THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, No. 1,153 — GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1892. — By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance TERMS $1.00 Per Year

Scales & Scales,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in Court House.

Dr. J. A. Wakefield,
Will be at the Benbow House Wednesday
From A. M. to 12 M.
From 1 to 4 P. M.
Diseases of the Eye, Ear and Throat.

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

Dr. J. RICHARDSON,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

SPECIAL SALES!
Dry Goods Company.
C. J. BROCK,
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Prices, Prices.
THE ROCK BOTTOM CO.
N. S. 425 S. Elm St.

D. H. NIBBSE,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Italian Marble.

HAVE YOU TIME TO PAY

Greensboro Steam Laundry
JOHN M. BROCK, Prop'r.

The Washington Life Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS $12,000,000.

City Farm for Rent.

BUSINESS COLLEGE OF Staunton, Va.

J. J. G. GRISMORE, Pres.
M. H. HOLT, Sec.
OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.
J. A. & M. H. HOLT, Oak Ridge, N. C.

Janette's Hair.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet!
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
It was a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist,
It was a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed—
It was the loveliest hair in the world, my pet!

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet;
But warily and softly it loved to caress
Near round, white neck and your wealth of tress,
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet;
They were gray, with that chastened light of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly—
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips, but I have no words, Janette;
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With dewdrops in each red blossom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my pet.

Oh, you tangled my life in your hair, Janette;
Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But a gentleman bondage my soul did implore,
The right to continue your slave evermore,
With my fingers caught in your hair, my pet.

Ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your dear eyes, and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I mean,
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

—Miles O'Reilly.

An Ode to the Clean Girl.

Did you ever see her? I mean the clean girl—the girl who always looks neat and well groomed under all circumstances? As the old saying is, clay wouldn't stick to her, quotes Clara Belle in the New York Press. But whether it would or not, it doesn't for the simple reason that she never gives it a chance. If she were condemned to die on the scaffold, she'd set up all night to wash and iron her frilled shirts and handkerchief, etc., and she would be late at the ceremony on account of her careful toilet.

The clean girl is rarely a fashionable girl; she belongs rather to the old maidish order, or prinky sort. Some mornings on my way down town in a street car I amuse myself by looking around for the clean girl. I don't always find her. On the contrary I see many things which surprise me—buttons off or hanging by one thread, raveled edges here and there, gents fastened up with a pin, button holes too large to hold the button, gloves ripped out or out at the finger ends; and worse than these, I see signs of antidiluvian dried mud on the bottom of a skirt, stains of food on front of a sacque or jacket. And, going a little higher I see that face and neck have been carelessly bathed and that the hair is not completely free from dust and dandruff.

But other mornings the clean girl comes tripping in, and I am always glad when she takes a seat beside me. She smells as fresh as a clover field, and looks like it, too. The scalp beneath her soft brown hair is as free from dust and dandruff as if she had just left the hairdresser's chair, and her skin has that fresh, wild rose look which the German epidermic presents when it is kept well acquainted with both hot and cold water—one to cleanse and the other to tone up and bring the blood well to the surface and impart that glow which only cold water can give. There may be a trace of rice powder on the clean girls face, but it is very slight—just barely enough to remove the shine.

But to appreciate the clean girl you must meet her at her own home or in the drawing-room. Her hands are soft and white and her nails always pared and polished with exquisite neatness. You can tell their cleanness when you shake them, and no matter how close she may get to you or how much she may get tousled or crumpled in a romp with the young folks, she comes out of the scrimmage like a rose whose petals have been crushed unrolled by the wind or by a careless hand. She doesn't care whether you catch a glimpse of her feet or ankles, for she knows how neatly shod and stockinged they are; nor does she care whether mischievous hands pull out her hair pins and tumble her hair down.

The Dog's Name.

"What is your dog's name?" asked a man who was waiting at the postoffice, of a young fellow with a particularly bright dog.

"Ask him," answered the young fellow coolly.

"You don't seem to understand, sir. I asked you what was your dog's name?"

"And I answered 'Ask him.'"

"You are an impertinent snob," said the older man, brandishing his umbrella.

"My dear sir, the dog's name is 'Ask him,'" explained the youth as he retreated to a safe distance. —Detroit Free Press.

The Personal Appearance of General Grant.

Concerning the personal appearance of General Grant, Mr. W. A. Purrington, of New York, thus writes in a private letter, which he has kindly permitted me to make public:

"When I first knew the General I was a school-boy, and of course felt the school-boy's awe of a great man. Privileged to know him for years in the intimacy of his own home, I never entirely overcame that feeling. What was heroic in him grew, and did not diminish. The more I saw of him the more I felt that he was good as well as great. His face used to be called sphinxlike. That was scarcely true, for although its expression was always calm, strong, imperturbable, it was also one of great gentleness. He surely was a gentleman. Perhaps his hands aided to keep his face serene, for we must all have some safety-valve. Almost the only external indication of annoyance I ever noticed in him was a nervous opening and shutting of his fingers, an index of emotion often observed by other of his more intimate friends. A notable illustration of this trait was told me by a gentleman who once accompanied him to a very large public dinner given in his honor. At its close one of the guests ventured upon the telling of stories which are not told *in polite assemblages*. The General's fingers began to work; he quietly excused himself; and his companion, who knew the significance of the gesture, followed him. As they smoked their cigars on the streets of the foreign city in which this occurred, the General said, 'I hope I have not taken you from the table, but I have never permitted such conversation in my presence, and I never intend to.' This was not an affectation. His mind, clear and wholesome, left its imprint in his face. Grossness or scandal gave him genuine discomfort. He loved to think well of his kind. This trait showed in his face, gave it benignity, and was, I fancy, the secret of hold on the affections of men. We chanced to be alone in his room one night after the last cruel betrayal of his confidence, he walking to and fro by the aid of his crutch. Suddenly he stopped, and, as if following aloud the train of his silent thought, he said, 'I have made it a rule of my life to believe in a man long after others have given him up. I do not see how I can do so again.' There was no bitterness in his voice, not even an elevation of tone. It was simply an exclamation of an honest heart sorely wounded in its belief.

"As I recall his face, that which I remember is not so much line and contour as the expression of strength, of great patience, of calmness, and of gentleness, and the incidents which illustrate pure qualities also come back freshly to my memory.

"He had, too, a merry face; at times a merry eye. He was full of sly humor. The twinkling of his eye and his quiet laugh promptly rewarded an amusing story. In his own home his face was always kind and responsive. There he was not the silent man the world thought it knew, but a fluent and well-informed talker on all that was of interest to him. Undoubtedly, however, he had the gift of silence, and when he saw fit to exercise it his face became a mask, conversation ceased to be among the possibilities, and a chat with a graven image would have been a relief at such a time. He became then, and designedly, a silence-compeller. When there was nothing to be said, he said nothing."—From "A Collection of Death-Masks," by Laurence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine for November.

Hall's Hair Renewer keeps the hair soft and lustrous, and easy to arrange.

The Difference.

The Administration organ, referring to the open appeal of the Democratic National Committee to the people for contributions to the campaign fund, says:

"Mr. Harrity has chosen to place himself and his associates in the attitude of beggars on the street corners, importuning the passers-by."

If the Democratic committee and candidates were capable of selling a Cabinet office for $100,000, as the Republicans did four years ago, they would not need to appeal to the people.

If the Democrats sustained a policy under which license to tax the people was sold for campaign contributions or "premium upon benefits," its treasury might be as full as that of the Republicans.

If the Democrats had 300,000 office-holders to assess, and were willing to break or evade the law to do it, as the Republican committees are now doing, they would not need to ask for money from the public.

That is the difference between the parties. The Republicans rely upon their fat-fries, place sellers and salary-squeezers, while the Democrats must depend upon the free gifts of the people.—New York World.

"A chemical success and medical triumph," so speaks an eminent physician in reference to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; and the eulogy was none too strong. No other medicine is so safe and efficacious in all diseases of the throat and lungs.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

Is there a Supreme Moment of Consciousness When the Soul Departs?

"I was reading an article this morning on how it feels to die," said Dr. W. H. Epworth. "No living man can tell how death feels, or whether the actual act of dissolution is accompanied by sensation or not. A man who, through disease or casualty, has lost consciousness—has become to all appearance dead—and is then resuscitated, can really tell us nothing about it, for he did not die. The machinery did not come to a complete stand-still—the life force did not leave the body. It may be that the poet has dipped deeper than the physician into the awful mystery of death. It may be that he has described terrors not visible to the eyes of the medical man, who interests himself only in the condition of the animal mechanism.

"I have stood by the deathbed of men who told me they were going to hell, and saw them pass peacefully to their long sleep. I have looked at their dead faces a few minutes later and saw thereon a look of fear, of horror, that was not visible when the heart gave its last faint throb and then stood still. I have had others tell me almost with their last breath that they were going to heaven. They passed away with wan, weary faces that were pitiful to contemplate, but before they became rigid a smile sweet as an angel's dream overspread the pallid features. The deep lies of suffering faded out, and the aged looked almost youthful, the weary and worn became radiant. What causes this change, which every physician has noticed? When does death occur? We say when the animal machinery stops, when the breath and pulse cease.

"That is what the doctors call death, but it may not really be death after all. The spirit may not leave the body, may not take its departure from earth with the last breath, the last faint heart-beat. It may cling for some moments to its shattered tenement before it takes flight, before it faces those terrors or enters into those transcendent glories which the poet has painted. The death of the body, with which doctors only dealy may be but the prelude to a more important act, the departure of the spirit.

Science has gone far, but it has not yet lifted the veil of mystery which the Almighty has hung over the couch of death."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

SHE ADVOCATES DYNAMITE.

Thinks Explosives May Promote Woman Suffrage.

LONDON, Oct. 26.—Miss Cozens, a well known advocate of woman suffrage, said to-day at a meeting of the Woman's Emancipation Union that women could go on talking until the crack of doom without getting redress from the injustices under which they suffer. The time had come for them to do something desperate. Women, she declared, had dynamite at their disposal. Several present applauded the sentiment. When questioned as to whether she was serious in her reference to the use of dynamite Miss Cozens replied that she was, if through other means women failed to obtain their freedom. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Both air and water abound in microbes, or germs of disease, ready to infect the debilitated system. To impart that strength and vigor necessary to resist the effect of these pernicious atoms, no tonic blood purifier equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

So Miss Smith Declares, and She Demands the Right to Vote.

ANSONIA, Conn., Oct. 25.—Miss Sarah Winthrop Smith, a noted woman's rights agitator and president of the Woman's Club of Seymour, has put the registrars of that town in a quandary by demanding, in writing, that she be registered and put on the list to be made electors by the Selectmen of the town. Miss Smith quotes from the Constitution where it says that representatives shall be elected by the people, and claims that she is one of the people. She also professes to have an opinion from one of the judges of the Supreme court of Connecticut sustaining he position. The registrars are taking legal advice on the demand. If she is admitted to the elector's oath twenty five other women members of the club will make a similar demand though the last day of registration has passed.—New York Sun.

LISTEN AT THIS!

A Southerner With Sand Makes a Stong Bet in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The following appears in the Evening Telegram this afternoon: "To the editor of the Evening Telegram: I will bet five hundred dollars to one dollar that General Sheridan has not the nerve to go South of the Mason and Dixon's line and make the assertion that 'Southerners are loafers and that they do not pay their debts.' R. Herbert Thokgs, at the Grand hotel, New York, Oct. 28, 1892."

Truth will ever rise above falsehood like oil above water.

AS BAD AS MEN.

A Lively Rumpus at a Ladies Meeting in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—The Sunday closing question caused a hurricane in the meeting of the lady manager to-day.

Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, one of the most prominent women on the board, began by saying: "Ladies in the ante-room, I have a big roll of paper containing the names of 276,000 persons which I will present this afternoon to the national commission. This list of names constitutes a petition relative to Sunday closing."

Mrs. Carse got no further. An uproar and a babel of voices arose. Most of the parliamentaries sprang to their feet, and confusion worse confounded was the result. The board became divided into two parts, one sympathy with Mrs. Carse, the other opposed to her petition. These were some of the expressions heard above the femine din:

'Give her a chance." "Shut up." "Oh, how dare you?" "Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" "Why don't somebody keep order?" "Call 'em to order, Mme. President."

Poor Mrs. Charles Price, of North Carolina, who held the chair at the time hardly knew what to do.

Above all the confusion the voice of Mrs. Carse rose clear and scornful as one who has a chip on the shoulder that has not yet been knocked off.

"Ladies," she said, with extreme hauteur, "I did not intend to present this statement to your most honorable board. I merely arose to ask permission to be excused to present these names to the National commission."

Then she marched out.—New York World.

The Rainmakers Again.

The Agricultural Department, which has been making a great noise at Fort Myer for the past week, to the alarm and discomfort of nervous Washingtonians, desires it to be distinctly understood that it has not been really trying to make it rain, as some people supposed, but has been merely testing two new explosives—those which it will use next week in Texas to make the clouds weep. Roseline is the name of one of them, and the other is a compound to be used in a paper balloon. The fact that no rain has been produced by the department's tests of nearly a week's duration should not discourage its officials or create skepticism on the part of the public. The intention with which a thing is done makes all the difference in the world in the results, of course. The department did not intend to make it rain during these tests near Washington, and the explosives were probably instructed not to bring down the rain near the capital for fear that a disastrous flood might be produced in the Potomac. When the department gets to the broad plains of Texas with its new explosives and has plenty of room to let itself loose without fear of washing away any thing of the value Jupiter Pluvius will find himself knocked out as a rainmaker, and will probably go out of the business altogether in a fit of jealous rage at the success of his rival. Look out for a long rain season when the department officials get to Texas. When the clouds see that they really mean business they will probably say, in the language of Captain Scott's coon, "Don't shoot, Mr. Rusk, we'll come down."—Baltimore Sun.

Bogus Matrimonial Intentions.

Sociologists declares every now and then that women are growing averse to marriage. Well, the way in which women continue to answer fraudulent matrimonial advertisements and likewise get caught and swindled does not look like it—it does not really. Recent developments have shown that three scoundrels in Philadelphia have been making a living, more or less fat, according to the woman plucked for the time being, by advertising for wives. The number of widows and single women with waning hopes who were caught by these precious rascals is something astonishing. The ladies bit as eagerly as a bluefish snapping at a bare hook.

Her confiding nature is, according to the novelists, woman's stronghold. It was by appealing to this sweet, confiding streak in the feminine makeup that the trio got in their work. They advertised that an elderly gentleman of means wanted a refined lady, "of some means" also, for a wife. Forgetful of the great truth that any man, elderly or young, who has money can get a wife near at hand any day without advertising for her, the ladies poured in their tender effusions by the score, expressing their willingness then and there to take on themselves matrimonial chains. They gave their money to the old fellow who was going to marry them and of course never saw it again. Apparently women do not read the right column of the newspapers, or they would know such advertisements are always swindles.

Old newspapers are said to make valuable anti-moth wrappers for fore and winter clothing, the ink upon them being nearly as repulsive to all kinds of vermin as camphor or coal tar parer. They are likewise good to lay on carpets for a like purpose.

NO INTEREST IN POLITCS.

But the Old Spirit Developed Itself in Both of Them.

"Are you going to take interest in politics this fall?"

"No; I don't think I shall."

"That's my case. I don't care a rap who's elected."

"Neither do I. I don't think I shall even take the trouble to vote."

"Oh, I shan't vote. What difference does it make? They're both good men."

"First-class. I'll be satisfied with either of 'em."

"So'll I. Perhaps, if I have a choice, it is——."

"Harrison, eh?"

"No; I was going to say Cleveland."

"Um—I rather lean the other way."

"Oh, as I said, I don't much care. Still Cleveland's a pretty good man."

"Yes, he is; and so's Harrison."

"Y-e-s; but Cleveland——"

"But Harrison's made a very fair——"

"Didn't touch Grover's record."

"Oh, you're mistaken! Why, Harrison——"

"There is no comparison. Cleveland is the man for me."

"I'll back Harrison every time."

"You'll get left if you do!"

"Who'll get left?"

"You will, and so'll Harrison. He won't be in it."

"Oh, he wont, eh? Just you wait and see; you can't beat him."

"Can't we? Just you wait till November. He won't know what struck him. Grover's as good as inaugurated."

"As near it as he ever will be; he can't carry New York."

"Neither can Harrison!"

"Bet you money he can?"

"I'll bet you!"

"I'll bet you!"

"Grover'll carry it by 50,000!"

"Bah; you don't know what you're talking about!"

"You make me tired!"

"You talk like a fool!"

"Who's a fool?"

"You are!"

"Take that back, you infernal idiot!"

"I won't!!

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"Then take that!"

"Ouch! Take that!"

Whack! !

Whack! ! !

And when the patrol wagon arrived on the scene of action, the officer in charge found the two men who "took no interest in politics,' in each other' embrace.

HE LOST ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Then Calls Around and Subscribes for the Local Paper.

He was a well to-do farmer with a grown son or two, and they were thrifty. One day not long ago the old man came into the office of the county paper and found the editor at his desk. The editor was surprised. He had known the farmer for twenty years or more, but he had never seen him in that place before.

"Good morning," remarked the farmer rather sheepishly.

"How are you?" responded the editor. "Glad to see you. I thought you might be coming around some day."

"Yes," and the old man's face grew rosy red.

"What's the news?" inquired the editor.

"I want to subscribe for the paper. That's news ain't it?" and the farmer laughed.

"Well, yes; very good news."

"How much is it a year?"

"One dollar cash, or a dollar and a half if paid at the end of the year."

The farmer took out his pocket-book.

"Give me five dollars' worth," he said. "There's the money."

The editor gave such unmistakable evidence of surprise and curiosity that the farmer felt called on to explain.

"I guess," he said, "I ought to have done it before. We and the boys have talked about it, but we thought there wasn't anything much in the newspapers anyway, and we thought we could get more out of a dollar a year some other other way. Not long ago we ran across a man with a fine plan to make money. No matter what it was. We went into it and we are short now a thousand dollars. The other fellow ain't though. One of our neighbors read us all about him in his paper yesterday. If I'd begun taking your paper twenty years ago I'd still have 980 years to run on that $1,000 we gave up for nothing. Send on your paper, and when my time is up let me know. Good day," and he went out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tutt's Pills cure Chills and Fever.

Great junks have now disappeared from China, having given place to a few steam vessels, for the country is progressing a little, at least in navigation.

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.

FURNITURE!

Having bought the Large and Attractive Stock of FURNITURE, belonging to W. R. Forbis, on East Market Street, and wishing to make room for an ENTIRE NEW and LARGER STOCK,

For the Next Thirty Days

GREAT REDUCTIONS will be offered in every department of Furniture. An immense stock of

Parlor and Bed Room Suits, Hat Racks,

Writing Desks, Book Cases, Plush Rockers, Side Boards,

And hundreds of other Household Articles at great reductions. If you need FURNITURE now is your opportunity to buy cheap.

Yours respectfully,

N. J. McDuffie.

THE FIGHT IS ON!

All Political Parties

Are discussing the merits of their different Platforms! We have a Platform too. Ours is THE BED ROCK PLA[illegible] on all Prices on [illegible] house [illegible]racy, [illegible]m-[illegible]ur [illegible] in [illegible] proud [illegible]ywhere, [illegible] We appre[illegible]ks for past [illegible]

SHOES

We have our hand on the head of the man who would get high prices for SHOES. We are going to be elected if

Low Prices and Square Dealing

are good plank to have in business Platform. Come to see [illegible] you want SHOES. We are the only exclusive Shoe Hou[illegible] Greensboro, and handle the old Reliable Bay State Shoes when you want them.

DARDEN & GA[illegible]

228 SOUTH ELM STREET, GREENSBORO

N. J. SL[illegible] LACKBURN.
Watchmaker[illegible] AND Optic[illegible] RICK
Also, fine adjusted, gu[illegible] Rockford WATCHES, [illegible] solid Gold and Filled C[illegible] fine Watch Chains, [illegible]
[illegible] South Elm Street.
[illegible]ve Stock of
[illegible] may be [illegible]ormed and [illegible]
[illegible]TURE
at once. To be convinced of this fact, call and [illegible] prices. [illegible] East Market [illegible] the Postoffice, Greensboro, N. C.

"WALL PAPER" AT A GREAT D[illegible]

IF YOU WANT "WALL PAPER" CHEAP, MY PRICES ARE VERY LOW.

CHARLES M. HACKETT,

311 South Elm Street, McAdoo House Block.

F. FISHBLATE.

—HEADQUARTERS FOR FIRST-CLASS—

Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Ha[illegible]

We have now in stock a large and handso[illegible] line of men's, youths, boys and children's suits and overcoats for the Fall and Winter trade.

EVERYTHING NEW and of the LATEST STYLES.

Our lines of Furnishing Goods and Hats are just simply immense. KNOX HATS in all shapes and colors. Please give us a call before purchasing your Fall and Winter Goods, as it will be worth your while.

F. FISHBLATE,
230 South Elm Street, Greensboro, N. C.

THE POWER OF CASH.

Long time and high prices are only to be [illegible] with success and regard as mistakes of the past. The man and [illegible] success, coupled with the recent crash of many [illegible] which is [illegible] their success, is sufficient cause for their downfall.

The Most Goods for the Least Money!

G. H. ROYSTERS'

is the place to buy them, who is now receiving the largest and best stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, etc., that he ever [illegible] to show you, and at prices lower than has ever been offered before.

Ladies' glove grain button and lace shoes at $1.25, all solid women's [illegible] from 75 cents up, all solid leather; men's lace shoes, lace and button, only 90 cents and upwards; [illegible] Shoes only 75 cents, solid leather; in fact any kind of Boots and Shoes you want at Hard Time Prices.

Good Shirts at 25 cents. Pants from 85 cents up. Men's good Wool Hats only 25 cents.

I buy from the cheapest not on a manufacturer's [illegible] and wholesale jobbers, saving the 10 to 25 per cent, usually added by these houses [illegible] and I sell strictly for cash, saving my customers the large per cent, they have to pay [illegible] to cover their expenses of book-keeping and never paying, which is a [illegible] to the consumer's pocket. An investigation will convince you that these [illegible] are [illegible] Yours respectfully to please,

G. H. ROYSTER,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

112 South Elm Street, Benbow House.
August 17.

THOS. N. WINSLOW,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

Assets Represented Over

$180,000,000.

Office 111 South Elm Street, Next to Post Office,
March 2, 1892-1y. GREENSBORO, N. C.