

# THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

[By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance of 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—  
—If you have a cow, pig, goat, horse, wagon, farm, house and lot to sell, advertise in this column.

FOR SALE—A Farm of 220 acres at reasonable price, on easy terms. Write or call on PATRIOT, Greensboro, N. C.  
FOR SALE—A Victor Pneumatic High Grade Bicycle—brand new. Cheap as dirt. Write to the PATRIOT, Greensboro, N. C.

WANTED—A granddaughter of Dr. David Caldwell would like to obtain a copy of his life, also a copy of "A Man's Address," stating condition and price. Mrs. H. H. Drake, Nashville, Tenn. Nov. 1-11.

For Sale—At a Bargain  
A \$125.00 Safe—Good as New, For \$75.00 Also a new Milk-Shaker, original price, \$18.50 for only \$10.00. Call, or write to this office.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. WM. T. WOODLEY,  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office of the late Dr. C. M. Glenn.

J. E. SHAW, A. M. SCALES,  
Attorneys at Law  
GREENSBORO, N. C.  
Careful attention given to all business. Office in Wharton Building, No. 117, Court Square, Oct. 28, 1893-19.

JOHN T. BRITAIN, O. L. SAPP,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Will be present at every term of Court, and offers his professional services in the people of Guilford county. April 5, 1893.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield,  
McAdoo House in Greensboro on the 2 and 4th Saturdays.  
Practice limited to  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Dr. W. J. Richardson,  
Office near Purser'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 eyes. Glasses fitted to relieve all abnormal vision troubles, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperopia, Latent Ict., Phosphoria Muscularis, Inflammation, 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 sandy eyes, and never fails to cure, and gives no pain.

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 within 100 feet of the office and residence. Sales 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. Put 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.

WYBON NEWELL, WM. H. MATTHEWS,  
NEWELL & MATTHEWS,  
Successors to L. F. ROSS.

Wholesale and Retail dealers in Carriages, Phaetons, Buggies, Spring wagons, road carts, Harness, Saddles, &c. This stock was bought at a discount and we are selling them for much less than the regular price. Come and see us at  
ROSS'S OLD STAND,  
Depot Street, Greensboro, N. C.

We are Agents for OLD HICKORY WAGONS, and ANDERSON ROAD CARTS, Emerson and Fisher Buggies, and Spring Wagons, which are too well known to the public to need recommending.  
NEWELL & MATTHEWS,  
Nov. 1st, 1893.

## "MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

At this moment Matt, looking bright as sunshine, leaped out of the caravan. "There's my proof," said Marshall. "Miss Monk, this amiable bridegroom of yours denies being concerned in harming Mr. Charles Brinkley. Is he telling the truth?"  
Matt's face darkened, and he looked at Monk with eyes of cordial detestation. "No," she said, "he's lying."  
"Matt," cried Monk, fiercely, "take care."  
"He's lying," she repeated, not heeding him. "I see him do it with my own eyes, and I see William Jones helping him and looking on; they thought that no one was nigh, but I was. I was hiding behind them sacks and barrels in the cave."

Monk now felt that the game was almost up, for he was beset on every side, and the very ground seemed opening under his feet. The wretched Jones, in a state bordering on frenzy, remained on his knees, wailing over his ruin. The two strangers, Lightwood and Marshall, looked on as calm but interested spectators. Matt, having delivered her home-thrust of accusation, stood and gazed into Monk's face with cold defiance.

"It is a plot!" Monk cried, presently. "an infamous plot to ruin me! You have been tampering, I see, with this wild girl, whom you foolishly suppose kin to me by blood. Arrest me, if you please—I shall not take the trouble to resist, for I am perfectly innocent in this matter."  
He added, while they looked at one another as if somewhat puzzled:  
"As to the girl's relationship with my dear cousin, the very idea is absurd. Where are the proofs of her birthright?"

Monk turned his eyes and started back in wonder, while William Jones shrieked and fell forward on his face. Standing before them in the sunshine was the reality of the substance of the murdered young man of the caravan!

CHAPTER XVII.  
THE "MURDERED" MAN.  
Yes, it was the artist himself, looking a little pale and carrying one arm in a sling, but otherwise, to all appearance, in good health.

Monk had strong nerves, but he could not prevent himself from uttering a wild cry of horror and wonder. At the same moment Matt went to the young man's side, and with an air of indescribable trust and sweetness, took his hand—the hand which was free—and put it to her lips.

"The proof is here," he said, calmly; "here upon my person. I am not quite dead, you see, Mr. Monk, of Monkshurst, and I thought I should like to bring it to you myself. It consists, as you are aware, of Col. Monk's dying message, written on the fly-leaf of his prayerbook, and of the marriage certificate of his wife, both of these having been placed upon his child's person, concealed by the unsuspecting and illiterate Jones, and found by me after a lapse of many years."  
Monk did not speak; his tongue was frozen. He stood aghast, opening and shutting his clinched hands spasmodically and shaking like a leaf. Reassured to some extent by the sound of the voice, unmistakably appertaining to a person of flesh and blood, William Jones gradually uplifted his face and looked in ghastly wonder at the speaker.

"You will be anxious to ascertain," proceeded Brinkley, with his old air of lightness, "by what accident, or special providence, I was saved from the fate in which you politely entombed me? The explanation is very simple. My young friend here, Matt, the foundling, or, as I should rather call her, Miss Monk, of Monkshurst, came to my assistance, attended to my injuries, which were not so serious as you imagined, and enabled me before day-break to gain the kindly shelter of my caravan. Tim and a certain rural doctor, who I don't think you need disconcert you, Mr. Monk, but I felt bound to keep my promise—to interfere seriously with your little arrangements if you persistently refused to do justice to this young lady."

As he spoke, Monk uttered a savage oath and rushed towards the road; but Marshall was after him in a moment and sprang upon him. There was a quick struggle. Suddenly Monk drew a knife, opened it and brandished it in the air, so that it would have gone ill with his assailant if the heroic Tim, coming to the rescue, had not plucked him from behind. In another moment the knife was lying on the grass and Monk was neatly handcuffed by the detective.

"Now, governor, you'd better take it quietly," said Marshall, while Monk struggled and gnashed his teeth in impotent rage. "You're a smart one, you are, but the game's up at last."  
Monk recovered himself and laughed fiercely.

"Let me go! Of what do you accuse me? It was murder just now, but since the murdered person is alive (I—n—him!) I should like to know on what charge you arrest me."  
"Oh, there's no difficulty about that!" said Brinkley, looking at him superciliously. "In the first place you have by fraud and perjury possessed yourself of what never legally belonged to you. In the second place, you attempted murder, at any rate. But upon what I don't think you are worth prosecuting. I think, Mr. Marshall, you might let him go."  
"It's letting a mad dog loose, sir," replied Marshall. "He'll hurt somebody."

"What do you say, Miss Monk?" said Brinkley. "This amiable looking person is your father's cousin. Shall I release your bridegroom in order that you may go with him to the altar of Hymen and consummate the ceremony?"

"I hate him!" cried Matt; "I should like to drown him in the sea."  
Brinkley laughed.  
"Your sentiments are natural, but un-Christian. And the gentle Jones, now, who is looking at you so affectionately, what would you do with him? Drown him in the sea too?"  
"No, no, Matt," interposed William Jones, abjectly; "speak up for me, Matt. I ha' been father to you all these years."  
Matt seemed perplexed what to say. So Brinkley again took up the conversation.

"On reflection you will refer William Jones to his friends, the 'const-guard chaps.' I think he will be punished enough by the distribution of his little property in the cave. Eh, Mr. Jones?"  
Jones only wrung his hands and wailed, thinking of his precious treasure.

"And so, Matt," continued Brinkley, "there will be no wedding after all. I'm afraid you're awfully disappointed."  
Matt replied by taking his hand again, raising it to her lips, and kissing it fondly. The young man turned his head away, for his eyes had suddenly grown full of grateful tears.

CONCLUSION.  
My tale is told. The adventure of the caravan has ended. Little more remains to be said.  
Monk, of Monkshurst, was not brought to trial for his iniquities, but he was sorely enough punished by the loss of his ill-gotten estates. Before the claim of the foundling was fully proved he left England never to return. Whether he is alive or dead I cannot tell.

William Jones, too, escaped legal punishment. A severer retribution came upon him in the future, and he died a miserable beggar in the great cave. So sorely did he take his loss to heart that he crept to his bed and had an attack of brain fever. When he reappeared on the scene of his old plunderings his intellect was weakened, and he showed curious evidences of imbecility. But the ruling passion remained strong within him. I saw him only last summer, rambling on the seashore, talking incoherently to himself and watching the sea in search of wreckage as of old.

And Matt?  
Well, her title to Monkshurst and the property was fully proved. For a long time she did not realize her good fortune, but gradually the pleasant truth dawned upon her in a sunrise of nice dresses, jewelry and plenty of money. Chancery stepped in like a severe foster parent and sent her to school. There she remained for several years, till Charles Brinkley, who had first taken in hand the vindication of her claims, and who never ceased to be interested in her, saw her from time to time and took particular note of her improvement in her grammar and the gentle art of speech.

"Matt," he said, when they met last Christmas in London, and when he saw before him, instead of a towney girl, as bright and buxom a young lady as ever wore purple raiment and fine linen, "Matt, you are 'grewed-up' at last!"  
Matt blushed and hung her head, with a touch of the old manner.

"Yes, I am grown, as you say. I wonder what William Jones would think if he saw me now."  
"And if he noticed these pretty boots, Matt, and heard you play the piano and prattle a little in French. Upon my word, it's a transformation! You always were a nice girl, though."

"Do you really think so?" asked Matt, shyly. "Did you always think so?"  
"Certainly."  
"Even when I told you I liked you so much, and you told me it wouldn't do?"

It was Brinkley's turn to blush now. It was clear that Matt, despite other changes, still retained her indomitable spirit.

"Even then," he replied, laughing. "But I say you were a precocious youngster. You proposed to me, you know."  
"I know I did," said Matt, "and it wasn't leap year then."  
She added still more shyly:  
"But it's leap year now!"  
Their eyes met. Both blushed more and more.

"Oh, don't! It won't do, you know! Yes, I say so still. You're a rich woman and I'm only a poor devil of a painter. You must marry some great swell."  
But Matt replied:  
"I shall never marry anyone but you."  
"You won't? Do you mean it?"  
"Of course I do."  
He caught her in his arms.

"My darling Matt—yes, I shall call you by that dear name to the end of the chapter. You love me, then? I can't believe it!"  
"I have loved you," she answered, laughing, "ever since I first came—to be took!"  
And she rested her head on his shoulder just as she had done in the old days when she was an unsophisticated child of nature.

"So there's to be a wedding after all," he said, kissing her. "Matt, I've an idea."  
"Yes?"  
"When we marry suppose we arrange to spend the honeymoon in—a caravan!"

## NINE VERY NICE PLUMS—THEY WILL SOON BE AT MR. CLEVELAND DISPOSAL.

Prospective Changes in Customs General Appraisers as a Result of the New Tariff Bill—Statute of General Shields.

THE REPUBLICAN BUREAU, COR. 14 AND PENNSYLVANIA AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 20, '93.  
Nine first-class appointments at an annual salary of \$7,000 each will fall into the hands of President Cleveland as a result of the new tariff legislation.

The administrative tariff bill, which became a law June 10, 1890, providing for nine general appraisers, will be repealed entirely, and such provisions as are desired will be re-enacted.

The general appraisers hold office during good behavior, but the repeal will vacate their places. This will be true even if a like board is established, unless special provisions are made for the retention of the old officials.

The board appointed by Harrison consisted of five Republicans and four Democrats and the law limited the membership of one political party to not more than five. A similar provision will be incorporated in the new law and most of the old appraisers will be reappointed, but turning them out of office might give the President an opportunity to get rid of some dead wood and put in energetic and broader men of both parties.

Some radical changes in the work of the board are proposed in the new administrative tariff, and it may be found desirable to substitute appraisers for some of the eminent lawyers now members of the board. If Judge Somerville and one or two other eminent lawyers of the board should thus be legislated out of office, President Cleveland would undoubtedly find a place for them in some other judicial or executive position. One of the important changes in the new administrative tariff laws will be a reduction of the absurd penalty duties now imposed where goods are marked up by the Appraisers more than 10 per cent above the entered value.

## A PITCHED BATTLE.

Moonshiners Against Dispensary Law Constables—One Man Killed on Each Side.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 21.—Advices to the Greenville News says that a regular battle occurred yesterday in the mountains near the line between Greenville and Spartanburg counties on the Spartanburg side. There was a public sale and a large number of the mountain people assembled. Whiskey flowed freely and there was more or less fighting all day. This culminated in the afternoon when the owners of a blockade whiskey wagon and a couple of State dispensary officers who had tried to seize it came together. After a brief preliminary wrangle and pistol duels now imposed where goods are marked up by the Appraisers more than 10 per cent above the entered value.

As we have said, the colonel is advancing with difficulty. At last accounts he had reached El Paso in distress. Like another famous Southern statesman already shriving in history, he didn't know where he was at, and he has since been sleeping on the situation. We are told that the thoughtful people there would like to expedite him. There seems to be in that far-off Texas town a loving wish to push the colonel further on and join him with his idol. His truly real endeavor in the cause of prohibition was fatigued him, and like a prophet resting from his toil he slumbered. People of inquiring mind are anxiously awaiting news from Hoge. He is perhaps the sweetest and juiciest fruit of the political millennium, and there is a general and deep anxiety to sample him.

May angry winds subside! May dogs and all untoward things disperse! And, then, may gentle zephyrs waft him over tranquil seas to happy riding at safe anchorage! Everybody longs for Hoge. Every body wants to see the fair, clean lines and raking shrouds of the prettiest craft that ever bent a sail or shipped a jag.

The Late President and Cashier Arrested.  
WILMINGTON, N. C., Nov. 21.—Isaac Bates, late President and Wm. L. Smith, Cashier of the bank of New Hanover, which failed last June, were arrested to-day on indictments found by the Grand Jury of Criminal Court charging them with certifying falsely to statements of the condition of the bank made to the State Treasurer. They promptly gave bond in the sum of \$2,000, each with sureties whose estimated wealth is at least half a million dollars. Their friends entertain no suspicion that they have been guilty of any intentional wrong and confidently claim that the charges cannot be sustained.

The Old Man Would Have His Joke The boys who owned a cattle farm out west, Christened it "Focus," at their sire's request; The old man thought it quite a good conceit, For there the sun's rays meet—(the sons raise meat)

The ladies proposed, and they and their families enjoyed the very best of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets were always found in their medicine-chest—the only positive cure for bilious and sick headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion and all disorders of the bowels and stomach. Strictly vegetable, small sugar-coated; only one required for a dose, and their action is gentle and thorough. The best Liver Pill on earth.

Frayed Fagin: Yes; der Judge sint me up to der workhouse for six months. When I gits dere I wouldn't work and den dey put me in a strait-jacket.

Dusty Rhodes (sympathetically): Dat mustn't be tough.

Frayed Fagin (enthusiastically): Tough? Not much! Why, say, Dusty, a feller couldn't move in one o' dem strait-jackets if he wanted to!—Puck.

## HOMeward COMES HOGE.

Our Picturesque Consul to Amoy Turns to Face Eastward.

As Col. J. Hampton Hoge comes bounding eastward against head winds and the thickest kind of weather, the President has abundant leisure in which to consider what shall be done with him when he reaches port. At present he is storm-bound in El Paso, some 1,500 miles from here west by south, as we say aloft. He has lost his rudder, his anchors drag, and his cargo is afloat in bilge. A very peculiar damaged and disappointed craft he is, and many weary days must pass ere Mr. Cleveland, glass in hand, shall sight him in the offing.

Meanwhile let us reflect. Colonel J. Hampton is the naughty Virginian cavalier whom the president several months ago appointed to the consulate of Amoy, China. It was observed of Colonel Hoge soon afterward that, having received his papers and set the wheels of salary in motion, he lost much of that fervor which had previously possessed him for official exile. It leaked out that he was devoting his large and versatile attainments to the acquisition of a gaudy wardrobe at the expense of an optimistic Washington tailor. There was also a wild rumor to the effect that, acting in the interest of prohibition, the colonel had undertaken to consume all the rum in the United States before he left it to its fate. And finally, about the time that Colonel Hoge reached San Francisco with a troupe in which he felt able to meet the gaudiest dude in all Mongolia land and with a conviction that so far he had led no guilty drink escape, it became known that he had been recalled to Washington. Some said that there was trouble about a certain check subscribed by the colonel but returned with an unfeeling indorsement of "no funds." Others declared that Mr. Cleveland's heart had failed him at the last moment and that he had called the colonel back for one more kiss before he sailed entirely. The order, however, was issued, and the colonel, caught on the fly, as it were, rebounded in an easterly direction. He is coming—coming slowly, laboriously and painfully, but coming. We shall eventually have him once more "in our midst," and some day we shall know why Mr. Cleveland stopped him on the threshold of his home and jerked him fondly hitherward.

Memorial Services.  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Nov. 21, 1893.

Memorial services in respect to the memory of the late Dr. Chas. F. Deems, who gave the well known "Deems Fund" to the University of North Carolina, were held in Girard Hall to-day at 12.30 P. M. After the hymn, "Abide with me" was sung Dr. Thomas Hume offered a beautiful and touching prayer.

Dr. Hume read a portion of 2nd Corinthians.

After an interesting account of the life of Dr. Deems by Dr. Kemp P. Battle, there was a prayer by Dr. Carroll.

The Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Thos. Hume.

Gold Medal Contest.

[Special to the PATRIOT.]

The next gold medal contest at Pleasant Garden, will be on the 1st night of Dec., at 7 o'clock, P. M. The last contest on the 27th of Nov. was silver contest, and the medal was won by Mr. John Crutchfield. The night was unfavorable, and the crowd was not very large. The silver medal contest was held Pine Grove, and the medal was won by Albion Pentens. We hope all who can will come out the 1st of December.

The match game of ball between the Alliance boys and Pleasant Garden boys on Saturday evening was won by Pleasant Garden—score—22 to 10. Our old P. G. boys always come out ahead, hurrah for P. G.

A Philosopher's Opinion.

Voltaire said to a beautiful young lady with whom he was dining, "Your rivals are the perfection of art; you are the perfection of nature." This could not have been said if the young lady was suffering from disease, and pain had left its signs on the features. Women who want to keep beautiful and be the "perfection of nature," should use "Favorite Prescription" to assist Nature when needed, to correct irregularities, aid circulation and digestion, and thereby clear up the skin, rendering it soft and beautiful. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar ills, sold through druggists, and guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded.

Can't Miss a Rattlesnake.

The writer saw an Indian kill a rattlesnake in a very peculiar manner recently. The rattlesnake was about 10 feet from the Indian, who was resting the rifle on his knee, apparently taking aim.

Whenever he moved the weapon a few inches the snake would move around and get exactly in line with it. Then to show how the thing was done the Indian moved as if his tail was a vivot, always keeping his head and body in line with the gun. The Indian then agreed to bandage his eyes and shoot the snake in the mouth.

The writer bandaged the Indian's eyes, and holding the gun by his side at arm's length, the latter pulled the trigger and the ball entered the snake's mouth and passed the whole length of his body.

"How did you take aim?" was the query.  
"The snake he takes aim," was the reply.

We have talked with an old hunter on this proposition, and he claims that a rattlesnake will always range directly in line with a gun or stick pointed at it.—Carson Appeal.

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.

## Thomasville Communication.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., Nov. 20th, 1893.

The Rev. L. W. Crawford, Professor at Trinity College, preached at Fair Grove on Sunday morning, and at the M. E. Church here on Sunday night, both sermons were very fine and showed marked ability, both being sound, logical productions, and at times eloquent and beautiful. It is a rare treat to listen to this able divine, who is regarded as one of the "shining lights" of the church, and the Rev. gentleman richly deserves the compliment.

ACCIDENT TO ONE OF THE ORPHANS.  
On Friday last, one of the little orphan boys at the Baptist Orphanage here attempted to get on a freight train and was thrown violently down and was caught under the wheel and had his foot so badly mangled as to require amputation on Saturday night, which was most skillfully done by Drs. C. A. Julian and J. M. Flippin. At last accounts the little fellow was doing as well as could be expected, but there are considerable doubts as to his recovery. The train was running at considerable speed when he attempted to board it, and some mile or more from the station. T.

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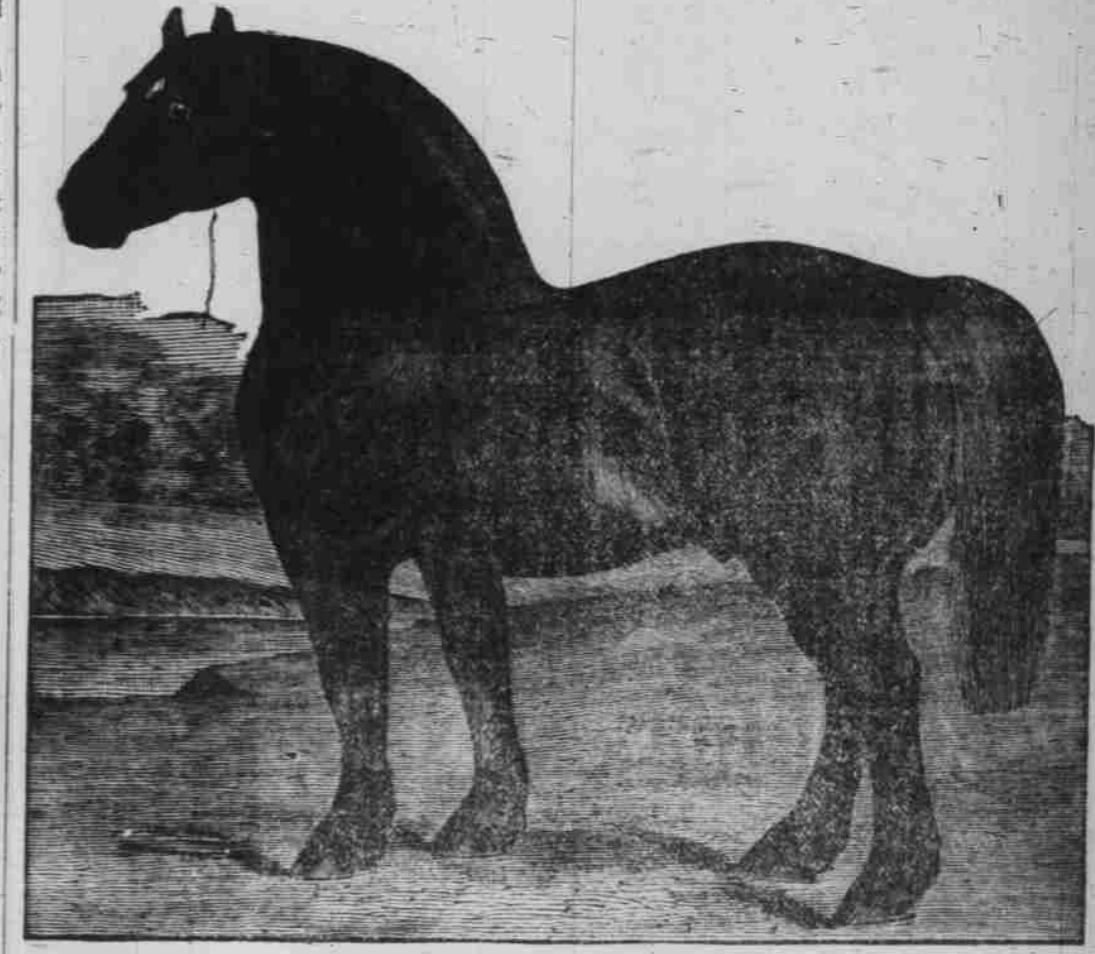
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## Clydesdale Stallion.



## 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 nigh hind fetlock and small star in forehead; is 16 hands high, WEIGHS FOURTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS, is active, of good disposition, a sure foot getter and not yet six years old.

LAIRD OF DUNCAN is at my GREAT OAKS Plantation, formerly known as the FOLKES 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 COMPLETE STOCK.

We are receiving daily our FALL STOCK of CLOTHING, HATS and FURNISHING GOODS. We have just returned from the Northern Makers, where we spent about two weeks in selecting our stock, and we have bought goods at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES, and expect to give our customers the benefit of these low prices.

We have sold our spring and summer goods down very close, so our stock this fall will be a complete New Stock. We can show you all the latest Styles in Men's and children's Clothing, Hats, and other goods carried in our line. We have given special attention to our Boys' and children's Department this season. We are handling a line of Rough and Tumble Suits—the pants are made with double seat and knees—they are the best suits for children that have ever been brought to this market.

All we ask of you is to give us a call and see our New Stock, and we will have no trouble in selling you.  
Very truly,  
E. R. Fishplate.

First Class Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.  
WILL R. RANKIN, Manager.  
230 South Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.  
May 24th, 1893.

## D. N. KIRKPATRICK,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
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