THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,155

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY JANUARY 18, 1893.

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WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS

You won't find no pure foolin' much
Of music over there, now
The bobolink of the butterfly
An' of the lemonade spring,
The laughter of young children,
An' the shouts of happy joy,
Is made sweet; each strong exchange
The jew-leaf cots away,
But there ain't no kind of music
Like my ear requires it, I guess
An' a music of the whistle,
When it blows at six o'clock.

I love to have the music of
The organ in the church;
And the rollin' rolling music
Of the preachin' hard preachin
An' the fall fall of the brook,
An' the ripples 'mong the trees
An' the soft, gentle whispers
Of the gentle breeze;—
But, b'gosh! there ain't no music
Giving my ears sweeter shock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock.

Oh! I tell you when a man is
Nigh to thirty years and ten,
An' he keeps his shoes f'movin'
All the day 'gainst younger men,
When his poor old back is breakin',
An' his head wabblin' goes,
An' he feels his heart n'gelin'
Downward, downward to his toes,
There's no sweeter kind of music
In all Mother Nature's stock
Than the music of the whistle
When it blows at six o'clock.

ANGELE'S CHOICE.

Many persons wonder why Mlle. Angele Majolin does not marry. She is genuinely very attractive with that beautiful hair plainly coiled around her lovely head and those wondrous large eyes out of which shine so much sweetness and submission. She lives with her mother on the fourth floor of a house at the Batignolles. Although they never receive visitors and carefully shield their lives from observation, their neighbors feel that some sad mystery clings to the woman, who, still young, makes a recluse of herself and shuns the pleasures of youth.

Some thirty years since the Majolins were one of the richest and best-known families in the country. Mr. Majolin engaged in some unfortunate speculation, then hoping to regain the lost fortune took to gambling heavily until seeing ruin staring him in the face he killed himself and left the burden to his family. Soon after the oldest son, who had been somewhat dissipated, emigrated to the colonies and was heard of no more. An accident at the hunt cost the second son his life, and the unhappy mother was left with her daughter Angele, her only consolation and support through the series of cruel losses.

A farm attached to their last chateau still remained in their possession. They went there some time, living on the small interest of the gathered debris of their vanished fortune. Grief so preyed upon the mind and heart of Mme. Majolin, and tears so often obscured her eyes that she gradually lost her sight.

In spite of their lonely existence Angele's beauty expanded and the brightness of youth which shines even through sadness soon attracted the notice of young men in their neighborhood. One, her particularly attentive—he was a cousin—Maxime de Grandhen by name, a perfect type of the provincial gentleman, strong, masculine and jovial. He had just finished his studies and was enjoying a rest in the country, previous to entering upon the more festive existence his vast wealth permitted. Naturally, Angele's simple and tender heart readily yielded to the charm of this youth; an indefinable emotion invaded her being when after a turn in the waltz he would draw her into the recess of a window for a quiet chat; a mysterious tingling seized her as they exchanged flowers, while the intoxicating waves of sound from the orchestra poured in her ears.

Other pleasures were theirs when they would take long walks through the gilded fields under the silent light of the sun, and she fancied their souls met in perfect union as they rested under the soft shade of the grand old trees. And again, when the afflicted mother listed at their long absence and her impatience, they would sit with her in the large room under the gravely indulgent eyes of the majestic ancestors on the wall. Whenever he was late in coming he would go to the door and watch for him, and he heard the steps, showered upon him heal the petals of the white roses he carried in her hands, and he would smile, under the partiened balustre, the sweetest smile of the triumphant young. But in the dim horizon of this happiness lurked a cloud, all invisible perhaps.

Maxime had always felt under a restraint in the presence of Mme. Majolin; he was afraid of those merry-making men who instinctively glean the secrets of unguarded hearts, and who turn from grief as if they feared contagion. The young girl had taken up with her lover, had not noticed the hesitancy of Maxime whenever he was forced to remain near her blind mother.

One night the explanation came. They were standing together on the terrace. The young man took her hands, which he kissed reverently, yet passionately; it was the first kiss. "Angele," he said softly, "since our hearts have become inseparable it is as our lives have united."

Her heart beat fast and she was silent. "Will you accept my name and fortune?" he continued. "We would live for every thing. All the sorrows of your sad childhood would be forgotten and its traces effaced forever if my caresses can make you forget all else. Later we will settle in Paris; your mother could continue to live here, she would see that she had every comfort. This place would better suit her than the gay, fashionable midst in which we would live. All depends on yourself. You will always be a happy woman, and I—I will always love you."

It was a solemn moment for Angele and she could not speak from sheer emotion. At last she raised her head and whispered softly:

"Maxime—I will think it all over tonight. To-morrow you will have my answer—called."

That night, while Mme. Majolin quietly slept, her daughter gave vent to her anguish. A veil had been lifted from her inexperienced heart and she felt for the first time the bonds of human affection. All she had suffered, problems came back with gathered force to her grieved heart. Her power to she had never realized until he spoke of the wealth he offered her. She had never known want because of her modest requirements. The country, with its immense sky, its tall trees and its pure atmosphere, had been all-sufficient. To marry she would blindly follow the agitated career of the man she loved—that was duty—but the exigencies of marriage now took proportions which frightened her timid soul. The first, the most clear and harsh, was to her mother. Her mother—slowly afflicted so heavily, the victim of so many misfortunes, she who needed so much tender care and depended upon her daily attentions. Must she be deprived of her only consolation and abandoned to the mercy of some hired stranger?

Through her tears she saw the spectre of her father arising before her and the enormity of his selfish end was felt for the first time. "Ah, are all men alike? Are they all to be the executioners of our happiness?"

Dawn found her still wrestling with her heart, but at last peace stole gradually into her mind. A resolution was slowly forming itself almost independently of her will. Duty appeared clear to her. It had fallen to her lot to soften her dear mother's declining days and she would accomplish the task assigned to her. A calm happiness filled her soul. She saw herself years hence thanking heaven for having led her through the path which alone could bring her peace of mind and body.

She wrote a decisive answer to Maxime. Then hastily disposing of the little property they had she prevailed on her mother to go and live in Paris. She could not bear to dwell among scenes that had witnessed so much happiness and so much misery. Mme. Majolin, thinking she was indulging some caprice of her daughter, kindly submitted. Little did she suspect the immensity of the sacrifice.

And this is how the young maiden came to close her bruised heart to all outside pleasures. Her first and only love sealed her fate. She had been rudely disillusioned and had chosen voluntary seclusion. Her mother alone is the recipient of the treasures of her tender and loving nature. Once her sightless eyes close forever, Angele will live on, or seem to live, alone, an old maid.—Exchange.

Native Products.

Many so-called foreign cheeses have never crossed the ocean, notwithstanding their elaborate labels. The cheese makers of New York and New Jersey produce admirable Roquefort and good imitations, if they may be so called, of many other famous foreign cheeses. The French cheesemakers, with the conservatism characteristic of rural Europeans, have neglected to adapt their products to the American market. The Brie cheese from abroad, for example, comes in a large disk that puts it beyond any but those who consume it in large quantities, whereas the native Brie is made in small cakes that may be purchased for family use. The sale of Gorgonzola cheese, which is still imported, is much less than it would otherwise be if made in smaller parcels. Only two or three English cheeses are now imported in large quantities, and the so-called English dairy cheese is a native product. Enormous quantities of American cheeses are exported to Great Britain. The German and Swiss cheese are imitated here, though less successfully than some others. As to the Italian cheeses, they are made without pretence of concealment wherever there is a considerable Italian quarter, though the imitations are not liked by the Italians themselves, and cheap Italian cheeses are imported in large quantities; Parmesan is a favorite with the Italians, since it is cheap and in various ways useful. Limburger is imitated here, as Neufchatel but the conservation of the commercial world makes it necessary to stick to old names and foreign labels.

Joke on the Express Company.

One of the coolest actions I ever observed in the course of my express experience, said an express messenger to a reporter of the Cincinnati Times-Star, was that of a rough fellow from New Mexico. He was poorly dressed, and boarded our train at Tombstone on a second-class ticket, depositing at the same time a box in the care of the express agent, labelled "Rattlesnakes—handle with care." It was a small soap box, and not very heavy, but you can bet that box was zealously guarded.

At Kansas City he came and got the box, and carried it off to a bank. The banker was a friend of mine, and, meeting him the next day, I asked what that fellow did in the bank with the rattlesnakes.

"Rattlesnakes! Well, that's a good joke on the express company," he replied. "That box had exactly eighty thousand dollars in ten dollar greenbacks in it."

If the money had been entered as money we would have charged him a most sum for its transportation, but, by labelling it rattlers, he had it carried for a trifle, and I'll venture it was more secure from robbers under that simple title than it would have been in the strongest safe.

Death and Destruction.

A despatch from Long Island City of Wednesday says: At 8 o'clock this morning a quantity of dynamite exploded near the shaft sunk for the new East river tunnel near the junction of Jackson and Vernon avenues, this city. The explosion set fire to the four story brick building adjoining and shattered every pane of glass in the buildings for many blocks around. At 9 o'clock nine bodies were reported to have been taken from the shaft. A score or more of persons were injured by the falling timbers, glass, etc.

The explosion was so terrific that nearly every building on Jackson avenue, from Fifth street to Boiden avenue, was either destroyed or damaged. Those in the vicinity at the time of the explosion says that the shock which followed was like an earthquake. The tenement houses 21 and 29 Jackson avenue were shattered. The stores and offices below were destroyed. The postoffice was in No. 27. The mails are buried beneath tons of ruins. When the explosion occurred the letter cases were knocked into strips and the clerks hurled headlong in the debris. Some of the stunned and bleeding tenants managed to crawl to the lower windows and make their escape that way. The people killed were all in their homes, which were contiguous to the scene of the explosion. Henry O'Brien, one of the killed, had his throat cut from ear to ear and his face was badly mutilated by flying glass.

That "Mission Work for Mountain Whites."

Sectionalists who desire to create for themselves a field of operations and an income in a charming and healthful Southern climate not infrequently write very touching articles for the Northern press on the deplorable condition of the "mountain whites" of the South and the need of "mission work" among them. Such persons, in descriptions of life among the mountains of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee, "pile on the agony" in a marvelous manner. Sometimes they do it with an utter disregard for the truth. They represent the exception to be the rule and picture scenes and conditions common enough in parts of the North and West, perhaps, in large cities as well as country places, but very rare among the people of the Appalachian region of the South. One would think from their accounts that the Southern mountains were swarming with cave-dwellers. The aim seems to be to perpetuate the ideas of that class of philanthropists who find a peculiar pleasure in contemplating poverty, ignorance and degradation in the South since the civil war.

Not long since the *Sun* noticed an appeal of this sort for aid to "mission work for mountain whites," showing that it was in effect a libel upon the people it professed to describe. Any person familiar with the Appalanchian region of the South would see at a glance how absurd the whole thing was. The Christian Union for December 31, 1892, contains a letter from Rev. D. Atkins, a Methodist minister, of Hendersonville, N. C., which completely demolishes the "mountain-white" myth. Mr. Atkins will be conceded to know what he is writing" about. He was born and reared in the alleged cold mountain region of poverty, ignorance, vice and degradation. He attended college there, entered the ministry there and has spent seventeen years there as minister and teacher. "As a methodist minister," he says, "I have gone into the most out-of-the-way places and mingled freely with all sorts of people in twenty counties of North Carolina and Virginia and in nearly all the worst parts of East Tennessee. I have visited these people at their homes, have eaten with them, slept in their houses and seen them in every condition." Yet, Mr. Atkins has not once beheld the slum scenes Mrs. Paddock described in a recent number of the Christian Union. "Your correspondent," he says, "must have found some secluded spot I never saw, for in all my travels I never saw the things she writes of, and it seems strange that I should not even have heard of such things in all these years. There is poverty here and ignorance, too, but neither is in that prevalent form you would suppose from the article of Mrs. Paddock. You might live here an age and never hear of such savage and weird funeral customs as Professor Bemis, another correspondent writing from the South, told your readers about." The situation is not such as was described by the Union's correspondents. Putting it in a nutshell, Mr. Atkins says of Mrs. Paddock's picture: "She has presented the very worst possible case that could be found in the remotest part and made it a sample of all the two millions here, so that if any one should receive an impression from such writing he would suppose no other kind of people could be found here."

As a matter of fact, the "mountain whites" are not a distinct class. Their ancestors, says Mr. Atkins, were not outlaws, but pioneers from the coast country. They generally own their farms and make a comfortable living. To say they hunt for a living is absurd. There is little wealth and not as much luxury as might be, but the people live decently. There are some log houses, three-fourths of which have windows. None are plastered with mud, as alleged, or without wooden doors. But few have only one room. Generally the houses are quite comfortable. All have good open fireplaces. Fuel is abundant and costs nothing, so that correspondent's story of children "covering their limbs with warm ashes to keep from freezing" is specially absurd. The people, Mr. Atkins affirms, are already religious and moral. They observe Sunday and attend Sunday School. There is scarcely a district where there is not a school for at least three months in the year. Few persons are unable to read and write, and such cases are so rare as to excite surprise among the neighbors.

As respects the girls, who were described as overworked and vicious, Mr. Atkins affirms that not one in a hundred would know herself by that description. "The common virtues," he says—"chastity, honesty, truthfulness, &c., are rather more prevalent than in other sections I have seen. The girls are healthy, strong and full of spirit. They marry at a good age, make excellent wives and mothers and do much less hard work than their sisters of the North and West"—and Mr. Atkins spent four years in the West. They do not work in the field. "It is by no means," says the writer, "the custom of the country. Home life is as pure as it is anywhere I have seen." In a word, the "mountain white," with his abysmal degradation, is a myth and needs no "mission."—*Baltimore Sun.*

No headache with Tutt's Pills.

A MANLY LETTER.

Hon. A. Leazar on the Alliance—The Present Head Officers are Political Partisans, and do not Represent the Principles of the Alliance.

Some time since Hon. Augustus Leazar, of Mooresville, was invited to address the Catawba county Alliance, in company with Maryaun Butler, the State President. Mr. Leazar declined this invitation giving his reasons therefor in an open letter. These reasons are so true and so pertinently express the true situation of the Alliance as at present controlled, that they will prove of general interest and are printed below. After stating that kindly personal feelings exist between the president of the Catawba county Alliance and himself, Mr. Leazar writes:

"The constitution of the Alliance plainly declares the purpose of the organization; any good citizen could endorse these. The constitution further, both in letter and spirit, as plainly declares against partisan tests and acts.

Everybody knows that for the last two years the principal and almost sole topic of interest in the Alliance has been politics, not only partisan, but personally partisan. My course in life has led me to observe and study with some care the policies and methods of those organizations which have been known openly, the only proper way, as political parties, I have never seen any party more zealously and systematically apply the machinery of its organization and all the power it could demand to accomplish partisan success than has been done in the Alliance, especially during the last year. It is true the leaders have declared upon occasion that the order by its constitution must be non partisan, and some of these, of the commonly called traitors to the Alliance, no doubt honestly labored to save the order by holding it in obedience to its constitutional limitations. But the constitution has been trampled under foot and despised, and that most flagrantly by those in high position. The annual address of the president of the State Alliance at Greensboro, in August last, the annual address of the supreme council at Memphis in November last, are partisan papers, calculated certainly, and designed too, it is reasonably believed, to convert the order, in defiance of the constitution to the use of, if not bodily into the People's party. In a measure the logical result was produced. The State Alliance thereupon adopted the St. Louis platform, the supreme council thereupon adopted the Omaha platform; first is practically, and the second formally, the platform of thet People's party. To all real intents and purposes, by these official acts, zealously seconded amongst the people by the trusted leaders in common of the order and the People's party, the Alliance has been made an intergral part of a political party, and ceases to be lawful, fairly judged by its own fundamental law.

And so the Alliance has been betrayed and ruined in the house of those who claimed to be its only real friends. And now, with propositions to regulate the partisan features, and from those, too, who have been most influential in prostituting the machinery of the order to partisan sometimes personally partisan ends, an effort is to be made, it seems, to restore confidence is those who have so wickedly abused it, and bring together again the scattered fragments. What for, my friends? Who are in command? The extremest of the extreme element control, and with no other interest than to use the organization for partisan ends, and shut off from any posible hope of success in any other way, the future promises exactly the same kind of work at their hands, which we have seen in the past, and which has virtually accomplished the disintegration of the Alliance and left it utterly without influence in a State where two years ago it seemed to be in absolute control.

If I believed in the platform of the People's party, I would be a Populist, a zealous one too; and, if I were a member of a sub-Alliance I would throw the charter in the stove, open the doors, and convert it into a Populist club; I would thus relieve my conscience of any trouble about violating my oath to support the constitution of the order, which prohibits partisan action, and the constitution and laws of the State, which prohibit secret political societies.

Since the supreme council has adopted the Omaha platform, which is the most radical and abominable of all the political platforms I have ever seen, there can be but one conclusion, that the Alliance is bodily and formally committed and incorporated into the People's party, and that no man who believes in Democratic principles has a proper place in it."

The Herald is the name of the new paper soon to be started in Henderson by Messrs. Geo. M. Newell and Charles Thacker.

With his thumb, a boy saved the Netherlands from inundation Many people have been saved from the invasion of disease by a bottle of Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes to the system [illegible] the organ and

On a Tandem.

The hillside blazed in red and gold;
The fields had turned to umber;
The air was crisp, not yet too cold,
As down a winding way I bowled
With Jennie on a Humber.

Sweet Jennie, with her chestnut hair,
Her roguish eyes and laughter
How proud was I that she was fair;
How glad was I to see her there,
And know that none came after!

Oh, dream of happy days gone by!
We spoke of autumn sadly;
And when I seemed to hear her sigh
I lisped her name, I know not why—
Somehow she pedaled badly.

I lisped her name, and growing bold—
No wonder she grew sober,
Or that the wheels so slowly rolled
Along the sunlit leaf strewn mold
This rare day in October.

I lisped her name and bending low—
While pedals turned at random—
Till cheek touched cheek—I—but you know—
Of course 'twas wrong to treat her so
Sweet Jennie on a tandem.

—*Wheel.*

ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS.

Trivial Things of Life Discussed to Pass Time.

A number of gentlemen sat around a stove the other evening, says the Charlottsville (Va.) Progress, when one of them said:

"What would you think if I were to tell you of a remarkable cure? A man has been suffering from cold sweats, at nights, so that his clothing was saturated with water when he arose in the morning. Some one told him to put a vessel with clear water under his bed at night, and it would cure him. He did so and was not troubled again by it. Now, what possible virtue could the water have in effecting this result?"

Of course, no one could answer this, and a general discussion ensued. Another gentleman related the wonderful results of carrying a horse chestnut for a certain hemorrhoidal disease, and asserted his faith in the nostrum. When pressed to the point, however, he refused to admit any virtue whatever in the horse-chesnut, but he felt confident that its continual presence upon his person served to remind him to take such measures for relief as he would not otherwise. This seemed the most reasonable theory we have ever heard advanced of the cure by means of various diseases.

Another gentleman related that he knew of a case of rheumatism and neuralgia that had been entirely dissipated by the wearing of nutmegs around the neck.

"Well, gentlemen," said another, "I'm not superstitious—but I—I believe a little in the moon. I believe the moon influences vegitation and must killed at certain phases. And why shouldn't it? It influences the tides."

Then followed a lively discussion upon the moon, and many arguments were advanced to prove the truth of the moon theory, while as many were adduced against it. One man would have certain results from a piece of ground planted in a certain phase of the moon which he didn't have from another piece planted in another phase—but he didn't consider the probable difference in soil, tillage, atmospheric conditions, etc.; so this vexed question remained unsettled. Another told of the superstitution generally prevailing with reference to setting a hen. That is, if you put all the eggs in the nest with the left-hand the chicks will all be roosters, if you put them all in with the right hand they will all be pullets. So that, plainly, the way to secure a proper proportion was to use both hands, with careful reference to results. This was regarded as a pure absurdity, of course, and yet people believe it.

And so the discussion went on, pleasantly, nobody arriving at any conclusion, and each abiding by his own theory; but it served to show with what trivial things men of cultivated minds divest themselves, and also that there is a vein of superstition in the mind of every man and woman.

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

Not For Two Old Geese.

Some people who went down into Mississippi and took a plantation, had a black woman in their employ who was very pious. This fact did not prevent her one week from stealing a couple of geese belonging to a neighbor. This crime was found out and properly reprobated by the mistress of the plantation. Next Sunday the negro woman prepared to go to church, and announced that she would not be at home at the usual time because she was going to take communion. The mistress was astonished, and asked the woman if she thought that, in view of her recent performance, she was in a condition to take sacrament? The old black woman opened her eyes with astonishment. "La, mis', " she exclaimed, "you think I'se gwin to miss my dear Jesus for two ol' geese?—*Boston Transcript.*

Electric Cars for Durham.

DURHAM, N. C., Jan. 12.—The citizens of Durham will very soon put in electric cars to run from Erwin cotton mill to East Durham, via. Trinity College, a distance of two miles. Cars will be run every ten minutes, which will be a great improvement over the old system.

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.

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OF EVERY KIND AND STYLE
Before displayed in the City of GREENSBORO.
Also carry a full line of CARPETS.
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.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods.
REPAIRING and UPHOLSTERING neatly and substantially done at reasonable prices.
Parties desiring furniture packed can be accommodated by calling on us.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. [illegible]
ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York.
"The Rochester."
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"WALL PAPER" AT A GREAT DISCOUNT.
IF YOU WANT "WALL PAPER" CHEAP,
MY PRICES ARE VERY LOW.
CHARLES M. HACKETT,
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New Millinery and Notions.
We are now ready to show to OUR CUSTOMERS and PATRONS the LARGEST and PRETTIEST STOCK OF
MILLINERY AND NOTIONS
we have ever had the pleasure of showing them before, and our PRICES ARE SURE TO PLEASE YOU. We will be UNDERSOLD by Mr. Anybody. We are willing to compete prices at any time. A quality of GOODS. You will still find Miss LILLIE ORRELL and Miss EMMA TUCKER behind our counters and are anxious to serve their old friends and customers. Come and see us. Respectfully,
Mrs. Omohundro,
West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.
October 19-3m.

THE GUILFORD LUMBER M'F'G COMPAYN
GREENSBORO, N. C.,
Is better prepared than ever before to supply their customers with anything in the way of
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Mantels, Siding, Flooring, Ceiling,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
In fact any kind of BUILDING MATERIAL that can be called for. Please examine our work and get our prices before buying. We keep at all times a large assortment of GLASS and can fill orders promptly for all odd sizes or irregular shapes, and make no extra charge for cutting the same.
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