THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1892.

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

W. N. SCALES. A. M. SCALES.

Scales & Scales,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
GREENSBORO, N. C.,
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office Opposite Court House.
Oct. 28, 1892-1y.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield,
will be in Greensboro at the Benbow House, every Wednesday
OFFICE HOURS—10:30 A. M. to 12 M.
2 to 4 P. M.
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
aug 2-1y

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,
—OFFICE HR—
PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country. Will go out of town for more, day or night. Office—at No. 226, over Express office.

Dr. W. J. RICHARDSON,
Over Porter's Drug Store.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in Medicine and Surgery in Greensboro and surrounding country.

SPECIAL SALES!
Rare Opportunity
Dike Book Company.
Bric-a-Brac,
Pictures, Picture Frames, Books.
Cards, etc.
Big Bargains
DIKE BOOK CO.
Benbow House.

HAVE YOU TIN TO PAY

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

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

THEY ARE
Non-forfeitable,
Unrestricted as to Residence and Travel after two years.
Incontestable after two years.
Secured by an Invested Reserve.
Solidly backed by bonds and mortgages, first liens on Real Estate.
Safer than Railroad Securities.
Not affected by the Stock Market.
Better Paying Investments than United States Bonds.
less Expensive than Assessment Certificates.
More Liberal than the Law Requires.
Definite Contracts.

T. G. ALFRIEND,
Manager, Richmond, Va.
T. C. GALLOWAY,
Special Agent,
Greensboro, N. C.

Mrs. Annie Cator
Has returned from the North with a fresh new lot of
MILLINERY
of the LATEST and most FASHIONABLE STYLES, and at the same time as cheap as can be had in town.
CALL AND SEE US AT MRS. BOBO'S OLD STAND.
Under the Benbow House.
MRS. ANNIE CATOR.

J. A. & M. H. HOLT
OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.
Summer School (Book-Keeping, Shorthand, Writing, and Telegraphy) will open June 20th. Address
J. A. & M. H. HOLT,
Oak Ridge, N. C.
June 22-1y.

THE VOICE WITHOUT A WORD.

Beside the rounded ridges of the deep
I laid me down in silent fantasy;
A gentler wind lull all the world to sleep
Upon the cradle of the summer sea.
No sound but that of waves that followed wave
Across the shining yellow sand was heard;
Slant as their tones grew one in concert graver
The Voice without a word.

Lost before an altar shrine,
Beyond the shadow of the curtained loft
Glowed, with fervency divine,
Pleaded from the willing keys a blessing soft,
That filled the crannies of the cloistered air
With unprovided wings of some immortal bird;
And once again it came and thrilled me there:
The Voice without a word.

The arms of night held close the sleeping earth,
I had no doubt and watched the hallowed wind,
And saw the star fields and the giant birth
Of Nature. And within my sacred retreat
The flood of sorrow against its barriers broke,
And all the clouds of being greatly stirred;
But tempest and peace fell mute; alone there
The Voice without a word.

—W. J. Henderson, in the New York Times.

DAISY'S MISTAKE.

The cluster of spicy white pinks on each side of the garden gate were leaning their trim heads towards the red glow of sunset; the honeysuckles were holding their scarlet trumpets as if fairy-laden down by a weight of dewy sweetness. Ah, how often I stood there and Daisy Moore's sweet face turned up to mine—and now I stood there for the last time.

"Daisy, you don't mean it. I am—Daisy, don't I mean it?" pouted Daisy. "Of course I mean it. And you know, Mr. Fred Marchmont, I shouldn't like to be in any way your choice if I choose to go with Kenneth."

"Daisy! I thought we understood each other better than this."

"That's just the way," said Daisy, giving a shower of lilac petals down from the white and beguiling impatiently to tear the perfumed chalices apart. "Because I waited and danced and sang with you, and let you come here another evening, you fancy——

"I fancied that you would at least be right to me," I interrupted, sighing. "Was I wrong?"

"And can understand what you like, sir."

"Of course," I went on, somewhat stifflingly, "I do not pretend to enter the list with Squire Stuller's money, and perhaps I had better withdraw my claims at once."

"Well—perhaps you had," lisped the little coquette, busied in trying to pull open a closed bud.

I stood one-half minute looking at the drooping white lids that covered the blue eyes which had lured me on—she never lifted them—and then turned and walked away.

So I took the 8.20 train for New York, firmly resolved to exchange love for law books.

It was about 10 o'clock, a dismal, rainy night, when I marched upstairs to my belongings. Mrs. Mullaney, the landlady, met me half way up.

"Mr. Marchmont! Dear me, sir, you hasn't got the telegraph already?"

"Telegraph! What telegraph?"

"It ain't two hours since Mr. Morden came here for your address, to telegraph. He seemed in a dreadful hurry like, sir—I hope there ain't nothing happened?"

I paused a minute to consider and took at my watch.

"Take this valise upstairs, will you, Mrs. Mullaney. I'll go round by Tapo & Morden's—it isn't late!"

The weazen-faced little lawyer was putting away his last documents as I entered his dusty little den. He started back on seeing me.

"My dear Mr. Marchmont! this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. I am delighted to be the first to communicate to you your good fortune."

I sat down, pale and bewildered, with the lawyer's words pattering about my ears like a verbal Niagara. Nor was it until the explanations had been several times repeated that I fairly comprehended the new situation of things.

"On condition that he will assume and bear the old-family name which has always been mine, I leave and bequeath to my grand-nephew, Frederic Marchmont, the whole of my fortune, without any exception or reservation whatever."

That was the gist of my quaint old Uncle John's will, and that was the way in which Fred Marchmont merged his identity into the confused sea of "John Smiths," and the struggling law student became transformed into a gentleman of elegant leisure.

More than a year had elapsed, and it was a tempestuous evening in mid-December, with eddying gusts of snow borne along on the sharp, sudden blasts that encountered you like whirling spears. I was returning home from the French restaurant where I had dined on quails and delicate pate de foie gras.

Home! I had emerged from Mrs. Mullany's dominions to a marble palace, where my suite of pretty rooms still bore on the outer door the imposing words: "John Smith, attorney and counsellor at law."

I wonder if I shall ever be married, I pondered, vaguely, as I furled my umbrella beneath the marble portico. Heigho! I think I should appreciate a wife—and love——

"Hallo!" I involuntarily ejaculated, as I entered the apartment.

The door was partly opened—and by the ruddy light of the fire I could see that the easy chair was wheeled into an entirely new corner, with something white curled up in its depths.

"It's Smart's good-for-naught little poodle!" I mentally exclaimed.

And I advanced briskly to give the poodle a hint to find other quarters, but, stooping to enforce precept into practice, I started back as if I had been shot.

It wasn't a poodle at all; it was—a baby!

"Well—upon my word!" I cogitated, inclosing the small apparition with increased fear and trembling, "I must have become a family man in short order. I should like to know where my wife is, I'm sure—for, I suppose I've got one somewhere—only I wasn't previously aware of the fact."

I stood facing the door in a sort of placid desperation, prepared for anything that might dawn upon my vision, from a Bengal tiger to an old maid in spectacles and bombazine.

But neither one nor the other appeared. There was a faint rustle of expensive silk, that light echo of a lady's footstep, and to my indefinable astonishment Daisy Moore came up to me, flushed and pretty!

She came close up to me and put her little hand coaxingly on my shoulder.

"Confess now, John, that you are astonished to see me and baby here! I knew you would be. And you haven't even kissed Jacky, you unnatural fellow! Isn't he pretty?"

She caught up the baby and held him triumphantly under my nose.

"Please kiss him, John—just once!"

And I kissed the centre of the merino cap in a sort of mechanical obedience to orders.

"That's a darling, John! And now I'll tell you how we happened to come. Mary's here, too; you've never asked after Mary, you hard-hearted fellow!"

I made a husky, inarticulate sound, originally intended to signify, "Who on earth is Mary?" but susceptible of almost any interpretation.

"She had to stop at the depot to see about the baggage; so I brought the baby right here. And I just ran down to the door to see if the hack was coming. How do you suppose I discovered your whereabouts? I looked in the directory, and when I found the John Smith who resided in Duplessis Building, I knew I had hit upon the right one."

She was twisting my overcoat buttons as she talked, with the firelight shifting and glimmering on her forehead.

"We were so very poor, dear John," she resumed in a voice that thrilled and quivered with repressed emotion, "and Mary was so low-spirited that I told her one night we had better come to you.

"And we both thought we could get some sewing, or teaching, or something to do to earn my own living—you don't know how very little I can subsist on, dear John—and Mary and the baby will be no trouble at all. You are not vexed that we came, John?"

A heart of iron could not have resisted that pleading wail, and mine wasn't made of any such unbending material.

"I am so glad," she breathed, as if a load had been lifted from her mind. "But, John, you wrote us you were so poor, and found it so hard to get along in this great city! This room is beautiful. However, I suppose it's necessary to make a great show, to delude clients into believing you're a very important lawyer!"

She laughed, while the tears yet sparkled like dewy crystals on her eyelashes.

"Well, I won't tease you to-night. Just light the gas, John, and I'll take off Jacky's cap and cloak before Mary comes."

I did not stir. Daisy Moore leaned across to get a match from the little china box on the mantel; the next minute the room was all in brightness.

She uttered a scream and started back, as the light revealed my features.

"Frederick Marchmont!"

"Yes, Daisy Moore, it is! Why do you shrink away from me thus?"

I had imprisoned her cold, trembling hand—nor was I inclined to let it go again. Her cheek flushed vividly, her eyes sparkled.

"Was this manly, Frederick? Was it right to allow me to fall into this mistake? Why did not you tell me who you were?"

"I was as much bewildered by yourself at first, Daisy. And when, after a little, I began to comprehend that you mistook me for that other John Smith, whose rooms are in the fourth story—oh, Daisy, do you blame me that I would not muster courage to send you away?"

"It was wrong—it was so wrong," she sobbed. "Give me poor Mary's baby—let me go to my brother-in-law."

I took the baby out of her arms and I deposited it—carefully enough—on the raised top of my sixth wood scrapbaire, well out of her reach.

"Now, Daisy," quoth I, "just sit down and hear reason. My name is John Smith, and I am quite certain I shall do as well as the other one, who, by the way, I never suspected to be your brother-in-law."

"But the baby," began poor Daisy, restlessly.

"The baby is doing very well. Probably he likes the prospect of a frescoed ceiling. If he wishes to come down he'll probably mention it."

"Your name is not John Smith!" flashed Daisy, suddenly turning upon me, and beginning to draw her shawl upon her shoulders as if to depart.

"Isn't it? Ask my lawyer. Look at the tin sign on my outer door."

"Frederick."

"Listen, Daisy, and let me tell you all about it."

And Daisy, half indignant, half melting, listened.

"Daisy," I resumed, "do you remember the summer twilight when we parted? Let us take up the thread of our lives where it separated there, darling. Shall we, darling? Shall we, Daisy?"

"The baby!" she exclaimed, starting up, as a little piping cry came up from the top of the secretaire. But I secured both her hands relentlessly.

"Not until you say yes, Daisy!"

She strove a moment to withdraw them, but in vain; then she murmured with downcast eyes:

"Yes."—Baltimore World.

A close relation—your uncle

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR," ETC.

It Was the Living Dawn on the Plains That Spoiled His Appetite for Work.

The Kentucky mountaineer, as a rule, is not the most industrious man in the world, but there are exceptions. On one occasion I came across a strapping young fellow who, despite the poor fare of the mountains, was a type of brawn and flesh, and I asked him how he'd like to go down into the Blue Grass region as a farmhand.

He snapped up the offer at once.

"But will you work?" I inquired.

"Work, mister?" he exclaimed. "Why, I'd ruther work nor eat. Ax anybody 'round here and they'll tell you the same."

After a little inquiry I engaged him, and he went to a place where there was a liberal household and a fine cook, a not unusual condition among Blue Grass farmers. About a month later his employer complained to me of his being lazy, and I called him up.

"How's this, Sam?" I inquired.

Physicians and scientists recommend Hall's Hair Renewer for gray and thin hair.

GROVER'S SPEECH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The speech which Mr. Grover Cleveland made at the dinner given in his honor by Mr. Henry Villard las evening is only just made public. It is as follows:

"Mr. Villard and Gentlemen.—I find it impossible to rid myself at this moment of conflicting emotions which stir within me. I see, here assembled good and staunch friends who have labored incessantly and devotedly for the success which has crowned Democratic effort in the canvass just closed, and I cannot forget how greatly these efforts have been characterized by personal attachment and friendship for the candidate selected to carry the Democratic banner. This awakens a sense of gratitude which it is a great pleasure for me to thankfully acknowledge. I confess, too, that I have fully shared in the partisan satisfaction which our great victory is calculated to arouse in every heart so thoroughly Democratic as mine. It is seldom given to any man to contemplate such a splendid campaign, so masterfully arranged in his behalf by such good friends, followed by such a stupendous and complete triumph.

SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

"I should not, perhaps, introduce anything sombre on this occasion, but I know you will forgive me when I say that every feeling of jubilation and even my sense of gratitude is so tempered as to be almost entirely obscured by the realization, nearly painful, of the responsibility I have assumed in the sight of the American people. My love of country, my attachment to the principles of true Democracy, my appreciation of the obligations I have entered into with the best and most confiding people in the world, and the consciousness of my own weakness and imperfections, all conspire to fill my mind with sober and oppressing reflection. When I consider all that we have to do as a party charged with the control of the government I feel that our campaign, instead of being concluded, is but just begun.

WHAT SHALL PARTY PERFORMANCE BE?

What shall our performance be of the contract we have made with our countrymen, and how well we justify the trust that they have imposed in us? If we see nothing in our victory but license to revel in partisan spoils, we shall fail at every point. If we merely profess to enter upon our work, and if we make any parent endeavor to do it, the zeal for seeking partisan advantage will we shall invite contempt and disgrace. If we attempt to discharge our duty to the people without complete party harmony in patriotic action we shall demonstrate our incompetency.

THE LIGHT OF TRUE DEMOCRACY.

"I thank God that, for above all doubts and misgivings and away beyond all difficulties, we may constantly see the light of hope and safety. The light we see is an illumination from the principles of true, honest, and pure Democracy—showing the way in all times of danger, and leading us to the fulfillment of political duty and the redemption of all our pledges. This light is kindled in love of justice and in devotion to the people's rights. It is bright in a constant patriotism and in a nations promise. Let us not be misled to our undoing by the lights of false Democracy, which may be kindled in broken faith, and which, shining in hypocrisy, will, if followed, lure us to rocks of failure and disgrace. If we see stern labor ahead of us, and if difficulties loom upon our horizon, let us remember that in the thickest weather the mariner watches most anxiously for his true light.

FAITH IN THE PARTY'S MANLINESS.

"Who in our party charged with any responsibility to the people has not pledged his devotion to the principles of true Democracy, and who among us has made pledges with intent to deceive? I have faith in the manliness and truthfulness of the Democratic party. My belief in our principles and my faith in our party constitute my trust that we shall answer the expectations of our countrymen and shall raise high aloft the standard of true Democracy, to fix the gaze for many years to come of a prosperous, happy, and contented people."

GUESTS BESIDES MR. CLEVELAND.

The dinner took place at Sherry's and besides Mr. Cleveland there were forty guests present, among whom were W. C. Whitney, Carl Schurz, Daniel S. Lamont, Congressmen Breckinridge, Fitch, and Warner, Josiah Quincy, Lawrence R. Godkin, Wayne McVeagh, Don M. Dickinson, Calvin S. Brice, Oswald Ottendorfer, W. R. Grace, William Steinway, and W. E. Harrity.

A novel and attractive feature of the Editor's Study in the December number of Harper's Magazine will be a series of eight dainty illustrations from drawing by Francis Day. Among the subjects which Mr. Warner will discuss in the Study is the development of American literature, of which he is inclined to take an optimistic view, believing that it far exceeds the expectation; he will also make some pertinent and characteristic remarks concerning the quality of current literature for the holidays.

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

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Mann Page in the Chair—An Exciting Debate, Almost Fisticuffian.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 18.—At 8:30 o'clock last night President Loucks called the Farmers' Alliance convention to order, said nominations were in order, and called Mann Page, of Virginia, to the chair. Congressman Otis, of Kansas, placed Mr. Loucks in nomination for president and General A. M. Werl. of Mississippi, nominated Mr. Macune. In former convention, if any delegate from a State or Territory were absent, one delegate was permitted to cast the entire vote of that State. The ruling of the chair was asked on this point, and he ruled that a delegate was entitled to only one vote. The decision was appealed from, but two thirds did not vote to reverse the ruling. A motion was made to adjourn, but the chair refused to entertain it, when an exciting debate ensued. Several delegates were on the point of coming to blows, when at 1:10 this morning, the motion to adjourn prevailed. The fight will be resumed to-day.

MACUNE'S NAME WITHDRAWN.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 17.—[Special to the Associated Press.]—The anual convention of the National Farmer's Alliance and Industrial Union adjourned last night at midnight, after a ballot had been ordered for the election of a president, and with the name of only one candidate, H. L. Loucks, before the organization. The adjournment was made necessary on account of the confusion which prevailed. After a very acrimonious debate, General A. M. West, of Mississippi, withdrew the name of Mr. Macune. A ballot, however, was prevented for the time being, and adjournment soon folowed.

LOUCKS RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT.

The programme of the Third party faction in the order was carried out this morning, however, and H. L. Loucks, of South Dakota, was re-elected president of the Alliance. The other officers chosen are as follows: Marion Butler, of North Carolina, vice-president; Benjamin Terrell, of Texas, national lecturer; L. K. Taylor, of Texas, editor of the *Toiler*, secretary and treasurer; Leaverett Leonard, of Missouri; Mann Page, of Virginia; H. C. Demming, of Pennsylvania, and J. E. Dean, of New York, members of the Executive Committee.

MACUNE WITHDRAWS FROM THE BODY.

The re-election of President Loucks was a triumph for the Third party men and will certainly injure the organization, especially in the South, where a majority of the members of the Alliance are Democrats. Already there are unmistakable evidences of a bolt. Dr. Macune has withdrawn from the national body and is preparing an address, which will be signed by the delegates from every southern State, and which sets forth the position he assumes and which was made necessary by the action of the convention. President Loucks represents what is designated by many of the delegates as the political faction of the Third party, and under his leadership they think he will endeavor to swing the organization as a body into line with the leaders of the Third party, and the non-political standing of the order will be lost.

During the heated discussion last night John F. Tillman denounced Mr. Scott, of Kansas, as a coward and a scoundrel.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS NOT WANTED.

Congressman Otis, of Kansas, in seconding the nomination of Loucks, said: "If Macune is elected president we of the West will have to withdraw from the national order. For we have had enough of the purchased allies of the southern Democracy."

It was after these utterances, which were loudly applauded by the friends of Loucks, that General West, of Mississippi, withdrew Mr. Macune's name from before the convention. General West went on to say that while he and his colleagues from Mississippi would not withdraw from the order, they would retire from the hall, and he left.

Ben Terrell, of Texas, answered Otis's attack on Macune and said that his (Otis's) utterances would drive 50,000 men out of the Alliance in the South.—Dispatch.

Constipation is the parent of innumerable diseases, and should, therefore, be promptly remedied by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These pills do not gripe, are perfectly safe to take, and remove all tendency to liver and bowel complaints.

A announcement was made by the superintendent of the New York cotton exchange from the restrum Saturday that the section of by-laws prohibiting trading afhours will hereafter be strictly enforced.

A FEW LETERS.

Showing the End of a Painful Correspondence.

They had been separated some time, although they told their friends that they loved each other dearly.

She was in Calamazoo.

He was in Walla Walla.

She learned through a friend that he was reported as smitten with a girl in San Francisco, and as she fortunately had found one whom she hoped to learn to love (one who was rich and infirm) she wrote him as follows:

DEAR CHARLIE— You have broken my heart. I know all. Consider our engagement broken, but remember I shall always hope to be your friend. MAUD.

He replied to this:

DEAR MAUD—I am glad that I have learned that you are not to be trusted before we made the awful mistake of marriage. CHARLIE.

After this she was afraid that he might interfere with her arrangements concerning the one she hoped to learn to love, so she wrote him:

DEAR CHARLIE — Please send back my letters. I will send you yours.

He answered:

DEAR MAUD—I have already learned not to trust you. Send my letter back first.

CHARLIE.

She did so, inclosing them in the following:

MR. TOLLIVER—You are very unkind.

MAUD HAZELTOP.

Then she waited a reply. She waited three months. The reply did not come. Neither did her letters, so she wrote the following:

MR. TOLLIVER—Inasmuch as I have not received my letters back, and as there has been plenty of time, I am forced to the painful conclusion that you are too poor to buy the necessary postage stamps to send them. I therefore inclose sufficient stamps, and shall expect my letters by return mail unless you are lost to all sense of honor.

MAUD HAZLETOP.

She received anaswer by return mail. It was:

DEAR MAUD—I always knew you were conceited, but I did not know you were conceited enough to suppose that I would keep your letters. They were all thrown away immediately. Thanks for the stamps.

CHARLIE.

They do not correspond now.—Exchange.

Weakness of sight is frequently the result of general debility. When the blood is impoverished every organ and sense suffers. As an effective, powerful, and economical tonic-alterative, Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be relied on every time.

NIAGARA IN HARNESS.

The Magnificent Falls Will Soon Be Humbly Turning Water Wheels.

NIAGARA FALLS, Nov. 19.—The month of July, 1893, is expected to mark a new era in the manufacturing world, for the Cataract Construction Company hope to have their mammoth turbine wheels and monster dynamos at work for those who may desire to use their power. More than $2,000,000 and many lives have been sacrificed to this harnessing of the mighty Niagara to serve the manufacturing world, and the enterprise is now, after nearly two years' work drawing near completion. Nowhere in the civilized world has any hydraulic work of such magnitude been attempted. Nowhere else are there wheel pits 160 feet deep and wheels capable of developing 5,000-horse power. The contract for the water wheels has been awarded, and calls for two superimposed turbine wheels of 5,000-horse power each, to cost in the neighborhood of $100,000.

HOW OHIO VOTED.

Republican Majorities Very Small and One Democratic Elector May Win.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 19.—The complete returns from the recent elections in Ohio are still unobtainable and are likely to remain so for some days to come. The official returns from Fayette and Franklin counties and parts of Lucas and Clark county are still out, though the time prescribed by law for their return is past. Fayette county results are accurately known, and the head of the Republican ticket has 1,031 majority, returns are held back owing to a squabble over the recording of votes for a Judgeship. Franklin county is complete, but is held back by the Republican members of the board of elections, who refuse to sign the returns until the Fayette county Democrats sign the returns in that district. Franklin county is about 1,500 Democratic. The missing returns from Lucas and Clark counties are back because of technical errors, and when corrected will add about 500 to the Republican vote.

While the official figures are lacking the Republican State ticket is elected by pluralities ranging from 800 to 1,050. The entire Republican electoral ticket is elected, except possibly one member. Seward, the Democrat who leads the Democratic electoral ticket, may pull through by from 250 to 500 plurality when the final footings and corrections are made.—Republican.

SELLING OUT
A T COST!
Look at These Prices.

Bed Room Suits at $15.00, worth $23.00; Parlor Sets at $25.00, worth $37.00; Hall Racks $5.00, worth $9.00; Side Boards $10.00, worth $16.00; Ladies' Secretary and Book Case at $12.00, worth $16.00; Handsome Pictures and Plush Rockers at $3.50, worth $6.00.

In fact we have a large and complete line of FURNITURE at prices in proportion with the above, so call early and make your selection.

Yours respectfully,

N. J. McDuffie.
EAST MARKET STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

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 PLATFORM
on all Prices on
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 Dealings
are good plank to have in business Platform. Come to see us when you want SHOES. We are the only exclusive Shoe House in Greensboro, and handle the old Reliable Bay State Shoes when you want them.
DARDEN & GAY.
228 SOUTH ELM STREET, GREENSBORO, N. C.

N. J. SILER,
Watchmarker, Jeweller
AND
Optician.
Also, fine adjusted, quick-trained Railroad Rockford WATCHES a specialty. Fine 14 kt. solid Gold and Filled CASES, Ladies' and Gents'. Fine Watch Chains, Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Ladies' fine Rings and Goods in Gold and Silver, and Gold Neck Chains and Rolled Plate. These goods are sold cheaper than by any other dealer in the country.
All goods that are sold and guaranteed, that do not give satisfaction according to the price, may be returned and exchanged for other goods at once. To be convinced of this fact, call and get prices at 114 East Market street, northeast of the Postoffice, Greensboro, N. C.

"WALL PAPER" AT A GREAT DISCOUNT.
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, Hats.
We have now in stock a large and handsome 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 remembered with remorse and regard as mistakes of the past. The live and push of all enterprising and self-respecting patrons, coupled with the present crisis of money matters, which is felt by the entire world, has prompted their produce, is sufficient cause for their change of
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, &c., that he ever took his pleasure to show you, and at prices lower than has ever been offered before.
Ladies' glove Grain button and lace Shoes at $2 cents, sold last for Ladies' Dongola button and lace shoes at $125, all solid leather; men's nice shoes, lace and gaiters only 95 cents and up; men's congress shoes, 95 cents, solid leather; in fact any kind of Boots and Shoes you want at Hard Times Prices.
Good Shirts at 25 cents. Pants from 50 cents up. Men's good Wool Hats only 25 cents.
I buy from the cheapest men, each manufacturers and wholesale jobbers, saving the 10 to 25 per cent, usually added to the profits of jobbers, which is always borne upon the consumers' heads. I sell strictly for cash, saving my customers the large percent they have to pay the retail store merchants to make up their losses and keep book-keeping and lower prices, which is always borne upon the consumers' heads. Anyone visiting Greensboro will convince themselves that this is the cheapest place in the city to buy your goods.
All nice clean goods, no rot's or rags. Please call.
Yours anxious to please,
G. H. ROYSTER,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
114 South Elm Street, Benbow Hotel.
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.