THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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Three Green Houses

Ladies Only.
DR. DUPONT'S FEMALE REGULATING PILLS

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one father who will
Stick to you through good and ill,
And love you although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That to the good path you may stay
Who for you won't spare
Self sacrifice rare—
So worship that mother always.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here
Something you won't know her dear kiss

You have only one mother, just one,
Remember that always, my son:
None can or will do
What she has for you
What have you for her ever done?

A Battle-Scarred Banner.

Conspicuous among the relics in the Confederate Museum of the Memorial Bazaar hangs a large silk banner, in dark blue, bearing the coat of arms of North Carolina, emblazoned with a wreath of oak leaves—emblem of strength—and this inscription: "To the Guilford Greys, May, 1860," and also showing in its tattered folds the marks of many conflicts and hard service. This banner was presented by the young ladies of the Edgeworth Female Seminary, Greensboro, N. C., whose principal was Mr. Richard Sloan, formerly of Richmond, through their "queen of the May"—Miss Mary Morehead—to a gallant young company, recently organized, and composed in the best material of which that historic section, captain John Sloan being commander.

The war clouds had threatened, but they seemed to have dispersed, and many were the expressions of fealty to the ladies, which their gallantry had helped to establish on the great battle-field of Guilford Court House, of Revolutionary fame, whose monument stands within five miles of Greensboro. Many were the bright visions of hope and fancy as the young men "played soldier." Alas, they little knew that in one short year they would leave home, friends and sweethearts to bear this banner into the deadly horrors of actual war. Some of the company fell at Bethel in the very outset of the war, some at Sharpsburg, some at Bristoe Station, in the seven days' battles around Richmond, in every hard engagement in Virginia, and some stood steadily and true upon the fateful day of Appomattox. A few still survive to tell of their martyred comrades.

The banner was at the close of the war consigned to the care of the Captain, now promoted to Colonel John Sloan's wife, Mrs. Moreton Wortham Sloan, who has cherished it with a devotion that has been sublime. At the earnest solicitation of the North Carolina agent, Mrs. John Sloan has yielded a tearful consent to donate this banner to the Confederate Museum as a "memorial to her husband, Captain Sloan, and his brave company, the Guilford Greys. She says: "It has hung upon the walls of our home ever since the autumn of 1865, when he gave it to me as a precious relic of our beloved Lost Cause. My children have grown up under its shadow and its tatters and rents have taught them lessons of truth, faith and devotion, which my feeble tongue would have been powerless to teach. When I remember the holy reverence my husband felt, I feel as if it is too sacred to be looked upon by any but loving eyes or touched except by hands whose pulses have thrilled to the battle call of our beloved Southern land."

This banner will be formally presented by Mayor Ellyson to the Memorial Association at a special meeting called by the president, when all the committees will report the receipt of moneys, relics, records and memorials.—Richmond Times.

The Circus Fetched 'Em.

"Gentlemen," said the sheriff, putting his head into the jury room, "if there is no chance of your agreeing immediately on a verdict the judge will step out to lunch."

"Tell his honor he may go to lunch," said the foreman.

"I was about to add," continued the sheriff, "that the circus comes into town at 2 o'clock, and it's twenty minutes to 2 o'clock now."

"Him!" said the foreman; "tell the judge to hold on half a minute."

Make a Note of It!

Read it over and over again spell it out and sing it, until it is indelibly fixed in your mind, that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an infallible cure for chronic catarrh of the head, with all its distressing complications. Impaired taste and smell, offensive breath, ringing noises in the head, defective hearing, nose and throat ailments, are not only relieved, but positively and permanently cured! This is no fabric of the imagination, but a hard, solid fact, proven over and over again, and vouched for, under a forfeiture of $500, by its manufacturers, the World's Dispensary Association, Buffalo, N. Y. To the wise is suffi-

NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

PRESIDENT WINSTON'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE PATRIA CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The Negro Race has made Great Intellectual Progress.-Their Moral Progress very Discouraging.—The Material Condition of the Race is Similar to the Moral.—The South Has a Kindlier Personal Feeling for the Negro than the North.—He is Loosing Interest in Politics.—The Problem is not Social nor Political but Industrial.

In the address recently delivered before the Patria Club of New York, President Winston, on the race problem in the South, essentially, as follows:

The race problem cannot be understood without knowing what intellectual, moral and material progress the negro has made since emancipation and to what extent the progress has affected the social, political and industrial relations between the two races.

Intellectually the negro has made great progress, mainly through education. In North Carolina he enjoys better facilities for education than the most of whites. He has the same opportunities in public schools, and his facilities for higher education are beyond the reach of white people of the same poverty. The State supports for his benefit 2,587 public schools, eight normal schools and a school for the deaf, dumb and blind. Northern philanthropy has given him ten colleges and seminaries for higher education, including a medical college, a law school and several theological schools. The race has learned to read and write. In one generation it has educated a supply of teachers and preachers, and is now rapidly educating its own lawyers and physicians. The mass of the race, however, is less zealous for education than it was twenty or even ten years ago; and the attendance on public schools is gradually decreasing. The negro has learned that education is not essential to freedom; nor has it aided him materially as much as he expected. The finer and remoter influences of education do not appeal to him as to the white race. It is possible that his zeal for education will diminish as rapidly in the next generation as it sprang up in this. This dullledge of his intellect has been easily sharpened on the schoolmaster's grindstone, but the quality of metal has not been changed, and the edge may be turned or blunted as quickly as it was formed.

The moral progress of the race is very discouraging. Both the average white man and the average negro over forty years old in the South will tell you that the younger generation of negroes are worse morally than they were in slavery. This is not true of all. There is gradually forming among them a higher class who respect themselves, and who honestly desire to elevate their race. This class includes the best educated of the younger generation and the most thrifty and industrious of the older generation. This class, however, is small, not exceeding five per cent. of the population, and its moral influence on the mass of the negroes amounts to very little. The mass of the race is probably in the same moral status as during slavery. The restraints of slavery have been removed, and passions hitherto repressed by fear are not yet controlled by character. The younger generation of men are as a rule no more industrious and reliable than the older, while the women are generally quite as lewd.

Besides the highest class and the great mass of negroes, there is a lowest class, which did not exist in slavery. It is made up of dramshop gamblers, loafers, vagabonds, petty thieves, professional prostitutes and others who live by vice instead of labor. This class flourishes mainly in villages and cities. It constitutes about ten per cent. of the population and is steadily increasing to be recruited from the younger generation. Its moral condition is almost brutal, and is worse than anything known to slavery.

The criminal propensities of the race are very marked. According to the census of 1890 the negro furnished 32½ per cent. of the penitentiary convicts in the United States, although he constitutes only twelve per cent. of the population. In the North Atlantic States he is five times as criminal as the white man; in the South Atlantic States one and a half times; in the South Central one and a half; in the Western ten times. It is a striking fact that the negro is more criminal in the Northern States, where he has long enjoyed freedom, than in the Southern States, where he is still greatly restrained by fear of the white race. The moral status of the race is about this; the best class, being not over five per cent., has made decided progress, the worst class, not under ten per cent., has made decided retrogression; the great mass is in the same condition as during slavery.

The material condition of the race is similar to the moral. The great mass is essentially in the same condition as before. Those who had had masters are probably better off; those who had good masters are possibly worse off. The highest class is very much improved, and enjoys all the comforts of life in a greater degree. The lowest class is much worse off. It includes not only the vicious and the idle, but also the weak minded, the afflicted, the uncared for young, and the old. Under slavery these were all cared for by the master, and shared equally in the common earnings. Now they are driven to the wall by competition, not only with the whites, but also with the strong of their own race. The result is a degree of suffering and a death rate unknown to slavery. The rate of mortality in this class will explain the large relative decrease of the negro population in the South from 1880 to 1890.

The relations between the two races are perfectly understood by both white and black in the South, and thoroughly misunderstood by both blacks and white in the North. Socially there is no relation between them. The blacks do not expect it, and the whites do not think of it for a moment. Unquestionably there is deep race prejudice at the bottom of the social chasm. This feeling is taken for granted by both races. Intermarriage is prohibited by law. It is not desired by either race. Even the negro understands that he would get the worst of the bargain in marrying the sort of white woman who would have him. The North complains of Southern prejudice against the negro; but the North is guilty of the same offense, and with less reason. Wherever the negro exists in large numbers in the North, he is socially separated. He has his own quarter for residence. He has a legal right to go to white churches, and to live in white quarters, but he does not go there as a matter of fact, and he is kept away by social prejudice, which is stronger than law.

In New York city he may ride in the street cars, but he cannot earn a dollar by driving one; he may sit in the theatre, but he cannot lay a brick or drive a nail; he may take the sidewalk, but he cannot get a contract to pave it; he may be the subject of humane editorials in the city papers, but he cannot set a stick of type; he may go to school with the whites, but he cannot teach them; he may sit with the whites in church, but he cannot be their pastor; he may spend his money at Macy's, but he cannot stand behind the counter; he may study in Columbia College, but he cannot teach there; he may cast his ballot, but he cannot get an office; he has the legal right to marry white women, but no white woman will marry him; he has all the social privileges that he can get, but he cannot get any. Everywhere in the United States he is branded as a negro. The North says to him, "You are my equal," and then excludes him practically from social intercourse, from political power, and from industrial opportunity.

The South has a kindlier personal feeling toward the negro to day than the North ever had, or ever dreamed of. It was Thomas Carlyle who characterized this feeling by representing the South as saying to the negro: "Be slave, and God bless you;" while the North said: "Be free, and God d—n ye." The kindly feeling between the races, however, is not what it was in slavery. There is a social chasm between them that seems to be growing wider. No longer do white and black children play and eat together. No longer does the white lady gather children of both races about her knee to hear the story of the gospel. The white boy and the negro boy no longer hunt and swim and frolic together. The colored servant no longer sleeps by the bedside of her mistress, within easy touch of her hand. No longer do family servants share family secrets, and rejoice or weep over family fortunes. The bond is broken that bound the races together. The negro has passed out from the semi social supervision of his white master, and no longer desires or receives the aid of the white race in restraining his children from vice and immorality.

The struggle over the negro as a political factor began in the convention that framed the Federal constitution, and has continued since with a violence and a power that have shaken the foundations of our government, and threaten to destroy its balance. Thus far the negro has been merely the object of this contention while the Northern and Southern white men have fought over his political mastery. The constitution recognized the negro as equal to three fifths of a white man politically. He was legally established as a political weapon in the hands of the South, although his vote was not cast. This political vassalage lasted eighty years. It was based upon slavery, and it fell with slavery. With emancipation the negro became a weapon in the hands of the North, and was counted a full man politically. His vote was not cast but his qualifications as a voter, dependent upon knowledge, intellect and character, were not greater than before. The ballot was given him by philanthropists for the purpose of protection and education; by politicians for perpetuating their power. Both purposes have failed. The negro is slowly losing interest in politics as in education. He is beginning to realize the hopelessness of the struggle. He will probably retire gradually from politics, either voluntarily or by compulsion of educational or other qualifications.

The real struggle of the negro at present is not for social equality, nor for political power, but for industrial opportunity. The difference between the races is so immense that any other conflict between them is simply impossible. The long struggle between the North and the South was in the last analysis a struggle between white labor and negro labor for industrial supremacy and for the possession of the soil of this continent. No sooner was the constitution adopted than the North and the South both started West. The North was mounted on the back of a steam engine, the South on the back of the negro. The results show that the white man plus the negro, is unequal industrially to the white man plus the steam engine. The negro is now contending with the white laborer both North and South. This contest must be settled by his adaptability to climatic conditions based upon vital power. The competition in most of the States is already settled.

In the whole country the negro has diminished from one fifth of the population in 1790 to one-eighth in 1890. He is less than two per cent. of the population in twenty-four States and Territories; less than ten per cent. in thirty-four; over ten in no Northern State; over two per cent. in only three States that voted for Harrison. Competition in the border States is growing more intense every year. The result is a steady diminution of negro population relative to white. From 1880 to 1890 the white rate of increase in North Carolina was three times as great as the black, in Virginia ten, in Tennessee two and a half, in Missouri four, in Maryland six, in Kentucky thirty. Freedom with its greater cares and responsibilies, and its greater opportunities for vice, has not helped the vitality of the negro. His vital and industrial powers are now in test. If he wins this fight he will then develop character and intellect, and enter upon a political and social struggle.

In this contest the South is unwilling to surrender the civilization and manhood which the English race has wrought out through centuries of struggle and suffering. It is willing, however, to give the negro every opportunity for development to educate him, to protect him under the laws, and to give him generous and kindly help.

It is giving him this help to day, and it affords the best field on earth for negro development. The negro himself is recognizing this fact, and negro leaders in the South, of intelligence, character and education do not differ from white leaders in their views of what is best for the development of their race. There is abundant room for Northern philanthropy, but the elevation of the negroes must be accomplished by their own efforts under the guidance of their own leaders, assisted by Southern white men, who appreciate their virtues and sympathize with their vices.

While Mr. T. J. Richey, of Altona, Mo., was traveling in Kansas he was taken violently ill with cholera morbus. He called at a drug store to get some medicine and the druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy so highly he concluded to try it. The result was immediate relief, and a few doses cured him completely. It is made for bowel complaint and nothing else. It never fails. For sale by Ward and Watkins.

CLEVELAND IN AN ANGRY MOOD.

Will Give Office to No One Who Calls Him a Mugwump or Doubts His Democracy.

President Cleveland dealt the Mugwumps a severe blow to-day. He resented being called a Mugwump himself and said he would not appoint any man to office who doubted his Democracy.

Mr. Cleveland was angry when he said this. His very euphetic declaration was made to Secretary Hoke Smith, who had been backing W. C. Owens, of Kentucky, for the consul generalship to Berlin. The other prominent candidate for the position was Bascom Myrick, editor of the Times-Recorder, of Americus, Ga., where Speaker Crisp lives. Mr. Crisp has been making a strong and determined fight for his fellow townsman and would have probably succeeded but for the action of the Secretary of the Interior.

Mr. Smith told the President the editor had called Mr. Cleveland a Mugwump and had called his Democracy into question.

The President demanded that copies of the issue of the paper containing the editorial "slings" at him should be produced.

Secretary Smith took them to the White House to-day, and after reading them Mr. Cleveland declared that he would appoint no man to office who doubted his Democracy.

I understand the same charges are now made against Mr. Owens, for whom Secretary Hoke Smith has made such a hard fight. It is, therefore, probable the President will select a dark horse for consul general to Berlin. This will be glad tidings to the unterrified Democracy of New York, and will probably bring forth a large batch of applications for political preferment.—Washington Special, 15th, to New York Herald.

A Murderer Escapes.

MARLBORO, Md., May 25.—Wm. Pinkney, sentenced to be hanged on the 30th of June for the murder of Francis M. Bowie, escaped from jail this morning.

Satisfaction After Five Years.

A Broadway car came bowling along toward the postoffice one afternoon recently when the slush and mud in the street were an inch or two deep. A well known federal officeholder stood on the down town crossing at Barclay street. He had a woman with him.

As the car approached he put up his hand authoritatively. The driver motioned that he would stop at the upper crossing, as the rules prescribed. The government official stamped his foot and pointed to the spot where he stood as much as to say:

"You will stop right here."

He got fooled. The car whizzed by and stopped on the corner where the driver said it would. The federal officer waded through the mud, dragging the woman after him, and entered the car. The conductor gave the signal, and the yellow car went rolling on up town.

When he had gone a block or two, the driver stopped his whistling, glanced cautiously back into the car, and then said:

"That man played me dirt when I got me nat'ralizashun papers five years ago. He made me wait fur him fur t'ree hours, and I never forgot his face."

And then the driver resumed his whistling, which he kept up during the entire trip.—New York Herald.

Brothers Who Call on Girls.

The girl who has a brother knows how a young man is apt to talk at the breakfast table the next morning after he has made an evening call. "Yes," he admits, "I did stay later than I ought—I knew that very well—but what's a man to do when a girl starts a new topic of conversation every time he makes a move to go or tells him that he is always in a hurry to get away when he comes there? You have to be polite!" And she knows with what a relish he always tells about the young lady who informed him the last one evening that it o'clock was the leaving hour at her home. He did not enjoy it particularly at the time, he owns, but he has had a mighty respect for that young lady ever since.

So the girl who has a brother ponders on these things and never urges a gentleman caller to remain after 10 o'clock has struck.

She knows that when this brother calls on three different young ladies within a week he does not discourse largely upon the other calls at either of the places. This knowledge keeps her from believing herself to be the only and particular star of my gentleman who comes to see her frequently and never mentions visiting the other girls. It makes her less susceptible and more suspicious.—Chicago News-Record.

A Figure Just Before the Battle.

Secretary Herbert is responsible for the following: "Our men were in line awaiting the word to advance. In front of us, riding deliberately up and down the line, was a handsome youth in gray, mounted on a fleet looking iron gray horse and bearing a bright new battleflag, whose vivid stars and bars shimmered in the sunlight. The boy sat erect, looking as proud as any Rupert and his horse as spirited as an Arabian. The flying bullets and shrieking shells never fazed his superb bearing as he rode to and fro up and down the long line. Now and then he would disappear in thick clouds of powder smoke, but he would be seen again riding back, his face actually beaming with what O'Hare calls 'the ardor of the fight.' Before the word came to move he had gone again down the line and had not returned. I never knew whether he was killed or not, but I thought involuntarily of how a Yankee boy had died the day before."—Washington Star.

Instinct or Intelligence.

To find our way a second time over ground we have once trod is scarcely intelligence; we can only call it instinct, though the word does not in the least explain the process. Two years ago I first visited Douglas in the Isle of Man. I reached the station at 11 p. m. I was guided to a house a mile through the town. I scarcely paid any attention to the route; yet next morning I found my way by the same route to the station, walking with my head bent, deeply thinking all the time about other things than the way. I have the instinct of locality.—A. J. Mackintosh in London Spectator.

Fishes In Artesian Water.

It has been argued by some that fishes would not thrive and multiply in artesian water. That question seems to have been definitely settled by the Waco Fishing and Boating club of Waco, Tex., which has near that place a lake 5 acres in extent and of an average depth of 15 feet, which is well stocked with game fishes, such as bass and perch, that is fed with water from an artesian well.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Helping a Man Along.

Tramp—Beg your pardon, sir, but——

Affable Party—Oh, that's all right, certainly. Don't give it another thought. When you stopped me, I didn't know but you wanted a quarter or something of that sort, and you only wanted to beg my pardon! Granted freely! God bless you, my man!—Boston Transcript.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stand ahead and shoulders above any other known specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of wonderful. [Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

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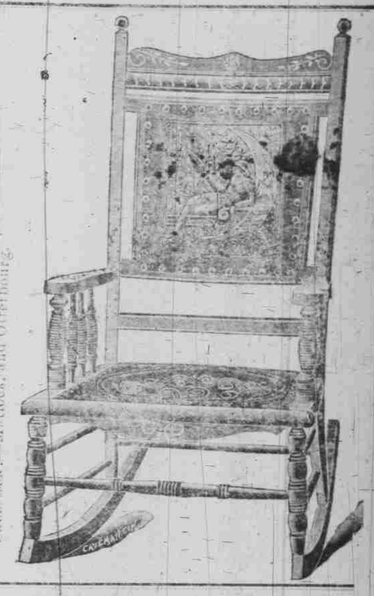

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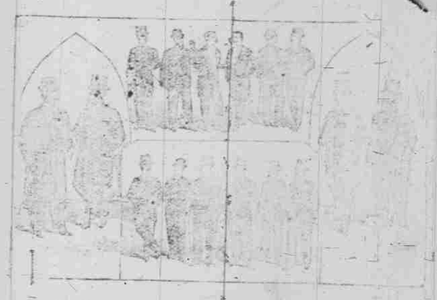

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