THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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Apr. 10 1y

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W. T. WHITSETT, A.M., PRINCIPAL.

GIBSONVILLE, N. C.

Term opens WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

May 17-tf.

Woman's Worry.

What is it that wears a woman out?
It isn't work or hurry,
Not pain of care or loss of hair,
But worry, simply worry.
She worries whenever the baby's out,
And equally when it's in.
She worries for fear that her hat's too large,
And her face a bit too thin.
She worries when hubby goes out at night
And doesn't return right early,
She worries at sight of a new white hair,
And whenever the cook is early,
She's sure there must be the dreadful note
At night when the door-bell rings,
And every alien telegram's
Suggestive of awful things.
She worries for fear it's going to rain
When she's shopping a little bit—
For fear that the train will leave the track,
And for fear that her dress won't fit,
But in the great affairs of life,
Where grim, relentless trouble preys,
She puts her petty troubles by
And locks them up for lighter days.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Dr. Pritchard Favors a State Guard Encampment at the Guilford Battle Ground.

After the unveiling of the Holt monument on the 4th of July, when we were partaking of what Drs. Winston and Battle pronounced the best picnic dinner they ever ate, which the left hands of Mrs. Judge Schenck and daughter and Mrs. J. F. Jordan had prepared for us, our worthy townsman, Mr. Wittkowsky, said to Gov. Carr that he thought it would be a capital idea to have the State Guard hold its next encampment on the Guilford Battle Ground, and it would add immense interest to the occasion if they would fight a sham battle after the plan of the original fight, just as Judge Schenck had detailed it to us that day. The Governor seemed to be struck with the proposition, and I beg leave to second the suggestion and to ask the press of the State to advocate it. The grounds are ample, the groves lovely and the associations of the place such as must awaken the most enthusiastic order of patriotism in the hearts of our citizen soldiery.

I beg leave to print a part of a private letter, received to-day from Judge Schenck, who, in my judgment, himself deserves a monument for the unselfish devotion he has manifested in trying to arouse the dormant patriotism of his countrymen, as illustrating how a visit to that sacred spot affected me and others: "I am much gratified to hear of the inspiration which you gathered from the battle ground. It always does me good when my friends go away better patriots than they came, more inspired with State pride, with a greater love for our history and a greater desire to see it developed and the truth established. We want to make it what you have now stamped as its name and character—'a Mecca of patriotism,' and we want the good men of the State to come and see what we have done and to enter in with us in the good work. We want the wealthy men of North Carolina to help us erect monuments, and we want those who have not got the money to talk for us and sympathize with us, and for that reason I always try to gather together good and intelligent men and feed them something intellectual and let them go away to act as missionaries for us among the people. I am glad to tell you that President Winston went away from the battle ground with about the same feelings that you possess and that he is coming back to visit me and spend a day on the battle field, and if it is pleasing to you, I would be glad to have you join him. In fact our friends are laying out some big work in the near future and it seems to me that the battle ground will run and forward with a stride it has never known before."

Ex-Governor Holt said in his speech on the 4th that "North Carolina had made more history and written less than any State in the Union," and he also said that "there was not in the whole State a single statue of a native North Carolinian." There is an abundant need for such men as Judge Schenck and I for one can bid him a hearty God-Speed in his enterprise.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

Mary Yellin'.

The strident, flint-and-file voice of Mary Yellin' Lease is again being heard in the land shouting woe! woe! But it is vain to say whoa, whoa, to Mary Yellin'. She has signed a contract to utter every word in the language and she cannot be headed off. She is the prophetess of dissolution, the oratrix of famine, the priestess of despair. Like the ill-fated Romeo, "affliction is enamored of her parts and she is wedded to calamity." Mary Yellin' is never so happy as when she is in the agonies of despair. Like the Prophet Jonah she prophesies the coming of destruction and is exceeding wroth when destruction fails to arrive. And whenever Mary Yellin' carries her milk sourling visage and cat-fight voice there is wailing and sorrow. She is a blight on the harvest, a murrain in the cattle, a mortgage on the farm, a "misery" in the stomach and a pain in the face. Her mouth is a Pandora's box in which abide all the ills of life, but without hope. No trace of hope can be found in the pestiferous, yellow feverish, simoonic and all destroying oratory of Mary Yellin'. Her fiery tongue scorches all vegetation, parches the earth and dries up the running stream. May the good Lord deliver us from Mary Yellin'.—South Exchange.

A Postmaster Who Tumbled.

It was in a Far West village of about 500 people, and the Postmaster was so bland and courteous when the mail came in that I felt it my duty to give him a few words of praise.

"I hev to do it—hev to do it!" he whispered in reply. "Come to the door with me. D'ye see them three graves over thar?"

"Yes."

"Them's my predecessors in office—three of 'em!"

"Postmasters who have died, eh?"

"Postmasters who hev been killed, sir—wined out right here because they didn't tumble to human natur' around a post office!"

"You must have a special brand of human nature in this town?" I queried.

"Exactly, sir. Mebbe you noticed old Hill Wheeler? He's never got a letter in his life and probably never will, but when he asks for mail I go over the hull grist and do it mighty careful, too. If I jest said, 'Nuthing for you, Bill' he'd out with a gun and blaze away. Did ye take notice of that one-eyed feller—Jim Hastings? Of course I know that ain't no letter for him, but I hev to run 'em over and inquire about his health and keep good-natured. He shot the first Postmaster here. P'haps you observed the little old woman with a bundle under her arm—John Dawson's wife? Her husband shot the second Postmaster because he wouldn't open the office Sunday afternoon."

"And what was the third one shot for?"

"Got too high toned. Uncle Tom Wallace tried to get him out of bed at mid-night to see if thar was a letter for him, but he bucked. Uncle Tom kinder hated to shoot, but felt that orter do it fur an example."

"And do you get up nights?"

"I don't hev to, I leave the mail out here in a basket, keep a light burnin' and the door open, and if anyone wants to paw the grist over he's at liberty to do it. It's the same on Sundays, and I guess the folks are purty well satisfied with the way things is runnin'. Leastwise I hain't bin shot at in the four months I've had the place, and I take that as a sign."

M. QUAD.

Marriage Maxims.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Never both be angry at the same time.

Never meet without a loving welcome.

Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievances.

Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another.

Let each one strive to yield most often to the wishes of the other.

Never make a remark at the expence of the other—it is meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.

The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness.

Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have confessed it and asked forgiveness.

A Heartless Dad.

First Boy: I'm going to run away from home.

Second Boy: Been abused?

First Boy: Yes. Pop rigged up a funny monkey that danced when you turned a big crank, and put it upstairs in the barn for me. The crank turned awful hard, but I kept the monkey dancing all the afternoon; and now I've found out that pop had that crank connected with the grindstone and he was downstairs sharpening everything in the house.—Good News.

Had Never Killed a Man.

Bingo Bill—"No, sir I've seen some tuff times and bin t'rous some hard scrimmages, but I hain't never kilt a man yit."

Tenderfoot—"Why, some one down at camp told me that you could take aim by sound, and said you shot two men just as they were crawling out from under your tent with a bag of gold."

Bingo Bill—"Oh, ya-a-ss, but them wuz Chinymen."

Here Lies!

Epitaphy is a demoralizing kind of taffy. It appears on the tombstone, and eulogizes the dead almost to the very stars. The usual method of beginning, is: "Here lies." Very suggestive, for the lies are frequently quite astonishing—almost enough so to both amuse and amaze the dead of whom they are written. A truthful epitaph, in many instances, would be: "Here lies one who omitted to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If sick and suffering, and dreading premature death, test the potent remedy. It cures all chronic, liver, blood, and lung diseases, as billiousness, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, salt-rheum, tetter, erysipelas, and even scrofula of the lungs (or Consumption), if taken in time.

A SENSATIONAL FUNERAL.

The Crown that Pressed into the Meeting House to See a Murdered Family.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 12.—The most sensational funeral ever held in this county, if not in the State, was that this morning of Daniel S. Kreider, wife and four children, murdered at Cando, Md., by Hibert Bomberger.

The bodies were laid side by side in Risser's Menonite meeting house in Mount Joy township, and as early as 6 o'clock this morning, when the doors opened, a steady stream of people poured into the building to get a look at the murdered people. Even at 4 o'clock the roads leading to the church were filled with vehicles, which by the time announced for the services filled every available space within half a mile of the church.

It is estimated that there were 3,000 carriages and 15,000 persons present. Owing to the crowd the services were held both in and outside the church.

The jam to get into the building to see the victims was so great that many women fainted. Those who got among the crowd were forced in by the pressure and the only way of exit was through the window.

The bodies were laid side in one grave, 14 feet long and 7½ feet wide. After the funeral the great concourse was fed from the house of the murdered woman's father, John H. Risser, who lives near by.—Charlotte Observer.

EASY MONEY CONDITIONS.

Return Flow of Currency to New York from the Country.

NEW YORK, July 12.—At several of the largest banks it was said to-day that considerable amounts of currency had been received yesterday and again this morning. One large Broadway bank has received $500,000 in currency and gold from the country. Some of the gold was received back from California. The Fourth National Bank received $34,000 in currency yesterday from country correspondents, and to-day its receipts of currency by the first express delivery amounted to $15,000, with a lot more in sight. As an indication of the easier conditions prevailing it was reported today that many country banks were remitting currency here and getting back some of their bills receivable, which they had rediscounted three or four weeks ago, taking advantage, of course, of the rebate in discount for the unexpired time. At all of the large banks to-day it was said that demands from out-of-town customers for accommodations were lighter than they had been for weeks. The down town banks still report a scarcity of currency, but it is believed that the supply will soon be more than equal to the demand. The offer of some banks to pay the express charges on currency from the country has had a very stimulating effect on shipments to this city.

IT PAYS TO FARM.

When Intelligence and the Best Methods are Employed.

"Only a boy," is a very common phrase, and it generally means that a youngster cannot be expected to settle down to the serious business of life and achieve any marked degree of success.

This is a mistake. Frank Hagan, of Ingersell, Tex., is sixteen years old. He has just quit school after winning several prizes. During his school days he cultivated three acres of land at odd times, producing cabbage weighing thirty pounds and onions averaging a pound each. The crop netted him enough to pay for forty-eight head of range cattle.

This year young Hagan has rented fifteen acres from his father, furnishing all the vegetables the family can consume as rental. He will have four acres of oats that will yield seventy-five bushels per acre, six acres of Irish potatoes yielding about twenty barrels to the acre, three acres of cabbage that have 9,000 plants to the acre, expected to average eight pounds to the head, and the remainder of the land is devoted to onions that will yield 600 bushels to the acre. He is also raising a large number of turkeys.

The boy works only one hand, and will clear at least $1,000 for his year's work. He is now offered $1.50 per barrel for onions, 3 cents per pound for cabbage, and $2 per barrel for potatoes. He takes several agricultural journals, and is quite an authority on all matters pertaining to farming.

There is plenty of room in the South for such boys. They are needed to help the old folks and to advertise the fact to the world that farming in this region is a money-making business, when it is rightly managed.

That Texas boy deserves a medal.—Atlanta Constitution.

"My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhœa. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhœa or colic medicine.—J. E. Hate, Trenton, Tex. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward and Watkins.

Tutt's Pills cure sick Headache.

THE RIOTING CONTINUES.

Nugera's Body Hurried Away.

PARIS, July 5.—The body of Nugera, the young man killed during the fighting between the police and the students in the Latin quarter, was sent to the home of his parents in Lyons to-day. The authorities feared the rioters would take advantage of the shipment of the body to cause further trouble and considerable secrecy was observed in transferring the body from the morgue to the Lyons railway station.

At an early hour this morning the coffin containing the remains were placed in a hearse and taken to the station, the route followed being through unfrequented streets. Early risers who saw the hearse paid very little attention to it, beyond lifting their hats in accordance with the custom of saluting the dead that prevails here.

The students and their allies in the rioting did not know of the transfer therefore no riotous demonstration occurred.

As the day wore on the rioters, hundreds of whom have no connection with the students, gathered in the vicinity of the markets and restarted disturbances. Several conflicts occurred between the rioters on the other. The crowd was composed of the riff-raff of the city, the majority being out of work or men who never work. The fighting was quite severe and numbers on both sides were injured.

The affair has assumed such a serious aspect that the authorities, who at first imagined that it was due entirely to the effervescence of the more mischievous of students, have determined to restore order at any cost. The disorderly element in all parts of the city took advantage of the demonstration of the students to join in to create disorder and now, as a matter of fact, they and not the students as a body are responsible for the rioting. To-day almost the whole of Paris is occupied by troops who are under orders to repress disorder with strong hand.

The government has not yet carried out its threat to close Labor Exchange. It was decided this morning to allow the building to remain open for a little while longer.

POSSUMPHAT'S CHRISTENING.

It Cost Uncle Jim Crow a Licking and Uncle Sam Crow Six Months.

"Don't you know how Hoke Smith's famous riding horse Possumphat got his name?" asked Mr. E. S. Flint, a well known cotton broker from Galveston. Mr. Flint is a personal friend of the Secretary whose first name has made him famous, and he addressed this question to a party of friends in the cafe of the Hotel Bristol.

"No. Let us have the story," came in unison from the party.

"Well, it was in this way," said Mr. Flint. "You see, Hoke Smith had a favorite old negro servant, Uncle Jim, whose business it was to exercise the secretary's horse when he lived down in Atlanta. Uncle Jim, like all other good old Southern darkies, has a tender spot in his heart for sweet potatoes baked with the fat of a 'possum. One morning, shortly before the Honorable Hoke's appointment to Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, Uncle Jim had his marster's horse out for a morning constitutional when he met a friend, Uncle Sammy Boss, jogging along the road on his old black mule. The two niggers gradually let the conversation drift into the discussion of things to eat. The talk about corn pone, crackling bread, and watermelons made Uncle Sammy's mouth water and worked him up to such a state of excitement that he challenged Uncle Jim to a guessing contest.

"'I ain't no bettin' man,' said Uncle Sammy, 'but I'll lay you dis-umbrel again dat ar linen duster dat I kin guess de bessest thing to eat de bery fust guess.'

"Uncle Jim said he would bet his linen duster, on condition that he might have the first guess. Uncle Sammy agreed, and both got down off their animals; and the articles were laid on the rail fence for the winner.

"'Well, here is my say,' said Uncle Jim. 'Sweet taters and 'possum fat.'

"Uncle Sammy grew blue with anger, for he couldn't grow red, and then picked up a short piece of rail and started for Uncle Jim.

"'Yo outlandish niggar,' he said. 'You sarvant of po' white trash, you ain't never lef me nuffin to guess at.' With this he gave Uncle Jim a beating which laid him up for some weeks. The Hon. Hoke Smith had a charge of assault and battery preferred against Uncle Sammy, and Uncle Sammy was sent to the county jail for six months. When the story of the guessing contest was brought out by Mr. Smith at Uncle Sammy's trial, it was the standing joke of his friends for a month, and the horse that Uncle Jim rode that morning has been called Possumphat ever since."

New York Sun.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 4.—Fully 1,000 people saw Clifford Galvery perform some wonderful feats on his wire stretched across the Niagara gorge this afternoon. He beat all wire records by running across the wire at full speed in two minutes and thirty-five seconds, one minute faster than the record established last summer by Dixon.

TILLMAN'S LIQUOR LAW.

Blind Tigers are Plenty in Charleston.—Another Legal Complication.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 11.—This city is still waiting the punishment promised it by Governor Tillman for refusing to take the State cocktail from a State dispensary. The dispensary law has been in operation now nearly two weeks. Although a few barrooms have been closed most of the 200 are still open and some of them display signs with lists of soft drinks, but the tiger lurks in the rear and shows himself whenever the password is given. The city is filled with Gov. Tillman's secret detectives, but most of them are known, and they have not yet made a move. No informations have been lodged as yet for violation of the law, although it is violated daily.

It is said that the papers have been prepared, however, and the Governor is expected to swoop down on the city at any moment. Another complication has arisen as to the supply of alcohol for the druggists. One of the largest manufacturing drug concerns in the city wrote to the State dispensary for a barrel of alcohol, and was told in reply that, as Charleston repudiated the dispensary, no alcohol could be sold to the druggists. They will probably order their alcohol from the North, as usual, and have it shipped here, depending on the railroads to deliver it. The people here are much elated at the decision of Judge Hudson, declaring the dispensary law unconstitutional, and the local liquor dealers are again looking to the courts for relief. One of them to-day took out a United States internal revenue license and will open a barroom under it to-morrow, in order to make a test case.—Charlotte Observer.

Vance's Best Wit and Wisdom.

The very best of the many good and humorous things that Senator Vance has "got off" in the last forty years is, we think, the following. It is very happy. It is both witty and wise. It is but little known and yet it is authentic. Here it is: "Just after Vance was elected to the United States Senate and was not allowed to take his seat on account of his war record, he was returning home sad and dejected. In front of him on the cars sat a Presbyterian and a Methodist preacher discussing the doctrines of their respective churches—election, predestination, free grace, etc. Coming to no agreement, as might have been expected, for two theological disputants of opposing schools never accomplish the impossible feat of convincing each other of their gross errors, and noticing the interest of Vance, who was a stranger to them both, they asked him what he thought of the question. Vance's reply was: "Well, gentlemen, I'm a Presbyterian myself, but my experience has taught me that your election is not worth a continental if you don't have your disabilities removed.'"—Wilmington Messenger.

She was Willing to give Up All.

When Queen Elizabeth of England, found death approaching her, she cried despairingly, "All my possessions for a moment of time!" There are wealthy ladies to-day, the world over, who would gladly exchange their riches for sound health. Many are made well and happy by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a never failing cure for diseases so common to women. As a corrective for all functional weaknesses it is of universal repute among the sex, and thousands of pale, worn out, enfeebled victims have been changed into vigorous women and girls by its use. Guaranteed to give satisfaction, or price refunded. Druggists have it.

The Kansas Way.

The following appears at the foot of a bill head of a Kansas physicians. It is unique, original and pointed, and we presume effective: "A prompt settlement of this bill is requested. If bills are paid monthly a discount of 10 per cent. is given. Bills not paid promptly will be passed to my attorney for collection. If you pay your physician promptly he will attend you promptly, night or day, rain or shine while your slow neighbor suffers and waits, as he made the doctor and while he is waiting the angels gather him in.—Messenger.

Blaine's reciprocity idea doesn't seem to have worked out well in practice. For instance, our exports to Brazil increased $1,095,706 in twelve months but our imports increased $39,256,024.—Winston Sentinel.

A Georgia man has paid for a farm with the melons off it, to say nothing of the struggling young doctors he has firmly established in business.—Wilson Mirror.

Last fall I was taken with a kind of a summer complaint, accompanied with a wonderful diarrhœa. Soon after my wife's sister, who lives with us, was taken in the same way. We used almost everything without benefit. Then I said, let us try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which we did, and that cured us right away. I think much of it, as it did for me what it was recommended to do.—John Hertzler, Bethel, Berks Co., Pa. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward & Watkins.

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The general "WIND-UP" of the POWELL & WHARTON DRY GOODS and MILLINERY STOCK has come. I have purchased the entire stock of O. W. CARR, Assignee, at less than ⅓ its original New York COST PRICE.

HUNDREDS of DOLLARS WORTH

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Everybody Knows What "Racket" prices

are. Well I want to inform the readers of the "Patriot" and the public in general, that Regular Racket Prices cannot come within 40 rows of Apple trees of the prices at which these goods are being SLAUGHTERED.

Don't Wait.

These goods will be sold at once. My object and purpose in buying this stock was to close it out at once, and I am doing it. Come on! If you expect to get your share of the BARGAINS.

Respectfully,

SAMPLE S. BROWN,

K. of P. Building GREENSBORO, N. C.

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LACE CURTAINS,

From 75 cents per pair up,

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

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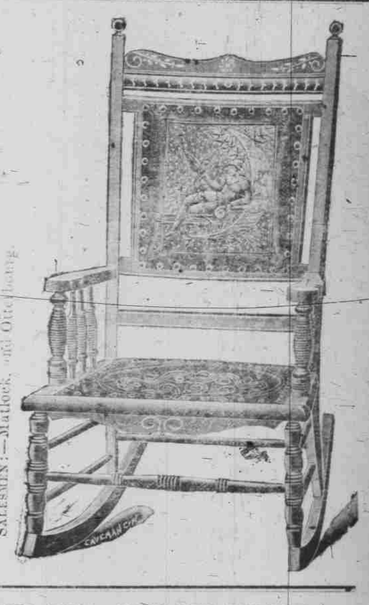

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Hudson Store Company,

TOM SHERWOOD, Manager.

518 South Elm Street, GREENSBORO, N. C.