# THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185 — GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 25, 1893. — By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance TERMS-$1.00 Per Year



## PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

8 Cents Per Line Each Insertion.

WANTED

To insert notices under this head at 8 cents per line first insertion. After first week at five cents per line—tf.

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

LOST OR STOLEN—One note dated January 29th, 1892, for one hundred dollars signed by S. W. H. Smith, and payable to C. P. Boren. The public is hereby warned not to trade for said note. C. P. BOREN,
Sept. 29-4w. 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 Victor Pneumatic High Grade $150 bicycle—brand new. Cheap as dirt. Write to the PATRIOT, Greensboro, N. C.

NOTICE.—I hereby warn all persons not to hire, feed or shelter my son Fred Willey, who left his home Sunday morning, Sept. 3rd, at 10 o'clock.
JACOB WILEY,
Pleasant Garden, N. C.
Sept. 13, 1893-2t

### Money.

Parties who to borrow sums of money varying from $200 to $1500, and will give first mortgage on first class real estate. DOUGLASS, SCALES & SCALES.
Aug. 9-1m.

### Wanted.

Quadrates of silver and copper coins, will pay the market price. Call on
W. F. BOGART
at the Bank of Guilford.
Aug. 23-4w.

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.
Oct. 26, 1892-1y.

JOHN T. BRITTAIN. O. L. SAPP.

### BRITTAIN & SAPP, ATTORNEYS 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 Mendenhall House in Greensboro on Wednesday Oct. 11th, and 18th. (The 2nd and 4th Wednesdays).
Will give his attention LIMITED TO
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

### Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

—OFFERS HIS—
PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country. All attend calls for or near, day or night. Offices—at No. 226, over Express office.

### Dr. W. J. RICHARDSON,

Office over Porter's Drug Store.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in Medicine and Surgery in Greensboro and surrounding country.

### The EYE A SPECIALTY.

Do not complain about your blindness, headache or any eye trouble that you may have to any way but go to W. B. 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 Optholmic Instruments,

and will do you justice in examining the eye. Specs, motes or any foreign substance removed without pain. Glasses fitted to relieve all abnormal visionary troubles, such as Astigmatism, Hypermetropia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperphoria, Latent Bet, Prophoria 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 3 p. m.

W. B. Farrar & Son,
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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 within 100 feet of 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.

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### 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.

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DAVIDSON, N. C.
Fifty-Seventh Year Begins September 11th, 1893.
Ten Professors and instructors. Junior and Senior studies elective. Chemical and physical laboratories. Well equipped gymnasium.
Terms reasonable.
Location healthful, community excellent, teaching thorough. Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, Literary, Commercial, Biblical.
Send for Catalogue.
J. B. SHEARER, Pres.
July 12-3m.


# "MATT."

## A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"My dear Matt," replied the young man, lightly, "I come here as a humble artist, seeking subjects for my surpassing genius to work upon. If it is prying and spying to attempt to penetrate into the beauties of nature—both scenic, animal and human—I fear I must plead guilty; but otherwise—"

She interrupted him with an impatient exclamation, accompanied by a hitch of her pretty shoulders.

"Don't talk like that; for then I know you're chaffing. Talk serious, and then I'll tell you something."

"All right. I'll be serious as a parson. Go ahead!"

"Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, wants to marry me. He said so to William Jones."

The information was delivered with assumed carelessness; but after it was given Matt watched the effect of it upon the hearer with precocious interest. Brinkley opened his eyes in very natural amazement.

"Come, come, Matt; you're joking."

"No, I ain't. It's true."

"But you're only a child—a very nice child, I admit—but to talk of holy matrimony in such a connection is—excuse my frankness—preposterous. People don't marry little girls."

But Matt did not consent to this proposition at all.

"I ain't a little girl," she affirmed, with a decisive nod of the head. "I'm sixteen and I'm growed up."

The young man was amused, and could not refrain from laughing heartily. But the girl's brow darkened as she watched him, and her under lip fell as if she would like to cry.

"If you go on laughing," she said, "I'll run straight back home, and never come here no more."

"Well, I'll try to keep my countenance but the idea is very funny. Really now? Don't you see it in that light, yourself?"

Certainly Matt did not, to judge from the expression of her face. She turned her head away, and Brinkley saw to his surprise that a tear was rolling down her cheek.

"Come, Matt," he said, kindly, "you mustn't take this so seriously. Tell me all about it—there's a good girl."

"I will—if you won't laugh."

"I won't, then, there."

"Well, when I was lying in my bed this morning I heard William Jones a-talking to some one. He thought I was asleep, but I got up and listened and I heard Mr. Monk's voice; and he said, says he: 'She's over sixteen years old, and I'll marry her,' and William Jones said: 'Lord, Mr. Monk; what can you be a-thinking about? Matt ain't old enough, and what's more she ain't fit to be the wife of a fine gentleman.' Then Mr. Monk he stamped his foot, like he does when he's in a passion, and he said, says he: 'My mind's made up, William Jones, and I'm going to marry her before the year's out;

"MY MIND'S MADE UP, WILLIAM JONES."

and I don't care how soon.' Then I heard them moving about, and I crept back to bed and pretended to be fast asleep."

The young man's astonishment increased. There could be no doubt of the veracity and sincerity of the speaker; and the story she told was certainly puzzling. Brinkley made up his mind without much reflection that if Mr. Monk wanted to go through the marriage ceremony with that child he had some special and mysterious reason for so doing, unless—which was scarcely possible—he was of a sentimental disposition, and, in the manner of many men advanced towards middle age, was enamored of Matt's youth and inexperience.

"Tell me, Matt," said Brinkley, after pondering the matter for some minutes; "tell me how long you have known this Mr. Monk?"

"Ever since I came ashore," was the reply.

"Humph!—Is he well to do?—rich?"

Matt nodded emphatically.

"All Aberglyn belongs to him," she said, "and the woods up there, and the farms, and the horses up at the big house, and—everything."

"And though he is such a great person, he is very friendly with William Jones."

"Oh, yes," answered Matt; "and I think William Jones is afraid of him—sometimes; but he gives William Jones money for keeping me."

"Oh, indeed! He gives him money, does, he? That's rather kind of him, you know."

At this Matt shook her head with great decision, but said nothing. Greatly puzzled, the young man looked at her, and mused. It was clear that there was a mystery somewhere, and he was getting interested. Presently he invited Matt to sit down on the steps of the caravan, and he placed himself at her side. He was too absorbed in speculation to notice how the girl colored and brightened as they sat there together.

"You have often told me that you came ashore," he said, after a long pause. "I should like to know something of how it happened. I don't exactly know what this 'coming ashore' means. Can you explain?"

"I don't remember," she replied; "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I come to shore in a boat, or summat."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

"William Jones says I could just talk some words, and that when he took me home I called him 'Papa.'"

"What was the name of the ship? Have you ever heard?"

"No," [illegible] Matt.

"Did [illegible] ashore all alone? It is scarcely [illegible]"

Matt shook her head again. Once more the young man was lost in meditation. Doubtless it was owing to his abstraction of mind that he quietly placed his arm around Matt's waist, and kept it there. At first Matt went very red; then she glanced up at his face, and saw that his eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant sand hills. Seeing he still kept silence, she moved a little closer to him, and said very quietly:

"I didn't tell William Jones that you—kissed me!"

Brinkley started from his abstraction, and looked at the girl's blushing face.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I didn't tell William Jones that you kissed me!"

These words seemed to remind the young man of the position of his arm, for he hastily withdrew it. Then the absurdity of the whole situation appeared to return upon him, and he broke into a burst of boyish laughter—at which his companion's face fell once more. It was clear that she took life seriously and dreaded sarcasm.

"Matt," he said, "This won't do! This won't do at all!"

"What won't do?"

"Well, this," he answered, rather ambiguously. "You are rather young, you know—quite a girl, although, as you suggested just now, and, as you probably believe, you may be 'growed up.' You must—ha—you must look upon me as a sort of father, and all that sort of thing."

"You're too young to be my father," answered Matt, ingenuously.

"Well, say your big brother. I'm interested in you, Matt, very much interested, and I should really like to get to the bottom of the mystery about you, but we must not forget that we're—well, almost strangers, you know. Besides," he added, laughing again cheerily, "you are engaged to be married, some day, to a gentleman of fortune."

Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"No, I ain't!" she said. "I hate him!"

"Hate the beautiful Monk, of Monkshurst! Monk, the beneficent! Monk the sweet-spoken! Impossible!"

"Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and—and—when he kissed me, it made me sick."

"What, did he? Actually. Kissed you?"

As he spoke the young man actually felt that he should like to assault the redoubtable Monk.

"Yes, he kissed me—once. If he kisses me again I'll stick something into him, or scratch his face."

And Matt looked black as thunder and set her pearly teeth angrily together.

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"Oh, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added, as she returned to her place: "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she drooped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, raised her cheek against his shoulder.

Now, our hero of the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow and a man of honor, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Hitherto he had looked upon her as a sort of enfant terrible, a very rough diamond; now he realized, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "growed up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown up young ladies. It was clear that his duty was to disenchant her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the meantime he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her foot, which he next inspected, he could not criticise, for the boots she wore would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical, and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt?" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it today?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Pencroes, and if I don't go he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

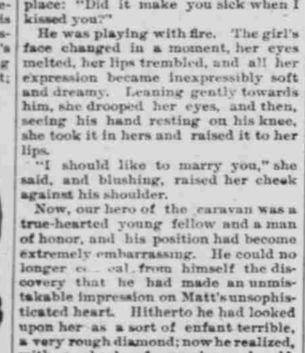
"But I'll come," she said, smiling, "to-morrow; and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word!" cried the artist; "those Welsh hats are very becoming. Good-by, Matt."

She took his outstretched hand and waited an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the



"THOSE WELSH HATS ARE VERY BECOMING."

temptation, and after a moment's further hesitation, in which I fear she betrayed some little disappointment, Matt released her hand and sprang hurriedly away.

"Upon my word," muttered the young man, as he watched her figure receding in the distance, "the situation is growing more and more troublesome! I shall have to make a clean bolt of it, if this goes on. Fancy being caught in a flirtation with a wild ocean waif, a child of the wilderness, who never even heard of Lindley Murray. Really, it will never do!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVIL'S CALDRON.

It so happened that the young man of the caravan had two considerable faults. The first fault my reader has, no doubt, already guessed; he was constitutionally lazy. The second fault will appear more clearly in the sequel; he was, also constitutionally inquisitive. Now, his laziness was of that not uncommon kind which is capable of a great deal of activity, so long as that activity is unconscious, and not realized as being in the nature of work; and its possessor, therefore, would frequently, in his idle way, bestir himself a good deal; whereas, if he had been ordered to bestir himself, he would have yawned and resisted. Here his other constitutional defect came in, and set him prying into matters which in no way seriously concerned him. A little time before the period of his present excursion, when he was studying law in Dublin, and rapidly discovered that he loved artistic amateurship much better, he had often been known to work terribly hard at "cases" in which his curiosity was aroused; and I may add, in passing, that he had shown on these occasions an amount of shrewdness which would have made him an excellent lawyer if his invincible objection to hard work, *qua* work, had not invariably interfered.

No sooner was he left to his own meditations, which the faithful Tim (who had fortunately been away on a foraging expedition during the episode described in my last chapter) was not at hand to disturb, than our young gentleman began puzzling his brains over the curious information she had given him. The facts, which he had no reason to question, ranged themselves under four heads:

(1) Matt had been cast ashore fifteen years previously, at an age when she could pronounce the word "papa." It followed, as a rational argument, that she had been, say, one year old, or thereabouts.

(2) Mr. Monk had found her, and given her into the care of William Jones, and had since handed that worthy sums of money for taking care of her. Query: What reason had the said Monk for exhibiting so much care for the child, unless he was a person of wonderfully benevolent disposition, which my hero was not at all inclined to believe?

(3) Said Monk and said Jones were on very familiar terms, which was curious, seeing the difference in their social positions. Query again: Was there any private reason, any mysterious knowledge, any secret shared in common, which bound their interests together?

(4) Last and most extraordinary of all, Mr. Monk had now expressed his wish and intention of marrying the waif he had rescued from the sea, committed to the care of said Jones and brought up in ragged ignorance, innocence of grace or grammar, on that lonely shore. Query again, and again, and yet again: What the deuce had put the idea into Monk's head, and was there at the bottom of it any deeper and more conceivable motive than the one of ordinary affection for a pretty, if uncultivated, child?

The more Charles Brinkley pondered all these questions the more hopelessly puzzled he became. But his curiosity, once roused, could not rest. He determined, if possible, to get to the midriff of the mystery. So intent was he on this object, which fitted in beautifully with his natural indolence, that he at once knocked off painting for the day, and, after breakfasting on the fare with which Tim had by this time appeared, he strolled away towards the seashore.

He had not gone far when he saw approaching him a tall figure which he seemed to recognize. It came closer, and he saw that it was Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst.

This time Monk was on foot. He wore a dark dress, with knickerbockers and heavy shooting boots, and carried a gun. A large dog, of the species lurcher, followed at his heels.

Brinkley was passing by without any salutation, when, to his surprise, other paused and lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "We have met once before; and I think I have to apologize to you for unintentional incivility. The fact is—hum—I mistook you for a—vagrant! I did not know you were a gentleman."

So staggered was the artist at this greeting that he could only borrow the vocabulary of Mr. Toots:

"Oh, it's of no consequence," he said, attempting to pass on.

But the other persevered.

"I assure you, Mr.—Mr.—(I have not the pleasure of knowing your name) that I had no desire of offending you; and if I did so I beg to apologize."

Brinkley looked keenly at the speaker. His words and manner were greatly at variance with his looks—even with the tone of his disfigured brow, and his mouth twitched nervously as if he were ill at case.

Regarding him thus closely, Brinkley saw that he had been somewhat mistaken as to his age. He was considerably under fifty years of age, but his hair was mixed with gray and his features strongly marked as with scars of old passions. A handsome man, certainly; an amiable one, certainly not! Yet he had a peculiar air and power of breeding, as of one accustomed to command.

Curiosity overcame dislike and the young man determined to receive Mr. Monk's overture as amiably as possible.

"I dare say it was a mistake," he said. "Gentlemen don't usually travel about in caravans."

"You are an artist, I am informed," returned Monks.

"Something of that sort," was the reply. "I paint a little for pleasure."

"And do you find this neighborhood suit your purpose? It is somewhat flat and unpicturesque."

"I rather like it," answered Brinkley. "It is pretty in summer; it must be splendid in winter when the storms begin and the uneventful career of our friend, William Jones, is varied by the excitement of wrecks."

How Monk's forehead darkened. But his face smiled still as he said:

"It is not often that shipwrecks occur now, I am glad to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW THE WILD ANIMALS SAVED THE COLONEL'S COMMAND.

It was only a Little Thing. But it Warned the Trusty Guide that There were Indians Ahead—they Escaped an Ambush.

We were going down the peninsula formed by the junction of the Yellowstone and Little Missouri rivers, hoping to intercept the Indians and turn them back. It had been a hard, swift march, a ride of over four hundred miles, with no halt above four hours, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon half the troops were sleeping in their saddles, as their lean and lame horses picked their way over the rough ground.

We had planned to reach the spot where the fleeing Indians would cross the Little Missouri a day or two ahead of them. We believed we had accomplished it. At ten o'clock we were within two miles of the spot. Then the head of the column halted for the men to close up. Our line had strung out for a mile or more. Between us and the crossing, as the halt was made, nature had made a highway. It was a grassy road, about twenty feet wide, twisting and turning like a creek. Either side was lined with dense thickets. Half a mile down the highway it was crossed by a creek with steep banks. Half a mile farther on was a second creek.

No man in the column of two hundred men knew what lay beyond the first turn. The halt to close up was a precautionary measure, but no one dreamed of danger. If the hostile Indians had not turned back or changed their route they should still be forty or fifty miles to the south. The stragglers had come up, the sleepy troopers had braced up under the eyes of their officers, and the bugler was about to sound the forward when the half-breed guide and scout held up his hand in warning. A deer came running up the grassy lane at full speed and was within ten feet of the colonel's horse when it wheeled to the right and vanished into the thicket. Next came a fox, which ran under the feet of a dozen horses before he found shelter. Then a second deer—then three or four rabbits.

"What is it?" asked the colonel of the guide.

"Ambush!" was the brief reply.

"Where?"

The guide waved his hand to signify that it was down the lane somewhere.

"But what makes you think so?" persisted the colonel, who was impatient to go ahead, and yet too prudent to needlessly expose his command.

"Deer—fox—rabbits!" replied the guide. "All were frightened. All running away from something. Injuns down there waiting for us. We go some other way."

We turned to the left and flanked the position. We had made a distance of seven miles when Indians were seen and skirmishing began, but they soon retreated southwards, and as we followed them up they crossed the Little Missouri. It was the band we had hoped to intercept, but why did they turn back without a fight? Everybody was asking the question when a few of us rode off to inspect the ambush. The death trap had been set for us between the creeks. The lower end of the avenue had been blocked with felled trees and bushes, and trees partly cut down would have blockaded the upper end as soon as the last horseman had passed. The road here narrowed to fifteen feet. Whenever there was an opening in the bushes which lined the sides it had been closed with thorns.

From sunrise that morning the Indians had been waiting for us. Almost two hundred warriors were in hiding behind the bushes, ready to thrust out their rifles and fire at the signal. Perched in the trees along the way were half a hundred boys armed with bows and arrows. Hidden away under the banks of the creeks were a hundred or more squaws, armed with hatchets, knives or clubs. It was not to be a battle, but a massacre. No mercy was to be shown—not a prisoner taken. Scouts had observed our approach and reported. When the head of our column had fairly entered the lane the eager squaws and impulsive boys could hardly be controlled. In their moving about they frightened the wild animals out of their retreats and sent us the warning. They did not know why we halted, hesitated and then took another way. For half an hour they waited with the scowl of hate on their bronzed faces—with the savageness of devils in their hearts—with eyes which glared and glinted as they roamed about in search of the expected prey. Then they whispered to each other:

"They have taken another way. The Great Spirit sent them warning to turn aside! We cannot fight these men; let us recross the river and return to the agency!"—Detroit Free Press.

"During my term of service in the army I contracted chronic diarrœa," says A. E. Bending, 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

No Headache with Tutt's Liver Pills.

## EDIBLE CURRENCY.

Wizards Edison's Scheme for Coining Wheat.

Edison is a genius. And being a genius he has no patience with the fruitless efforts of plodding, common-place mortals to solve difficult problems. Thus Mr. Edison is disgusted with the whole monetary problem and with the men who have been wrangling over it so long. In his opinion the whole thing is ridiculous. "Intrinsic value, be blowed," says Mr. Edison, employing somewhat different terms, "there is no intrinsic value in either gold or silver. Can you eat or clothe your nakedness with either gold or silver?"

What we need, according to the wizard of electricity, is a new standard of value. And straightway he formulates a plan for that new standard. "The best dollar that could be made would be a dollar made of compressed wheat." There is a suggestion to delight a Kansan's heart. "You take a bushel of wheat and squeeze the water out of it and then compress it into a hard cake the size of a silver dollar and stamp the government mark upon it. That would represent actual value and labor performed, and then you eat a dollar, for when you wanted to use the wheat all that would be nesessary would be to put your money to soak."

Think of the possibilities of that kind of money under a free coinage arrangement! The Dakota farmer-capitalist could have toasted dollars for breakfast, baked dollars and cheese for dinner and fried dollars and maple sugar for supper in short crop times or when the markets failed to afford delicacies to tempt the appetite. The changes that might be rung on the utility of the wheaten dollar are limitless. But continued, "We should then have the bushelof wheat as a permanent unit of value which all farmers would appreciate, and the currency of the country would appreciate, and the currency of the country would represent actual worth and labors performed. Both gold and silver could then be dispensed with and the present bimettalic problem solved. Our currency, moreover, would be as good as gold or silver in foreign exchange, for our wheat goes to all the countries of the world."

We have been told that Mr. Edison is a busy man; that he seldom jokes and never tries to be funny. But in this instance he seems to have taken a day off for the purpose of poking fun at some of our alleged statesmen.

### What Cured Him?

Disturbed, disturbed; with pain oppressed,
No sleep, no rest; what dreadful pest
Such terrors thus ensnared him?
Dyspepsia all night, all day,
It really seemed had come to stay;
Pray, guess you, then, what cured him?

It was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the great cure for Headache, Schrofula, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood is Dr. Pierce Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs, restores them to their normal condition. The "Discovery", is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

### A Tariff Bill November 20.

It is stated here on what is regarped as excellent authority that the ways and means committee will report the tariff bill on November 20 and that it will pass the House committee on rules discussed, the procedure to be followed in disposing of the bill, and strong pressure will be brought to bear upon the House to press the measure at as early a date as possible. This will be in line with the policy of the Democratic leaders, as already announced in the Sun, to put the new tariff act into effect before the beginning of the next congressional campaign, in order that its benefits may be freely understood and appreciated. This is the House programme, but already a purpose has been announced in the Senate to filibuster on the bill, and should filibustering be as extensively practiced as on the pending repeal bill no one knows when the tariff bill will pass, when it will be put into effect and what the outcome will be.—Ex

It is now certain that Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky, will have opposition for renomination. Hon. Emerson Gettie, of Owenton, is out for the nomination. The opposition to Breckinridge becomes stronger daily. Four papers now oppose him, and but two support him. Shrewd observers predict his defeat.

"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.

The secretary of the State Farmers' Alliance says there are something over 1,900 sub-Alliances in the State.


# 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.

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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.

PANTS! OVERALLS!

Long time and high prices are only to be remembered with remorse and regret as mistakes of the past. The vim and push of all enterprising and self-supporting patrons, coupled with the present crises of money matters, which is caused by the extremely low prices of their produce, is sufficient cause for their demand

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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 6½c., 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 Pant 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.

I buy from the cheapest net cash manufacturers and wholesale jobbers, saving the 10 to 25 per cent. usually added by time houses to cover their losses, and I sell strictly for cash, saving my customers the large per cent. usually added by time houses to cover their losses, and I sell strictly for cash, saving my customers the large per cent. they have to pay the retail time merchants to eke out their expenses of book-keeping and never-payers, which is always heaped upon the consumers head. An investigation will convince you that this is the cheapest place in the city to buy your goods.

ALL NICE CLEAN GOODS, NO OLD STOCK. PLEASE CALL.

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

G. H. ROYSTER,

118 South Elm Street, Benbow House, GREENSBORO, N. C.

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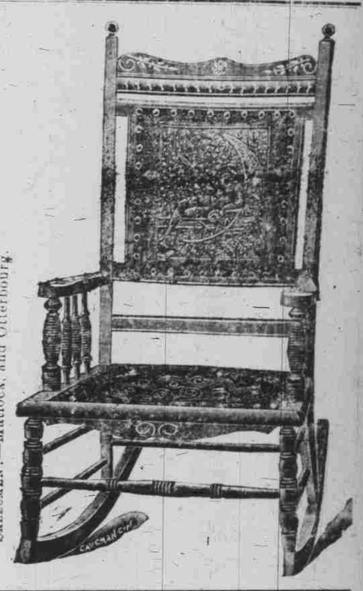

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