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# Potash,

properly combined with Phosphoric Acid and Nitrogen, and liberally applied, will improve every soil and increase yield and quality of any crop.

Write and get free our pamphlets, which show how to buy and use fertilizers with greatest economy and profit.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,  
93 Nassau St., New York.

**Children**

are a source of comfort. They are a source of care, also. If you care for your child's health, send for illustrated book of the disorders to which children are subject, and which **Frey's Vermifuge** has cured for 50 years.

Write to **F. S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.**

Vice President,  
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DAVID WHITE.

**Western Loan and Trust Company.**

Capital \$25,000, paid up.  
Surplus \$24,539.65.

NEGOTIATES LOANS.  
ACTS AS EXECUTOR OF ESTATES  
REAL ESTATE  
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Transacts a General Trust Business.

Applications for loans are desired for amounts ranging from \$100 to \$10,000. We have money listed which is anxious to have placed at once. Ample security is always required.

We have for rent three dwellings. One on Church street, one on Spring street and another on West Lee, near Normal College.

Those excellent dwellings on Summit street and improved and unimproved property, both in city and country and listed for sale.

Call on or address us for particulars.



**ALL READY**

Every day we promise your washing, every article in the package, and just as clean, whiter, most satisfactory as you ever had done. That is what we do. The water, boiling and the irons are at our place. Give us a call or write over the wire.

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JOHN M. DICK, Proprietor.

**POMONA HILL NURSERIES,**  
POMONA, N. C.

One of the oldest and largest Nurseries in the South. Over 30 years in successful operation. 20,000 orders shipped annually to 17 Southern States, New England and the West. Healthy Stock and in Name, is one of the most desirable features of these Nurseries.

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GREENHOUSE DEPARTMENT.  
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**KODAK**  
CURES ALL HEADACHES AND NEURALGIA

**HARMLESS**  
3 DOSES 10 ALL DRUGGISTS

Copyright La Grippe take a dose or two of this Restorative Nerve daily.

## MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE PATRIOT.]

How many times, as through the room I hasten,  
Without a thought of other days at all,  
I lift my eyes and straightway I am standing  
Before her picture hanging on the wall.

Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling,  
And I am fain to answer, "Yes, I hear;  
All earthly sounds shall be to me as silence  
If you will speak, oh mother, mother, dear."

No answer comes, I hush my breath to listen,  
But still the eyes, with patient steadfast gaze,  
Look into mine—they pierce through flesh and spirit:  
I bow my head and blush beneath their rays.

For she is wise with wisdom that appals me;  
The solemn secrets of the grave she knows,  
And high o'er me, by God's own hand uplifted,  
Through wondrous ways of His great heaven she goes.

Beyond all change, and safe from Time's mutations,  
And grieved no more by earth's forlorn complaints;  
Thou pictured face! dim semblance of my mother,  
How dost thou look among the crowned saints?

So far! once if I faintly called you,  
Or laughed or wept, you were so quick to know!  
All else might fail, my mother's love was certain;  
Now, dying 'e'en, your touch I must forego.

Thou there, I here, and I know not what spaces  
Beyond the grave's green width divide us two,  
Nor of the times, uncounted and unmeasured,  
That must go o'er me ere I look on you.

But I shall find you; I am coming, mother!  
Sometime, somewhere, when His great will is done,  
And I am fit to stand once more beside you,  
To your high place I shall have leave to come.

—ELLEN M. H. GATES.

### At a Recruiting Office.

The sergeant at the big recruiting station on Third avenue was up to his stripes in business. A half dozen corporals were questioning would-be fighters for Uncle Sam and scribbling their answers almost before made. Long service on general recruiting duty had made them experts at judging human nature. Up in one corner of the room a corporal was putting a rookie through his places and asking questions and answering them for him before the rattled rookie could more than nod or shake his head. The little room fairly clattered with rapid-fire interrogations.

"Had fits—no—drink—moderately—married—no," and by the time the applicant's chin hit or grazed his collar the answer was down.

A worried-looking man marched in and up to the sergeant's desk. The sergeant kept on writing a letter at double time. The man waited until he had put the flourish to the last word and then said:

"I want to enlist."

"How old?" asked the Sergeant.

"Thirty-four," said the man.

"Y' look thirty-six," remarked the Sergeant critically. "How many wives have y' got?"

"Only one!" said the worried-looking man, taken off his guard.

"Don't want you," said the Sergeant, dipping his pen and starting another letter. And the worried-looking man went out looking more dejected than ever.

A ruddy-faced youth of twenty-two or twenty-three came a minute later. The Sergeant wasn't so busy that he didn't catch a glimpse of him out of the corner of his eye. But he wrote a sentence or two more before he straightened himself up looking stern and soldierly.

"Hat off!" he ordered, and then: "Do you know fractions? Yes! Well, how much is one-third and one-half added? One-fifth, you say! Guess again! Five-sixths, eh? C'rect! How'd you like the heavy artillery? Think you'd like it 'eh? Well, go and get a letter from a reputable business man saying you are all right, and come back."

A shabby individual with a frayed collar slouched in. An odor of a 5-cent whiskey preceded him. The Sergeant's pen was galloping along again, but he found time at the end of sentences to put a lot of pertinent questions and orders with hardly a lifting of the eye-lids.

"Throw away that cigar stump! I said throw it away! Take off that hat! Stand up! How old? What year were you born? Don't know, eh? Well, don't bother to count on your fingers. I said to stand up—straight! Had a bath? You don't look it. When? Do you drink? You don't! Sure? Don't want you! G'wan now! G'wan, I say!"

Then the Sergeant bent over his desk and scribbled for fully two minutes without interruption. An upright figure in civilian clothing

appeared in the doorway. The Sergeant promptly dropped his pen and sat up in his chair with an air of dignified welcome. The topography of Ireland was lined on the seamed, set features of the newcomer. He was ruddy with health and a trifle more erect than most men of his undisguised years. His jaw was square and his lips rested against each other in a straight line, as if they had a habit of staying there and seldom parted company to make way for words. Otherwise he was an ordinary, everyday, well-preserved civilian who had failed to put on flesh in the forties. At least that is what he looked to the average eye. He stepped in the doorway and swung around in his chair, and then marched up and stood erect and attentive, but not at attention. The Sergeant looked him up and down just once and asked:

"How many years' service?"

"Twenty-wan," said the newcomer. Then he produced a big, plump envelope, and, placing it on the desk, remarked briefly: "Me discharges."

The Sergeant stuck the envelope unopened, into a pigeonhole and asked:

"What regiment do you want to apply for?"

"The 'Steenth."

"All right. Make yourself at home. I will take a couple of days to get orders from the Adjutant General."

The Sergeant resumed his writing, and Private Sevenport, with seven days coming to him before the expiration of his re-enlisted period, made an about-face and marched out to the rookies' waiting-room.

### Could Not Be Relied Upon.

The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the civil war, when the days dragged gloomily, in anticipation of news from the front, and when grief was likely to overtake any who had boys in the ranks. He says:

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on the name of a youth he knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail-keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name, and hurry on to the next.

"Hi!" said the father. "What's that you said?"

There was nothing to do but to face the issue, and the postmaster repeated with a forced calmness:

"Killed—Snyder, Hiram."

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door, and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him!" said the postmaster, wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief; "he's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot, in the burying-ground, they carved the inscription:

"Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen."

Not long afterward, strange, yellow, bearded men, in faded blue, began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them, and many a big gathering was held in their honor. At one such gathering a ghost appeared, a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow, wearing the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat, with no coat beneath.

The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and a countenance well mellowed with coal soot, as if he had ridden several days on the top of a freight car near the engine. The ghost was Hiram Snyder.

We forgave him the shock of surprise he had caused us, all except the minister who had preached his funeral sermon. Years afterward I heard the minister remark, in a solemn and aggrieved tone:

"Hiram Snyder is a man who cannot be relied upon."—Youth's Companion.

### In Plain Language.

"Doctor, I want to know exactly what's the matter with me."

"My good sir, your ailment is a tendency of the lungs to expel air, suddenly and forcibly through the glottis, the effort being accompanied by a raucous and more or less guttural sound."

"That's what I told the doctor I discharged the other day. He said it was nothing but a cough."

### Whooping Cough.

I had a little boy who was nearly dead from an attack of whooping cough. My neighbors recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did not think that any medicine would help him, but after giving him a few doses of that remedy I noticed an improvement, and one bottle cured him entirely. It is the best cough medicine I ever had in the house.—J. L. Moore, South Burgettstown, Pa. For sale by C. E. Helton.

# Facts for Farmers!

The best investment any farmer can make is to spend his money for labor-saving machinery, provided he buys the best makes. That "the best is the cheapest" is as true in regard to Farm Implements as anything else in the whole world, and oftentimes more so. We pride ourselves on handling only the BEST Implements to be had at any price, and while they may be a little higher sometimes than inferior makes, they cost the user less in the end. Look this list over and select what you may need,

## Cut Out This Advertisement!

AND BRING IT WITH YOU TO OUR STORE, and we will treat you to one of the most pleasant surprises you ever had. Try it. Below is only a partial list of the "good things" we have for you, but there are others.

- The genuine Oliver Chilled Plows.
- The genuine Clark's Cutaway Harrows.
- The "Keystone" and "Star" Corn Planters.
- The genuine Malta Double and Single Iron Plows.
- The genuine "Troloxer" or "Globe" Cultivators.
- The genuine Farmer's Friend Plows.

The Walter A. Wood Harvesters, Rakes and Mowers. The "Thomas" All Steel Hand and Self Dump Rakes. The "Keystone" Adjustable Weeder, can expand from 30 inches to 74-2 feet.

Cut out this advertisement and come to see us. We will make it worth your while.

# Wakefield Hardware Co.

LEADING IMPLEMENT DEALERS.

### The Road to Greatness.

"You ought to be more careful, Willie," said the teacher in admonition. "Don't you know what will happen to you if you keep on telling stories?"

"Yes, mum," answered the young American; "when I grow up I'll be invited to all the big dinners and made a United States Senator from New York."

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. Howard Gardner.

"Well, dad," said the returned soldier boy, "I'm mustered out." "Good for you!" exclaimed the old man; "the ol' mule is stan'in' in the ground. Git yer breakfas', an' then muster in, Bill—muster in!"

### For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

# SEED TIME AND HARVEST!

Seed time is here. We have the Seed you want—fresh, tested and true.

Garden and Flower Seeds,  
Garden and Flower Plants.

BULBS, ROSES, &c., &c.

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**GREENSBORO SEED & PLANT CO.**

TELEPHONES:  
Office, 105. Greenhouse, 110.

## SPECIAL PRICES

ON....

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As usual we have a full line of School Books and School Supplies.

**WHARTON BROS.,**

Booksellers & Stationers.

NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF GUILFORD.

LOOK FOR THE BIG FOUNTAIN PEN.

CAPACITY, 10,000 JOBS PER ANNUM.

**ROCK HILL BUGGY**

Some dealers push the sale of cheap buggies because the quality is poor. Don't allow yourself to be taken in by buying a cheap job in order to save a dollar or so. "Rock Hill" Buggies are "a little higher priced, but they stand up, look well, and, above all, KEEP AWAY FROM THE SHOP!" They are made of the best material, and are sold by first-class dealers only. If you are in your town, write direct.

ROCK HILL BUGGY CO., Rock Hill, S. C.

M. G. NEWELL & CO., Agents,  
GREENSBORO, N. C.



### CHOOSE YOUR DRUGGIST CAREFULLY.

A druggist can do more harm or good than most people give him credit for. There are different qualities in drugs just as there are in dry goods, and to the outsider all qualities go by the same name. The difference between pure, high grade drugs and cheap, inferior drugs of the same name, means the difference between keeping sick and getting well. When a doctor writes a prescription, he means best quality. When some druggists fill a prescription, they think only about big profits.

Choose your druggist carefully.

**G. W. WARD.**

### Trustee's Sale.

On the 8th day of May, 1899, at the court house door in Greensboro, N. C., at 12 o'clock, M., I shall sell to the highest bidder for cash Robert P. Gray's interest in 45 shares in the Mount Airy Granite Company. The interest sold is to have the shares transferred to purchaser upon the payment of his bid and the further sum of \$2.25 and some interest. The stock being now held by John W. Fry as security for the last mentioned sum.

JOHN S. MICHAUX, Trustee.  
April 15, 1899.

### Desirable Farm for Sale.

175 acres of highly improved land well adapted to the growth of Wheat, Oats, Corn, Tobacco, and especially Clover and Grasses—30 to 40 acres now in Clover and Grass. The farm is well watered by springs and small streams running through it. Good well of water, 7-room dwelling, large grain and feed barn, and all necessary out buildings. Fine early Peach Orchard; also an Apple Orchard of selected variety of apples; Pears, Plums, also fine selection of Grapes, all just coming into bearing. The farm is located conveniently to Schools, Churches, Mills, Markets and Railroad, and in one of the healthiest localities in the state, a family of 11 having resided on the farm ten years and not having required the services of physician during the time. An adjoining 50-acre tract can be obtained. Terms to suit purchaser. Apply at PATRIOT office.

**NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY**

THROUGH THE STATES OF MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, OHIO, WEST VIRGINIA, and NORTH CAROLINA.

**Shenandoah Valley Route**

THROUGH PULLMAN-VESTIBULED SLEEPERS.

LURAY GROTTOES  
NATURAL BRIDGE  
MOUNTAIN LAKE  
BRISTOL  
KNOXVILLE  
CHATTANOOGA  
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN  
BIRMINGHAM  
MEMPHIS  
NEW ORLEANS

**Virginian & Ohio Line**

NORFOLK  
ROANOKE  
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COLUMBUS, CHICAGO  
AND THE NORTHWEST.

Write for Rates, Maps, Time Tables, Sleeping Car Reservations, Descriptive Pamphlets, to any Agent or W. B. BEVILL, ALLEN HULL, M. F. BRACE, General Pass Agents, Division Pass Agent, Roanoke, Va. Columbus, O. Roanoke, Va.

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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

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