THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,155

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 11, 1893.

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

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

Advertisements Not Longer Than Five Insertions

WANTED

[illegible]

A Farm of 200 acres at a [illegible] Write [illegible] Greensboro, N. C.

[illegible] Money [illegible] W. P. WILLY, President Carolina, N. C.

Money.

[illegible] money [illegible] Apply to [illegible] & SCOTT, Attorneys, Greensboro.

Wanted.

[illegible] A. F. SCOTT.

FOR SALE—SCALES.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.

Office [illegible] Building.

JOHN T. BRYAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in all the courts of Davidson county. Special attention given to collections. April 5, 1893.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield.

Will be at Reuben House in Greensboro on Wednesday, Oct. 11th, 1893, (The 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.)

PRACTICE LIMITED TO
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Dr. Arthur L. Ledbetter,

[illegible]

DR. J. A. RICHARDSON,

[illegible] GREENSBORO, N. C.

TOOTH A SPECIALTY.

[illegible] to W. A. FARRAR [illegible] latest and most improved Ophthalmic Instruments, and will do you justice in examining the eye, [illegible] any foreign substance from the eye, and relief in most cases of defective vision, Hypermetropia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperphoria, Latent Hot, Chromatic Materiae Incomfortable, or any compound troubles. We are agents for the great GERMAN EYE WATER, prescribed by [illegible] THE BEST remedy for [illegible] and gives [illegible] Yours truly, [illegible]

W. G. Farrar & Son,
JEWELERS,
Greensboro, N. C.

[illegible] A CALL.

NURSERIES,

[illegible], N. C.

Two [illegible] Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D. R. R. runs through the grounds and within 100 feet of the office and packhouse. Orders can make regular shipments every day.

THOSE INTERESTED IN

FRUIT OR FLOWERS

Are cordially invited to inspect our stock.

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND

Our trees [illegible] Fruit Trees, Vines Evergreens, Shrubs, Trees, Nuts, Roses and Plants in the variety usually kept in a Nursery. We also

Three Green Houses

Full of a great variety of Flowers and Foliage Plants. Cut Roses for Spring planting a specialty.

Catalogue No. 1 of Fruit Trees, Vines, etc., and Catalogue No. 2 Green House Catalogue, [illegible] free to applicants. Correspondence solicited.

JAMES VAN LINDLEY, Prop'r,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE,

DAVIDSON, N. C.

Forty-Seventh Year Begins September [illegible], 1893.

[illegible]

J. H. SHEARER, Pres.

July 12-1m.

"MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[illegible] William Jones carelessly [illegible] it with a portion of an old [illegible]

"It's a [illegible] Matt," he [illegible] disconsolately, "[illegible] them [illegible] ashore. It's [illegible] though, I [illegible] sir—[illegible] shooting on the sea be [illegible] to him—[illegible] it."

[illegible] chuckled him as he spoke, and looking round surreptitiously, he saw Matt entering the room loaded with [illegible] wood. But she was not alone; standing behind her in the shadow was a man—none other, indeed, than Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst.

A low Matt crossed the room to throw down her load of wood. Monk stood in the doorway. His quick eye had noted the movements of father and son.

"Now, plunder, William Jones?" he asked, grimly.

In a moment William Jones was transformed. The keen expression of his face changed to one of mingled stupidity and cadgerness; he began to whine.

"More plunder, Mr. Monk?" he said. "[illegible] days for finding that is gone. Matt and me has been on the shore foraging for a bit of firewood—that's all. Put it down, Matt; put it down."

Matt did as she was told, opening her arms, she threw her load into a corner of the room; then William Jones handed the whole party back into the kitchen.

There men seated themselves on benches, but Matt moved about the room to get a light. The light, as well as everything else, was a perfect illustration of the occupants of William Jones. It consisted, got of a candle, but of a long rush which had been gathered from the marshes by Matt, and afterwards dried and dipped in [illegible] Matt lighted it and stood it [illegible] the iron niche which was [illegible] for the purpose and which was attached to a [illegible] in the bearing. When [illegible] was finished she threw off her cloak and bonnet, retained in the first record of the [illegible] she had worn on the floor.

During the whole of this time Mr. Monk had been watching her [illegible] Right well he had been satisfied in his turn by William Jones. At last the latter spoke:

"Matt's grown, sir," said he. "She's grown wonderful. Lord, bless us! she's a bit changed, she is—the day we found her down on the beach. Why, her own friends wouldn't know her."

Mr. Monk stared and frowned.

"Her friends?" he said—"what friends?"

"Why, them as owns her," continued William Jones. "If they wasn't all drowned in the ship what she came adrift from, they must be somewhere. Maybe some day they'll find her and reward me for bringin' her up a good gal—that's what I allus tell her."

"So that's what you always tell her, do you?" returned Monk, grimly. "Then you're a fool for your pains. The girl's got no friends—haven't I told you that before?"

"Certainly, you have, Mr. Monk," returned William Jones, meekly; "but I thought, you think—"

"You've no right to think," thundered Monk; "you're not paid for thinking; you're paid for keeping the peace, and what more do you want?" [illegible] in a softer tone, [illegible] to me."

But Matt didn't hear—at any rate, she not heed, for she made no movement. Then Monk, gazing intently at her, [illegible] the same remark that William Jones had done a few hours before.

"Where have you been to-day," he said, "to have on that frock?"

Again Matt raised her head and stared. Monk repeated his question, and, seeing that he was determined to have an answer, she threw up her head defiantly and said, with a tone of pride in her voice:

"I put it on to be took!"

"To be took?" repeated Monk.

"Yes," returned Matt; "to have my likeness took. There's a painter chap here that lives in a cart; he's took it."

It was curious to note the changes in Mr. Monk's face. At first he tried to appear amiable; then his face gradually darkened into a look of angry suspicion. Matt never once withdrew her eyes from him—his very presence seemed to arouse all that was bad in her, and she glanced at him through her tangled locks in such the same manner as a sulky terrier puppy might gaze at a pail which it would fain attack, but feared on account of its superior strength.

"Matt," said Mr. Monk again, "come here."

This time she obeyed; she rose slowly from her seat and went reluctantly to his side.

"Matt, look me in the face," he said. "Do you know who this painter is?"

Matt shook her head.

"How many times have you seen him?"

"[illegible]"

"And what has he said to you?"

"Lots of talkee."

"Tell me one thing."

He asked me who my mother was, and I told him I he-b't got home."

Mr. Monk's face once more grew black as night.

"So," he said, "posing and prying and asking questions. I thought as much. He's a roundabout vagabond."

"No, he ain't," said Matt, bluntly.

"Matt, my girl," said Mr. Monk, taking no notice of her interruption, "I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?"

"Not to go near that painter again!"

Matt shook her head.

"I can't promise," she said, "'cause I shall go. My likeness ain't took yet—he takes a time, he does. I'm going to put them things on to-morrow and be took again."

For a moment the light in his eyes looked dangerous, then he smiled and patted her on the cheek—at which caress she shrunk away.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Matt. "I don't like to be pulled about, that's all."

"You mean you don't like me?"

"Don't know. That's telling."

"And yet you've no cause to hate me, Matt. I've been a good friend to you and always shall, because I like you, Matt. Do you understand? I like [illegible]."

Anxious did he seem to impress this upon her that he put his arm around her waist, drew her towards him, and kissed her on the cheek, a ceremony he had never performed before. But Matt [illegible] no means to appreciate the [illegible] his lips touched her cheek [illegible] and

AS HIS LIPS TOUCHED HER CHEEKS SHE SHIVERED.

minutes later William Jones returned alone.

"Where's he?" asked Matt.

"Meanin' Mr. Monk, Matt—he be gone!" said William Jones.

"Gone for good?" demanded Matt, impatiently.

"No, he ain't, Matt; he'll be down here to-morrow, he will; and you'd best be at home!"

Matt said nothing this time; she only turned away sullenly and shrugged her shoulders.

"Matt," said William Jones, presently.

"Well—"

"Mr. Monk seems uncommon fond of you, he do."

Matt reflected for a moment; then she replied:

"I wonder what he's fond o' me for, William Jones?"

"Well, I dunno, 'cause he is. I suppose," returned William Jones, having no more logical answer at his command.

"Taint that," said Matt; "he don't love me 'cause I'm me. William Jones. There's summat else. And I should just like to know what that summat is, I should."

William Jones looked at her, conscious that there was a new development of sagacity in her character, but utterly at a loss to understand what that new development meant.

CHAPTER VI.

HER CONCEITS WITH A KISS.

When Matt arose the next morning the first thing she did was to look around for her Sunday clothes, which on retiring to rest she had carefully placed beside her bed. They were gone, and in their place lay the habiliments she was accustomed to wear on her erratic pilgrimages every day.

Her face grew cloudy; she hunted all round the chamber, but, finding nothing that she sought, she was compelled to array herself as she best could.

"William Jones," she said, when she sat with that worthy at a hermit's breakfast of dry bread and whey, "where's my Sunday clothes?"

William Jones fidgeted a bit, then he said:

"They're put where you won't find 'em. Look ye, now, Matt, you'd best be after doin' summat useful than runnin' about after a painter chap. I was down on the shore this morning, and I seen heaps of wood; you'd best get some of it afore night."

Matt gave a start, but said nothing. A few minutes after her hungry protector left the cottage, and a little after he had disappeared Matt issued forth; but instead of heating the shore for firewood, as she had been told to do, she ran across the fields to the paintch.

She found him already established at his work. The fact was that he had been for some time strolling about with his hands in his pockets and scanning the prospect on every side for a sight of her. Having got tired of this characteristic occupation, he at length sat down and began to put a few touches to the portrait. Seeing that he was unconscious of her approach Matt crept up quietly behind him and took a peep at the picture.

Her black eyes dilated with pleasure.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"So you have come at last," said Brinkley, quietly, going on with his painting.

She made no movement and no further sound, so he continued:

"Perhaps, now you have come, you'll be good enough to step round, that I may continue my work. I am longing to refresh my memory with a sight of your face, Matt!"

"Well, you can't," said Matt; "they're locked up!"

"Eh—what's—locked up—my memory or your face?"

It was clear Matt could not appreciate banter. She saw him smile and guessed that he was laughing at her, and her face grew black and mutinous. She went I know clean off, but his voice stopped her.

"Come here, Matt," he said. "Don't be silly; I didn't tell you what's the matter, and—[illegible] what has become of your raspberry garments—your gorgeous Sunday clothes?"

"Didn't I tell you? They're locked up."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. William Jones done it 'cause he told him. He don't want me to come here and be took."

"Oh. Tell you what it is, Matt, we will have our own way in spite of them. For the present this picture shall be put aside. If is a day or so you can again don your Sunday raiment, and sit to me again in them—if not, I dare say I shall be able to finish the dress from memory. That portrait I shall give to you. In the mean time, as I want one for myself, I will paint you as you are. Do you approve?"

Matt nodded her head vigorously.

"Very well," said Brinkley. "Then we will get on."

He removed from his easel and carefully covered the portrait upon which he had been working. Then he put up a fresh cardboard, and sat down, inviting Matt to do the same.

With the disappearance of the Sunday clothes the girl's stiffness seemed to have disappeared also, and she became again a veritable child of nature. She looked like a skittish young pony fresh from a race on the mountain side as she threw herself on the ground in an attitude which was all picturesqueness and beauty. Then, with her plump, sunburnt hand, she began to carelessly pull up the grass, while her black eyes searched alternately the prospect and the painter's face.

Presently she spoke:

"He says you're a pryin' scoundrel," she said.

Brinkley looked up and smiled.

"Who is he, Matt?"

"Mr. Monk," she replied, and gave a jerk with her head in the direction of Monkshurst.

"Oh, indeed," said Brinkley. "It is my amiable equestrian friend, is it? I'm sure I'm much obliged to him. And when, may I ask, did he bore you with his opinion of me?"

"Last night, when he come to see William Jones. He said I wasn't to be took no more, 'cause you was a scoundrel poking and prying."

Brinkley began to whistle, and went on for a while vigorously touching up his work. Then he looked up and regarded the girl curiously.

"Mr. Monk seems to be very much interested in you, Matt."

The girl nodded her head vigorously; then, remembering the odious caress to which Mr. Monk had subjected her, she began to rub her cheek again.

"Why is Mr. Monk so interested in you? Do you know?"

"Praps it's 'cause he found me when I come ashore."

"Oh, he found you, did he? Then why doesn't he keep you?"

"He do, only I live along o' William Jones."

Again Brinkley began whistling lightly and working away vigorously with his brush. Presently the conversation began again.

"Matt, what things did you come ashore in?"

"I dunno."

"You have never heard whether anything was found with you which might lead to your finding your relations?"

"No; no more has William Jones. He says maybe they'll find me some day and reward him, but Mr. Monk says they were all drowned, and I ain't got no friends 'cept him and William Jones."

"Well, since he found you I suppose he ought to know; and since you have no relations, Matt, and no claim upon anybody in the world, it was very kind of Mr. Monk to keep you instead of sending you to the workhouse, as he might have done."

On this point Matt seemed rather sceptical.

"Well," continued Brinkley, as he went on lightly touching his work, "perhaps I have done my equestrian friend a wrong. Perhaps his unamiable exterior belies his real nature; perhaps he is good and kind, generous to the poor, willing to help the helpless—like you, for instance."

"Is it him?" exclaimed Matt; "Monk, of Monkshurst! Why, he don't give nothin' to nobody. No fear."

"And yet, according to your own showing, he has helped to support you all these years—you, who have no claim whatever upon him."

This was an enigma to which Matt had no solution. She said no more, but Brinkley, while he continued his painting, silently ruminated thus:

"It strikes me this puzzle would be worth unraveling if I could only find the key. Ouero, is the young person the key, if I but knew how to use her? Perhaps, since the amiable Monk evidently dislikes my coming into communication with her. But it would be useless to lay the case before her, since, if she is the key, she is quite unconscious of it herself."

He threw down his brush, rose and stretched himself, and said,

"Look here, Matt, I'm tired of work. The sun shining on those sand hills and on the far-off sea is too tempting. I shall go for a walk, and you, if you are in the mood, shall be my guide."

She evidently was in the mood, for she was on her feet in an instant.

"All right, master," she said. "I'll go."

"Very well. Tim, bring forth some refreshment. We will refresh the inner man and girl before we start."

Tim disappeared into the caravan. Presently he reappeared bearing a tray, on which was a small flask of brandy, a large jug of milk, some biscuits and a couple of glasses. This he placed on the camp stool, which his master had just vacated, and which, when not in use as a seat, served as a table. Brinkley poured out two glasses of milk, then, looking at Matt, he held the little flask on high.

"Brandy, Matt?"

She shook her head.

"Very well, child! I think you are wise. Here, take the milk and drink confusion to your enemies."

Matt took the glass of milk and drank it down, while Brinkley hastened to dilute and dispose of the other. Then he gave some orders to Tim, and they started off. As they had no particular object in view, they chose the pleasant roads, and already the pleasantest lay across the sand hills. Not because the sand hills were pleasant in themselves—they were not, especially on a day when the sun was scorching the roads and making [illegible] a mill-pond—but because [illegible] the sand hills one came on the other side upon a foot path which led by various windings gradually to the top of breezy cliff.

To the sand hills, therefore, they wended their way. Having gained them, they followed a route which Matt knew full well, and which soon brought them to the narrow foot path beyond. During the walk she was singularly silent, and Brinkley seemed to be busily trying to work out some abstruse problem which had taken possession of his brain.

When they had followed the foot path for some distance and had gained the greensward on the top of the cliffs, the young man threw himself upon the grass and invited Matt to do the same. It was very pleasant there, soothing both to the eye and to the mind. The cliff was covered—somewhat sparsely, it is true—with stunted grass; and just below, on their right, lay the ocean, calm as any mill-pond, but sighing softly as the water kissed the rocks and flowed back again with rhythmic throbs. On their left lay the sand hills, glittering like dusty gold in the sun-rays, while just before and below them was the village.

"Do you see that house standing all by itself, close to shore?" said Matt, pointing to the cottage where she lived. "That belongs to William Jones. And, look ye now, there is William Jones on the rocks!"

Looking down, Brinkley beheld a figure moving along the rocks, just where the water touched the edge.

"Very lazy of William Jones," he said. "Why isn't he at work?"

"At work?"

"Yes, tilling the fields or fishing. By the way, I forgot to ask you, is he a fisherman?"

"No, he ain't," said Matt. "He's a wrecker, he is!"

"A what?" exclaimed Brinkley.

"A wrecker," continued Matt, as if wrecking was the most natural occupation in the world. Brinkley looked at her, imagining that she must be practicing some wild joke. He had certainly heard of wreckers, but he had always believed that they were a species of humanity which had belonged to past centuries, and were now as extinct as a mammoth. But the girl evidently meant what she said, and thought there was nothing extraordinary in the statement.

"That sea don't look ugly, do it?" she continued, pointing at the ocean. "But it is; there's rocks out there, where the ships split on; then they go all to pieces, and the things come ashore."

"And what becomes of all the things, Matt?"

"Some of 'em's stole and some of 'em's took by the coast guards. They do say," she added, mysteriously, "as there's lots o' things—gold and silver—hid among them sand hills. Before the coast guards come all the folk was

MATT POINTED TO THE COTTAGE WHERE SHE LIVED.

wreckers, like William Jones, and they used to get what come ashore, and they used to hide it in the sand hills."

"Indeed. Then, if that is the case, why don't they take the treasure up, and turn it into money?"

"Why? 'Cause them sand hills is allus changing and shifting about, they are; though they know well enough the things is there, there's no findin' of 'em!"

"I always thought William Jones was poor."

"So he is, he says!" replied Matt, "'cause though he be allus foraging, he don't find much now on account o' them coast-guard chaps."

After they had rested themselves, they went a little further up the cliff, then they followed a narrow winding path which brought them to the shore below. Here Matt, who seemed to be pretty well grounded in the history of the place, pointed him out the wonders of the coast. She showed him the caves, which tradition said had been formerly used as wreckers' haunts and treasure stores, but which were now washed by the sea, and covered with slimy weeds; then she brought him to a promontory where they told her she herself had been found. This spot Brinkley examined curiously, then he looked at the girl.

"I suppose you had clothes on when you came ashore, didn't you, Matt?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Happy At Last.

There was a look of stern determination on the young man's face as he started for the private office of the firm—such a look as comes to a man's face when he has at last to do or die.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Come in!"

The young man hesitated for the millionth part of a second and drew a long breath. It was against the rules of the house for an employe to draw a long breath during working hours, but our hero changed it.

"Well?" queried the head of the firm as he looked up with an icy glare in his eyes.

"Mr. Overall," began the young man as he made a great effort to control his emotion, "I have been with you over four years."

"Yes."

"I trust that during this long period my conduct has been such that ——"

"But this is no time to come to me with any such request."

"Mr. Overall, I was advised to come to you weeks ago, but I put it off."

"Then put it off again! Haven't you got sense enough to realize that this country has been on the verge of a panic?"

"I know it has, sir; but one may love during a panic as well as when times are easy. Mr. Over——"

"Love! Love! What in Jericho has love got to do with it? You are now getting $25 a week. I believe, and if you aren't satisfied you can quit."

"Mr. Overall, you have a daughter."

"Yes, I know—three of 'em."

"I love the eldest—your Edith—and I know she loves me."

"And you want to ask her hand in marriage?"

"I do."

"Take it! Take Edith, Jane and Sara—all three of 'em if they'll have you—and get married to-morrow if you want to!"

"Mr. Overall, how can I ever—"

"Shut up and get out! Great Scott, but what a shock you gave me! I thought you had come to ask for a raise of a dollar a week on your salary! Young man, next time you want to marry into my family come in here and jump on my neck in a business way instead of scaring me out of a year's growth. Yes, take 'em and marry 'em and be happy and get out!"

M. QUAD.

"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a specific for croup. It is very pleasant to take, which is one of the most important requisites where a cough remedy is intended for use among children. I have known of cases of croup where, I know the life of the little one was saved by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." J. J. LaGrange, druggist, Avoca, Neb. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward and Watkins.

SHOT AND SHELL.

Rio Janeiro Heavily Bombarded by the Insurgent Warships all Day Sunday.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—A private cable message received in this city to-day announces that the rebel fleet at Rio de Janeiro reopened fire upon the Brazilian capital yesterday morning, and that the bombardment was continued throughout the day.

The same cable message announces that though the foreign ministers at Rio, backed up by the commanders, of the foreign war vessels in the harbor, have for a long time past done everything possible to avert further hostilities between the insurgents and the government forces, failure to induce the opposing factions to come to an agreement has resulted in more damage to Rio from the rebel guns and in more loss of life.

The cable message does not give an account of the damage done by the bombardment, nor does it state how many people were killed, ashore or afloat; but it is presumed from the fact that the rebels shelled the city all day Sunday, that the loss of life must have been considerable, and that both sides must have suffered.

The cablegram referred to, however, confirms the statements to the effect that provisions at Rio de Janeiro are getting so scarce that famine prices prevail, in spite of the untiring efforts made by the Government to secure food in the neighborhood and from the adjoining States.

The private cable message sent to the Associated Press, after its receipt here, seems to contradict explicitly the statements made in the message which the Brazilian minister here gave to Reuter's Telegraph company to-day, and which the minister received, to all appearances, from Rio under yesterday's date. The official message stated that though the rebel squadron was still in the Bay of Rio, that "its fighting elements were much weakened," and that "yesterday's bombardment was vigorously answered" by the forts. It was also said in the Brazilian Government dispatch that the rebel ships had been "damaged by the shore artillery." This may naturally have been the case, but it does not seem to have prevented the rebels from bombarding Rio all day Sunday.

Will Fight for $40,000.

The international prize fight between "Jim" Corbett and "Charley" Mitchell for the heavy-weight championship and a purse of $10,000, will take place before the Coney Island Athletic Club, if there is no interference from the authorities of Kings county, N. Y. Mitchell has signed articles binding himself to fight the Californian in the arena by the sea in December. The articles were sent to Corbett, who is training at Lock Harbor, Asbury Park, and he signed them there Sept. 21th.—Ex.

A Sad Awakening!

"When the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren of thy tongue—
What flames—what darts—what anguish I endured,
But when the candle entered—was cured!"

Such complexions as so many of our young ladies possess—dull, pimply, and covered with sores and blackheads, is enough to cool the ardor of the warmest lover. To such young ladies we would say, that you can never have a soft, fair, smooth, attractive, kissable complexion, unless your blood is healthy and pure, for the condition of the blood decides the complexion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will purify your blood, tone up your system, and drive away those distressing headaches and backache, from which you suffer periodically, and give you a complexion a lily or rose leaf might envy.

Do not be in a hurry to condemn the Democratic party. It has some time yet to work and to fulfill the promises made to the people. And we haven't the least doubt in our mind that the great Democratic party will go back on our people who have entrusted in its hands the governmental reins. It cannot afford to do this and it will not. Because it has not made the poor man rich since it has come into power and because it has not done this and that and the other things is no reason that it is not going to fulfill its pledges as enunciated in the Chicago platform. All we ask for is a little time.—Lenoir Topic.

Secretary Hoke Smith has already done work that will render him great. He has succeeded in reducing the expenditure for the current year $3,308,406.16 in the interior department. Let the pension thieves howl; he will help the country.—Danville Star.

"During my term of service in the army I contracted chronic diarrhea," says A. E. Beading, of Halsey, Oregan. "Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief they would injure my stomach; until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follows." 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 AND ATTRACTIVE GOODS that will sell at sight at the prices we are offering them. It will pay you to call and see.

Goods before the Stock is Broken.

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

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

THE POWER OF CASH.

PANTS! OVERALLS!

Long time and high prices are only to be [illegible] and regret as mistakes of the past. The vim and pluck of enterprising and self-supporting patrons, coupled with the present crisis of money leaders, which is caused by the extremely low prices of their produce, is sufficient cause for their demand

OF THE MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

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.

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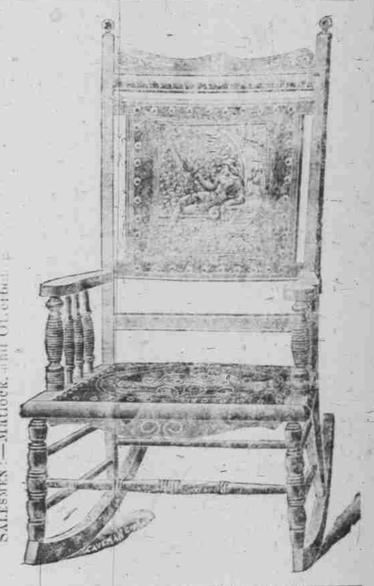

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