THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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Apr 19-1y

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W. T. WHITSETT, A.M., GIBSONVILLE, N. C. PRESIDENT.

Term opens WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

May 17-tf.

TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

Close to earth the sun is burning;
Weary plowmen leave the plow,
Homeward through the fields returning;
All their work is ended now.
Hear the cattle gently lowing;
Hear the bleating of the sheep;
All the world to rest is going;
Sleep, my little darling, sleep.

Fishermen upon the ocean
Turn their eager bows toward home;
On they come with winged motion,
Plowing through the surging foam.
Hark, they sing with pleasure after
Weary toils on waters deep.
Do not heed their shouts and laughter;
Sleep, my little darling, sleep.

Off into the sea of slumbers
Sails my darling little one.
While I sing in peaceful numbers
Till the dying day is done.
While with loving arms I hold her,
Evening shadows o'er us creep;
Soft her head sinks on my shoulder;
Sleep, my little darling, sleep.

—R. R. Hale in Youth's Companion.

THE COUSIN.

"So you are going to be married?"

"Yes."

"It is a love match, they tell me. Mlle. de Pont-Croix is a very charming girl."

"She is adorable. I love her with all my heart and shall do my utmost to make her happy."

The other man, he who was not about to marry, was silent for a few moments. His reflections seemed to afford him some amusement. Suddenly he looked up. "And the marquise," he said, "what does she think of it?"

Guy de Labanere's face, already serious, became gloomy at this query from his friend Hertel, a lieutenant in the French navy.

"Perhaps," hazarded the sailor, "she does not know yet"——

"Yes, I dare not tell her I am going to be married."

"You dare not! You, the bravest of the brave, the intrepid traveler, the hero of innumerable duels!"

"Brave!" repeated Labanere, administering an exasperated punch to the pillows of his divan; "I, brave? I am the worst of cowards. All your preaching will not alter matters—I am positively afraid of that woman. I have shot a tiger just as he was going to knock off my head as you would brush a fly off the back of your chair. But when I see her little pink fist, shaking her polished nails within an inch of my eyes, I am terror stricken, absolutely terror stricken, and if there were a tree in her boudoir I would try to climb it. Explain that, if you can."

"I can explain it by the very simple fact that you were not in love with the tiger, while you were madly in love—and are so still perhaps—with the Marquise Sansedoni."

Labanere went over and laid his two hands on his friend's shoulders.

"I will tell you how much I love her," he said. "Last year while the cholera was here she was ill for half a day. I cared for her as was my duty as a man and a Christian, but I hoped—do you understand? I hoped that she would die. I do not deny that I adored her for three years, for she is the most charming woman, the most bewitching I have ever seen in my life. But little by little her fits of anger, her jealousies, her violent scenes, have estranged me from her, while my increasing coldness has not estranged her from me. Good Lord, I would like to know what charm she finds in such intolerable relations."

"Come, now!" cried the lieutenant, "you can't let the matter drop now. You would really be acting like a cad to keep her in ignorance any longer."

"I don't intend to, but I don't know what to do. I only know one thing, and that is that one way or another this matter must be settled. I have been thinking—you have always been a good friend of mine—now, if you would only go to her and"——

"Never in the wide, wide world. I have met the marquise, and I have no desire to explode a mine. Besides, I do not admit that it would do to send an envoy in such a case."

"You see you are afraid yourself. Then listen. Do this favor for me in another way. Come with me. In your presence I would not dare to be a coward."

"So be it," said Hertel, "but on one condition—that we go at once. You must not stay in such a hole a day longer. After all she will not eat you."

An hour later the two friends presented themselves at the house of the Marquise Sansedoni. They found that lady raging up and down her salon like a lioness in a cage, and beautiful as a fury.

Without nothing their greetings, without thinking of making any pretense, she sprang to the table, caught up a paper and thrust it under poor Labanere's nose.

"What does this mean?" she demanded in a voice of ill suppressed anger.

If his courage left him, Labanere at least retained his coolness. He placed his hat carefully on the table, drew out his glasses, took his time about finding the place and slowly read aloud these lines:

"The engagement is announced of the Vicomte de Labanere to Mlle. Marguerite de Pont-Croix. The Labaneres are one of the oldest families of Picardy," etc.

The reading lasted two minutes, during which the marquise remained erect, trembling, her hands clinched, her nostrils quivering, and looking so terrible that Hertel wondered if she had a dagger and at the first word would stab Labanere to the heart. The lieutenant watched the Sansedoni's every movement; but, the reading finished, Labanere folded the paper, placed it on the table, removed his glasses, put them in his pocket and spoke.

"Aha," he said tranquilly, "so the papers have got hold of it, eh! I thought it was still a family secret. Well, yes, my cousin is going to be married. A good match too. You know the little Pont-Croix, Hertel?"

In his astonishment the lieutenant was on the point of betraying all, and the marquise was not the woman to swallow the first story she was told.

"So," she said to Guy, still on the offensive, "all the men are vicomtes in your family?"

Guy was simply superb. He entered into a lengthy discourse on heraldic science to explain the case. "And so, you see," he concluded, "Gontran and I both bear the same title, but Gontran is the younger. He is 25 at the most. That is about right, isn't it, Robert? You ought to know, for my cousin served with you, I believe."

"Not more than that certainly," said Hertel.

This reply—which was a "whopper"—dissipated all doubt from the marquise's mind for the present and for the future. She regarded Hertel as the soul of honor and esteemed him highly. The mystery explained, she gave him a most cordial reception and reproached him for coming to see her so seldom. It was perfectly apparent, however, that she would have liked to ask him what had put it into his head to visit her on that particular day.

When the two friends were in the street again, out of range of all suspicious glances, Labanere stopped, and the lieutenant did likewise. In spite of everything Labanere wanted to laugh; the sailor was angry as only a sailor can be.

"I shall not be able to go home without having a fight with some one—I'd like to kick myself, for I have lied to that woman like a pickpocket."

"Well, fight it out with 'Gontran, your former subordinate.' Come, be calm, I won't joke any more. But never be surprised again when a man says he is afraid of a woman. You know what it is now."

"Yes, and may the devil fly away with me if I ever get caught in such a pickle again! To think that a woman could make a man act so."

The cl[illegible] was passed for the pr[illegible] the explosi[illegible] must come the d[illegible] It would h[illegible] been impossib[illegible] continue to pay his court so long—he did if chance had not aided him. Every year the marquise's mother came to Paris for a few weeks and staid with her daughter, who naturally modified the habits of her household to a considerable extent.

Free, or almost so, Labanere could tranquilly and honestly attend upon his fiancee and could even accompany her on some of her shopping expeditions. One day as they were choosing some jewels at Ravant's who should enter the shop but the Marquise Sansedoni and her mother. The marquise gave Marguerite such a look that the poor girl felt a cold chill run up her back. The Sansedoni marched boldly up to Labanere and gave him her hand, fixing him with her eye, for a suspicion had again entered her mind.

"What treasures!" she said, not caring if she were overheard. "It seems to me, my dear vicomte, that you are doing the thing in style." As she spoke she kept her eyes steadily on the young girl.

"If I don't get out of this," thought Guy, "in five minutes there won't be a whole window left in the shop."

But he did get out of it. With the steady nerve that had distinguished the former tiger hunter, he replied in a loud tone, "It is no credit to do things in style when one is not acting on one's own account."

To Marguerite and her mother this meant, "This parure is the wedding gift of my old aunt, who has commissioned me to purchase it for her." For the marquise it signified, "I am here in the stead and place of my cousin."

This was, in fact, the explanation he gave her later more in detail, not without having taken the precaution to beguile the marquise into a corner of the shop. He told her that Gontran, having been compelled to go to his lawyers to see about some legal papers, had charged him to accompany Mlle. de Pont-Croix to the jeweler's. The story was accepted, and the two Italians left, after having made a pretense of looking at some rings, and Guy rejoined his future "cousin."

"Goodness, what a terrible woman!" Marguerite exclaimed. "She quite terrified me. I do hope you will not want me to meet her."

"You may rest easy on that score," replied Labanere.

But for him to rest easy was not so simple. The days flew by, and the bans were published. Happily the presence of her mother absorbed the marquise's time and made her visitors few. Those who knew the state of affairs believed that she had accepted Guy's marriage and was consoling herself with filial devotion.

He, after repeating every day for two months, "I will tell her tomorrow," finally began to wonder, as he saw how events shaped themselves, "What if I don't tell her at all?"

Undoubtedly his inaction was not commendable. But Labanere had for a long time hated the marquise cordially, and on the other hand he was absolutely determined on his marriage with Marguerite. But of what extravagance was not the marquise capable at the last moment.

On the eve of his wedding, the very morning before it, in fact, he was still debating the question, when he received a letter, the handwriting of which made him tremble. It ran:

My mother is to be away all day—shall we have luncheon together? I count on you. It is weeks since I have had you all to myself.

"Would to heaven that the old Italian had put off her absence for 24 hours," muttered Labanere as he proceeded to indite the following note:

Do you not read the papers nowadays? My cousin is to be married tomorrow, and of course I am to be one of the wedding party. After the ceremony there are the reception and wedding breakfast at the Pont-Croixs'. When can I escape? I do not know, but as soon as I am free I shall post off to you.

"At any rate," he said as he sealed the note, "unless death or divorce comes to the rescue, she will wait a long time for me."

At 7 o'clock the following evening the newly married pair left for Italy. In a day or two they had become great friends, so much so that Guy made certain confidences to Marguerite—which was indeed no more than prudent.

"Do you remember," he asked, "that tall, dark woman who spoke to me at Ravaut's and frightened you so?"

"Yes, indeed. I can see her now. But why?"

"Well, she did me the honor to—to aspire to the place you now occupy, and if some day she meets us and shows a bad temper you must not be surprised nor frightened. It will be a compliment to my adroitness after all."

The young vicomtesse was not entirely ignorant of the world, and knowing what to understand by what her husband called the marquise's "ambition to fill her place" she burst into tears. Then Guy to make her laugh, which did not take long, told her the story of his imaginary cousin.

"Oh, splendid!" she cried. "That hateful woman had got just her deserts. And if she dares show herself to me I shall simply freeze her."

But Mme. de Labanere did not remember to freeze the marquise when, some weeks later, they met. It was in a dim corner of the Cascine at Florence. Guy and his wife were seated on a bench, very close to each other. He even had his arm around Marguerite's waist and the other hand under her chin, which she held up as he kissed her.

Suddenly the Marquise Sansedoni stood before them, tall, dark, scowling, terrible, and when the little vicomtesse had recovered herself a little the Italian pointed her finger at Labanere and demanded:

"Do you know what your husband was, madame?"

The deep voice, the tragic gesture, the pale and angry face, gave Marguerite the most acute terror she had ever felt in her life. Perhaps this big woman had come to kill her—her and Guy! She lost her head, wanted to say something, got confused and finally stammered:

"This isn't my husband, madame; it's his cousin!"

Even the marquise could not repress a smile at this astonishing statement. Then the smile disappeared, her eyes grew moist, and dropping a veil over her features she hurried away, murmuring the single word "Ingrato!"—Translated for Argonaut from the French of Leon de Tinseau by L. S. V.

Murderous Assault.

On last Thursday evening, about dark, as Mr. A. F. Allred, of Bellemont, was coming up town accompanied by Wm. Thompson, at the rear of Mrs. Sally Albright's lot two negroes sprang out. Allred was stricken with a bottle, which knocked him senseless, and inflicted an ugly wound over his left eye, and the negroes fled. Not a word was said. Merited punishment should be meted to such evil doers. —Alamance Gleaner.

A fine monument has been erected at Crawfordville, to Hon. A. H. Stephens. It is capped by a life-sized statue of the great statesman. The inscriptions are well selected. On one side is a passage from his Augusta speech: "I am afraid of nothing on earth or about the earth, or under the earth, except to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil or dreading no consequences." Another is: "Here sleep the remains of one who dared to tell the people they were wrong when he believed so, and who never intentionally deceived a friend or betrayed an enemy.—News-Observer.

A Sad Warning.

The suicide of young F. H. Milburn, the son of the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, is an incident of more than ordinary sadness even among suicides. The young man, who was about thirty or thirty-five years of age, registered his name as a Chicago hotel at 8 o'clock Saturday evening and paid the clerk a dollar, which it afterward appeared was all the money he had. The next afternoon at 3 o'clock, young Milburn had not come out of his room, and the messenger being unable to get any response to his knock at the door, entered through the transom. A ghastly and bloody sight presented itself. The body of the young man was lying across the bed, his throat cut from ear to ear, so deep that the head appeared to be almost dissevered from the body, and beneath it a basin nearly full of blood. The preparations for the desperate act had been careful and complete.

In the dead man's pocket was found a letter from his blind and aged father written from Jacksonville, Florida. It seems that young Milburn had desired to come to his father's home and had asked for money to pay his way. The response was that the place was entirely filled up and there was absolutely nowhere to put him, and that he could not send him any more money for the reason that he had none to send. The old man's income is but $900 a year, and out of that he could support himself and his adopted daughter, who acts as his guide, only by the sharpest self denial. If his son had come to Jacksonville there was no employment for him there; he would have been idle and a burden upon his father, which the latter could not sustain. It was, therefore, better for the young man to remain in Chicago, where his business capacity, his father felt sure, would command employment which would at least afford a living.

Young Milburn was out of employment and without funds and his father had no home to which he could take him. This was a sad situation. But it does not account for the suicide. Many a man has been in such a situation and has contended against his ill-fortune and come out victorious. The cause of the suicide was deeper, and his career down the road to ruin is a striking warning to young men. Young Milburn had excellent opportunties. He had advantages of education and the blessing of a good father to train him, and and he possessed excellent capacity for business. But he seems to have been a wayward son. He contracted the thirst for liquor in his youth, the period of life when drunkards are ordinarily made, and according to the dispatches he could not conquer it. It is the chief danger to boys in drinking, for in boyhood the taste for alcohol is quickly formed and when formed at this period is seldom overcome. And so it appears the young man went on in his career squandering his health and his strength waich should have been his capital in his later years. He had a father who was deprived of his sight, and it was his duty to have cared for that afflicted parent, making life as bright and happy for him as possible and supporting him in his old age. Instead of that he wandered farther and farther away from the path of duty, where he should have been a help and a blessing, until he has anually closed his career by an act which will doubtless bring the gray hairs of his venerable father down with sorrow to the grave.—Baltimore Sun.

Pigmies vs. Giants.

Lilliputian as they are in size (being no larger than mustard seeds), they achieve results that their Brobdingnagian opponents utterly fail in. We refer to the efficacy of the powerful preparation known as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, compared with that of their gigantic competitors, the old-style pill. Try the little giants, when dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, billiousness, or any kindred ills assail you, and you'll make no mistake—they'll disappear at once.

DR. GRAVES IS FREE.

The Famous Poisoned Whisky Case of Denver Is Probably Ended.

DENVER, Col., May 29.—Dr. J. Thatcher Graves, who last year was convicted of the murder of Mrs. Josephine Barnaby, of Providence, R. I., and sentenced to be hanged, is to-day a free man for the first time in two years. This morning he appeared in Judge Burns' court, where his motion for a new trial has been pending for some weeks. Without any delay the court set the new trial for June 12th and fixed the bail at $30,000, Judge Macon, the Doctor's attorney, signed the bond and the prisoner walked from the court room a free man.

The general opinion among lawyers and court officials is that this ends the famous case, as there is no expectation that the second trial will ever be called, and the final motion will probably be a nolle prosequi.

Last Thursday, near Gibsonville, a little child of Mr. and Mrs. John Summers fell in a tub of water and was drowned. The Gleaner extends sympathy to the bereaved.—Alamance Gleaner.

Now's the time to renew your subscription to the PATRIOT.

NAMELESS GRAVES.

National Cemeteries where an army of Union Soldiers Sleep in Graves Marked "Unknown."

The bones of those who fell in defence of the Union were carefully garnered into eighty-two national cemeteries.

In the eighty-two national cemeteries are buried 327,179 soldiers, of whom nearly one-half are classified as "unknown." Most of the cemeteries are cared for by superintendents who are paid from $60 to $75 a month. The superintendents are under the direction of army officers. There are six districts, with a commanding officer for each district. The commander at Atlanta, Ga., supervises twenty-six cemeteries in the States east of the Mississippi river and south of Kentucky and Virginia, including Louisiana and Texas. The commander at Washington, D. C., controls twenty-eight cemeteries, of which twenty-two are in Virginia and Maryland, three others in contiguous States, the Custer battlefield on the Little Big Horn river, Mont., and "Mexico City" in Mexico. The four Illinois cemeteries and ten west of the Mississippi river and north of Louisana and Texas are under command of an officer at St. Louis. The eight cemeteries in Kentucky and Indiana are directed by an officer at Jeffersonville, Ind. An officer at Philadelphia is responsible for the cemeteries on the Delaware river, while those in this State are controlled by New Yorkers.

Twenty-one cemeteries contain over five thousand bodies each, and among them are the famous burial places at Corinth and Vicksburg, in Mississippi, two-thirds of whose dead are unknown. Of the unknown who are laid in the other cemeteries, Fredericksburg, Va., has four-fifth, and Richmond, Va., seven-eighths, and at Salisbury, N. C., out of a total of 12,132, only ninety-seven are known.

But at Andersonville, Ga., and Hampton, Va., more than nine-tenths are identified; at Arlington, Va., nearly three-quarters; at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Marietta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn., more than two-thirds; at the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., nineteen-twentieths, and at the little cemeteries of St. Augustine, Fla., and Battle Ground, Washington, D. C., all are identified.

There are 9,300 Confederate soldiers buried in these cemeteries, principally at Camp Butler, Ill.; Cypress Hills, N. Y.; Finn's Point, N. J.; Fort Smith, Ark.; Hampton, Va.; Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and Woodlawn (Elmira), N. Y.

The largest numbers of interments are at Vicksburg, where there are 16,620 of the dead. At Nashville 16,532 are buried. The smallest national cemetery is at Beverly, N. J., and contains only 164.

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for the past thirty-five years. On the 26th of May, while in Des Moines, en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhœa. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for the past seventeen years, and knowing its reliablity, he procured a 25 cent botte, two doses of which completely cured him. The excitement and change of water and diet incident to traveling often produce a diarrhœa. Every one should procure a bottle of this Remedy before leaving home. For sale by Ward and Watkins.

No Use Boxing the Compass.

Anent the discussion of the famous Briggs case, the New York Evening Post, of the 22nd ult., contained the following:

The President's pastor in New York does not appear to be of one mind with the President's pastor in Washington on the Briggs case. The former, who uniformly voted in favor of the accused professor in his trials before the Presbytery, preached eloquently yesterday in favor of harmony, without mentioning names, whereupon the Washington pastor, in whose pulpit the whole scene took place, could not contain himself, and remarked, in a deliberate and emphatic manner in a loud voice, that "the real cause of the dissension in the Church is Dr. Briggs, in whose shoes I would not be for all the world." This plainness of speech, it must be confessed, is somewhat refreshing, after the usual circumlocutions of pulpit discourse, and brings to mind the story of another Briggs and another preacher—Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, and the eccentric Father Taylor, the sailors' pastor of Boston. The latter, on the eve of a State election, was making the usual decorous prayer on the subject, asking the Lord to give the people for Governor "a man who will rule in the fear of God," etc., etc., when he suddenly broke off; "Pshaw, Lord! What's the use of boxing the compass like that—give us Gov. Briggs!"

And why not? If anything is wanted and is to be prayed for—why not do it explicitly?

Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you use Chambelain's Pain Balm. Try it and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. The first application will quite the pain. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward and Watkins.

A Woman's Weakness.

You may talk of brainy woman an' go
braggin' up the sex,
But I've got no gret opinion of the
critters' intellecks;
Sometimes they seem quite sensible,
but you will allers find
Some curis, crazy crotchet in the
cranky, female mind.

Now, there's 'Lizy Ann McClarigan—
that uster be a Brown,
She was, as everybody said, the smartest gal in town;
She married Jim McClarigan, the editor, you know,
An' moved away to Centerville some
twenty year ago.

Jim bo't the local paper out an, things
went midlin' well
Until he got onstiddy, an' then every
little spell
He'd go upon a jamboree an' stay a
week or so
An' squander all his currency an' let
the printin' go.

An' 'Lizy Ann, (I must admit the gal
in some respecks
Was marster smart in business, considerin' her sex.)
She'd go and help the devil sling them
types an' things about,
An' hustle 'round an' print the news,
an' git the paper out.

So things went on from year to year
an' Jim he got so low
He disremembered how to draw a sober breath, an' so
She had to run the household an' the
printin' office too,
Till Jim, he got the jams an' bid this
thirsty world adoo.

But 'Lizy kep' the paper up—I guess
she makes it pay,
An' she runs a better paper than Jim
ever did, they say;
An' she's bringin' up five children, an'
a-schoolin' of 'em all,
An' Jack, the oldest boy, is goin' to
college in the fall.

Now mebbe yon'd think that woman
an exception to the rool,
But, Lord' she's jest like all the rest
an' more or less a fool,
For I heerd her tell Squire Adams she
thought it wrong because
The women had no chance to vote an'
help to make the laws.

Now I'd most darnedly like to know
jest what a woman thinks
She'd do at 'lectioneerin' an' a-settin'
up the drinks,
An' a-packin' of the caucuses an' keepin' with the ring
An' a-ropin' in the floaters—an' all
that sorter thing.

It seems so blame redicerlous when
women tries to mix
Theirselves up with the mysteries that
makes up politics;
An' a lump of indignation allers rises
in my throat
When one has the cheek to tell me
that she knows enough to vote.

When they keeps their proper places
I am friendly to the sex,
Tho' I've got no great opinion of the
critters' intellecks;
Sometimes they seem quite sensible,
but you will allers find
Some curis, crazy crotchet in the
cranky female mind.

—By Clarence H. Pearson.

The Palmetto State and the Saloon Business.

South Carolina will go into the retail liquor business on the 1st of July. Gov. Tillman has just laid in a big supply of bug juice and proposes to make for the State in increased revenues duting the year $500,000, or $1 on every gallon of whisky sold. Nothing will be sold in packages of less than one-half pint.

All liquors must be of the purest quality. The price of the cheapest is $3 a gallon, 75 cents a quart and 20 cents a half pint. This will of course prove the most popular brand.

The dispensaries are to be situated in such counties as may petition for them through a majority of its freehold voters. They will be under the survelance of the county constable or some officer appointed for the purpose and must be closed ot 6 o'clock every evening.

Applicants for the goods dispensed at these establishments must sign an application stating the amount and kind desired. No one will be allowed to sign more than one application a day.

The advantages claimed for this system of liquor dealing are that it will break up drinking to excess, prevent the congregation of crowds around the bar rooms, mitigate the evils of the saloon business, prevent the public disorder and troubles incident to intoxication. But the principal thing claimed for it by Mr. Tillman is that it will increase the revenues of the State. Both the method employed and the object to be gained appear to us very questionable. The whole scheme seems more like a plan to encouarge drinking for the raising of revenue rather than its suppression. Should it succeed in doing this its promoters will doubtless point at it as a great triumph of paternalism. To say the least, it is of doubtful economy and very questionable as to its moral effects. —Carolinian.

The Witty Irishman.

when told by a doctor that his liver was almost gone, said, "Faith, it's glad I am, it's allers bothered me!"

The liver, more than any other organ, is the index of the body. With a morbid liver the whole system is out of gear! Most powerful for the restoration of this "citidel of health," is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Its action is direct, prompt, effectual! Recommended by eminent physicians, it has gained a universal reputation as the "Great Liver Regulator!" Correct the liver, and you cure many ills! The "Golden Medical Discovery," is warranted in all cases of liver disease and blood disorders to benefit or cure, or money promptly and cheerfully returned.

"Those were indeed good old times! Whenever a knight saw his creditors approaching, he simply pulled up his drawbridge."—Fliegende Blaetter.

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DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' and Children's SHOES and OXFORD TIES, Men's and Boy's FINE and COMMON SHOES, HOSIERY, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c., Ladies' Gauze Vests from 8¼ to 75 cents each, Men's gauze underware Black, Blue, Pink and Cream, Henriettas, White Goods, and Laces, Crepons in all the Shades, Colored and Plain Satins, a large stock of Ginghams and Chambrays,

LACE CURTAINS,

From 75 cents per pair up,

White Counterpins from $1.00 to $5.00, White Table Linens, Napkins and Doilies, Silk Umbrellars, $1.25 to $3.00. All of the very best GOODS at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

W. R. Murray.

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Any Size Glass Kept in Stock.

HATS! HATS!

We have just received an immense stock of HATS of every description. Also a line of

Drummers Sample Hats, 850

different STYLES, which we will sell at about HALF PRICE. And if you need a PAIR of SHOES or SLIPPERS do not buy until you see what we have. You will also find a good stock of DRY GOODS NOTIONS, &c., to make your selection from. Give us a trial.

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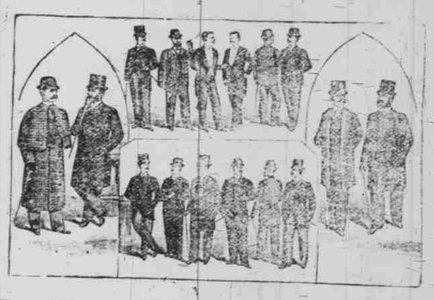

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