THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 11, 1893.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Christmas chimes, across the snow,
Were hushed to silence, long ago;
The Old Year soon will be no more,
The New Year's hand is on the door,
And now we wait with silent prayer,
Till the bells again shall fill the air,
As through the frosty night they ring—
"The King is dead! Long live the King!"
With solemn peal, with merry chime,
They mark the ebb and flow of time.
A crystal bead on a thread of gold,
Is the passing year on Time's rosary told.
Old Year, good-by!
—L. S. B.

A NEW YEAR RESOLVE

Darius Tulliver is the laziest man in town—ay, in a score of towns. He boards at Hotel Hollister. This is not a business advertisement, but Hotel Hollister is the best kept house on the whole line of a certain important railway, and being popular, it is not the most economical place in the world in which to live, especially if one occupies, as Darius does, a whole suite of rooms on the second floor, including a corner room and bay window.

Darius' mother was a wealthy woman—a lovely, white-haired, kind-eyed, plump but delicate old lady. She was fond and proud of her son; Darius was her life.

When Darius was quite a young man the girls had given him the name of Handsome—and no wonder! His eyes alone would have made a plain face beautiful; but put them with the wavy hair, clear complexion, winning smile, fine form and exquisite dress of Darius Tulliver, and you have—Handsome!

Of course all women admired Handsome—no one could help it; even the men were very fond of him; still it was not until Darius was thirty that his mother became alarmed for her happiness. He was out four evenings in a week, and actually exerted himself to rise in time to take the 10 o'clock train for a picnic. Mrs. Tulliver and Handsome had a quiet talk that night after he returned. Mrs. Tulliver said:

"I allow you two thousand dollars a year for spending money. You will have that during your lifetime, and whatever else I have at my death; but you must never marry. Unless you support your wife handsome. If you care enough for any woman to refuse what I give, you are of age and can commence life for yourself. Yes, I will even allow you the two thousand dollars a year; but remember, too, that your tastes are expensive, and if you have hardly sufficient income now, when your hotel and laundry bills are paid by me I am afraid you can not share it with another. You must add to it by work."

Handsome was in one of his mother's easiest chairs, his dark curls resting against the velvet cushions, his feet upon his highest footrest; he had just eaten a delicious dinner, and a box of choice cigars was within easy reach of his white hand. He was silent for a time; but he never hurried, even in his talk, for he was a lazy man—so lazy that if the men about town were perfectly idle or taking a vacation, they would say they were working for Darius Tulliver.

"Do you think I have a talent for any particular sort of labor, mother?"

"Not unless you call eating and sleeping labor, Darius."

"It is not always pleasant to work, and there are so many poor fellows that really need every satisfactory situation—and—the ranks are quite overcrowded, don't you think?"

"Any rank that you would fall into will be overcrowded, I am sure. There are enough poor workmen in the world now."

"Well, mother, you are about the best woman that I know. You are not so young as Polly Putnam—really, I was quite pleased with her to-day; but she is not wealthy enough to treat me so well as you do, so—I think I will keep my rooms awhile longer."

"You must never marry, Darius, so long as I live. I don't want a woman always in my way. I am not going over this talk again this year—next year—nor in ten years; so settle it now for the future."

"All right, mother—I'll take a life lease of my rooms and my income. I am afraid Polly is to energetic for me, any way. I admire all the girls; but you need have no fear of anything more serious. Be careful not to run into any speculation; I should dislike to have my bank fail. Will you hand me the evening paper and arrange the shade for me?"

Mrs. Tulliver handed Handsome the paper, shaded his eyes from the light, then bent and kissed the red lips under the dark mustache. The tender dark eyes smiled back at hers, and so she left him.

"I have saved my spoiled boy from certain misery," she thought. "No woman could be to him what I am. By-and-by, when I am gone, he can marry if he so desires. By that time his character will be matured; he will know how to choose and how to promote a wife's happiness as well as his own."

One beautiful morning, several years after Handsome chose his mother as above all women—not because of selfishness, but for his greater love for her and her greater need of him—the sun slipping in between the shutters, fell upon the folded hands of Mrs. Tulliver, and flashed upon the sweet, unmoved face that smiled over the beautiful mystery of life. Then a woman came and drew the sheet in deathly lines over the white fingers and the calm face, and left the room. Later, there was a grand funeral, and after it all poor Handsome mourned for weeks, realizing for the first time what his mother had been to him. She had been the first to greet him in the morning; they had ridden and walked together during the day, and hers had been the last face he saw at night, never leaving her without a good-night kiss, even though she had gone to bed hours before.

Handsome was not old looking; there was a sprinkling of gray hair with the brown, but had you not remembered that he was young with you all twenty years ago, you might have taken him for thirty. People said he would never marry, even after his mother died; but no one could be more helpless, more in need of a wife than lazy, useless Handsome, and after a little—not until a full year of loneliness—he began to wonder what life was worth, and what made it happy for some men.

One New Year's day Handsome sat alone in his pleasantly furnished room in a cosey "sleepy hollow" chair, smoking a fragrant cigar. He was in a reminiscent mood, the holiday bringing to his mind many scenes through which he had passed during the year just closed. He recalled many pleasant incidents, but through it all there was a sense of loneliness, and he resolved, if possible, to get rid of this feeling before another New Year rolled around. He began to think of all the marriageable women of his acquaintance. One after another he told them off to himself as the curls of cigar smoke circled above his head, until just one seemed to him fairest and best. To be sure no one might consent to marry him, and honest Darius admitted that of the half dozen women of whom he had thought every one was worthy of a better husband than he could be to her.

And Darius's choice? Alas for apparent harmony—it was Hope Hastings, an enthusiast!

Hope was never idle; never too busy to be helpful. She sang in the church choir, was president or secretary of three or four different societies, was always one of the committee for whatever required a woman's earnestness or enthusiasm, taught in the mission school, trimmed her own hats, rode a bicycle, but above all was sweet and womanly.

Hope thought it mere chance when Handsome was kind to her—he was always kind to every one—and no one commented, for a wonder, as Handsome was not a marrying man. But one day Handsome said that to Hope which changed all of life for two souls, and Hope's friendship, which had really been love in a quiet, maidenly fashion, blossomed, in the sunshine of love, into perfect fruition.

There was more than a nine days' wonder—the gossip did not cease until they had been married nine months—for Handsome was so lazy, and Hope so full of enthusiasm, that it was a folly to think of happiness coming from such a union.

Is Handsome lazy still? It is his nature to be so, but not in the old aimless way, for he is his wife's friend and companion. He is interested in her plans; his money is lavished on her poor; he goes with her to the little mission school, and he has even taught a class of the curly-headed, bright-eyed little boys, who were as restless as so many sparrows in the spring time, because Hope went to him saying with a smile, "I really need you, dear—there is no other."

You know how much men will do for love. Darius Tulliver, for sweet love's sake, is making life beautiful for many. And now the question rises, was his own life wasted during all the years he remained single at his mother's behest; or was he gaining that knowledge of self, that power of self-repression, without which marriage is so dangerous an experiment.—Harriet C. Burch, in Waverly Magazine.

HOME-MADE CANDY.

Some Good Recipes for New Year Confectionery.

MOLASSES TAFFY.

For molasses taffy boil together two cupfuls of brown sugar, one of New Orleans molasses, half a cupful of water, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; when crisp, add a tablespoonful of butter, stir one minute, then remove from fire, and add half a teaspoonful of soda; when nearly cold pull until a beautiful golden color.

BUTTERSCOTCH.

For butterscotch this is a simple recipe that any child may follow. Boil together until the syrup will snap when tested in cold water, one cupful each of sugar and New Orleans molasses, half a cupful of butter, two tablespoonsful of vinegar and one-third of a teaspoonful of soda. Pour into a buttered tin when nearly cold, cut into squares with a sharp knife, and wrap each in paraffine paper when cold.

POP-CORN CANDY.

Put into an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and one cup of white sugar; boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of nicely popped corn; stir vigorously until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn; take the kettle from the fire and stir until it cools a little; in this way you may have each kernel separate and all coated with sugar.

CREAM TAFFY.

Another fine and rich taffy is made by boiling the sugar with milk, or part water and part cream, instead of all water, using granulated sugar, and flavoring highly with extract of vanilla or lemon, the proportions of ingredients being the same as the molasses taffy. These taffies may be flavored with chocolate, coffee, ginger, rose or any fruit juice, and may also be made of maple or light brown sugar, according to the taste of the maker. The original "taffy," or "tolfie," is of English origin, and was invented by a lady of the little town of Everton. The lady sent a sample of it to the Queen at Windsor, who immediately adopted it as the favorite candy of her family.

Victory for the Democrats.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 31.—The supreme court to-day decided the Carbon county cases, holding that, while there was technical defects in the certificates of nomination, still they were not of such vital nature as to invalidate the election. A peremptory mandate was issued to the state canvassing board compelling it to count the Carbon county returns, thus giving the certificates of election to the Democrats in the house. While the Republicans still have one majority on joint ballot, the house will never seat this one, because his certificate was secured through a clerical error. It is now conceded that the Democrats and Populists will elect the next United States senator.

More Excitement at Coal Creek.

CNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—A restless disposition has been noted for the last few days among the miners of coal Creek. State troops have been fired upon recently and militaay authorities are preparing for more trouble.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

EX-PRESIDENTS.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Washington closed his second term in 1797, with unspeakable relief, for his loss of popularity in the country, and particularly in Virginia, together with the attacks of political enemies, had greatly annoyed him. He retired to Mt. Vernon and devoted himself to the care of his estates. A remarkably successful business man, he utilized every known resource of his plantations to the best advantage, and the wheat from his farms and the flour from his mills commanded more than the market prices in England and the West Indies. Crowds of visitors, American and foreign, thronged the old Virginia home and made large demands on his time. He gave much attention to horses and blooded stock, and his stables were the best in Virginia. Suddenly called from his retirement to assume command of the army in the threatened war with France, the heavy work of organizing the forces told on his strength, and he died at home December 17, 1799, of an illness contracted by cold, leaving an estate valued at about half a million, then a much larger sum than at present.

JOHN ADAMS.

Adams was so bitterly chagrined by his defeat and by the hostility of Jefferson that he could not remain in Washington to welcome his successor. The federalists attributed their defeat to his administration, and for a time he was the most unpopular man in America. There was reason to believe that for some years he was very unhappy. His weaknesses of vanity, self-conceit, obstinacy and bluntness made many enemies. For a time he lived in profound retirement, and, having an independent fortune, had little need to mix with his fellow men. He found amusement in reading and writing, and, when political animosities subsided, in talking over the scenes of his youth and the stirring events of the revolution with his friends. He died July 4, 1826, after having seen his son president, and was buried in the Unitarian church in Quincy, Mass.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Jefferson left Washington over $8,000 in debt, not having been able to make his income meet the heavy liabilities of presidential hospitality. He retired to his estates at Monticello, and during the seventeen years that he lived there spent his time in supervising them. He also gave attention to educational matters, and in 1819, having been instrumental in founding the University of Virginia, he was chosen its first rector. The profuse hospitality of his Virginia home increased his debts, and in 1826 the Virginia legislature empowered him to dispose of all his estates by lottery in order to meet his debts. The scheme was never carried out, however, and on July 4th, of the same year, a few hours before Adams, he died, and was buried in the family cemetery at Charlottesville.

JAMES MADISON.

Madison left Washington in 1817, at the end of his second term, and lived until June 28th, 1836. He was a small-framed man of delicate health, and lived the life of a valetudinarian, devoting himself to books and study, and leaving the care of his business to the members of his family. He was of independent fortune, which was wisely cared for and kept in comfort. In 1829 he was a member of the Virginia convention to reform the constitution, and where, on one occasion, he rose to speak, the members left their seats and crowded round the venerable figure dressed in black, the then gray hair, powdered in the fashion of other days, to catch the whispers of that voice." He died in 1836, and was buried in the family cemetery at Montpellier, Orange county, Va.

JAMES MONROE.

Monroe lived seven years after turning over the presidency to John Quincy Adams, but the last years of his life were greatly darkened by sorrows and pecuniary reverses. His home was at Oak Hill, in London county, Va., but his farm had been so neglected by his devotion to public business during a long career spent in the service of his country that he was obliged to part with all his property in order to meet his obligations. The project of aiding him by subscriptions, once entertained, was never carried out, and he declined LaFayette's generous offer of assistance. Some state and neighborhood honors were thrust upon him; he was a regent of the university and a justice of the peace, but unable to endure the loneliness that oppressed him, he left Virginia and went to New York to live with his daughter, where he died July 4th, 1831, and was buried in the Second avenue cemetery.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

When, in 1829, the younger Adams turned over the presidency to Jackson he was little aware that the most glorious part of his career was still to come. A scholar of sixty-two, impatient of idleness, he set about preparing a memoir of his father and also projected a history of the United States. In 1830 the Plymouth district sent messengers to consult him about going to congress as its representative. His reply was "no person could be degraded by serving in congress. Nor, in my opinion, would an ex-president of the United States be degraded by serving as a selectman of his town." He was elected, and from 1820 to his death in 1948, represented that district, taking a prominent part in the anti-slavery crusade that swept over the country. He died in harness from a stroke of paralysis in the house of representatives while rising to address the speaker, and was buried beside his father in the Quincy church.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Like Washington, Jefferson and Madison, Jackson, left the White House to become a planter for the rest of his days. The Hermitage, his estate, a few miles from Nashville, was a productive plantation, cultivated by 150 slaves, who seem to have idolized their master. The broken man of seventy was very different from the self willed military officer who had entered the White House eight years before, but, in spite of his failing strength. Jackson was destined to enjoy several happy years. In his old age he became intensely religious, and declared that he had forgiven all his enemies. He never seems to have been haunted by remorse. As one of his biographers declares: "No ghost of young Wood, no shades of the Tennessee volunteers, no specter of Arburthnot or Ambrister visited his conscience." He died quietly on June 8th, 1845, and was buried at the Hermitage, on the Cumberland river.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The calm nerves which Van Buren inherited from his robust Dutch ancestry enabled him to bear with equinimity his defeat by Harrison. A month after the inauguration, however, he bore a conspicuous part in the funeral, at New York, of the newly-elected chief. He was a candidate for the nomination in 1854, was nominated in 1848, and after his defeat spent much time on an extended foreign tour. From this he returned to his home at Kinderhook, having been in active political life from 1812 to 1848. Having abundant means and good temper, he grew old gracefully, lived to be eighty, died July 24th, 1862, and was buried in the Reformed Church Cemetery, Kinderhook, N. Y.

JOHN TYLER.

William Henry Harrison having died in office, Tyler filled out the term, and at its close, in 1845, having disappointed one party without gaining the confidence of the other, was glad to retire from the difficulties of his positien to Sherwood Forest, his elegant Virginia home. He made an effort to re-enter public life, and was nominated for the presidency by a convention composed mostly office holders, but perceiving he had really no popular support, he withdrew from the canvass a few weeks after the nomination. From that time till the civil war he lived in scholarly seclusion, though still taking a profound interest in public affairs. When the storm of 1861 came on Tyler at first threw his influence on the union side, went to Washington and presided at the peace congress held just before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. Failing in his efforts to arrest the march of events, he returned home, "went with his state" and was elected a member of the confederate congress dying January 18th, 1862.

POLK AND FILMORE.

Immediately after the close of James K. Polk's term of office, 1749, he made a tour of the south, intending afterward to live at his home in Nashville. He was a wealthy man, only fifty-four, and no doubt the prospect of many pleasant years presented itself to his eyes. But that was the cholera year, and in the river journey from New Orleans to Nashville he succumbed to the pestilence, June, 18, and was buried in the yard of his Nasheville mansion. Zachary Taylor died in office and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore. Fillmore's term closed in 1853, amid the general disapprobation of the north and the admiration of the south. The ex-president made a tour of the south just after the conclusion of his term, followed, two years later, by a visit to Europe. He returned to receive the know-nothing nomination, but Buchanan was elected and Fillmore's career was ended. During the stirring events of the civil war he remained in his study and took no part in the contest. He died at his elegant home in Buffalo, N. Y., March 8, 1874, and was buried in Forest Lawn cemetery.

PIERCE AND BUCHANAN.

Pierce and Buchanan were both wealthy men, and their income from vested interest enabled both to live in luxury without engaging in any business pursuits. After the term of the former had ended he returned to his home in Concord, but finding himself regarded there as a "northern man with a southern heart," he went abroad and spent nearly two years in foreign travel. Returning home during the civil war, he remained very quietly at his home, attracting no attention, and appearing to avoid the public. He died in retirement October 8, 1869, at the age of sixty-five, and was buried in Minot cemetery, Concord, N. H. Buchanan, after the close of his term, took no part whatever in public affairs, but lived in seclusion on his estate, Wheatland, about a mile from Lancaster, Pa., dying there June 1, 1868. Both he and Pierce seemed to feel that they had estranged themselves from the north, and neither in any way courted publicity after his term had expired.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

The bullet of the assassin promoted Johnson to a place from which he retired with bitterness and disappointment. He returned to Greenville, Tenn., where in his early days he had sat on the tailor's bench, and quietly entered on the life of a country farmer. He had a farm, a mill, a country store and various other small enterprises, and would doubtless have ended his days in the humdrum life of country had not the legislature of the state elected him to the United States senate six years after he had ceased to be president. His speeches in that body showed that the old personal resentments still rankled in his heart, but the work of that session was the last, for in the following summer, 1875, he died very suddenly while visiting his daughter at Carter's Station, and was buried at Greenville.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

The life of General Grant from the close of his term until his death is an open book to every reader. The triumphal progress round the world, the honors showered upon him by foreign potentates and states, the gifts bestowed by nations that have little sympathy with us, but were eager to honor the great soldier, the pomp, the glory of the journey, read like a chapter in the "Arabian Knights." Equally well known, too, is the story of his connection with unscrupulous men who took advantage of his great name to defraud both him and the public. With ample wealth already secured by the generosity of his countrymen, with a life-long position, he had no need to engage in finantial operations; that he did so, and that he was unfortunate in the choice of his associates, was due to a lack of sound judgment in business affairs. The story of his long fight with life with the terrible disease which sapped his strength, of his calamity sitting down in the presence of death to write the book that was to provide for those he loved, of his patient waiting at Mount Gregor for the death that finally came on July 23, 1885, need not be repeated.

R. B. HAYES.

The circumstances under which our only living ex-president came into office have in the minds of many persons greatly prejudiced the views taken of him and his administration. Even his bitterest political opponants now admit, however, that his administration was blameless, and his personal character was never assailed, even by the men who bitterly opposed his installation as president. After the close of his term he quietly retired to his home in Fremont, Ohio, where the simplicity of his life recalls that of his earliest predecessors in the presidential chair. While his character has no points which especially excite the interest and enthusiasm of men, he has had the qualities which enter into the mental composition of a model citizen. His interest in public affairs is still keen, and his name is frequently seen in connection with various church, educational and benevolent enterprises.

ARTHUR AND CLEVELAND.

Poor Garfield never became an ex-president, and the statement may, with almost equal truth, be made of Arthur. When he retired from the presidency with the confidence of the party, which made his succession possible, he was still in the prime of life, and had, apparently, the prospect of many years of usefulness. But in the following year he had a severe attack of illness, and, though the strong constitution enabled him to rally for a time, his vital power suddenly failed, and his death, on November 18, 1886, came with a shock to his friends and the country he served so well. After the close of Mr. Cleveland's term he announced his intention to practice law in New York. His name was associated with that of a prominent legal firm, but it is not likely that he took much interest in the business, the greater portion of his time being engrossed with political matters relating to the recent canvass. As for the retiring president, it is said that he is possessed of ample means and will probably, at the close of his term, live in quiet and dignified leisure.

The Cure For
Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people [illegible] that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's [illegible]. This powerful alterative [illegible] "driving out" by [illegible] rigidly clean[illegible] impurities poison from the blood, [illegible], catarrh, and various other [illegible] will no mental maladies, have the [illegible] in

SCROFULA
When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in [illegible] glandular swellings, [illegible] joints, and general [illegible]. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla [illegible] of the first symptoms.
"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician [illegible] to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. S. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.
"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Ferry, Deerfield, Mo.
"I was troubled with a sore head for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla
and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.
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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.
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Before displayed in the City of GREENSBORO.
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Come and examine this stock before you buy and he will convince you that he means business for he is prepared to
Meet all Legitimate Competition,
And his prices and terms will be made to suit all.
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REPAIRING and UPHOLSTERING neatly and substantially done at reasonable prices.
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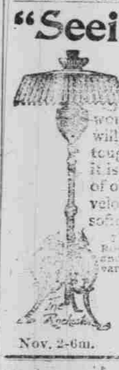

And a good lamp
must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. *Simple, Beautiful, Good*—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is *absolutely safe* and *unbreakable*. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.
Look for the name "The Rochester." If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine Rochester and tries to sell you something just as good, or some new untried candle, or variety [illegible] lamp, merely to get your choice of over [illegible] ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."
Nov. 2-6m.

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