THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 4, 1893.

By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance
TERMS $1.00 Per Year

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

8 Cents Per Line Each Insertion.

WANTED

[illegible] notices under this head at 8 cents per line first insertion. After that, [illegible] cents per line—if

—If you have a cow, [illegible], goat, horse [illegible] farm, house and lot to sell, advertise in this column.

[illegible] note date [illegible] W. H. Smith, as [illegible] F. Boren. The public [illegible] not to trade for said [illegible]
C. F. BOREN,
Sept. 28-4t. Pomona, N. C.

For Sale.—A Farm of 220 acres at a reasonable price, on easy terms. Write or call on Patriot, Greensboro, N. C.

For Sale.—A Fairbanks Portable High Grade Gin Stand, brand new. Cheap to quick buyer. Write to the Patriot, Greensboro, N. C.

Notice.—I hereby warn all persons not to hire, feed or shelter my son Fred W., who left his home without my consent on Sunday morning, Sept. 3rd, at 10 o'clock.
JAMES WILEY,
Pleasant Garden, N. C.
Sept. 13, 1893-2t.

Money.

Parties wish to borrow sums of money varying from $200 to $1,000, and will give first mortgage on first class real estate. Inquire of SCALES & SCALES.
Aug. 9-tf.

Wanted.

Old debts of silver and copper coins, will pay the market price. Call on
W. T. BOGART
@ the Bank of Guilford.
Aug. 23-1w.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. M. DOUGLAS. A. M. SCALES.

DOUGLAS & SCALES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in rear of Savings Bank.
Sept. 28, 1892-1y.

JOHN T. BRITTAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will be present at every term of Court, and offers his professional services to the people of Guilford county.
April 5, 1893.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield
Will be at the Mansion House in Greensboro on Wednesday Sept. 13th, and 27th. (The 2nd and 4th Wednesdays).
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Aug 27-tf

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,
OFFERS HIS
PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country. [illegible] Office in Dr. [illegible] office.

Dr W. J. RICHARDSON,
[illegible] Drug Store,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
[illegible] McLean and Sargent streets.

The EYE A SPECIALTY.

Do not complain about your blindness, headache or any eye trouble that you may have in the way but go to W. H. FARRAR & SON at once, and they will give you relief if it is possible. They are well prepared with all the
Latest and most Improved Opthalmic Instruments,
and will do you justice in examining the eye. Specs, notes or any foreign substance removed without pain. Glasses fitted to relieve all abnormal visionary troubles, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperphoria, Lateral Ref, Trophoria Muscular Insufficiency, or any compound troubles. We are agents for the great GERMAN EYE WATER, prescribed by Dr. AGNEW. The best remedy for inflamed eyes, granular or scaley eyelids, and never fails to cure, and gives no pain.
Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.
W. B. Farrar & Son,
JEWELERS,
102 South Elm Street, Greensboro, N. C.

POMONA HILL
NURSERIES,
Pomona, N. C.
Two and one-half miles west of Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D. R. R. passes through the grounds and station but four in the office and residence. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way.
THOSE INTERESTED IN
FRUIT OR FLOWERS
Are cordially invited to inspect our stock.
YOU CAN FIND
Over One Million Fruit Trees, Vines Evergreens, Shade Trees, Nuts, Roses etc., in fact, everything usually kept in a first-class Nursery.
Three Green Houses
Full of a great variety of Flowers and Foliage Plants. Pot Roses for Spring planting a specialty.
Catalogue No. 1 of Fruit Trees, Vines etc., and Catalogue No. 2, Green House Catalogue, furnished free to applicants. Correspondence solicited.
J. VAN LINDLEY, Prop'r.
Pomona, N. C.

Greensboro Female College
[illegible] THE GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE will open its next session on WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 6th, 1893. [illegible] for a thorough training [illegible] Guilford county [illegible] patronize this enterprise. [illegible] cata-logue, Write to Rev. Dr. F. [illegible] the new President, Greensboro, N. C.
Aug. 23-2w.

"MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES WILLIAM JONES AND HIS FATHER.

My story is now bound to follow in the footsteps of Matt, who, on quitting the presence of her artist friend, walked rapidly along the sand-encumbered road in the direction of the sea.

Skirting the lake upon the left hand, and still leaving the ocean of sand hills upon her right, she gradually slackened her pace. A spectator had he been by, would have doubtless observed that the change was owing to maiden meditation; that, in other words, Matt had fallen into brown study.

Presently she sat down upon a convenient stone, or piece of rock, and, resting her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, looked for some minutes at vacancy. At last she rose, flushed warmly, and murmuring something to herself.

The something was to this effect:

"His hands are as white as a lady's, when he pulls off them gloves, and he said I was as pretty as my picture."

I can only guess at the train of reasoning which led to this soliloquy, and express my opinion that Matt had well-developed ideas on the subject of the sexes. True, she was not above sixteen, and had little or no experience of men, none at all of men who were both young and good looking. Nevertheless, she was not insensible of the charms of a white hand, and other tokens of masculine refinement and beauty.

By a natural sequence of ideas, she was led to stretch out her own right hand and look at it critically. It was very brown and covered with huge golden freckles. The inspection not being altogether satisfactory, she thrust both her hands forcibly into the pockets of her jacket and walked on.

Leaving the lake behind her she followed the road along a swampy hollow, down which the very shallowest of rivulets crept slowly to the sea, now losing itself altogether in mossy patches of capricious greenness, again emerging and trickling with feeble glimmers over pebble and sand. Presently she left the road and came upon a primitive wooden bridge, consisting of only one plank, supported on two cairns of stone. Here she paused, and, seeing a red-legged sand-piper running about on the edge of the water just below her, made a gesture like a boy throwing a stone, whereon the sand-piper sprang up chirping and flew along out of sight.

By this time she was in full sight of the sea. Dead calm, and covered with rain-colored shadows, it touched the edge of the flat sands about a mile away, and left one long creamy line of changeless foam. The sands themselves stretched away to the westward as far as the eye could see. But to the left and eastward, that is to say, in the direction toward which she was going, there was a long, rocky promontory, with signs of human habitation. Breaking into a swinglike trot, Matt

MATT STRAINED HER GAZE THROUGH THE DAZZLING SUNLIGHT.

hastened thither, following a footpath across marshy fields.

In due time she came out upon a narrow and rudely made road, which wound along the rocky promontory, at low water skirting the sand, at high water the sea. The first house she reached was a wooden life-boat house, lying down in a creek and, it being then low tide, at some distance from the water's edge on the roadside above the house was a flagstaff, and beneath the flagstaff a wooden seat. All was very still and desolate, without a sign of life, but a little further along the road was a row of cottages which seemed inhabited, and were in fact the abodes of the coast-guard. Instead of loitering here Matt proceeded on her way until she reached what at first sight looked like the beginning of a village or small town. There were house on each side of the road, some of them several stories high; but close inspection showed that most of them were roofless, that few of them possessed any windows or doors, and that nearly all were decayed and dilapidated from long disuse, while not a few had a blasted and sinister appearance, as if blackened by fire. And still there was no sign of any human soul. Suddenly, however, the street came to an end, and Matt found herself on a sort of rocky platform overlooking the sea; and on this platform, shading his eyes from the blazing sun and looking out seaward, was a solitary man.

So intent was he on his occupation that he was unconscious of Matt's approach till she was standing by his side. He turned his eyes upon her for a moment and then once more gazed out to sea.

A short, plump, thick-set man, with a round, weather-beaten face, which would have been good-humored but for its expression of extreme watchfulness and greed. The eyes were blue, but very small and keen; the forehead

"PULL AWAY, MATT," SAID THE MAN.

low and narrow, the hair coarse and sandy; the beard coarser and sandier still. He might have been about fifty years of age. His dress was curious, consisting of a yellow sou'wester, a pair of seaman's coarse canvas trousers and a blue pilot-jacket, ornamented with brass buttons which bore the insignia of her majesty's naval service.

Presently, without turning his eyes again from the far distance, the man spoke in a husky, far-away whisper:

"Matt, do you see summat ut yonder?"

Matt strained her gaze through the dazzling sunlight, but failed to discern any object on the light expanse of water.

"Look ye now," continued the man; "it may be drifting weed, or it may be a wreck; but it's summat. Look again."

"Summat black, William Jones?"

"Yes. Coming and going. Now it comes, and it's black; now it goes, and the water looks white where it was. If it isn't wreck, it's weed; if it ain't weed, it's wreck. And the tide's flowing, and it'll go ashore afore night at Caldron point, if I wait for it. But I shan't wait," he added eagerly, "I'll go and overhaul it now."

He looked round suspicious, and then said:

"Matt, did you see any of them coast-guard chaps as you come along?"

"No, William Jones."

"Thought not. They're up Pencroes way, fooling about; so there's a chance for an honest man to look arter his living without no questioning. You come along with me, and if it is summat, I'll gie thee tuppence some o' these fine days."

As he turned to go, his eye fell for the first time on her attire.

"What's this, Matt? What are you doing in your Sunday clothes?"

The girl was at a loss to reply. She blushed scarlet and hung down her head. Fortunately for her the man was too absorbed in his main object of thought to catechise her further. He only shook his fat head in severe disapprobation and led the way down to a small creek in the rocks, where a rough coble was rocking, secured by a rusty chain.

"Jump in and take the paddles. I'll sit astern and keep watch."

The girl obeyed and leaped in; but before sitting down she tucked up her dress to her knees to avoid the dirty water in the bottom of the boat. William Jones followed, and pushed off with his hands. Calm as the water was, there was a heavy shoreward swell, on which they were immediately uplifted with some danger of being swept back on the rocks. Matt handled the paddles like one to the manner born, and the boat shot out swiftly on the shining sea.

The sun was burning with almost insufferable brightness, and the light blazed on the golden mirror of the water with blinding refracted rays. Crouching in the stern of the boat, William Jones shaded his eyes with both hands, and gazed intently on the object he had discovered far out to sea. Now and then he made a rapid motion to guide the girl in the rowing, but he did not speak a word.

Oh, how hot it was out there on the windless waves! For some time Matt pulled on, in silence, but at last she could bear it no longer and rested on her oars, with the warm perspiration streaming down her freckled face.

"Pull away, Matt," said the man, not looking at her. "You ain't tired, not you?"

With a long-drawn breath Matt drew in the oars, and, swift as thought, peeled off her jacket and pulled off her hat, leaving her head exposed to the burning sun.

Now, the silk gown she wore had evidently been used by its original owner as a festal raiment, for it had been cut low, and had short sleeves. So Matt's shoulders and arms were perfectly bare, and very white they looked in contrast with her sun-freckled hands, her sun-burnt face and her warm brown neck. Her bust was as yet undeveloped, but her neck and shoulders were fine, and her arms beautifully molded. Altogether, her friend the painter, could he have seen her just then, would have regarded her with increasing admiration.

Freed from the incumbrance of her jacket, she now pulled away with easy grace and skill. Further and further the boat receded from the shore, till the promontory they had left was a couple of miles away. Suddenly William Jones made a sign to the girl to stop, and stood up in the boat to reconnoiter.

The object at which he had been gazing so long was now clearly visible. It consisted of something black floating on a glassy stretch of water, and surrounded by fragments of loose scum or foam; it was to all appearance motionless, but was, in reality, drifting wearily shoreward on the flowing tide.

William Jones now evinced increasing excitement, and urged his companion to hurry quickly forward—which she did, putting out all her strength in a series of rapid and powerful strokes. Another quarter of an hour brought them to the spot where the object was floating. Trembling with eagerness, the man leaned over the boat's side with outstretched hands.

As he did so, Matt turned her head away with a curious gesture of dread.

"What is it, William Jones?" she asked, not looking at him. "It isn't—you know—one o' them?"

"No, it ain't," replied the man, leaning over the side of the coble and tilting the gunwale almost to the water's edge. "Too early for them, Matt. If they comes it won't be till Sunday's tide. They're down at the bottom now and ain't yet rose. There! Lean t'other way! So there—look out!"

As he spoke he struggled with something in the water, and at last, with an effort which almost capsized the boat, pulled it in. Matt looked now and saw that it was a small, flat, wooden trunk, covered with pieces of slimy weed. Floating near it were several pieces of splintered wood which seemed to have formed part of a boat. These, too, William secured and threw down on the footboard beneath him.

"It's a box, that's what it is," cried Matt.

"It's a box, surely," said Jones. "And it's locked, too. And, look ye now, I misloubt there's nowt inside, or mayhap it would have sunk. Howsomever, we'll see!"

After an unavailing effort to force it open with his hands, he drew forth a large clasp-knife, worked away at the lock, and tried to force open the lid, which soon yielded to his efforts, as the action of the salt water had already begun to rot the wood. On being thus opened, the box was found to contain only a couple of coarse linen shirts, an old newspaper, two or three biscuits and half a bottle of some dark fluid.

After examining these articles one by one William Jones threw them back and, with the box with gestures of disgust, retaining only the bottle, which he uncorked and applied to his lips.

"Rum!" he said, smacking his lips and nodding at Matt. Then, recorking the bottle carefully, he returned it to the box, and, standing up, reconnoitered the sea on every side. But nothing else rewarded his eager search; he threw himself down in the stern of the boat and ordered Matt to pull back to shore.

As they went he closed one eye thoughtfully, and mused aloud:

"Night before last it blew half a gale from the south'ard. This here box came awash from the east coast of Ireland. Maybe it was a big ship as was lost; them planks was a part of a vessel's long-boat. More's coming if the wind don't come up from the nor'rard. The moon's full to-night and to-morrow. I'll tell the old 'un, and keep a sharp lookout off the Caldron p'int."

Matt rowed on steadily till they came within a quarter of a mile of the shore, when William Jones stood up again and reconnoitered the prospect inland.

"Pull in, Matt!" he said, after a minute, "all's square!"

Soon afterwards the boat reached the rocks. William Jones sprang out, and, running up to the platform above, took another survey. This being satisfactory, he ran down again and lifted the box out of the boat, carrying it with ease under one arm.

"Make the boat fast," he said, in a husky whisper; "and bring them bits o' wood along with you for the fire. I'll cut on to the cottage with this here. It ain't much, but it's summat; so I'll carry it clean out o' sight before them precious coast guards come smelling about."

With these words he clambered up the rocks with his burden, leaving Matt to follow leisurely in his wake.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUDES WITH A KISS.

Not far from the spot where William Jones had landed, and removed some little distance from the deserted village, with its desolate main street and roofless habitations, there stood a low, one-storied cottage, quite as black and forbidding looking as any of the abandoned dwellings in its vicinity. It was built of stone and roofed with slate, but the doorway was composed of old ship's timber, and the one small window it contained had originally formed the window of a ship's cabin. Over the door was placed, like a sign, the wooden figure-head of a young woman, naked to the waist, holding a mirror in her hand and regarding herself with remarkable complacency, despite the fact that accident had deprived her of a nose and one eye, and that the beautiful red complexion and jet-black hair she had once possessed had been entirely washed away by the action of the elements, leaving her all over of a leprous pallor. The rest of the building, as I have suggested, was of sinister blackness, though here and there it was sprinkled with wet sea sand. Sand, too, lay on every side, covered a small patch originally meant for a garden, and drifted thickly up to the very door.

To this cottage William Jones ran with his treasure-trove, and, entering without ceremony, found himself in almost total darkness; for the light which crept through the blackened panes of the small window was only just sufficient to make darkness visible. But this worthy seaside character, having, in addition to a cat's predatory instincts, something of a cat's power of vision, clearly discerned everything in the chamber he just entered—a rude, stone-paved kitchen, with an open fireplace, and no grate, black rafters overhead, from which suspended sundry lean pieces of bacon, a couple of wooden chairs, a table and, in one corner, a sort of bed in the wall, where a human figure was reposing. Setting down the trunk he marched right over to the bed, and unceremoniously shook the individual lying upon it, whom he discovered to be a man, muttering in a heavy sleep. Finding that he did not wake with shaking, William Jones bent down and cried lustily in his ear:

"Wreck! wreck ashore!"

The effect was instantaneous. The figure rose up in bed, disclosing the head and shoulders of a very old man, who wore a red cotton nightcap, and whose hair and beard were white as snow.

"Eh? Wheer? Wheer?" he cried, in a shrill treble, looking vacantly around him.

"Wake up, old 'un!" seizing him and shaking him again. "It's me, William Jones."

"William? Is it my son William?" returned the old man, peering out into the darkness.

"Yes, father. Look ye now, you was a-talking again in your sleep, you was. A good thing no one heerd you but your son William. Some o' these days you'll be letting summat out, you will, if you go on like this."

The old man shook his head feebly, then, clasping his hands together in a kind of rapture, he looked at his son and said:

"Yes, William, I was a-dreaming. Oh it was such a heavingly dream! I was a-standing on the shore, William, and it was a-blowing hard from the east, and all at once I see a ship, as big as an Indiaman, come in wi' all sail set, and go ashore; and I looked round, William dear, and there was no one nigh but you and me; and, when she broke up, I see gold and silver and jewels come washing ashore just like floating weeds, and the drowned, every one of 'em, had rings on their fingers, and gold watches and cheens, and, more'n that, that their hands were full of shining gold; and one of 'em—a lady, William—had a bright diamond ring, as big as a walnut; but when I tried to pull it off, it wouldn't come; and just as I pulled out my leetle knife to cut the finger off, and put it in my pocket, you shook me, William, and woke me up. Oh, it was a heavingly dream!"

William Jones had listened with ill-disguised interest to the early part of this speech, but, on its conclusion, he gave another grunt of undissembled disgust.

"Well, you're awake now, old 'un; so jump up. I've brought summat home. Look sharp, and get a light."

Thereupon the old man, who was fully dressed, in a pair of old woolen trousers and a guernsey, slipped from the bed and began fumbling about the room. He soon found what he wanted—a box of matches and a rude, home-made candle, fashioned of a long, coarse reed dipped in sheep's tallow; but owing to the fact that he was exceedingly feeble and tremulous, he was so long in lighting up that his gentle son grew impatient.

"Here, give 'un to me!" said William. "You're wasting them matches just as if they cost nowt. A precious father you are and no mistake."

The candle being lighted and burning with a feeble flame he informed the old man of what he had found. In a moment the latter was down on his knees, opening the box and greedily

MONK STOOD IN THE DOORWAY.

examining its contents. But William pushed him impatiently away and closed the lid with a bang.

"Theer, enough o' that, old 'un! You hold the light while I carry the box in and put it away."

"All right, William dear—all right," returned the old man, obeying gleefully. "I know'd we should have luck, by that beautiful dream."

The two men—one holding the light and the other carrying the trunk—passed through a door at the back of the kitchen and entered an inner chamber. This chamber, too, contained a window, which was so blocked up, however, by lumber of all kinds that little or no daylight entered. Piled up in great confusion were old sacks, some partly full, some empty, coils of rope, broken oars, broken fragments of ships' planks, rotten and barnacled, a small boat's rudder, dirty sails, several oilskin coats, bits of iron ballast and other flotsam and jetsam; so that the chamber had a salt and fish like smell, suggesting the hold of some vessel. But in one corner of the room was a small wooden bed, with a mattress and coarse bed clothing, and hanging on a nail close to it were certain feminine attire which the owner of the caravan would have recognized as the garb worn by Matt on the morning of her first appearance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANSWER FILED.

Congressman Breckinridge Denies the Promises to Mary Miss Pollard.

W. C. P. Breckinridge has to-day filed a lengthy answer to Madeline V. Pollard't suit, denying in detail all her allegations as to promises of marriage, etc.

In answer he says that in the spring of 1884, being on the train from Lexington to Frankfort, he was accosted by a young woman between 20 and 22 years of age, who introduced herself to him as Miss Madeline Breckinridge Pollard, saying that her father was such an admirer of John C. Breckinridge that he named her after the said Breckinridge; that subsequently he received a letter from the plaintiff, saying that she was in great distress, and desiring his legal advice, and asking him to see her at Wesleyan College in Cincinnati, which he answered was inconvenient.

She then notified him that the matter about which she was distressed was an engagement to marry, which had assumed a condition worse than a divorce suit, and reiterated her request to see him personally; that he did see the plaintiff at said college and she gave him a full recital of her relations with one James C. Rodes, and thereupon he advised her to consummate the contract between her and said Rodes by marriage, and subsequently, after a full conversation with said Rodes, the defendant renewed his advice.

The defendant denies that he then or at any time or place, by wiles and artifices and protestations of affection, or by any other means attempted to take advantage of the youth and inexperience of the plaintiff. He also denies that there was at any time any agreement, contract or understanding of marriage between the plaintiff and the defendant, and says the plaintiff knew during her first acquaintance with the defendant that a marriage between the plaintiff and defendant was impossible.—New York Sun.

MAYOR OF WINSTON DEAD.

R. B. Kerner Passes Away After a Three Month's Illness.

WINSTON, Sept. 25.—After three month's illness with typhoid fever Mayor R. B. Kerner, of Winston, died at 4.25 o'clock this afternoon, at the home of his father, Dr. E. Kerner, in Kernersville, aged 35 years.

The deceased was a member of the law firm of Jones & Kerner. He was one of the brightest young men in the State and few men had more friends. He was a conservative but successful business man. He leaves a wife and one child.

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 symtoms that usually precede that ailment, such as sickness at the stomach, diarrœa, 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.

Tutt's Pills purge out Malaria.

The Keeley Cure.

One of the most distinguished physicians in North Carolina told me that he had visited the institution in Greensboro and that in his opinion, whatever might be the virtue of the gold-cure, it did not seem to him to be conducted on scientific principles. That is, there seemed to be no careful examination of the peculiarities of the different patients, but all were treated alike. My impression is that the medical profession generally do not entertain a high opinion of the system. Be that as it may; I am not competent to pronounce an opinion on the philosophy of the remedy, but I can speak with some degree of authority as to the cures that have come under my observation, and I do most unquestionably pronounce the results of the practice in this State as highly satisfactory. I personally know a number of men who had been confirmed drunkards for many years, who have been treated there and have been reformed, and the genuineness of their cure has been proved by several years of sober living. I was told in Wilmington, during a recent visit, that of the fifty-two men of that city who had tried the Keeley cure, and a number of these were not graduates, all had maintained their integrity but nine. If but five out of fifty-two had been made sober men, then I maintain that it would have been a blessing and worth all it cost the whole number.

I repeat, I do not understand the philosophy of the thing; it seems unreasonable that the treatment the patients receive at this institution should cure them, but the fact remains, and this is indisputable, that the great majority of them are cured. Hence I can but regard the Keeley cure as a blessing to the world, and advise all who have unfortunately contracted the drinking habit to try this remedy.—Charlotte Observer.

The Proof of the Pudding.

Have you humors, causing blotches?
Does your blood run thick and sluggish?
Are you drowsy dull and languid?
Is a bad taste in your mouth, and
Is your tongue all furred and coated?
Is your sleep with bad dreams broken?
Do you feel down-hearted, dismal,
Dreading something, what, you know not?
Then be very sure you're bilious—
That you have a torpid liver.

and what you need is something to rouse it and make it active enough to throw off the impurities that clog it; something to invigorate the debilitated system, and help all the organs to perform the duties expected of them, promptly and energetically. That "something" is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great Blood Purifier, which its proprietors have such faith in that they guarantee it to cure. If it does not, your money will be refunded. But it will. Buy it, try it, and be convinced of its wonderful power. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the proof of this remedy is in the taking.

The Corpse Objected to the Post Mortem.

A queer case of superstition is reported from Miskolcz, Hungary. A young girl pretended to see the Holy Virgin daily, and to converse with her. Her mother encouraged the pious, who brought presents, and when the priests interfered the excited crowd threatened to ill-treat them. Some days ago the would be saint lay in a coffin. Her mother told everybody that the Virgin had told her to die, and she would resuscitate her on the third day. There was terrible excitement in the place, and thousands prepared to wait the prescribed three days in prayer and fasting. The local authorities came with a doctor to put a stop to the scandalous affair. In the presence of the crowd the doctor said: "It is very serious that she died so suddenly. We must have a post mortem examination."

Immediately the young saint sat up in her coffin, crying: "Oh, don't cut me up. I can be resuscitated immediately."—New York Sun.

A Little Fatherly Advice.

"If ever you marry," said an old gentleman to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash her face, and sense enough to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, whenever she need it." The experience of the aged has shown the "Favorite Prescription" to be the best for the cure of all female weaknesses and derangements. Good sense is shown by getting the remedy from your druggist, and using it whenever you feel weak and debilitated. It will invigorate and cannot possibly do harm.

The second edition of the Cosmopolitan for September brought the total edition up to 211,000 copies, without doubt the largest edition of any magazine in the world for this month. It remained for the Cosmopolitan to have the World's Fair treated in a single number by twelve different writers.

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.

NEW GOODS!

We Are Now Receiving

NEW FALL CLOTHING

and HATS every day of the Latest Styles and Best Makes. If you want New Goods, Correct Styles and Best Makes at the very least CASH PRICES we are headquarters and can save you money on every suit and hat you buy.

SUMMER GOODS.

We still have a lot of SUMMER CLOTHING, Underwear and HATS that we will close out at LESS THAN COST.
If you want bargains come and see us.
Very respectfully,

C. M. Vanstory & Co.,

Leading Clothiers and Hatters, Greensboro.

A Chance Of a Life Time.

The entire Stock of Goods of the late W. R. Murray, will be sold at and BELOW COST to close out the business.

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.

R. W. Murray,
E. P. Wharton,
Administrators.

THE POWER OF CASH.

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G. H. ROYSTER'S is the place to buy them, who is now receiving the largest and best stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., that has ever been his pleasure to show you, and at prices lower than ever been offered before. SHOES AND SLIPPERS, THE LARGEST STOCK AND LOWEST PRICES, BOUGHT AT LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SHOES AND SLIPPERS. Ladies' Slippers 48c. $3.98 and up worth double the money. Ladies' Glove Grain button and lace Shoes at 98 cents; ladies' solid leather Dongola button and lace Shoes at 98 cents, all solid; women's every-day Shoes from 75 cents up, all solid leather; men's nice shoes, lace and gaiter, only 98 cents and up; men's coarse Shoes only 98 cents and up; men's coarse Shoes only 98 cents, solid leather; and in fact any kind of Shoes and Slippers you want at HARD TIME PRICES.

BIG BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS. Calicoes 5 and 6¼c, best made; Sheeting 5 and 6c.; Ginghams from 5 cents up. All kinds of Dress Goods at the lowest prices. White Goods all kinds and prices and lovely designs. All kinds of Black Lawns, Percales, Bedford Cord, Pine Apple Tissue, China Silk, Black Satins, Cotton Checks at 4½c. Good Paper Goods from 10c. per yard up. A good Nickel Clock only 98c. Straw Hats at half price. Men's and boys shirts from 25c. up.

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Mr. Auther Stack is now with me and will be glad to see and serve his friends
Yours anxious to please,

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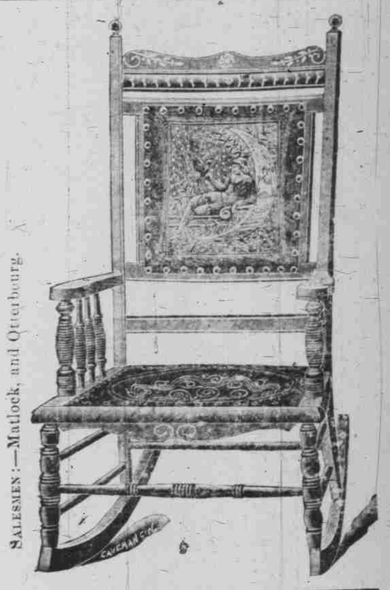

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