THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 27, 1893.

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MONEY

Wanted

[illegible]

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[illegible]

"MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"I wasn't born at sea, [illegible] Matt. I came ashore.'

This was what the immortal Dick Swiveller would have called a 'stagger.' I looked at the girl again, in-

"MAY I ASK WHERE YOU CAME FROM?"

deed, at the moment, curiously from top to toe. Without taking her eyes from mine she stood on one leg hackfully and [illegible] with the other foot. She was certainly not bad looking, though [illegible] the extraordinary headgear. [illegible] well.

'I know what you were doing there,' she cried, suddenly, pointing to my easel. 'You was painting!'

The discovery not being a brilliant one, I took no trouble to confirm it; but Matt thereupon walked over to the easel, and, stooping down, examined it with undisguised curiosity. Presently she glanced again at me.

'I know what this is!' she cried, pointing. 'It's water. And that's the sky. And those there'—for a moment she seemed in doubt, but added, triumphantly—'those are sheep!'

'Now, as the [illegible] represented a block of sheep huddling together close on a pond on a rainy common, this conjecture was not over complimentary to my artistic skill. I was on the point of correcting my estate critic, when she added, after a moment's further inspection:

'No, they're sheep. I see ye now, I know! They're sheep.'

'Pray don't touch the paint,' I suggested [illegible]

[illegible] conversation [illegible] grass, giving no further [illegible] to resume her length and shape [illegible] of limb. There was a [illegible] easiness, not to say boldness, about her manner, tempered though it was with gentle [illegible], which began to amuse me.

'Was you paint there?' she asked, abruptly.

'I replied that I could even aspire to that accomplishment, by which I understood her to mean portrait-painting, if need arose. She gave a quiet nod of satisfaction.

'There was a painter chap who came to Aberglyn last summer, and he painted William Jones.'

'Indeed!' I said, with an assumption of [illegible] interest.

'Yes. I wanted him to paint me, but he wouldn't. He painted William Jones' father, though, along o' William Jones.'

This with an air of unmistakable disgust and recrimination. I looked at the girl more observantly. It had never occurred to me till that moment that she would make a capital picture—but the sort of study which would fetch a fair price in the market. I adopted her accordingly in easy manner, which was challenged and sat down on the grass opposite to her.

'I'll tell you what it is, Matt,' I said, [illegible] 'I'll paint you, though the other painter chap won't.'

'You will?' she cried, blushing with delight.

'Certainly.' [illegible] a very nice portrait I think it will make. Big and [illegible] enough to take it your last, that I may have a better look at you.'

She obeyed me at once and threw the change thing down on the grass beside her. Then I saw that her head was covered with short black curls, clinging round a high white brow unfretted by the sun. She glanced at me [illegible] and showing her white teeth. Whatever her age was, she was quite old enough to be a coquette.

'Promise me, in addition,' I put the question, 'you have not told me how old you are.'

'I fifteen,' she replied, without hesitation.

'I should have taken you to be at least a year older.'

'It's fifteen year since William died,' she explained, 'since I come ashore.'

Although I was not a little curious to know what the 'coming ashore' meant, I felt that all my conversation had been extraordinarily [illegible] and I determined, therefore, to reserve further inquiry until another occasion. Observing that my new friend was now looking at the caravan with considerable interest, I asked her if she knew what it was, and if she had ever seen anything like it before. She replied in the negative, though I think she had a decidedly good guess as to the caravan's uses. I thought this a good opportunity to show my natural politeness. Would she like to look at the interior? She said she would, though without exhibiting much enthusiasm.

I thereupon led the way up the steps and into the vehicle. Matt followed, but, as soon as she caught a glimpse of the interior, stood timidly on the threshold. What is there in the atmosphere of a home, even the rudest, which places the visitor at a disadvantage as compared with the owner? Even animals feel this, and dogs especially, when visiting strange premises, exhibit most abject humility. But I must not generalize. The bearings of this remark, to quote my friend Capt. Cuttle, lie in the application of it. Matt for a moment was awed.

'Come in, Matt, come in,' I said.

[illegible] by slow degrees, and I noticed for the first time—seeing how neat her hat was to the roof—that she was unusually tall. I then did the honors of the place, showed her my sleeping arrangements, my culinary implements, everything that I thought would interest her. I offered her the arm-chair, or turnstool—both beds but she preferred a stool which I sometimes used for my feet, and, sitting down upon it, looked round her with obvious admiration.

"Should you like to live in a house like this?" I asked, encouragingly.

"She shook her head with decision.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"She did not exactly know why, or, at any rate, could not explain. Wishing to interest and amuse her, I handed her a portfolio of my sketches, chiefly in pencil and pen and ink, but a few in water colors. Her manner changed at once, and she turned them over with little cries of delight. It was clear that Matt had a taste for the beautiful in art, but her chief attraction was for pictures representing the human face or figure.

"Among the sketches she found a crayon drawing of an antique and blear-eyed gentleman in a skull cap, copied from some Rembrandtish picture I had seen abroad.

"'I know who this is!' she exclaimed. 'It's William Jones' father!'

"I assured her on my honor that William Jones' father was not personally known to me, but she seemed a little incredulous. Presently she rose to go.

"'I can't stop no longer,' she explained. 'I've got to go to Monkshurst for William Jones.'

"'Monkshurst? Is that where the polite Mr. Monk resides?'

"'Yes; up in the wood,' she replied, with a grimace expressive of no little dislike.

"'Is Mr. Monk a friend of yours?'

"Her answer was a very decided negative. Then, slouching to the door, she swung herself down to the ground. I followed, and stood on the threshold, looking down at her.

"'Don't forget that I'm to paint your picture,' I said. 'When will you come back?'

"'To-morrow, maybe.'

"'I shall expect you. Good-by!'

"'Good-by, master,' she returned, reaching up to shake hands.

[illegible] away towards the road and [illegible] that she took bold strides for a lady. On reaching the road she looked back and laughed, then she drew herself together and began running like a young deer, with little or nothing of her former clumsiness, until she disappeared among the sand-hills.

* * * * * * *

"Thursday.—This morning, just after breakfast, when I had entered the caravan to prepare my materials for the day's painting, Tim appeared at the door with a horrid grin.

"'There's a young lady asking for ye,' he said.

"I had forgotten for the moment my appointment of the day before, and, when I leaped from the caravan, I perceived standing close by, with her back to me and her face toward the lake, the figure of a young woman. At first I failed to identify her, for she wore a black hat and a white feather, a cloth jacket, and a dress which almost reached the ground; but she turned round as I approached her and I recognized my new acquaintance.

"I cannot say that she was improved by her change of costume. In the first place, it made her look several years older—in fact, like a young woman; in the second place, it was lovely, not to say servantgirlish, if I may coin such an adjective. The dress was of thin silk, old and frayed, and looked as if it had caught a good deal from exposure to the elements, as was indeed the actual case. The jacket was also old, and seemed made of the rough material which is usually cut into sailors' pea-jackets, which was the case, also. The hat was obviously new, but just as obviously homemade.

"'So you have come!' I said, shaking hands. 'Upon my word, I didn't know you.'

"She laughed delightedly, and glanced down at her attire, which clearly afforded her the greatest satisfaction.

"'I put on my Sunday clothes,' she exclaimed, 'cause I was going to have my likeness took. Don't you tell William Jones.'

"I promised not to betray her to that insufferable nuisance and refrained from informing her that I thought her

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE INTERIOR?"

ordinary costume far more becoming than her seventh-day finery.

"'That's a nice dress,' I said, hypocritically. 'Where did you buy it?'

"'I didn't buy it. It comes ashore.'

"'What! Washed ashore?'

"'No fear!' she answered. 'Last winter when the big ship went to bits out there.'

"'Oh, I see! Then it was a portion of a wreck?'

"'Yes. It comes ashore, and, look ye now, this jacket comes ashore, too. On a sailor chap.'

"'And the sailor chap made you a present of it, I suppose?'

"'No fear!' she repeated, with her sharp shake of the head. 'How could he give it me when he was drowned and come ashore? William Jones gave it to me, and I altered it my own self—look ye now—to make it fit.'

"She was certainly an extraordinary young person, and wore her mysterious finery with a coolness I thought was remarkable, it being quite clear, from her explanation, that all fish that came to hand, not, of course, [illegible] dead men's clothes, were acceptable to her unprejudiced taste as any others. However, the time was hastening on, and I had my promise to keep. So I got my crayon materials and made Matt sit down before me on a stool, first hesitating, however, that she should divest herself of her head-gear, which was an abomination, but which she discarded with extreme reluctance. Directly I began she became rigid, and fixed herself, so to speak, as people do when being photographed—her eyes glaring on vacancy, her whole face lost in self-satisfied vacuity.

"'You needn't keep like that,' I cried; 'I want your face to have some expression. Move your head about as much as you like, laugh and talk—it will be all the better.'

"'Last time I was took,' she replied, 'the chap said I mustn't move.'

"'Ah! I suppose he was a traveling photographer?'

"'He had a little black box, like, on legs, and a cloth on top of it, and he looked at me through a hole in the middle. Then he cried "now," and held up his hand for me to keep still as a mouse; then he counted fifty—and I was took.'

"'Ah! Indeed! Was it a good likeness?'

"'Yes, master. But I looked like the black woman who come ashore last Easter was a year.'

"With conversation like this we beguiled the day, while I proceeded rapidly with my drawing. At the end of a couple of hours Matt had become so fidgety that I thought it advisable to give her a rest. She sprang up, and ran over to inspect the picture. The moment her eyes fell on it she uttered a rapturous cry.

"'Look ye now, ain't it pretty? Master, am I like that?'

"I answered her it was an excellent likeness, and not too flattering. Her face fell, however, a little as she proceeded.

"'Are my cheeks as red as that, master?'

"'You are red, Matt,' I replied, flippantly; 'as are the roses.'

"She looked at me thoughtfully.

"'When it's finished, will you give it to me to keep?'

"'Well, we shall see.'

"'I gave t'other chap a shilling for his, frame and all, but I've got no more money,' she continued, with an insinuating smile, which, as a man of gallantry, I could not resist. So I promised that, if she behaved herself properly, I would, in all probability, make her the present she coveted.

"'You must come again, to-morrow,' I said, as we shook hands, and I'll finish it by then.'

"'Aye, aye, master. I'll come.'

"And, with a nod and a bright smile, she walked away.

"During the whole of this interview Tim had not been unobservant, and as soon as I was left alone he looked up from the work he was engaged upon, viz., potato washing, and gave a knowing smile.

"'Sure she's a fine bold colleen,' he said. 'Does your honor know who she is?'

"'I have not the slightest idea.'

"'They're saying down beyant that she's a say-foundling, and has neither father nor mother, nor any belongings.'

"'Pray who was your informant?'

"'The man who picked her from the say—William Jones himself.'

"That name again. It was becoming too much for flesh and blood to bear. From the first moment of my arrival I had heard no other, and I had begun to detest its very sound."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Value of Silver.

In the very nature of things, the safe and profitable use of silver as a part of our currency is limited. The laws of trade restrict it in spite of all friendly legislation. For example, our foreign commerce amounts to nearly $2,000,000,000 a year, or about fifty times as much as the total silver product of the country, and it must all be transacted with gold, which is the only money recognized for that purpose. We cannot compel other nations to accept silver, and we cannot prevent its value from falling when the supply exceeds the demand. It is not a question of sentiment at all, but of cold, hard, practical business. We cannot keep a constantly increasing volume of silver currency at par by mere force of emotional attachment to it. The prejudice in its favor may be strong and as widespread as that in favor of the choicest blessing of life, and yet it must remain subject to those conditions which regulate values of all kinds and determine how far a given thing can be advantageously utilized in a given direction. It is a pity, to be sure, that the value of silver cannot be maintained at the standard of 16 to 1 of gold, just as it is a pity that the value of wheat and cotton, beef and pork, cannot be kept at satisfactory figures; but it is foolish to proclaim that popular prejudice is the cause of the depreciation. There is no substantial demand for the demonetization of silver, strictly speaking. The people are willing and anxious to use as much of it as the circumstances will permit to be used with safe and beneficial results; but they are not willing to give it preference to the extent of undermining the whole commercial and industrial fabric and entailing terrible losses upon all classes.—Globe Democrat.

TO FIGHT KOPF AND SIMMONS.

This is Senator Vance's Purpose.

WASHINGTON, September 13.—It is said, on apparently good authority, that Senator Vance is fighting the confirmation of Messrs. Simmons and Elias. It is also said it is not probable that he can induce enough Senators of both parties to vote against their confirmation to defeat them. The Senator is now at his mountain home.

Senator Irby is out but not well.

Senator Butler will accompay Miss Barton and her Red Cross assistants to the Sea Islands tomorrow night.

Representative Latimer to-day introduced a bill to pay Newberry College $15,000.

The Acting Secretary of the Treasury recommends to Congress, among other appropriations for light houses destroyed by the late storm, one for the restoration of lightship No. 34, stationed off Rattlesnake Shoal, S. C., the coast to be $70,000.

Postmasters: Clear Run, Sampson, Columbus I. Robinson; Earl Station, Cleveland, William D Earl; Miller's Creek, Wilkes, Octavia C Absher.

Gold in paying quantities was discovered in California in 1893.

Tutt's Pills are enemies to disease.

IN HOPE OF A COMPROMISE.

Senator Faulkner's Amendment.

Senator Faulkner has offered in the Senate his amendment to the pending financial bill, to which he referred the other day in his speech. The fact that this amendment is looked upon in some quarters as the possible solution of the present difficulty will, it is thought, tend to loosen the tension of the contending forces somewhat and create a feeling of friendliness that is supposed to precede reconciliation and compromise. Mr. Faulkner's amendment withdraws from circulation all notes, save the legal tender greenbacks, of denominations less than $10 and substitutes in their stead gold and silver coin, so that there can be no expansion of the currency except as provided in the further sections of his amendment. He believes that by the withdrawal of these notes silver dollars and five and two-and-a-half gold pieces will circulate along side of each other in the ordinary course of trade.

He provides for the coinage of silver up to an aggregate of $800,000,000, and when that amount is reached the coinage of silver will will cease absolutely. The present aggregate of silver coin, including subsidiary coin, amounts to $616,900,000, so that the increase under this amendment will be $185,000,000. It will be provided first that no more purchases of silver bullion shall be made until the seignorage and bullion now in the Treasury, amounting to $53,000,000, have been coined. This is to be done at the rate of $3,000,000 a month, and at this rate it will take more than three years to coin the seignorage and bullion now in the Treasury, the estimate being made, of course, on the coinage value of the bullion. When that has elapsed the Secretary is directed to buy silver and coin it at the same rate until the limit designated shall have been reached. Mr. Faulkner computes that to accomplish this will take about seven years, and by that time we will have been able to determine what the future policy of the government regarding silver shall be. By that time, also, the results to any international conference will have been accomplished, and if an agreement is to be made the details can be arranged in ample time to meet the future. This is, in brief, what Mr. Faulkner seeks to accomplish, and to that end he will lend his best endeavors, believing that this is the only solution towards which all factions can act in harmony.

According to the present programme, it is understood that after this amendment is introduced President Cleveland will be waited upon by a number of Senators for a conference regarding the situation in the Senate. These Senators will represent the conservative element and will favor a compromise. It will be represented to the President that such a bill as is contemplated by the Senator from West Virginia can be passed thro' both houses in twenty-four hours, and that by this means the present discussion of the financial qustion will be ended for several years and the country will know exactly the conditions it has to meet.

Wilkes County Camphire Seized in Columbia.

Collector Webster, of the internal revenue department, had one of his deputies seize several suspicious looking packages in the Richmond & Danville depot in this city to-day. All of the packages were found to contain illicit whiskey. One of them was a box marked "D. Darlington." The other two were barrels apparently of dried fruit, one marked, John Stuart, and the other, R. F. Clark, Columbia. Upon being opened, they were found to contain only a thin layer of dried fruit, the rest being jugs packed in sawdust. Each of these two barrels contained ten gallons of corn whiskey in jugs. None of it had the United States revenue stamps on it and it will be sold for the revenue tax. Collector Webster was notified several days ago from Roaring River, N. C., that this stuff had been shipped and to look out for it. There are other shipments to be seized. The State constables don't seem to be able to catch on, but the revenue men have their eyes open.—Columbia Journal, 18th

Four New Cases of Yellow Fever at Brunswick.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sept. 18.—A Brunswick special to the Morning News says four new cases of yellow fever are reported to-day, but no deaths. One is a serious case; all the rest are favorable. The Brunswick board of health is now in session. The board has not given out the number of new cases. It is stated, however, that the outlook is bad. Surgeon Magruder opened Camp Haines this morning. A train-load of refugees reached Waynesville from Brunswick last night, and Waycross has quarantined against Waynesville, which is close to Camp Haines. The Savannah Benevolent Association has made a donation of $500 to the Brunswick sufferers.

For a lame back or for a pain in the side or chest, try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it onto the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward and Watkins.

Liquor Traffic.

The Boston Traveller presents the following as among the practical reasons for the abolition of internal revenue whisky tax:

"1. Evidenence is abundant that the effect of the national beer and whisky tax has been to build up a powerful oligarchy that defies all moral law and intends to control all political law.

2. That the liquor trafic has greatly thrived through the *quasi* participation of the government.

3. That the moral sense of the nation has been greatly debauched by the receipt of enormous sums of money collected from the beer and whisky interests.

4. That the enforcement of State and local laws for suppression or restriction of the liquor trafic has been greatly impeded by the powers acquired, or supposed to be acquired, by liquor dealers on account of governmental taxation.

5. That the liquor tax system furnishes protection for almost every class of corruption in national politics. These reasons are true, weighty, and the above named paper argues the case editorially with great clearness and force.

All that is vile is found in the saloon: vice of all kinds resorts there, lodges there, stalks there every hour. All crimes and all forms of criminals are harbored there. There you may find the thief, the murderer, the assassin, the anarchist, the plotter against the home. No form of infamy, no sort of vice, can be found that does not frequent the saloon. It breeds all kinds of sin; it is fraught with all forms of iniquities. It hatches out every day a brood of monstrous offenses against the home, against the public health, against peace, law, order, morals, and righteousness. Its progeny is fraught with peril to all the interests of society. Profanity, indecency, Sabbath desecration, infidelity, murder, theft, disease, fraud, assailment of public order, and scores of other offenses are the product of the saloon. It is fertile in evil things, prolific in vileness.

A Good Thing to Keepat Hand.

From the Troy (Kansas) Chief.

Some years ago we were very much subject to severe spells of cholera morbus; and now when we feel any of the symptoms that usually precede that ailment, such as sickness at the stomach, diarrhœa, etc., we become scary. We have found Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy the very thing to straighten one out in such cases, and always keep it about. We are not writing this for a pay testimonial, but to let our readers know what is a good thing to keep handy in the house. For sale by Ward and Watkins.

The solicitous souls who see in the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act the end of silver and the ruin of all things, should be able to derive some comfort from the remarks made in the Senate Wednesday by Mr. Voorhees. He expected, he said, when the Sherman law was repealed, to engage to bring about a proper system of coinage for the future as there had been in the past. Asked if it would not be necessary to supplement the repeal bill by some legislation in behalf of silver, he said: "Yes, sir, and I am ready to engage in it. I do not think it fair to judge any administration by any one mere act on the legislation on a great subject like finance, especially. The legislation will not stop with the repeal of the Sherman act. Undoubtedly not, neither as to silver, nor as to some other questions."

It is not illogical to conclude that in saying this Mr. Voorhees spoke for the administration. Certainly financial legislation will not stop with the repeal of the Sherman act.—Charlotte Observer.

A Sad Death.

On Monday last the county convicts were at work a short distance south of town. At the noon hour Wm. Woods, a son of Mr. W. D. Woods, Superintendent of the Home of the Aged and Infirm, who was employed as a laborer was wrestling with Ben Trolinger, a colored convict. They had a fall and both got up. Young Woods walked a step or two, placed his hand to his side and fell over, never speaking. Dr. G. W. Long was hastily sent for but the young man was dead when the Doctor arrived. Some severe internal injury is supposed to have been the cause of death. Young Mr. Woods was 18 years old, and full of life and frolic as any boys are, and engaged in a wrestle for past-time.—Alamance Gleaner.

A Man Thermometer.

Lean men make the best thermometers. Fahrenheit never invented better ones. If the weather is warm and sunny, they are cheerful. If cold and frosty, they are irritable and snappy. If damp and cloudy, they are downcast and gloomy. But if either lean or fat men are suffering from biliousness, headache, constipation, or indigestion, the weather will always be damp and cloudy in their locality, unless they use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These Pellets are small, sugar-coated granules, calculated to start the liver and digestive organs into healthy activity, and thereby raise low spirits, and dispel gloom.

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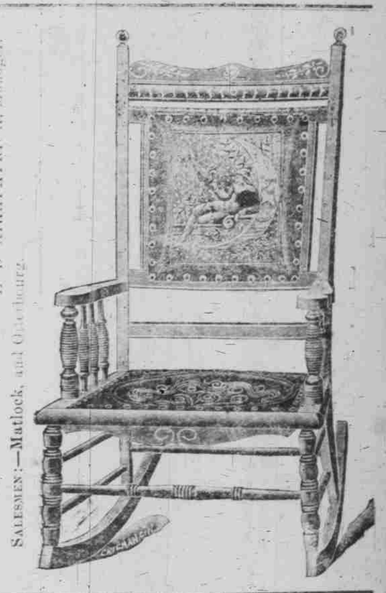

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