THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

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NEWELL & MATTHEWS.
Nov. 1st, 1893.

"MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

[illegible]

"Mr. Monk," cried William Jones, in terror, "look ye now, tell me what's the matter."

"I mean you to tell me what you have been hiding from me all these years. Something came ashore with that child—something that might lead to her identity, and you have kept it, thinking to realize money upon it, or to have me in your power. What means it? Speak, or I'll strangle you!"

But William Jones was evidently unable to speak, being perfectly paralyzed with fear. Monk stretched forth his hands to seize him again, when the old man, who had been a horrified spectator of all this, suddenly broke in with:

"Look ye, now, I know there was summat. It were a leetle book, stuffed in the front of her frock."

"A book!" returned Monk, eagerly; "and what did you do with it? Tell me that, you old fool! Did you burn it?"

"Burn it?" exclaimed the other. "No, master, we don't burn nothin', William and me. You know where you put it, William, dear. In the old place."

"Then curse you for an averlasting old devil," thundered Monk. "The book has been stolen—do you hear?—stolen by that young painter."

He could say no more; the effect of his words upon William Jones was electrical. He gave one wild shriek, and began tearing his hairs. It soon became his turn to mean and rave, and for some time nothing coherent could be got from him.

At length, however, Monk gathered that there was some secret hiding place which Brinkley had discovered.

"I thought his poking and prying meant summat," moaned William Jones. "I fancied, too, I seen marks in the sand, but I never could find no one near, and I thought they was my own [illegible]. Oh, what will come to me? I'm ruined!"

"Curse your folly!" exclaimed Monk; "you have brought it all on yourself by your cowardice, and you don't deserve I should help you, but I will—help you! Listen to me! It looks as if that little [illegible] had [illegible] of some kind of [illegible] and [illegible]. But from what [illegible] I gather he has not as yet divulged it to a single soul. He is the only human being we have to fear. We must cease to fear him. Do you understand?"

No, William Jones did not understand, so in order to make his meaning clear, Mr. Monk drew him out of the cottage and whispered something in his ear. William Jones turned as white as death and began to tremble all over.

"I couldn't do it, sir," he moaned. "Look ye, now—I couldn't do it!"

Monk stamped his foot impatiently; then he turned to his bright and elastic [illegible].

"Listen to me, William Jones. You ought to know by this time that I have both the power and determination to effect my ends. Continue to oppose me and play the fool and all that power shall be used against you. Do you see? I will ruin you! I will hound you over to the antipodes as a thief! I will have you tried for cold-

BRINKLEY REMEMBERING IN THE FORTHCOMING OF MONK.

blooded murder! I will have you hanged! Do you hear? I will! I will! I will!"

Poor William Jones, seeing that resistance would be useless, promised to consult his friend to the morrow, and, after a good deal of hesitation and of continued show of unwillingness on William Jones' part, the two men started off.

When they drew near to the cave, William Jones gave a cry and pointed to the sand. Looking down, Monk clearly saw the footprints. They followed them and found that they led right to the mouth of the cave.

"It's standing open!" cried William Jones, as he pointed down with trembling finger.

"Follow me!" said Monk, crawling down into the hole.

Jones followed in terror.

As he reached the rocks below he heard a sharp cry, and looking down saw, by the dim light of a candle stuck in the wall, Brinkley struggling helplessly in the powerful grip of Monk. He had been sprung upon from behind, and was helpless through a sort of garotte.

Horrified and trembling, William Jones was rooted to his place.

Suddenly he saw the young man fall backward lifeless, and, with one last gasp, he perfectly still. Monk stooped over him, and looked into his face.

"O Mr. Monk!" cried William, "is he—is he"—

"He is dead!" was the reply. "So much the better."

As he spoke, he bent down and searched the poor man's pockets. His brow blackened, for he did not find what he sought. Then he took the light from the wall, and held it close to Brinkley's face.

Satisfied that he did not breathe, he climbed up the path and rejoined his trembling companion. They passed out of the place, hurriedly replacing the trap-door, and piled on sand and stones.

"There" said Monk, with a wild smile on his deadly pale face. "He won't trouble either of us again. Come, come!"

And he strode hastily away, followed by William Jones, leaving the young man of the caravan in the subterranean tomb.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM JONES IS SERIOUS.

The two men walked together through the darkness as far as the door of William Jones' hut; then they parted. Mr. Monk struck across the sand hills towards his own home, while Jones entered the door of his cabin.

He would fain have found that cabin empty, for the memory of the last scene in the cave was still upon him, and made him as nervous as a child. But the old man was there, and wide awake, and evidently pleased at his son's return.

"Where have you been, William, dear?" said he. The question was innocent enough in itself, but it was full of hidden meaning for William Jones.

"Where have I been?" he repeated; "at work, to be sure!"

The tone of his reply startled the old man. He looked up, and saw to his amazement that William was as white as a ghost, and trembling violently.

"What's the matter, William, dear?" he asked, eagerly. "Have you seen a wreck, my son?"

"No, I ain't," responded his son, in violent "and look ye now, old 'un, you just be quiet, and let me alone, that's all!"

The old man, knowing his son's temper did as he was told, and William continued to potter aimlessly about the room. He was certainly trembling very much, and was almost overcome with a nervousness for which he himself could not account. For he was no coward. To get possession of a prize on the high seas he would have faced a storm which might well make brave men tremble, not to mention that he knew that he had on more than one occasion hitherto unlawfully hastened the end of the shipwrecked sailors whom he had found and pillaged on the shore. After these acts he had been able to lie down to sleep of course without being haunted by dead men's faces. But now the case was different. He had not to deal with a victim without friends, a man whose body, described as that of a "ship-wrecked mariner," could be buried and forgotten without more ado. In all probability there would this time be a hue and cry, and William Jones trembled lest his share in the ghastly business might ultimately be discovered.

True, he was not actually the culprit, and so even at the worst he might escape the gallows; but to a man of his sensitive and affectionate nature the thought of transportation was not pleasant. It was this that made him nervous—this that made him start and tremble at every sound.

Presently a thought struck him.

"Where's Matt?" he asked.

"Don't know, William dear; she ain't been here for hours and hours. Maybe she's on the shore."

"Maybe she is—I'll go and have a look," replied William.

It must not be supposed for a moment that William Jones had become afflicted with a sudden and tender interest in Matt—he merely wanted to get quit of the cabin, that was all, and he saw in this a reasonable excuse for walking out alone. He accordingly made his escape, and went wandering off along the shore.

It was ten o'clock when he returned; he was still pale, and drenched to the skin. The old man was dozing beside the fire, and alone.

"Where's Matt?" asked William again.

"Ain't you seen her, William dear? Well, she ain't here."

William Jones did look a little uneasy this time, and it is but due to him to confess that his uneasiness was caused by Matt's prolonged absence. Erratic as she was in her movements she had not been accustomed to staying out so late, especially on a night when the rain was pouring, and not a glimmer of star or moon was to be seen.

"Wonder what she's a-doin' of?" said William; "suppose I'd best wait up for her. Hope, old man, you go to bed. I'm beat—you ain't wanted anyhow."

The old man accordingly went to bed, and William sat up to await Matt's return. He sat beside the hearth, looked into the smoldering fire and listened to the rain as it poured down steadily upon the roof. Occasionally

"WHERE IS MATT?" HE ASKED.

he got up and went to the door; he could see nothing, but he heard the patter of falling rain, and the low, dreary moan of the troubled sea.

Hour after hour passed, and Matt did not come. William Jones began to doze by the fire—then he sank into a heavy sleep.

He awoke with a start, and found that it was broad daylight. The fire was out, the rain had ceased to fall, and the morning's sun was creeping in at the windows. He looked around and saw that he was still alone. He went into Matt's room—it was empty. She had not returned.

He was now filled with a vague uneasiness. He made up a bit of fire and was about to issue forth again in search of the truant, when all further trouble was saved him—the door opened and Matt herself appeared.

She seemed almost as much disturbed as William Jones himself. Her face was very pale, her hair wild, her dress in great disorder. She started on seeing him, then, assuming a devil-may-care look, she lounged in.

"You're up early, William Jones," she said.

"Yes, I am up early," he replied, gruffly; "'cause why?—'cause I ain't been to bed. And where have you been?—jest you tell me that."

"Why—I've been out, of course," returned the girl, defiantly.

"That won't do, Matt," returned William Jones. "Come, you'll jest tell me where you've been. You ain't been out all night for nothing."

The girl gave him a look, half of defiance, half of curiosity; then she threw herself down, rather than sat, upon a chair.

"I am tired, I am," she said, "and hungry and cold!"

"Will you tell me where you've been, Matt?" cried William Jones, trembling with suspicious alarm.

"Course I will, if you keep quiet," said the girl in answer. "There ain't much to tell neither. I were away along to Paseross when the heavy rain came on, then I lay down behind a haystack and fell asleep, and when I woke up it was daylight and I come home."

William Jones looked at her steadfastly and long; then, as if satisfied, he turned away. About an hour later he left the hut and walked along the shore straining his eyes seaward. But instead of looking steadfastly at one spot, as his custom was, he paused now and again to gaze uneasily about him. At every sound he started and turned pale. In truth, he was becoming a veritable coward—afraid almost of the sound of his own footsteps on the sands.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARAVAN DISAPPEARS.

Several days passed away, during which William Jones showed a strange and significant affection for his own fireside. He went out a little in the sunlight; but directly night came he locked and barricaded the door as if against thieves, and declined, on any inducement, to cross the threshold. Even had a three-decker gone ashore in the neighborhood he would have thought twice before issuing forth into the dreaded darkness.

For William Jones was genuinely afraid; his hereditary calm of mind was shaken, not so much with horror at a murderous deed, as with consternation that his life-long secret had been discovered by one man, and might sooner or later, be discovered by others. He did not put implicit faith even in Monk; it was his nature to trust nobody where money was concerned.

As to returning back to the cave until he had quite recovered his equanimity, that was out of the question. Even by daylight he avoided the spot with a holy horror. Only in his dreams, which were dark and troubled, did he visit it—to see the face of the murdered man in the darkness, and the hand of the murdered man pointing at him with cold, decaying fingers.

The day after the murder he had been greatly unsettled by a visit from Tim Linney, who demanded news of his master and said that he had not returned to the caravan all night. Tim seemed greatly troubled, but gave vent to no very violent ebullitions of grief. When he was done Matt sat by the fireside and looked long and keenly at William Jones.

"What are you staring at?" cried he, fidgeting uneasily under her gaze.

"Nowt," said Matt; "I were only wondering"—

"Then don't go wondering," exclaimed the good man, rather inconsistently. "You mind your own business and don't be a fool!" And he turned testily and gazed at the fire. But Matt, whose eyes were full of a curious light, was not to be abashed.

"Ain't you well, William Jones?" she asked.

"I'm well enough—I am."

"It's queer, ain't it, that the painter chap never come home?"

"How should I know?" growled William. "Maybe he's gone back where he come from."

"Or maybe he's drowned? Or maybe summat else has happened to him?" suggested Matt.

"Never you mind him, my gal. He's all right, never fear. And if he ain't it's no affair o' yours, or mine neither. You go along out and play."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Home Marriage in Kernersville, N. C.

Tuesday, Nov. 7, 1893.

At this beautiful twilight hour 9 p. m. the marriage of Dr. L. L. Sapp to Miss Nellie Fetter was solemnized at the home of the bride's father, Mr. W. A. Fetter.

At the appointed hour the immediate families and a few friends assembled in the parlor, which had been transformed into a bower of beauty by a lavish yet tasteful profusion of flowers and autumn leaves.

As the wedding march was being played by Miss Minnie Fetter the bridal party entered in the following order;

Mr. J. W. Watson, who acted as best man, with Miss Mamie Fetter, the maid of honor; then followed the bride and groom, who stood under an arch of autumn leaves with banks of beautiful flowers on each side.

The impressive ceremony of the Episcopal church was read by the Rev. Mr. Stubbs, rector of St. Barnabus Church, Greensboro, during which the soft strains of "Then you'll remember me," were rendered.

The happy couple were immediately driven to the R. & D. Depot and took the train for Charlotte and other points.

National Bank Circulation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The high water mark of national bank circulation was reached in September, when the banks took out additional circulation to relieve the stringency in the money market. Since then a gradual reduction has taken place and since September 15th, national banks, which had previously taken out additional circulation, have surrendered circulation to the extent of $1,136,250. Of this amount five national banks in the city of New York surrendered $882,000; one bank in Baltimore $20,000; and three country banks in different sections of the United States $164,250.

THE BEST PLASTER.—Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades, will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward & Watkins.

Indian Summer.

October 31, 1893.

Within the period of about a month past I have seen allusions to the Indian Summer as if that season had already begun at the time of such allusions, but the idea is erroneous. We have had several frosty spells, but not until now have we had any weather that could properly be called winter. After these few days of cold are past we will have a season of two or three week's duration of dry, delicious weather, cool at night, frosty in the morning, but warm in the sunshine during the day; the atmosphere hazy with smoke, but the air so pure that a healthy person breathing it feels that it is really joyous to live.

Why was this period named the Indian Summer? History and tradition relate that when this country was first settled by the whites, the Indians were generally hostile, but that their warfare against the whites was almost entirely suspended during the cold winter weather. The settlers soon came to understand that this was their custom and those who were on the border would build what they called blockhouses strong log boardings and enclose a considerable area around them with strong high stakes as pole fences. Into one of these inclosures the settlers of a neighborhood would move their families and goods at the approach of summer, where they remained till winter. During the day the men, while they lived in the blockhouse, would go out to their clearings, and cultivate their crops, being careful to have their loaded guns conveniently near to use in case of attack by the stealthy Indian, and at night they would return to the blockhouse. Thus they worked and watched and watched and worked throughout the summer; but at the approach of winter they moved their families and goods back to their cabins feeling secure foom Indian depredations during the severe weather of that season.

But at first the settlers were often deceived by this first cold snap of weather peculiar to the climate of the Appalachin region, and when it came, thinking that winter had really come, they would sometimes move back to their cabins at this time, but only to learn when too late that their move was premature; for the cruel Indian, taking advantage of the warm sunshine period and the settler's unguarded condition, made his attack upon the unprotected cabins, and overpowering the single defenders, killed or captured, and burnt and destroyed.

Thus by many a bitter experience of this kind, the prisoners learned to remain in the block-house until the winter had really set in, and called this delightful season following the first deceitful days of cold, the Indian's Summer.

What a theme for the poet who could correctly and fully describe this charming season as it is seen and felt in the Piedmont region of North Carolina. H. F. J.

—Exchange.

CORBETT-MITCHELL FIGHT.

A Check for $20,000 Forwarded from Jacksonville as Stakes

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 8.—The only new features in the negotiations to secure the Corbett-Mitchell fight for this city is the forwarding to Richard K. Fox, of the full amount of the stake. A meeting of the three gentlemen representing the syndicate was held this morning and decided to forward the whole $20,000 to Mr. Fox in New York, and at 11:30 yesterday the following telegram was sent:

"JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 7, 1893.
To Richard K. Fox, New York City.

"A certified check for $20,000 has been mailed you to-day as the stake for the Corbett-Mitchell fight proposed to be held in Jacksonville, with conditions attached. A letter will follow this.

(Signed) BION H. BARNETT,
"Cashier National Bank of Jacksonville."

Advices from New York last night, although not directly from Mr. Fox, are to the effect that Corbett and Mitchell will both agree to the time proposed, as soon as the stakes reach New York. They and their backers are satisfied that the principals will be guaranteed immunity from arrest or legal prosecution of any kind. The attorney for the syndicate says there is no statute in Florida law by which a peaceable prize fight can be stopped, and said that all the state, county and city, officials have agreed that no interference shall be made unless there is a breach of the peace.

Conscience, or What?

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," says the poet. But it is just so with the nerves. When a man's nerves are unstrung, through indigestion and torpid liver and impure blood, what wonder that he feels depressed and nervous. He starts at every unexpected sound; is afraid of his shadow, and feels like a fool. Let such a man go to the Drugstore and get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great Blood-purifier and Liver Invigorator. This is the only blood-purifier and liver invigorator *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or money will be *promptly* refunded. It cures indigestion, or Dyspepsia, and from its wonderful blood-purifying properties, conquers all Skin and Scalp diseases, Salt rheum, Tetter, Eczema and kindred ailments. All blood-poisons, no matter of what name or nature, yield to its remedial influences.

Clydesdale Stallion.

Laird of Duncan, No 4561

Having Purchased the above Horse from Hon. L. Banks Holt, of Graham, North Carolina,

I Offer his Services to the Horsemen and Farmers of Guilford County and Vicinity.

He is a DARK BAY with black points save a white high hind fetlock and small star in forehead; is 16 hands high, WEIGHS FOURTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS, is active, of good disposition, a sure foal getter and not yet six years old.

LAIRD OF DUNCAN is at my GREAT OAKS Plantation, (formerly known as the FOULKES PLACE) near Brown's Summit, N. C.

TERMS OF BREEDING.

Services $10 CASH to be paid at time of service. I ASSUME no RESPONSIBILITY for ACCIDENTS. Owners of mares must send their own men in charge of their animals.

J. W. M. CARDEZA,
Brown's Summit,
Guilford County, N. C.

Nov. 8. 1893-3m.

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.

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

D. N. KIRKPATRICK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
FURNITURE
Carpets, China Matting and Baby Carriages of Every Kind and Style.
We also Carry a full line of PICTURE MOULDINGS and FRAMES.
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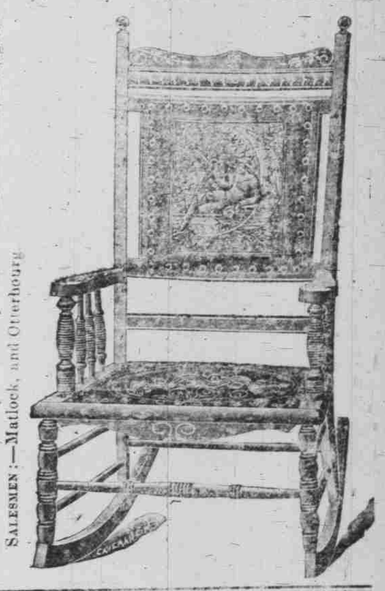
SALESMEN:—Matlock, and Otterbourg.



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