THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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Term opens WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1893.

May 17-tf.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past
When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now, tell me each one, please, in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees,"
Cried your little North street Kitty,
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great, big city."

Bless, it never had occurred
Of the home beyond the river,
She simply took each perfect gift
And received the loving giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair;
Her voice was clear and ringing
And tell the Easter anthem choir,
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
"To me a place for outdoor playing."
But Hildred drew her thin chest close—
For "warm and food" she was praying.

The clock tell twice. But one child left—
My sister, thoughtful Fanny:
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place where you're never sorry."

W. B. Allen in Sunday School Times.

A BURGLARY.

I once knew two industrious mechanics named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt in a ramshackle tenement at Sault aux Bulonil, where each had a dozen children to support besides their wives, who, it is unnecessary to relate, were drones. They were only nominally acquainted with the goodly art commonly associated with their calling.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers. They worked for hire the night and so customarily the chill mists of dawn had begun to break on the narrow city pavements before their labors would cease. No one could truthfully say that theirs was not a hard original pulser. Sometimes they did not toil in vain. It depended largely upon the police.

It was early one November that this brawny handed pair planned the burglary of a certain safe located in a wholesale establishment in St. Mar's street. On the particular evening that Pierre and Baptiste hid upon for the deed the head bookkeeper had been having a wrangle with his accounts.

"I don't make head or tail of this!" he declared to the cashier, the senior member of the firm, "yet I am convinced everything must be right. An error of several hundred dollars has been carried over from each daily footing, but where the error begins or ends I'm blessed if I can find out."

The fact was that the monthly sales had been unusually heavy, and a page of the balance had been mislaid. The head bookkeeper spent upward of an hour in rooting up both the ruffles of himself and his subordinates after the establishment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper determined to return and locate the deficit if he didn't get a wink of sleep until morning.

Bookkeepers, it must be borne in mind, have highly sensitive organisms, which are susceptible to the smallest stain reflecting upon their probity or skill. At 8:30 the bookkeeper returned and commenced anew his critical calculations. He worked precisely three hours and a half, at the end of which period he suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"Idiot! Why haven't you looked in the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances to one they have been improperly numbered!"

He turned over the pages of the balance on his desk, and, sure enough, the usual numerical mark or designation in the upper left hand corner which should follow 41 was missing. Page 42 in all likelihood had slipped into some remote corner of the safe.

The safe was a large one, partially receding into the wall and containing all the papers, documents and several day receipts in cash and drafts of the firm.

The head bookkeeper, in his efforts at unearthing the lost page of the cash balance was obliged to intrude his entire person into the safe. Fearful lest the candle he held should attract attention from the street, showing out as it did against the black recesses of the safe, upon entering it he drew the door slightly ajar.

As he stepped in the tail of his coat caught on an angle of the huge riveted lock, the massive gate swung to as if it weighed no more than a pound, and the bookkeeper was a prisoner.

He heard the resonant click—that was all. The candle went out.

The bookkeeper at the outset lost his presence of mind. He fought like a caged animal. He first exerted almost superhuman strength against the four sides of the iron cells. Then his body collapsed, and sat for an instant losing consciousness. He found himself sitting in a partially upright position unable to remember or to think.

It was almost at the same moment, although hours seemed to have passed, that the drum of his ear, now abnormally sensitive, was almost split into fragments by a fearful, thunderous clanger rent the interior of the safe.

The bookkeeper used to observe afterward that a single second's deviation of characteristic thought and he would have gone mad. Stronger minds in a parallel situation would have indeed collapsed. But a weaker man can never confront the inevitable, but clings more stubbornly to hope. They are only weak individuals who in the act of drowning catch at straws.

As the bookkeeper felt himself gradually growing faint for want of air to breathe his trembling hope led him to deliberately crash his fist into the woodwork with which the interior of the safe was fitted, in secretaire fashion, the drawer being built above another. This gave him a few additional cubic feet of air.

As may have been conjectured, the noise which smote the bookkeeper's ear was that of a drill. Although acutely discerned within, the sound was practically smothered on the outside of the vault.

At one end of the drill was a cavity, rapidly growing larger, in one of the steel panels. At its other end was a heavy, hairy fist, part of the anatomy of Baptiste, the industrious mechanic. Baptiste held the drill while his comrade, Pierre, pounded it in.

Soon the two burglars became aware that some sort of animal commotion was going on within the safe. It nearly drove them into convulsions of astonishment. Baptiste was so startled that he dropped the drill.

"It is a ghost," he said.

Baptiste was for throwing up the job encouragingly on the spot, but this proposal met with obstacles. His fellow workman, who was of stiffer courage, rejected it with scorn, as savoring too much of the superstitious. Pierre had a large family to support, he argued. He spoke feeblly. They could not afford to throw away the opportunities of providence. To his friend and colaborer the burden of his remarks was:

"Lache! Go hon! You make me tired wiz yer ghosts an tings. Let's not have no beast foolin—see? De job is commence. Allons!"

The upshot of this was that Pierre and Baptiste went back to work. At the third crack of the drill Pierre crossed himself and said:

"Baptiste, dere's a man in dat safe!"

Both men grew pale as death at the very suggestion. Baptiste, for instance, was so frightened he couldn't utter a syllable. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. However, Pierre, as usual, was the first to recover. He applied his ear first to the lock and then to the drill hole.

"Hey, in dere!" he cried, yet not so loud as to be heard on the sidewalk. To this there came a faint response—a very faint shout indeed. It sounded as if it were a mile away:

"For God's sake, give me air! I am locked in here. Try and burst open the safe!"

The two burglars did not stop to talk, but went at once to work as if their own lives depended on the result instead of the life of the mysterious occupant of the vault. In less than four minutes they had a hole somewhat smaller than the business end of a collar button knocked into the panel of the vault.

Then Pierre and Baptiste paused to wipe the sweat from their brows. The man inside breathed.

It was now that the pair began to muse on the denouement. Could this be a member of the firm or an employee? This hypothesis jeopardized the success of the night's adventure unless when they had permitted the prisoner to emerge they bound and gagged him into silence.

On the other hand, this course would have an ugly look. If he resisted, it might mean murder in the end; whereas, if they did not let him out at all, they would stand no chance of profiting by the pecuniary contents of the safe. Besides, as the man could scarcely live thus till morning, they would be responsible for his taking off. Thus reasoned Pierre and Baptiste. These were not comforting reflections, but there was still another and a better in reserve. What if, after all, the man were himself a felon? Might he not be a companion cribcracker? In that case they would merely have to divide the spoils.

"Hey, in dere," cried Pierre, suddenly struck with an idea. "What is de combination hof de safe?"

"Fifteen—three—seventy-three!" came back in sepulchral tones.

It was evidently growing harder and harder to draw breath through the tiny aperture.

Thus it transpired that at the expiration of 15 seconds the lock of the vault gave back the same resonant click it had rendered eight minutes previously. Thanks to the timely advent of Pierre and Baptiste, it opened as lightly, as airily and as decisively as it had closed 480 seconds before on the unhappy accountant.

The head bookkeeper gasped once or twice, but without any assistance stepped out into the free air. He was very pale, and his dress was much rent and disordered when his feet touched the floor. But this pallor quickly made way for a red flush at perceiving the two burglars with the implements of their profession strewed around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste themselves stood transfixed by the sheer novelty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech or warning or without making any attempt at bravado, the bookkeeper walked deliberately to his desk and rang an electric call for the police. Simultaneously, it seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the action, he opened a drawer, took out a small revolver and covered both burglars with a fatal precision. As he did so he uttered these remarkable words:

"Gentlemen, I would indeed be the basest of men if I did not feel profoundly grateful for the service you have just rendered me. I shall always regard you as any right minded man should regard those who have saved his life with imminent peril to themselves or, which is just the same, to their liberty. Any demand in reason you make of me I shall make an effort to perform. But my duty to my employers I regard as paramount. I have accumulated a little money, and with it I propose to engage the best counsel in your defense, which is certainly marked by mitigating circumstances. If, on the other hand, you are convicted"—

Here the officers of justice entered, having broken open the door with a crash.—Strand Magazine.

The Action of Fruit on the Teeth.

There is no surer way to destroy the teeth than by the want of brushing or rinsing after eating fruit. In California, where fruit of all kinds is so cheap for 10 months in the year as to be within the reach of almost the poorest, beautiful teeth are rarely found, while it is a very common thing to see even young women with false teeth. Excess in the use of fruit sometimes produces undue acidity of the stomach, which also reacts on the teeth.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Wire For Telephoning.

A new kind of wire for telephone use, having an aluminium bronze core with a copper bronze envelope, is being experimented with in Germany. It is said to have a low resistance and great tensile strength.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Another Monument for the Battle Ground.

The Rhode Island State Society of Cincinnati met at Newport, R. I., on July 4th for the transaction of business. Among those present was the venerable Nathaniel Greene M. D. LL. D., a grandson of Gen. Greene, who is President of the Society, and now 85 years of age. Among the proceedings of this meeting of the descendants of Revolutionary soldiers, we find the following:

"The Standing Committee was authorized to memorialize the Rhode Island General Assembly at its next session to erect a monument to Major General Nathaniel Greene on the battlefield of Guilford Court House, and to secure his invaluable public papers now in private hands in Georgia."

This action was taken by the "Cincinnati" upon the suggestion of Prof. E. Graham Daves, who projected and carried out the idea of erecting a monument to the memory of the Maryland soldiers on the battlefield of Guilford Court House.

Tutts Pills require no change of diet.

A FAT MAN BLOCKED TRAFFIC.

Six not Able to Move Him—They Had to Give up their Attack after Tugging at Him for a Long Time—Even Proof Against Flies.

"Brooklyn Bridge! All out!" cried the conductor in that confident air characteristic of pullers of the bell rope, as a Bleecker street car came to a standstill at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon opposite the bridge entrance.

Three men and two women wearily made their way out of the car, mopping the perspiration from their faces. The conductor stood on the rear platform. His car was behind time and he was impatient to give the signal to start.

One passenger didn't heed his "All out!" cry. He was a big man—a fat, big man. He sat in a corner of the car, one gigantic arm resting on the window. His hat was on the seat beside him. Leaning against the head and side of the car, he was very comfortable, apparently.

The conductor looked sharply at him and then strode menacingly to the front of the car. Placing a hand on the giant's shoulder he shook him, but it was a very slight movement he made. The giant didn't budge an inch. The conductor then saw he was asleep.

"Here, now," the autocrat of the car began gruffly, "you'll have to get up. You're at the end of the road."

There was not even a snore from the big sleeper. The conductor tried his two hands now, but he made as little impression as if he were tugging at a stone, wall. He weighed only a 125 pounds, and the big man looked as if he would tip the scales at four hundred.

Backing away, the conductor took a careful survey of the beef he had been tackling. He looked perplexed. Then he became angry.

"This darned fooling's got to stop," he cried, returning to the attack. "I can't stay here all day for your pleasure. You've got to get out right now."

He went at his work like a man in the rush-line of a football eleven. He tugged and swore and swore and tugged. Not a move was made by the sleeping monster. He breathed regularly and easily and there was a childlike expression of contentment on his rosy face. The driver gave the conductor a hand, but even both of them didn't seem to be able to turn a hair of the fat man's head.

By this time several cars were blocked and many passers-by had stopped to watch the fun. Other haughty conductors, their hands on their change pockets, ran to the scene.

"Let's throw him off," suggested one.

Four of the bell-ringers stepped into the car, and they and the other conductor and the driver went to work on the peaceable fat man.

They took hold on him wherever they could—his trousers legs, his collar, his arms, and strained away. They puffed and blew and swore, but they couldn't move him. They didn't even wake him.

At him they went again when they had wiped the sweat from their brows. They were vicious now—just like dogs suffering from the heat.

"Here, no hitting below the belt!" yelled a man in the crowd who was ready to give odds that the enemy couldn't rout the fat one.

The assailing party was on a savage rush when this remark was made. The laugh from the crowd shamed them, and they drew back and mopped their brows again.

"Why don't yer get a derrick, yer jays," suggested a lad whose tattered remnant hung on one "galluss" nailed to his dirty knickerbockers.

While the attacking force was holding a council of war a shout went up from the crowd mingled with pitiful exclamations in Italian. A banana peddler's cart had been upset in the jam of cars and the City Hall perk's army of urchins was descending on the fruit like vultures.

The fat man had the sympathy of the dirty faced Arabs.

"Why don't yer let de poor bloke alone," they cried to the conductor. "He's sunstruck; dat's what he is."

A piece of banana whizzed through the air. It struck a limp conductor in the neck. A hurried consultation was held, and it was decided to retreat. The reinforcements left the car the driver took his place on the front platform and the conductor pulled the bell strap. Away started the horse, followed by the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

The fat man continued to slumber peacefully, while a fly lit on his broad nose. The conductor was tucking a handkerchief under his collar as the car disappeared.

It was whispered the fat man was a museum freak who had been "doing" the Bowery and who had been overcome by the hospitality of the natives of that part of the United States.

It Cured His Wife and Children.

PERCEPOLIS, ROBERSON CO, N. C.

We gave a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to a gentleman whose wife was bad off with bowel complaint and two doses of it cured her. His children were also taken with bowel complaint and it cured them. It is certainly a good preparation. ALDERMAN & BUIE. For sale by Ward and Watkins.

THEY MADE HIM TIRED.

They Were Too Full of Fight to Suit His Quiet Spirit and Aching Head.

It was a curious circumstance and everybody in the smoking car seemed to catch on at the same moment. On the right-hand side sat a man with a cowboy's hat, woolen shirt, red necktie, pants in his bootlegs, and a general air of toughness. Opposite him sat another man similarly attired, but with the addition of a grizzly bear's claw for a scarf-pin. One had been with us for over an hour—the last had just boarded the train, says the Detroit Free Press.

Those two men at once began to size each other up and sneer and look sarcastic. Finally the man on the right meaningly observed:

"I reckon your bag of Injun scalps is in the baggage-car, eh?"

"Yes, but my guns are yere!" promptly responded the other.

"What's the use of gun onless ye know how to shoot?"

"What's the use of a gab if you don't back it up?"

They were now hot and ready for more, and it soon came.

"Out on our ranch we size such fellers as you fur wolf bait," said the right-hand man.

"Is that so? Well, out on your ranch we don't wait to size up chaps like you. We knows 'em a mile away fur duffers."

"Take that back!"

"Never!"

They both sprang up, and of course we rushed forward to stop the fight. Near by was a man who had been trying to get to sleep to cure a headache. He sprang up, pulled off his coat, threw down his hat, and shouted at the two terrors:

"Both of you sit down as if death wasn't five feet away!"

They dropped back on the seats like bags of sand and he stood over them and demanded of the one on the right:

"Where do you camp when you're at home?"

"In Ohio," was the meek reply.

"And you!"

"In Indiana."

"I guess that's right. That's about the way I sized you up. Just a word to you. Shut right up. Don't peep another peep about b'ars, Injuns or ranches, or shootin'. You have made me tired, and if there's any more of it I'll drop both of you off this car into the ditch."

He went back to his seat to nurse his headache and the two terrors sat so quietly for the next hour that some of us wondered if they hadn't been scared to death. Later on one of them fondly caressed his b'ar-claws and the other read a dime novel and they were at peace with all the world.

How Cremation is Effected.

From the mouth of the furnace a long, narrow platform is built out, on the top of which are rails and a sort of grille or trolley, with two wheels under it at the other end. Oval-shaped irons are placed on this trolley, and on them is placed the corpse, either in a light pine coffin, or what is far better and more appropriate, in a long wrapping of some light material which completely covers the body, head and all, and allows of its being lifted out of the coffin without being in the least uncovered or unnecessarily handled.

Once the corpse is in its proper place on the trolley, with the head toward the furnace, the smallest pressure on the long lever handle of the trolley raises it without any difficulty, and the corpse is gently and reverently glided into the furnace on the rails. The oval irons just rest on the sides of the groove which is meant to receive the ashes. As soon, therefore, as everything is in its proper appointed place the trolley drops under the supporting irons and is withdrawn, the heavy iron doors are shut, the inner one that separates the furnace from the flue (which has been lit an hour and a half previously) is withdrawn by means of external weights and pulleys, and the god-head of flames, most divine element, rushes in to claim the body of its worshipper.

A low wall partly divides the fire from the chamber in which the body is placed, so the flame rising over the obstacle sweeps in a torrent over the body until it reaches the feet, where opens the return flue that leads directly back under the furnace, down a covered in passage and up the beautiful campanile-like chimney, at the base of which is another furnace of coke, through which the smoke and flame have to pass, thus being thoroughly purified before being allowed to escape into the outer air.—N. Y. Telegram.

A Pointer

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Subscribe for your home paper first then take the large papers.

Swimmin' in the Creek.

Vacation's come, and now of course.
The boys don't hev to go
To school, 'n'd soon as chores are done,
If they don't hev to hoe
Potatoes, why, all on 'em meets
Down where the trees were thick,
'Nd then onaress and with a shout
Go swimmin' in th' creek.

I tell yer what, when I wuz young
'Nd hed my holidays,
Thar warn't no pleasure 'neath the sun,
Thet's what I thought, least ways,
Thet cud compare, when days were hot,
'Nd things began to stick,
To cuttin' down through our back lot
'Nd swimmin' in th' creek.

When I wuz down to town one time
I tried a city swim
In what they calle their Rooshun baths,
Down in a cavern dim,
Where they bled me fur a dollar
Till it nearly made me sick,
'Nd I opined 'twarn't half so good
As swimmin' in th' creek.

'Nd sometimes when I hears the boys
A-shoutin' in their fun
While I'm er plowin' furrers
'Neath th' hot 'nd brillin' sun,
I wisht I wuz a boy agen
So's I cud out and lick
Right down to Sandy Holler
'Nd go swimmin' in th' creek.

ARTHUR GERRITT.

Western People Want to Partly Dissolve the Union.

The people of Creede, Col., were much distressed by the recent decline in silver and in mass meeting assembled called upon the representatives in Congress to demand an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to permit the peaceful loosening of the bond of confederation inasmuch as shall permit the founding of seperate houses of representatives for the east and west legislate, each in its separate congress, in matters of finance and trade, the two houses to co-operate with a senate as now constituted and a President of the United States who shall be commander of the army, etc. The resolutions urge the citizens of the Western States to demand from Congress such separation "to the end that we may no longer have our rights, our properties, our sacred honor in business legislated away by the eastern power, which knows not our interests, refuses to learn our needs, and will not accede us the rights our fealty and energy in the past entitle us to."

The Free Press believes it would be of great advantage to the South and West if such division could be brought about—if there were say three confederations—East, South, West, each having the power to pass such financial and trade laws as were deemed best for the section of country concerned, and the union of all being only for purposes of defense against foreign invasion. But, of course, the East would never consent to such an arrangement—it has laws favorable to its interests, by which it is enabled to prey upon the South and West; and it will never, as long as it can prevent it, suffer a change to be made, but, perhaps, the situation will not always be as now.—Kinston Free Press.

A Sad Warning.

A writer in the National Temperance Advocate gives this sad case of warning: "Perhaps few young girls of the present day, who sip a little wine or champagne occasionally, could excel in beauty or attractiveness the young girl in her teens who won the fervent love of the famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. We quote the following from one of his letters to her: 'One of the very first things that drew me toward you was your ladylike manner and deportment * * * very gentle and quiet, and modest, and retiring, as a lady's should be. Another letter contains the playful caution: 'Tell Katie to drink no champagne, and do you follow the same advice. It is a bad custom for young ladies, unless in the company of medical men or grave preachers.' The newspapers of March 5, 1893, contain the following items: "The widow of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the great Arctic explorer, is lying ill and destitute in a nearly deserted apartment-house.' 'The woman has been notified that she must leave by the 8th. All the other tenants, including the janitor, have moved from the house, which is to be given up to colored tenants.' 'An old friend, who is trying to awaken sympathy in her behalf, says that she is insane, and has an uncontrollable thirst for liquor.' Her death occurred a few days later. Dear young people, who, like this poor woman, disregarded friendly warnings, and warnings which, in these days of enlightened temperance sentiment, are far more serious and forcible, can you be quite sure, if you continue the moderate social drinking, that the future holds no such sad fate in store for you?"

A Bad Case of Flux Cured.

GEORGEVILLE, CABARRUS CO., N. C.

Mr. Allen Blockwilder had sent after the doctor, but he was not at home, having been called off on some other case. The man who came for the doctor said that Mr. Blockwilder was very sick, that he was passing blood and vomiting. We gave him a small bottle of Chamberlin's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and told him to go back and tell Mr. B. to try it. After using three-quarters of the medicine he was well.

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HUNDREDS of DOLLARS WORTH

of FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS and MILLINERY "Going" at almost "give away" prices. The sale is going on at the old stand of POWELL & WHARTON, and the sale force are tearing and cutting off the goods right and left.

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are. Well I want to inform the readers of the "Patriot" and the public in general, that Regular Racket Prices cannot come within 10 rows of Apple trees of the prices at which these goods are being SLAUGHTERED.

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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.

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The stock is composed of General DRY GOODS, SHOES, NOTIONS and HATS and most of it BRIGHT FRESH ATTRACTIVE GOODS that will sell at sight at the PRICES we are offering them. It will pay any one to call and get

Goods before the Stock is Broken.

We can and will give you RARE BARGAINS. Our sole object is to CLOSE OUT THE BUSINESS as soon as possible.

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July 5-10w.

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GUILFORD LUMBER MANUFACTURING CO.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Can supply you with anything in this line on short notice and on the most reasonable terms. See our EMBOSSED WOOD, something new, being highly ornamental and costs very little more than ordinary lumber. Used for decorative work. Agents for Hill's INSIDE SLIDING VENITIAN BLIND, best ever made, and costs very little more than the old style.

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.

Hudson Store Company,

518 South Elm Street, TOM SHERWOOD, Manager, GREENSBORO, N. C.