. All sailors are light
sleepers, but officers especially so,
and why not I woke up during the
events occurring on deck has at
ways been a matter of surprise.
The men brought the bark to the
wind, got tackles aloft and hove
out the longboat, and we slept
right along without hearing a
sound. They filled two breakers
of water, took such provisions as
the cook, who was in with them,
could by hands on, and by 1
o'clock they were away. The stew-
ard and the only one left behind
with the officers. After the men
left Mr. Groat made efforts to free
himself, but without avail. He
could not even roll along the deck,

as he had been lashed to a ring
bolt. At 3:30 o'clock the captain
awoke and went on deck, and when
the whole affair became plain to
him he nearly fell down in a fit.
Our position was off St. Paul
De Londo, fairly in the pathway
of traffic, but yet we realized that
we might knock about for a
month or two without sighting a
sail. Nothing could be seen of the
longboat from aloft when daylight
came, and the first thing we did
was to reduce sail so that we
might possibly manage the bark
in case of heavy weather. The
breeze freshened with the sun, and
as it was fair for the coast, when
we were about 600 miles away. Mr.
Groat and I supposed, of course,
the captain would attempt to work
her in. He had different ideas,
however. He was very quiet and
humble over the first shock. Then
he let loose and did swearing
enough to last ten shipmasters on
tea-long voyages. He declared
he'd navigate the bark to Liver-
pool if it took five years to make
the voyage—and he never got an
hour's sleep.

We had just got her off on her course,
and the old man himself was at the
wheel and still swearing, when a
strange figure emerged from the
fore-castle and came aft as far as the main-
mast. It was the figure of a woman,
but her face was so white and pinched,
her eyes so large and glossy, and she
looked about in such a manner that I,
who was nearer her, was ten seconds in
wondering she was even a human being.
The minute I caught sight of her
parched lips I ran to the scuttie butt
and got her a panikin of water. It
was only a drop to her, and she had
suffered fully two weeks before I
saw her off. Then I signalled the
steerboard who was now acting as cook,
and he brought her a big lump of meat
and a couple of biscuits. She ate like
a wolf, and it was a good half hour
before she spoke a word. Then it was to
say:
"Ah! me fey, but Molly McDavid
begins to feel like her old self once
more!"
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fused to take aboard at Cape Town, and
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overboard. All sailors are light
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Yellow Fever at Vera Cruz.
CITY OF MEXICO, July 19.—The yellow fever continues unabated at Vera Cruz and the state of mortality is alarmingly large. Hundreds of people are leaving the city. In the foreign colony there have been many deaths and those who escape their quarantined homes have left their homes and sought to this city and the interior. Every precaution being taken to prevent the fever from spreading. The Government has established strict quarantine regulations.

Facts About Weaver.

Gen. J. B. Weaver, the People's
party candidate, does not deserve
and should not receive the vote of a
single Southern white man. A
few days ago the Herald published
the text of the bill which he intro-
duced in Congress three times fa-
voring the payment of the differ-
ence between greenbacks and gold
to Union soldiers, and this record
alone should condemn Gen. Weav-
er if there was nothing else
against him. But this is not all
by a good deal. Weaver is a politi-
cal turncoat and renegade and has
been a traitor to a every party
with which he has ever affiliated,
and he has been a Republican, a
Greenbacker, a Democrat and al-
most everything else. He has been
aggressively intolerant to-
wards the people of the South and
has hurled frequent tirades of
abuse against us. In a speech deliv-
ered at Keokuk, Iowa, in 1871,
Gen. Weaver said:
"The record of the Republican
party appeals to the candid judg-
ment of all men as impeachable,
save, perhaps, that it was too leni-
ent with the leading Democratic
conspirators. The same old gang,
save those who were shot or hung,
are again conspiring to get posses-
sion of the government next year.
Woe to them, for the loyal hosts
will crush them forever and forever
out of all possible danger of
such a misfortune to our common
country."

At this time Weaver was a Re-
publican, and the fault that he had
to find with his party then was that
it did not hang and imprison the
Southern leaders.
In another speech delivered at
Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1872, he said:
"No Republican can ever, under
any circumstances, have any part
or lot with the hungry, rebellious,
man-hating, woman-selling gang
corporated under the name of
Democracy, a name so full of
stench and poison that it should
be blotted from the vocabulary of
civilized man and handed over to
the barbarians that it fits now
and in all the past has represent-
ed."

Still a Republican and still a
South hater. But his friends may
say that Weaver has changed in
20 years, and it is not right to
judge him by the speeches he
made so long ago. To come near
to date, Gen. Weaver was a mem-
ber of Congress in 1888, four years
ago, posing either as a Democrat
or a Greenbacker, and his politi-
cal record was ventilated by Gen.
Henderson, a Republican from
Iowa, the same State from which
Weaver hails. In a speech made
in Congress on the 10th of July,
1888, Weaver said he "had nothing
to take back," thereby endors-
ing and reaffirming the abusive ep-
ithets quoted above, as well as the
other calumnies of the South.
And such a man as this is now
pretending to be the friend of our
people and is asking for their
votes. No white man of North
Carolina or the South who is self-
respecting and who loves his
home and section should vote for
such a political mountebank and
blatherskite.—Salsbery Herald.

Patermalism Run Mad.

If there is any sensible heart to the
hearts of the republican gentlemen
who compose the People's Party, it is
that the Federal Government is a
jesture and a loss.
Nearly all the blatherers in the
land are alarmed when they con-
template the terrors of Centralization,
and yet the isolationists and wild theorists
of the People's Party clamor in their
platforms for government control of
the railways and the telegraphs. Why
they stopped here in their advocacy of
patermalism is surprising.
Why should private corporations be
permitted to carry on the express busi-
ness in the country? For that matter,
why should not the Government be
asked to sell the Standard Oil Com-
pany's plant and provide everybody
with cheap oil at a uniform rate?
In some countries in Europe—notably
Austria—the Government takes all
the native tobacco supply and makes
all the cigars. They are poor cigars,
but they are cheap. Why do not the
crazy Government set up a model for
Government tobacco monopoly?
As a matter of fact, there is no more
reason why the Government should
own and operate railways and tele-
graphs than that it should operate all
the city surface railways, or make all
our beer.

The cranks who think that under the
republican system a government should
be willing at all times to come to the
relief of the calamity howlers have not
made a correct study of government.
The thing which they are looking for
is found in Russia in all its beauty and
magnificence. The Czar has reduced
patermalism to an exact science. The
people who admire his style of govern-
ment should go over and live with him.
—N. Y. Herald.

A Veay Sad Death.

One of the saddest deaths that has
occurred here in quite a while, was that
of Mrs. Edward J. Sugg, last Monday
morning near Aurora Mills. She was
an excellent little woman, devoted to
her husband and four small children,
the youngest only a week old. Her
remains were carried to the country
near Chapel Hill for interment. To
Mr. Sugg, who feels the loss so keenly,
we tender our warmest sympathy.
—N. Y. Herald.

CHILI PAYS UP.

Egan has \$75,000 for Families of
Sailors Killed at Valparaiso.
WASHINGTON, July 26.—Secretary of
States Foster to-day announced that
a satisfactory settlement had been reached
between the United States and Chili
respecting the indemnity to be paid by
the latter on account of the assault
upon the crew of The Baltimore at
Valparaiso in October last.
The Chilean Government has paid to
Minister Egan \$75,000 in gold as full
indemnity. This amount will be dis-
tributed among the families of the two
sailors killed and the wounded mem-
bers of the crew.
A Jilted Lover Tries to Kill his
Friend's Wife and Commits Suicide.
BALTIMORE, July 26.—At Newburg,
a little hamlet one mile south of this
city, this morning, John Walker re-
turned home and found his wife gagged
and lying prostrate on the bed, and his
supposed friend, Edward Williams,
near by, dying. Medical aid was sum-
moned and Mrs. Walker was restored
to her senses. Williams is still alive,
though in a critical condition. He is a
bachelor, and had kept company with
Mrs. Walker before she was married,
and was engaged to her at the time she
married Walker, and it is thought this
was the cause of the attempted mur-
der and suicide. Both parties are well-
to-do citizens at Newburg and the
village is in a whirl of excitement.
Extraordinary Measures.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 18.—The
Republican State Committee has
arranged to open the campaign in
every county in the State Saturday
Sept. 3, at which time ninety-two
Republican orators will speak in
as many county seats. The meet-
ings will be followed by others in
all the townships, and it is propos-
ed to have from one to three speech-
es in every school district in the
State. A big ratification meeting
will be held in August at the open-
ing of the Elwood Tin Plate Works,
Gov. McKinley, of Ohio; Gov. Fier-
ce, of Illinois; Gen. Alger, of
Michigan, and Gov. Chase will be
present.

Bungarian for Carnegie's Mills.

Pittsburgh, July 26.—The steam-
ship British Princess arrived here this
afternoon from Liverpool, and among
her passengers were 200 families of
Hungarian iron workers, who, the
Empire's Commissioners, are bound
for Steelton, and from there will prob-
ably set to Homestead to work in
the Carnegie mills.
A lady, whose hair came out with
every combing, was induced to give
Ayer's Hair Vigor a faithful trial. She
did so, and not only was the loss of
hair checked, but a new and vigorous
growth soon succeeded that which had
gone.

Carnegie's Steel Boycotted.

Boston, July 26.—The fifty-six rep-
resentatives of the Carpenters' Unions
of New England, who met here yester-
day, decided that the members of their
organization should handle none of the
structural iron and steel of the Car-
negie works until the company had
settled with the locked-out workmen.
Twelve Thousand Perish.
LONDON, July 17.—The steamer
Catterthun, which has just arrived
at Sydney, N. S. W., reports that
when she touched at the Island of
Tingora a number was current that
the Island of Sangur, in the Malay
Archipelago, had been destroyed by
a volcanic eruption, and that the
whole population, comprising
12,000 souls, had perished.

She Married a Colored Coachman.

WELLESBORO, July 17.—Miss
Louisa Redfield, a come German
girl, has plucked her friends by
marrying a colored coachman named
Joe Gould. An Emira princess
or married them. Gould is industri-
ous and good looking. The ex-
planation of the bride is that the
man suited her, if he didn't suit
her relatives.
\$100,000 Richmond Fire.
RICHMOND, July 18.—The Rich-
mond grain elevator, located on
the line of the C. & O. R. R., in
the northern portion of the city,
caught fire tonight and will prob-
ably be destroyed with its contents.
Loss, about \$100,000; fully insured.

Eight Divorces in 52 Minutes.

CINCINNATI, July 16.—Judge Vall
made a record today for quick
work in the divorce court. In 52
minutes he severed the matrimo-
nial bonds for eight couples, an
average of one divorce for each
six and a fraction.
The Same Senator Vanced.
Senator Vance is not too sick to
joke. A Charlotte visitor met
him at the Hammocks Friday and
anxiously inquired: "What is the
matter with you, Governor?"
"Well," replied Senator Vance, "I
have had a little bit of everything
except the Third party."—Cous-
in's News.

Oh, what a Cough!—Will you heed
the warning. The signs perhaps of the
sore approach of that more terrible dis-
ease Consumption. Ask yourselves if
you can afford for the sake of saving
time, to run the risk and do nothing for
it. We know from experience that
"Little's Cure" will cure your cough, if
taken early. It explains why more
than a million bottles were sold the
past year. It relieves cough and whoop-
ing cough at once. Mothers, do not be
without it. For lame back, side or chest
ache, St. John's Porous Plaster. Sold by
Richardson & Fariss.

BIG Bargains IN WHITE GOODS.

A DOUBT
PIER'S 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 and when it swallowed a whole town,
the reduction is there and there it stays. Do you know it
almost justifies that abrupt 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 cents 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 around this Prices. If you want to buy reliable goods we
can please you. If in search of shabby goods our store is not
the one you are looking for.

Powell & Wharton,
Successors to Raymond & Powell,
NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, GREENSBORO, N. C.
Our Determination TO LEAD THE SHOE Trade in Greensboro, Is recognized by the noble figure. From JULY 12, 1892, We Will Sell our Summer Goods at Greatly Reduced PRICES. Until They are Closed Out.
As we must make room for our Fall and Winter Goods, and we would rather have the money than the Summer goods on our shelves in winter. Some of these goods will be sold Cheaper than our competitors buy them.

DARDEN & GAY,
113 East Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.
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For catalogue or other information write to—DR. J. S. DORRIS GLENN,
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