THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1893.

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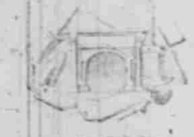

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A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

"Why," cried Eleanor Goode, "it's a perfect palace! I really had no idea of anything like this."

"Isn't it?" echoed Miriam Kasson. "I said, dear, I really did you to stay and spend the day, but I dare not; I'm too much of a stranger here to take any liberties."

"I shouldn't expect it," said the latter, looking around at the decorations, lovely bits of bric-a-brac on the walls, lovely bits of landscape on the walls. "I know exactly how you're situated, Milly. But can't you come shopping with me? Bob has given me a ten-dollar bill to buy a new gown with, and there are some of the sweetest little places—Tuck and Nipp, and Nipps."

"But I wouldn't think of it," cried Miriam, shaking her head.

"Nonsense!" said she. "You see the family have gone to Barrington to a funeral and I am left in charge. And you don't know," she added, with a confidential thrill growing up of the lips, "how afraid I am of Mrs. Yerkes, the housekeeper, or how my heart beats when I feel myself compelled to give an order to the butler."

"I wish I were you!" cried Eleanor. "It would be such fun!"

"You hardly answer," sighed Miriam, "for one is only a servant."

"Oh, I'm sure I'm as much doubt of it," said Eleanor. "Look at your dress—the taste, dear. Wouldn't you say that you behaved a princess in disguise?"

"Nonsense! Has at least let me get my things of good taste, Nell; you know I dress with your long walk."

The disparaging words made Eleanor regret the time of her absence by a critical survey of herself in the mirror. Yes, there was unmistakably, in a dimpled, rosy young Venus, with sparkling hazel eyes, red lips and the complexion of pearl pink and white. And then—good goodness! some of the ribbon loops of her airy summer dress had come loose. She looked frantically around for a pin to repair damages, and no pin was to be seen.

"They're in the bureau drawer," said Miriam to herself. "Milly always was too [illegible] for anything. Oh, there they are!" grasping at a paper of pins. "And here, too—oh, the sly-dog little glutton!—here's a box of chocolate bonbons, tied with pink ribbon. I'll teach her to hide her sweetmeats away from me! How she will stare when she finds them gone!"

It was the act of a moment to whisk the bonbon box into her little shopping bag and appear deeply absorbed in repairing the damages to her wardrobe, when Miss Kasson came in, bringing a glass of water and some fancy crackers on a small Japanese tray. By the time she reached the famous emporium of Tuck and Nipp the "bargains" in old-blue ginghams were gone, and nothing remained "fit to be seen" at any price to which she could venture to aspire, and so she betook herself sorrowfully to the pretty flat which she called home. And none too soon, for a telegram awaited her there, announcing that her mother, in Orange county, was very ill, and it was necessary for her to go there at once. At the end of two weeks she brought her mother home, nearly recovered. Little Sarah, the youngest sister, received her joyfully.

"It's been so lonesome without you, Nell," said she. "I've kept house beautifully, only Biddy has scorched the oatmeal every morning, and the coffee isn't tasted just right, and Bob has been so busy he couldn't find time to go walking with me."

"Busy?" satirically echoed Eleanor. "Yes, but he really was? He's got a real case, Biddy has; and it's awful interesting, too. The judge assigned it to him because the defendant—I think that's the proper law phrase," with a pretty little wrinkling of the eyebrows "hadn't any means to provide one for herself. And she's ever so pretty, Bob says, and he's quite sure she isn't guilty, and won't it be strange," nestling her curly head against her mother's shoulder, "if Bob should fall in love with his first client?"

Eleanor looked displeased.

"Mother," said she, "didn't I tell you what would come of your allowing Sarah to read so many novels? In love indeed! Most likely the woman is an African."

"All the same," persisted Sarah, "Bob says it's a very interesting case, and it's all in the papers besides. 'The Diamond Robbery.'"

"You should not be reading these foolish papers, Sal," groaned Eleanor.

"And it has advertised Bob more than a dozen ordinary title cases, or breaches of contract, or that sort of thing," pursued Sarah. "He says so himself."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Goode, who shared the romantic proclivities of her young daughter. "A diamond robbery and a beautiful girl! Of course she didn't do it."

"Oh," cried Eleanor, impatiently, stamping her foot, "how impracticable you all are! Why, shouldn't she be guilty? Can't a pretty girl be wicked as well as a plain one? As if looks mattered! But all the same, I'm glad Bob has had a good opening in the world. And now, mamma, you must have a cup of tea, and lie down awhile before dinner."

"I'd never dry enough," said Mr. Robert Goode, making a desperate attack on the cold ham and radishes that graced the board. "I'd like to know what this excitement. Where are the jewels?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, incredulously, "that's the question—where are the jewels? Here you men are dazzled by a pair of bright eyes!"

Mr. Goode had given his sister a long account of the legal tangle, complicating it still further by learned technicalities and a copious repetition of "my client," "the defendant" and the "complainant," to all of which she had given but a half attention, and at the conclusion she rose up.

"I'll go out for a little," said she. "I'm going to see a dear friend of mine, and I think I'm neglecting her shamefully."

In the soft July sunset she went in the fair house on Fifty-seventh street, and briefly presented the electric flame engraved for Miss Kasson. The tall lady frame her with a glance. "Don't been here for a long time," said her, and at the door was necessarily richer face. And she returned home in some abstraction.

In her absence Mr. Robert Goode had been "turning the place upside down," as little Sarah expressed it, in search of a bag to carry his papers in. "The lock of mind is out of order," said he, "and I can't get it back until Wednesday. Any one of your bags will do. Nonsense! Do you think I want a Saratoga trunk?" as Sarah produced her mother's traveling case. "Or a doll baby's satchel?" as she reached down her own from the top shelf. "Is this all you have got?"

"There's Nell's shopping bag," said the little girl. "It's littler than mother's and bigger than mine."

"Get it, then—quick! there's a dear little dot! Oh, don't stop to dust it!"

"But I must," pleaded the housewifely little thing. "It was on top of the wardrobe, where Nell put it before she went to Orange county to bring mother home. And it's—awfully dusty! And I think there's something in it, too."

She was fumbling at the catch, when Robert caught it for her.

"Pshaw!" said he, impatiently. "A box of candy!"

He tore the pink ribbon knot apart, the lid dropped off, and little Sarah, standing on tiptoe to look into the bag, stepped back with a shriek. Something from the inside seemed to flash up into their eyes like imprisoned fire. At the same time Eleanor came into the room, flinging her hat and scarf wearily down.

"So," cried Robert, looking up with a face which would have furnished a study to any physiognomist, "you are the one who stole the Grafton diamonds!"

"I? The Grafton diamonds? What do you mean, Bob? Have you gone crazy?" gasped Eleanor. "What are you doing in my room?"

"We found the diamonds here in a box in your leather bag," said her brother. "The diamond necklace for the theft of which poor Miss Kasson is on trial!"

"Miss—Kasson! You never mean that it is Miriam Kasson—my friend Miriam."

"Didn't I tell you so this very day?" cried Goode.

"You never mentioned her name at all. You kept saying my 'client'—the defendant.' But, oh, Bob, I know it all now! I was there—at the big house on Fifty-seventh street, the day before I went to Orange county for mother. I was in Miriam's room, and I opened her bureau drawer to find a pin, and I thought it would be a joke to take her box of candy away. I never opened it. I never dreamed what was in it, and when I got home and found the telegram from Aunt Laura. I first flung the bag down and thought no more of the whole thing. Oh, poor, poor darling Milly! But how came the diamonds in her possession?"

"Don't you know? But how should you?" said Mr. Goode. "The necklace was put in her special charge to be delivered to the jeweller who was to call for it at three o'clock. And when he called it was gone. But it's all right now. Great Scott! Nell, who would suppose that you were the thief?"

Eleanor made an hysteric grasp at her brother's arm.

"Will they arrest me, Bob?" stammered she. "Will they put me in prison? But I don't care, so long as Milly is no longer unjustly suspected. Yes, I am a thief! But—but I didn't know it. And I never meant it!"

And she burst into a storm of mingled tears and laughter. There was a rather unusual scene in court that day when the necklace itself was presented in evidence before the legal luminaries. The complaint was withdrawn and the prisoner was honorably discharged. The composed and aristocratic Mrs. General Grafton was greatly moved, and made many apologies to Miss Kasson for the position she had taken. The newspaper reporters got a great many "points" for the evening editions, and Mr. Goode, the "rising young lawyer," left court, with Miss Kasson leaning on his arm, amid a tempest of applause.

"Lucky dog, that!" said his compeers. "After this his fortune is made!"

"And all because of my foolish little practical joke," said Eleanor. "After this I never shall want to look at a chocolate again. But, Milly, darling, why didn't you send to me in your trouble?"

"Could I bear to have my dearest friend know that I was suspected of theft?" sighed Miriam. "And when I knew the name of the counsel assigned to me by the court my lips were more tightly sealed than ever. Oh, Nell, it has been so good—so noble! He never doubted me for a moment, even when appearances were most against me. No, I shall not go back to Mrs. Grafton's, although she has begged me to do so."

"You will come home with me," said Eleanor, caressingly. "Yes, you must—you shall!"

"I will stay with you," she said, "until I get another situation."

But she never took another situation. Any one could have guessed the outcome of it all. Even little Sarah guessed it, when she said:

"I do believe that our Bob has fallen in love with Miss Kasson!"

God gave every man individuality of constitution and a chance for achieving individuality of character. He put special instruments into every man's hands by which to make himself and achieve his mission.

The Hindoo Idea of Women.

Women are funny. Being a woman, I appreciate it intensely. I'm funny, too. I think we women can be worse and better than anything else that lives; but oftenest, I think, we are just medium. The Hindoos seems to have thought us out in a decided way. They have a sort of catechism that runs this way:

"What is cruel?"

"The heart of a viper."

"What is more cruel than that?"

"The heart of a woman."

"What is the cruelest of all?"

"The heart of a soulless, penniless widow."

"What is the chief gate to hell?"

"A woman."

"What bewitches like wine?"

"A woman."

"What are fetters to men?"

"Women."

"What is that which cannot be trusted?"

"A woman."

"What poison is that which appears like nectar?"

"A woman."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Texas has 57 counties, each of which is larger than the State of Rhode Island.

CIVIL WAR IN KANSAS.

REPUBLICAN MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Break in the Hall with Sledge-Hammers—The Militia Called Out to Eject Them.

TOPEKA, Kan. Feb. 15.—A bloodless but exciting battle took place between the Republicans and Populists at the house entrance to the representative hall this morning. The populists who have had possession of the hall on the afternoons, and, as has been the custom since the beginning of the session, the republicans expected to hold their regular morning session today, but last night the populists swore in a large number of assistants sergeants-at-arms, who were placed on guard and the doors and entrances to the hall were locked this morning. No one was admitted to the hall, excepting populists and members of the press, and they were required to show a pass and run the gauntlet of a dozen guards. The republicans were fully informed of all these preparations to exclude them from the hall and last night one hundred men were sworn in as officers the republicans and at 6 o'clock the members of the republican house, with their officers, started from their headquarters for the State house and marched thro' the long corridors leading to the representative hall unimpeded. The little column forced its way through the line of guards stationed at the foot of the stairs in the west wing and started upstairs. On the first landing was a crowd of populist officers under the command of Adjutant-General Arty. They were armed, and the advancing republican crowd were met with muzzles of revolvers and Winchesters. The Adjutant General commanded them to halt; but no step was made, and the advance guard pushed into the crowd of populists. Three or four of them succeeded in passing the doorkeepers after a brief struggle and getting into the hall, but the populists succeeded in closing the door and barring it. The republicans on the outside demanded admittance, and when it was denied them, Speaker Douglass swung a sledge hammer and began to batter the heavy doors leading from the cloak room. [illegible] many blows to beat the [illegible] way through, but the doors [illegible] way and republican legislators surged in with a loud shout. The populists promptly retreated and now the republicans are in full possession of the hall. Ever since the opening of the session the populists have had the committee rooms, sergeant-at-arms' room and the chief clerk's room. The[illegible] were all locked and guarded on the outside, but after the house had been called to order the republicans battered down the doors and took possession of them without encountering any resistance. At 10 o'clock there were a few populists in the representative hall and the republican house had settled down to regular order of business as if nothing unusual had happened. The assistant sergeants-at-arms, each wearing bright red ribbon, promenaded the aisles and lobbies. The republicans and populists are both swearing in officers as fast as possible to be in readiness for emergency.

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility find great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulent, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both in mind and body.

Wannamaker's Advertisement.—No Color Line at His Entertainment.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 4, 1893.—There was a great blow-out at the residence of Hon. John Wanamaker, Postmaster-General, last night. Invitations were extended to nearly half the population of Washington to come under his roof and shake the great man's hand. The invitations were extended irrespective of race, color or previous condition. The scrub women in the Postoffice Department were invited and were there in force. Several of the high-toned colored people of Washington were also there. Some of the real swell society of Washington's 400 were there, and when they went to the residence they were horrified to see the intermixture of races, and many grand dames beat a precipitate retreat when they saw the mixed company they were invited to.

One lady, an undoubted leader in Washington society, told The Republic correspondent to-day that the first thing she saw after entering Wanamaker's house last night at the reception was a very much-dressed, or rather undressed, lady of color wearing white gloves above her wrists, with her black arms bared from the gloves to the shoulders, and very low-cut dress and rhine pebbles galore to take the place of diamonds.

It is understood that there were about 40 of these colored ladies in full dress, or rather full undress, at the Wanamaker reception, and there were 70 colored gentlemen in swallow tail coats. There was only one comment on the affair in Washington to day, and that is that Wanamaker made a big bid to catch the negro trade of Philadelphia for his bargain counter before he surrendered the Postmaster Generalship.

The most grizzly and faded beard can be colored beautifully by Buckingham's Dye.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The Annual Appropriation Increased

SENATE.

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 8.—Bill to provide for the completion, enlargement and maintenance of the State Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro came up and Mr. Aycock addressed the Senate upon it. He stated that the bill asked for $4,500 for this year $4,500 for next year, which was due the contractor and the heating company which had equipped the institution. The work could not have been done for less.

Mr. Battle explained the necessity of the bill. Mr. Jones offered an amendment that the provision to increase the appropriation from $10,000 to $15,000 be stricken out. Let the debt of the institution be paid off, but let there not be an increase of the appropriation.

Mr. Battle explained in answer to a question that the bill proposed to increase the annual appropriation to $15,000 per year, and to appropriate $4,500 annually in addition for the next two years, and provided that the State Board of Education invest $9,000 in North Carolina State bonds of the educational fund in the State Treasury to pay the mortgage debt due R. T. Gray and R. S. Pullen for the property purchased for the site.

Mr. King said he wished to speak a few words in favor of the bill and made a strong argument in favor of it and in opposition to Mr. Sherrill made a conservative speech in favor of the bill.

Mr. James advised the Senate from Forsyth to go to Greensboro as he had done and look into the bright eyes of those two hundred and fifteen girls. If he did he would not only favor this bill but he would not remain a bachelor much longer. He spoke warmly in favor of the bill.

The bill then passed its second reading and objection being made, Mr. Campbell moved to suspend the rules and place the bill on third reading. The motion failed. The Senate then adjourned till 8 p. m.

Woman's Truest Beauty.

You know, in looking over the album, it is like taking a picture of your own life. You are young, and you go along, and there is something absolutely funeral in your progress. You begin to think after you pass 20 that every year is taking from you, but not adding to you. It is an awful thing for a woman to do—of course nobody feels it, though, like a beautiful woman. De Goncourt, in one of his plays, makes his heroine take up a hand-glass, look at herself, and say: "Ah, I look every hour of my age to-day!" Arnould-Plessy used to say these words in a slow, sad way, as if she were ringing out the knell of her departed youth; as if she said: "Be wiser than the others! Abdicate before your beauty is gone!" And the beautiful women who heard her shuddered with fear; but, notwithstanding the warning, they never resigned. They waited and waited, and hoped and hoped, until they were old and ugly, and young women laughed at them and men jeered at them. I tell you, my friend, beauty is a marvelous gift, but you can't keep it. And the woman who starts out being simply pleasant-looking, but who is womanly, kind hearted and unselfish, lasts the longest and wears the best. She looks into the glass and she sees there eyes that are clear because they haven't drawn themselves together looking out for rivals; she sees a mouth that is well shaped, because it isn't tortured as to whether she looks her best at present, or whether she will always be her best in the future, and sees there an unwrinkled face because she is not troubled, for she sees joy ahead of her. The woman who is not beautiful certainly has her day, for there invariably comes a time when the beauty of the heart is appreciated, and little is thought of that something which may be seen in any mirror.—"*Bab*" *in St. Louis Republic.*

Another Big Deal.

Information was received here that J. Turner Morehead & Co., proprietors of the Leaksville cotton and woolen mills, located near Leaksville, N. C., had sold out the plant, machinery, stock and good will of the concern to the Cone Exporting and Commission company, otherwise known as the Cone combine or Southern Plaid trust. The terms of the sale have not been and may never be made public, but it is understood that the Cone trust will take possession at once and will immediately proceed to enlarge the works, and will utilize the entire Smith river water power at or near the junction of Smith and Dan rivers. With the absorbing of the Morehead mill, the Cone trust now controls all the cotton mills of any consequence in North Carolina.—Danville Register.

Bad Luck for Tommie Thought

Congressman Williams, of North Carolina, on opening his mail this morning found in one of the letters a rabbit foot which was taken from a rabbit killed in the soldier's grave-yard at Raleigh in December. It was the usual left hind foot and was sent by Mr. C. E. Landis, who served in the war with Mr. Williams. He wishes the Congressman good luck in his contest, so he writes.—*Washington Cor. Richmond Dispatch.*

Physicians prescribe Tutt's Pills.

Cupid Out of Place.

CLARA J. DENTON.

Eyes of glinting brown,
In the teacher's chair,
Roaming o'er his class
With a sage-like air.

Eyes of heaven's blue,
Tender, yet so shy,
While the bearded lips
Scripture knots untie.

Doctrines deep does he
Fluently unfold,
With his thoughts astray
On the hair of gold.

Cupid, aren't you loth
Here to play your tricks?
Do you think that love
Should with dogmas mix?

Ah! what pranks you play,
Turning eyes askance;
Little do you care
Since your schemes advance.

Who would think, you rogue!
You would bring to pass
Such a state of things
In a Bible class?

—*Demorest Family Magazine for March.*

The Sugar Plums — Take Your Choice.

The engrossing topic being the offices, I find no better use for this space than to give facts compiled from the blue books which many people in the two Carolinas would like to learn. To-day that survey to the "Old North State." Going into the interior, I find one assayer of the Charlotte mint $1,500 with incidentals; 1 assistant, $1,250; 3 assistants each $23 to $40 per month. Internal revenue, eastern district, 1 collector, $1,500; 1 deputy, $1,800; 1 deputy, $1,700; 1 deputy, $1,600; 1 deputy, $1,500; 1 deputy, $1,200; 13 deputies, each $1,000; 2 stamp deputies, each $1,203; 1 clerk, $1,600; 2 clerks, each $1,100; 1 clerk, $900; 1 clerk, $720; 2 stenographers and gaugers, each $2 per day; 11 gaugers, each $3 per day.

Western district—1 collector, $4,500; 2 deputies, each $1,800; 1 deputy, $1,600; 1 deputy, $1,400; 2 deputies, each, $1,200; 2 deputies, each $1,100; 10 deputies, each $1,000; 10 deputies, each $900; 1 deputy, $600; 1 deputy, $400; 1 deputy, $300; 1 clerk, $600; 1 messenger, $480; 2 distillery surveyors, $2.50 per day; 3 guager, fees; 25 guagers, each per day, $3; 1 storekeeper, $4; 398 store-keepers, each $2; 6 storekeepers and guagers, each $3.

Custom House, Wilmington—1 collector $1,000, fees and commissions; 1 deputy, $1,800; 1 deputy, $1,500; 1 deputy, $1,000; 6 employes, $420 to $900.

Beaufort—1 collector, $1,322; 85, fees and commission.

Edenton—1 collector, $1,000 and fees; 1 deputy, $720.

Newbern—1 collector, $1,000 and fees; 1 deputy, $900; 1 deputy, $600; 1 deputy, $600; 1 deputy $1 per day; 1 messenger, $240.

Lighthouse—5 keepers, $320 to $1,000.

Life saving service — Superintendent, $1,800; 23 keepers, each $720; assistant superintendent of construction, Southport, $125 per month.

Marine Hospital—Surgeon, Wilmington, $1,800; Newbern, $360; Elizabeth City, $250; Steward, $480; 7 attendants, $15 to 25 per month.

United States shipping commissioner, Wilmington, fees.

Postoffice clerks now being put in the civil service:

Asheville, 5, $400 to $700; Charlotte, 6, $400 to $700; Durham, 3, $400 to $700; Greensboro 4, $400 to $900; Raleigh, 6, $600 to $1000; Wilmington, 6, $400 to $1,200; Winston, 3, 300 to $800.

Letter carriers — Asheville, 7, $100 to $850; Charlotte, 6, $600 to $850; Durham, 3, $600; Greensboro, 4, $400 to $600; Raleigh, 6, $100 to $850; Wilmington, 10, $100 to $850.

Postmasters—Asheville, $2,400; Charlotte, $2,500; Durham, $2,300; Greensboro, $2,200; Raleigh, $2,600; Wilmington, $2,700; Winston $2,100.

The postoffices at Concord, Fayetteville, Goldsboro, Newbern, Oxford and Salisbury pay $1,500 to $2,000.—*Washington Cor. Charlotte Observer.*

People troubled with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

Short $60.

Martin Key, a farmer from Surry county is minus $60. He came to Winston last Thursday and realized about that amount from his tobacco. There are several reports current but sifted down it seems that Key and a negro were going out towards West End upon some business when they were met by another Sambo and a conversation followed. The result was that the new comer offered to bet Key $20 on a card trick, and very foolishly the latter accepted. He drew out his purse when the nigger snatched it and took to his heels. Key fired at his fleeing figure, but to no effect. The two niggers were evidently colleagues. The old maxim is still good, "Never bet on another man's trick." If Key had followed this advice he would be $60 better off to day.—Republican.

Florida people are telling of an orange tree in Dr. Abernathy's grove at Altoona which has borne during the past season 15,000 oranges. It is a seedling, 25 years old, some 30 feet high, and has received only the ordinary grove care and culture.

D. N. KIRKPATRICK

CORDIALLY INVITES THE

Public to Call in at G. Will Armfield's old stand 236 South Elm Street,

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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 Comptition,

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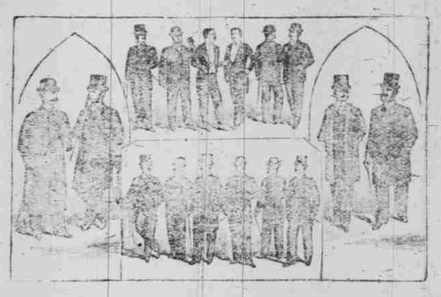

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Perfect FITS Guaranteed.

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"WALL PAPER" AT A GREAT DISCOUNT.

IF YOU WANT "WALL PAPER" CHEAP,

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Is better prepared than ever before to supply their customers with any thing 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. jan29-1y

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Wood's Seeds are first in time, first in productiveness, first in quality. We know the wants and needs of the Southern planter, and stake our reputation on our ability to supply him. Our NEW SEED ANNUAL for 1893 tells all about them and how to get them. Write for it when you write next.