THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 4,185

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 20, 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.

FOR SALE—A Farm of 220 acres at a reasonable price, on easy terms. Write at once to THE PATRIOT, Greensboro, N. C.

FOR SALE—A Victor Pneumatic High Grade $125 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 "Alamance." Address, stating condition and price, MRS. HENRY H. DEANE, Nov 1st. Nashville, Tenn.

For Sale—At a Bargain

A $125.00 Safe—Good as New, For $75.00. Also a new Milk-Shaker, original price, $1.50 for only $1000. Call, or write to this office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. WM. T. WOODLEY,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office of the late Dr. C. M. Glenn.

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SHAW & SCALES,

Attorneys at Law

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Careful attention given to all business.
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Will be at Gibsonville on the 9 and 23rd of December. The 2nd and 4th Saturdays.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

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Will practice in Medicine and Surgery in Greensboro and surrounding country.
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The EYE A SPECIALTY.

Do not complain about your blindness, headache or any eye trouble that you may have in 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 Opthalmic Instruments,

and will do you justice in examining the eye. Specks, motes or any foreign substance removed without pain. Glasses fitted to relieve all abnormal visionary troubles, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperphoria, Latent Rot, 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.

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NURSERIES,

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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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Over One Million Fruit Trees, Vines Evergreens, Shade Trees, Vines, Roses etc. In fact everything usually kept in a first-class Nursery.

Three Green Houses

Full of a great variety of Flowers and Foliage Plants. Pot Roses for spring planting a specialty.

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

J. VAN LINDLEY, Prop'r,
Pomona, N. C.

LAP ROBES! LAP ROBES!

Don't take your best Girl out driving again with that

FADED, THIN,

LAP ROBE.

But come and buy a NICE NEW ONE for Xmas.

WE HAVE A NICE STOCK

CHEAP.

Respectfully,

Newell & Matthews,

Ross's Old Stand.

Remember we are headquarters for Buggies, Wagons, and Harness.
Nov. 1st, 1893.

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

Oh! postman on your weary round, what have you in your bag?
The tale of death, the tale of birth; it is not strange you lag
That last slow mile, as one by one, you hand the letters in—
Sweet messengers of love and faith, 'mid strife and woe and sin.

In yonder dingy boarding-house there stands a dimpled boy—
The devil whispers in his ear: "Come, taste my brimming joy.
Come, sell your soul, what matters it about another world?
This world is here; come, drink my wine with sparkling zest impearled."

Oh! postman, ringing at the door, you're happy just in time.
You hand his mother's letter in; its sweetness cannot chime
With siren pleadings from the pit; let's look upon the page,
And see how mothers meet the foe, when souls are thrown for gage.

"Dear Ned," she writes, "old Ponto falls, the dog is growing gray.
I think he misses you, my dear; you've been so long away.
What rambles o'er the hills you two in other days have had,
I pet old Ponto for your sake, my precious, precious lad.

"The little sister grows apace, you'd hardly know her now.
She gets to have a look of you about the open brow;
I tell her 'Polly, study hard, be just like brother Ned,
Wherever others stood, my dear, he always stood up head.'

"I go to meeting every week, of course, but in the pew,
You wouldn't think, dear boy, how much your mother misses you.
They've got new singers in the choir, a tenor and a bass,
And little Susy Spalding, with a voice to match her face.

"She, Susy, is a darling, and she often sits with me,
And pins, though growing heavy, climbs purring to her knee.
The bird is dead—I'm sorry—but he was ten in May,
One cannot keep canary birds forever and a day.

"Lame Willie always asks for Ned: 'When did you hear, and what?'
I wish you could write often, dear, but mind, I say this not
To blame you—men must work in vigor, and mothers understand;
I always treat the golden heart, behind the good right hand.

"God bless you, Ned. Vacation time is speeding on so fast,
I'll have you when the daisies bloom, ere strawberries are past
I love you, love you, darling Ned, this stupid letter take
And pardon any errors for your own dear mother's sake."

Oh! postman, trudging in the dark, an angel went before,
And left a blessing on the note you handed in that door,
And, skulking outward on the blast, the devil left his prey,
Apollyon got to flight before a mother's love to-day.

And mother, with your boy away, and so much out of sight,
Do more than love, and more than pray, to shield him in the fight;
Write often of the simple things that hold him to the farm,
And let his childhood round his life weave fast its mystic charm.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal.

ATTEMPTED BLACKMAIL.

An Experience in the Life of a London Detective.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

I was seated in the office of my private detective agency, working out some ambiguous fragments of evidence in a complicated case, when a gentleman called upon me. He entered; a tall, thin, nervous-looking man, very sunburnt, as though just returned from traveling.

"I am sorry to interrupt you," said he in an agitated way, seeing that I was busy. "But I desire to consult you about a little matter which has caused me much mortification."

I begged him to be seated and communicate his business. He laid his card upon my desk and sat down. I glanced at the name, Mr. Montgomery Roscoe, and the address was that of some square in Bayswater.

"I only returned about a fortnight since from South America," he began, "where business has detained me for over a year. When I left this country my wife remained at home with our two children. About ten days ago I was posting some letters at the district post office. Whilst I was dropping them into the box a cab drove up and stopped abreast. A man in a white hat leaned out of the window and tried to open the door, but the handle appeared jammed. I stepped forward to assist him; he was obliged and said that as he was in a hurry perhaps I would be so good as to post a letter for him. He handed me the missive, then sank back into the cab, which thereupon rattled off. I was just in the act of dropping the letter into the box when my eye caught the address upon it, and I saw to my surprise that it was directed to my wife."

Mr. Roscoe fumbled in his pockets, and produced an envelope which he laid upon the table.

"I need scarcely tell you that I did not put the letter into the post. Instead, I slipped it into my pocket, carried it home and read it. Here it is," continued he, pushing it towards me. "It will explain itself better than I can."

It ran as follows:

"MADAM—I take the liberty of addressing you on a matter which most closely concerns you. I have in my possession a bundle of letters written to you after your marriage, by a certain gentleman of your acquaintance. I am sure you will not wish your husband to know of their existence. That they are genuine, I have ample proofs, nor do I presume would you deny their authenticity. Therefore, I am writing to offer to sell them to you for any reasonable sum. Unless you see your way to comply, I shall deem it my duty to communicate with your husband, who, I understand, is at present abroad. Address me at the post-restante, such and such a post office.

"Yours obligingly,

"EGBERT UNDERHILL."

I replaced the letter in its envelope, my client watching me eagerly and nervously meanwhile.

"What do you want me to do for you?" I asked.

"I want you to take the affair in hand, track this rascal who is attempting to levy blackmail upon my wife, and ascertain the nature of the charges he has to bring—which, of course, are groundless."

"I do not fancy he will need much tracking," said I. "You have spoken to your wife?"

"Certainly."

"And she?—"

"Indignantly denies the dishonorable imputation," he answered, hotly. "As for any correspondence which the impudent villain may have in his possession of a nature such as he would suggest—well, let him produce it!"

"Have you communicated with him?" I inquired.

"No. I advised my wife not to notice the letter, hoping that when the fellow found his insolent demand unheeded he would let the matter drop, and not wishing to incur the publicity of prosecuting him. But two days ago," continued he, "Mrs. Roscoe got his second letter."

He passed it to me, and I read it. The communication ran to the following effect:

"MADAM: I have received no reply to my letter concerning certain correspondence which I hold in my possession. Unless you speedily respond to my demand I shall write to Mr. Roscoe, who, I hear, has returned to England. Yours obediently,

"EGBERT UNDERHILL."

"Well, sir," said I, "I shall be pleased to take this little affair in hand. Mr. Egbert Underhill is undoubtedly a scamp, but unless he is a good deal more cunning than his method of going to work would suggest we shall catch him in his own trap. There is an amazing degree of *naiveté* in the man's roguery."

I reflected a moment and then continued:

"Your wife must answer this last letter. Let her appoint an interview at your house and request him to bring this incriminating correspondence with him. She must convey that she wishes the whole thing kept a profound secret, as though fearful of its reaching your ears."

"Very well," said Mr. Roscoe, taking his hat and rising, "I need not detain you longer. Your instructions shall be carried out, and I will communicate with you as soon as there is anything to report." And, wishing me good day, he quitted my office.

Two days later Mr. Roscoe came again. He burst into the room, exclaiming, triumphantly:

"The fellow is going to call at my house this very afternoon. He has written to say he will be there between three and five and bring the letters with him."

"So far so good," said I, looking at my watch. "We may as well proceed at once to your house. We must be there when he arrives."

Five minutes later we were seated in a cab, driving down to Bayswater.

Mrs. Roscoe was a staid, placid little woman, the very antithesis of her husband. She was calmly seated in the drawing-room with an open novel on her lap when we entered, and on her husband introducing me, she inclined her head and compressed her bosom, without stirring out of her chair.

"An unpleasant kind of thing this to happen to one," she exclaimed, addressing me.

"Why," said I, "it is one of those experiences which could certainly be very well spared from the routine of one's life."

"The impudent man," she continued, languidly, "what a dreadful thing it is to think that a woman's reputation may be at the mercy of—"

"Any rascally villain who chooses to plot against her," burst out the irritable Mr. Roscoe. "For my part I should like to treat the scoundrel as he deserves; kick him to the top of the house, and then throw him out of the window."

"Pray, be cool, sir," said I, "and rest assured that the law will do everything for you in the way of justice."

I looked round the apartment and then said:

"You will receive the fellow in this room?"

Mr. Roscoe answered by a grim nod.

"I must leave it to your judgment how to deal with him, Mrs. Roscoe," I continued, "though I would suggest that you put on an alarmed air, as if there really might be some foundation for his rascally assertions. Let him fancy you are afraid of him and he will endeavor to take advantage of you, by which means he will flounder more effectually into the trap."

"I see your idea. It is a good one and I will do my best," said Mrs. Roscoe.

We then settled upon our hiding places. Mr. Roscoe got behind the stout cretonne window curtain and I crouched at the back of a screen in a corner of the room. We had not long to wait. There came a heavy banging upon the front door and I shortly after heard the voice of a servant announcing: "A gentleman to see you, mum." Then a man with a ponderous tread, accentuated greatly by creaky boots, entered the room.

"Good day, madam," he exclaimed, and the creaky boots were silent. Mrs. Roscoe did not answer for a moment or two. She then said:

"What do you mean, sir, by speaking of certain letters belonging to me which you have in your possession? I begged you to come here that you might explain personally, as I dreaded to get into correspondence upon the subject."

"How, madam?" exclaimed the fellow, "do you pretend that you do not understand me? Come, come! The letters are genuine enough, and I can prove it."

"By what means did you get possession of them?" asked Mrs. Roscoe.

"That is a matter we need not enter into," replied the man. "I have the whole bundle of them here with me. Make me a reasonable offer and the letters are yours. It will be cheaper for you to pay this hush money than to let your husband know."

"My husband must never know," exclaimed the lady. "She plays her part well," thought I.

"Oh, he mustn't, eh?" said the man, adopting a swaggering, bullying tone. "So you confess to the whole business! Now, see here, my dear madam, I am a man of the world, and sufficiently acquainted with the ways of society at large to know quite well that it is no uncommon thing for a woman to deceive her husband—"

There was an exclamation and a crash, followed instantly by the voice of Mr. Roscoe, shouting in tones that rose almost to a shriek: "You confounded, rascally, lying villain! I'll teach you to come into my house with such sentiments on your lying tongue!"

I guessed what had happened. The nervous, agitated gentleman, unable to restrain his passion on hearing his wife addressed in this manner, had sprung forth from behind the curtain to attack the cowardly fellow. I hastily scrambled on to my feet, capsizing the frail screen as I did so. An impressive tableau met my gaze. Standing erect with his fist clenched, his nostrils dilated, and his tall, thin figure trembling with rage, was Mr. Roscoe. Stretched at his feet, and apparently without any inclination to stir, was a man with red hair, dressed in a dust-colored overcoat, while a white tall hat lay upon the carpet not very far from him. Mrs. Roscoe still sat in her arm-chair, looking calmly on. I stepped up to the prostrate man, to see whether he was hurt. He gave me a savage stare, and satisfied that he was uninjured I took him by the wrist, saying: "Get up, we have something to talk to you about."

The fellow rose, backed away a few paces, and stood glowering at us.

"A nice trap this you've brought me into," he exclaimed, savagely, to Mrs. Roscoe. "Is this what you mean by asking me for a secret interview? But I'll be even with you," he snarled, fishing a bundle of letters out of his coat pocket, and holding them up for us to see.

"There! Get away from these if you can. You once discharged a servant named Nellie Benners, because you suspected her of dishonesty. Well, she was a thief, and amongst the things she stole was this bundle of letters, which she reckoned might prove useful to her one day."

"Give me those letters," said I, advancing towards the man.

"Who the deuce are you?" cried he, whipping the little parcel behind his back.

"A detective officer, here to see justice done. I must have those letters. Do not compel me to use force to take them from you."

He was a little man, and after looking at me for a moment, he flung the letters on to the carpet, then folded his arms and backed away to the window. I picked up the bundle, and untying the tape, handed the first letter of the pack to Mrs. Roscoe, exclaiming: "We have yet to prove whether these are forgeries. Tell me, madam, do you recognize that handwriting?"

She took the envelope with a rather shaky hand and glanced at the inscription upon it. Then bursting into a slightly hysterical laugh, she turned toward her husband and exclaimed: "Of course, dear, they are from Cousin Arthur!"

Mr. Roscoe gave vent to a low whistle.

"I see it all now," said he, addressing me. "A dishonest servant in prying about came across these letters, and, for some particular motive of her own, stole them. By some means they have found their way into the hands of that gentleman there, who, mistaking the freedom with which relations will naturally write to one another, thought to make good use of his possession of the documents."

"What course will you take?" said I, delivering the rest of the letters to him. "The matter now lies in your hands. Will you prosecute Mr. Egbert Underhill?"

"I think not," said he, after a moment's thought. "Although nothing restrains me but the horrible ordeal of publicity which a case of this sort involves." He stepped up to the man and shook his fist furiously before his eyes. "You may leave this house," said he, "but before you go let me tell you"—here he grew suddenly very calm and deliberate—"that of all the cowardly scoundrels that ever went unhung, you are, without exception, the very worst I ever came across!"

The man picked up his white hat, clapped it carelessly upon his red head, and, whistling softly betwixt his clenched teeth, quitted the room.

EUROPEAN MONASTICISM.

Said to Have Begun on the Little Island of St. Honorat.

To the student of ecclesiastical history the little island of St. Honorat is one of the most impressive spots in Europe, says the Thinker. Almost invisible on the map, it at one time occupied a most conspicuous position in the eyes of the world as one of its great historical sights. As a center of intellectual and moral influence it had, as Montalembert truly says, a greater effect upon the progress of humanity than any famous isle of the Grecian archipelago. It may well be called the Iona of the south. It is a remarkable circumstance that two little insignificant islands, one in the far north, amid the dark clouds and mists of the wild Atlantic, and the other in the far south, under the brilliant blue sky, and laved by the bluer waters of the Mediterranean, should have formed the centers which drew to them, and from whence were dispersed, all the spiritual and intellectual forces of Christendom during its darkest ages.

Meeting one day one of those wretched lepers, who were as common in Europe in the early Christian centuries as they are now in Asia, Honorat took him home to his own room and began to anoint his terrible sores. Suddenly the dreadful mask of deformity fell off, and the scarred face burst out into overpowering radiance; and in the transfigured leper he beheld with inexpressible awe no other than the Lord Jesus Himself.

When St. Honorat left his northern home he was accompanied by his sister, who was devotedly attached to him. The strict rules of monastic life would not allow the presence of a woman within the precincts. The gentle and beautiful girl, who at her baptism as a Christian received the name of Margaret, was consequently sent to reside in the neighboring isle of Lero, where she was completely separated from her brother. By her entreaties she at last prevailed upon him to promise to come and see her once a year. "Let me know," said she, "at what time I may look for your coming, for that season will be to me the only season of the year." The saint replied that he would come when the almond trees were in blossom. Whereupon the legend says the forsaken Margaret assailed all the saints with her prayers and tears until she got her wish, that the almond trees in her island should miraculously blossom once a month; and sending each month a branch with the significant flowers on it to her brother's retreat, he dutifully came to her at once, and her heart was thus made glad by the sight of her brother no less than twelve times every year.

What Goes to Make Paper.

Paper can be made out of almost anything that can be pounded to pulp. Over fifty kinds of bark are employed, while old sacking or bagging makes a good article. Paper is made out of banana skins, from bean stalks, pea vines, cocoanut fiber, clover and timothy hay, straw, fresh-water weeds, sea weeds and more than one hundred different kinds of grass. Paper has been made from hair, fur and wool, from asbestos, which furnishes an article indestructible by fire; from hop plants, from husks of any and every kind of grain. Leaves make a good, strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried, and almost every kind of moss can be made into paper. There are patents for making paper from sawdust and shavings, from thistles and thistle-down, from tobacco stalks and tan bark. It is said that there are over two thousand patents in this country covering the manufacture of paper. No matter what the substance, the process is substantially the same; the material is ground to a pulp, then spread thinly over a frame and allowed to dry, the subsequent treatment depending on the kind of paper to be made

Scores of lives are saved every year by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Democratic Tariffs Have Brought Prosperity

Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, in an able article in the current North American Review, well says: that the policy embodied in the Wilson tariff bill "has been the policy of our nation through most of its life." He states an historical truth when he adds that under the low tariffs of 1846 and 1857 "many of our great manufacturing cities were founded, and their industries established and prospered."

The period from 1846 to 1860 in American history is very rich in lessons for those republican alarmists who predict ruin if the Wilson tariff bill becomes law. The average rate of duty in that period was about 25 per cent., which is probably fully 15 per cent. below the average rate that would be levied under the Wilson bill. The records show that this country flourished under that low tariff much better than it has done under the high tariffs that we have had since the war.

It is quite natural that this should have been so, because war is waste. To suppose that a nation can endure the waste of war four years and grow prosperous by reason of taxing itself at a tremendously high rate is silly. No man can get rich by running into debt, mortgaging his income for years ahead and drawing his yearly earnings to pay the interest. Neither can a nation. Yet the high tariff apostles ask the people to believe that whatever prosperity they enjoy to-day is mainly due to the fact that they had four years of costly war, which created a vast national debt, and compelled them to tax themselves as they had never been taxed before.

If that be true, then the civil war was a blessing and the return of peace in 1865 was a national misfortune. Because, but for the war, there would have been no big national debt, therefore no necessity for war taxes and war tariffs. By this curious logic, if the war could have been happily prolonged four years more we might have had a war tariff twice as high, averaging, perhaps, 120 per cent. That, on McKinley principles, would have brought on the millennium of high protection, and we might have discovered to a wondering world the hitherto unsuspected truths that war is not waste, but saving; that taxes do not eat up, but add to a nation's resources; that the deeper a country gets into debt the richer it grows; that, in short, peace and prosperity are not partners at all, but that war, waste, loss and taxation mountains high are the true parents of profitable trade, high wages and general happiness.

Now, what says the census record from 1850 to 1860?

The cash value of farms more than doubled between 1850 and 1860. It increased 103 per cent. But from 1860 to 1880 the cash value of farms increased only 49 per cent. So that it would take over 40 years under high tariff to increase the value of our farms as much as they increased in 10 years under low tariff. The value of all real and personal property increased 184 per cent. between 1850 and 1860 under low tariff. Between 1860 and 1870, under high tariff, the value of all real and personal property actually decreased over 3 per cent. Again, the total value of the products of our mechanical and manufacturing industries only increased 52 per cent. from 1860 to 1870, contrasted with an increase of 87 per cent. from 1850 to 1860.

High protectionists tell us that coal production is the best indicator of prosperity in all branches of manufacturing. The census shows that between 1850 and 1860, under a moderate tariff, the yearly product of our coal mines increased 189 per cent. in value, the amount paid in wages increased 137 per cent., the number of hands employed was larger by 143 per cent., and the amount of capital invested increased 253 per cent. For the fiscal year 1860 the value of our foreign trade amounted to $687,372,176, which was $45,000,000 greater than ever before. Between 1850 and 1860 there were 2,265 ships and barks built in American shipyards. That, too, was done under low tariff. In the twenty years that followed, under high tariff, only 1,468 vessels were built in those same yards.

Between 1850 and 1860, 21,600 miles of railroad were built, an increase of 239 per cent. since 1850. From 1860 to 1870 the increase in railroad construction was but a little over 72 per cent., although the government in that period granted millions of acres of public lands and made enormous loans to railroad companies to help them build their lines. One more contrast between high tariff and low tariff prosperity may be given. From 1850 to 1860 the number of families increased from 3,598,240 to 5,210,934. The number of separate dwellings or homes in 1860 was 4,969,692, so that in that year, after a long low tariff period, there were only 241 242 families in all the land without separate homes. Then came the high tariffs, and in 1870 there were 536,510 families without separate homes, an increase of homeless families of 123 per cent. in ten years; and in 1880, after ten years more of high tariffs, there were 990,108 families without homes to call their own, a further increase of homeless families of nearly 100 per cent.

No facts speak more decisively than these we have last quoted as to the tendency of high protection. It is enriching the few and impoverishing the masses. The number of splendid mansions has been increasing and the number of modest, humble homes has been diminishing under high tariffs.

Andrew Jackson said: "It is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments, that they (the people) will find happiness or their liberties protected, but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all and granting favors to none, dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt, save in the freshness and beauty they contribute to the earth."

Grover Cleveland, imbued with the same idea, is breaking the way for the people.

The powerful monopolies want the extravagantly high tariff kept high. It is the interest of the people to make it lower.

Imports and Exports of Tobacco for October.

In October the exports of domestic leaf were very good, largely exceeding the average of the year, and nearly 10,000,000 pounds in excess of October, 1892. The exports for the ten months of the year are almost 29,755,000 pounds in excess of the same period of 1892. The Cigarette exports for the month were much above the average, being nearly 27,000,000 in excess of October, 1892. For the ten months the exports were almost 123,000,000 in excess of the same period of 1892.

The leaf imports for the month of October fell way behind October, October, 1892—nearly 760,000 pounds, the imports of Wrappers being about one-third of that of October, 1892. The imports for the ten months fell 2,382,000 lbs. behind those of the same period 1892, the import of Wrappers being 1,500,000 lbs. short of the first ten months of 1892.

A Solid Knock-down Blow.

The whale blows water while at play;
Trees blow in every clime;
The sweetest flowers blow in May,
But wind blows all the time.

There's lots of blowing in this world. Sufferers from catarrh blow their noses, and quacks blow about their "cures." Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only infallible one. Its proprietors back up this claim by offering $500 for every case they fail to cure permanently. This is an unanswerable blow at humbuggery, coming from men of sterling reputation and ample capital. Nasal Catarrh cannot resist the potency of this Remedy. It stops discharges, leaving the senses acute the head clear, and the breath normal. Of all druggists, 50 cents.

Dangerous Changes.

We presume that there is one point on which all will agree in regard to the tariff. It should be settled for a term of years one way or the other, so that business could adjust itself to prescibed conditions. This is one great reason for advocating a tariff for revenue only. Our present method of changing rates of duties up and down according to the result of the last election is destructive of all business stability. It is like the Irishman's method of imparting streaks of fat and lean to his bacon by alternately stuffing and starving his pig.—Providence Journal.

Ruth Cleveland Photographed.

Ever since little Ruth Cleveland arrived at the age of vaccination, baptism and photography, usually concurrent periods, the leading photographers of the country have had the ambition to try their cameras on the little girl. Whenever she appeared in public a whole battery of kodaks was awaiting an opportune moment for a "snap shot." Mrs. Cleveland has wanted a good picture by Mr. Rockwood and had long ago promised him, through Mrs. Lamont, that he should have the opportunity.

Feeling that "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick," Mr. Rockwood recently reminded Mrs. Lamont of her promise. Mrs. Lamont replied: "I've kept my promise and you, personally, but unknowingly, posed little Ruth, made a number of excellent negatives and the family are delighted. A woman has outwitted you."

Mr. Rockwood has the satisfaction of knowing that among the hundreds of children whom he photographed in October and November one was little Ruth Cleveland. But the negatives are under the inviolable pledge of "private pictures," and would not be published if he knew which was the portrait of the little one in whom so many thousands are interested. —New York Tribune.

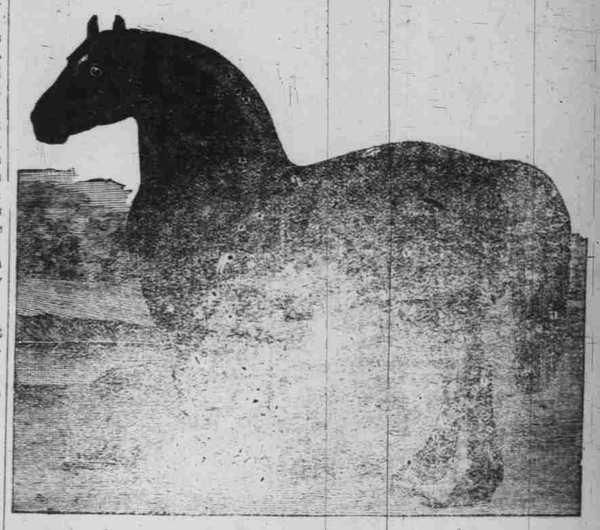
A party of Northern men have inspected the the water power of the Great Falls Company, at Weldon, and it is rumored that great improvements will be made there soon.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by Ward & Watkins.

Third partyites will put a full ticket in the field in Georgia.

The family medicine of the world is Tutt's Pills.

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 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 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 Mens' and childrens' Clothing, Hats, and other goods carried in our line. We have given special attention to our Boys' and childrens' 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. Fishblate.

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

FURNITURE

Carpets, China Matting and Baby Carriages of Every Kind and Style.

We also Carry a full line of PICTURE MOULDINGS and FRAMES.

COME AND SEE US.

E. B. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

SALESMEN:—Matlock, and Otterbourg.

DO YOU NEED

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding, Brackets, Mantels

SIDING OR FLOORING, FRAMING, SHINGLES AND LATHES.

GUILFORD LUMBER MANUFACTURING CO.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Can supply you with anything in this line on short notice and on the most reasonable terms. See our EMBOSSED WOOD, something new, being highly ornamental and costs very little more than ordinary lumber. Used for decorative work. Agents for Hill's INSIDE SLIDING VENITIAN BLIND, best ever made, and costs very little more than the old style.

Any Size Glass Kept in Stock.