

THE DAILY WORKMAN.

Vol. VIII

GREENSBORO, N. C., MONDAY, JULY 28, 1890.

No. 39.

REAL ESTATE.

CALL EARLY

FOR SOME OF THE
Most Valuable

residence lots in the city.

ONLY A FEW SHARES OF THE

UNION -- LAND -- CO

LEFT FOR SALE.

SOME VALUABLE
BUSINESS PROPERTY

—ON—

—SOUTH ELM STREET—

WILL INSURE

—CITY RESIDENCES ONLY—

—IN THE—

**Agricultural
Insurance Co.**

—OF—

New -- York.

One of the safest companies in the world.

RESPECTFULLY,

W. R. Land,

McAdoo House, Greensboro, N. C.

THE BEST OFFER YET!

We have 144 feet of the Finest Property on West Market Street, to Cut up in Lots to Suit Customers. Also, Beautiful Lots in South Greensboro, Prices ranging from \$125.00 to \$3,000.00.

A NUMBER OF BEAUTIFUL LOTS ALL OVER THE CITY.

E. P. Wharton & Co.

WHERE THERE IS RIVALRY.

Persons who read newspapers clearly often see evidences of a peculiar kind of rivalry which show themselves in occasional criticisms. This is true in a high degree of certain New York papers, including the Star, the Sun and the World, the first named often pitching into one of the other two on occasion may offer. The latest instance is a fine specimen of criticism, and has much humor in it. It is from The Star, of New York, and is found in the department of "The man about Town."

Esteemed" afternoon contemporaries often publish remarkable pieces of news; which, somehow or other, are usually superciliously neglected by the morning papers. The following, from the Evening Sun, however, is too good not to be noticed:

Policeman Murphy of the First Precinct, Jersey City, attempted last night to break up a fight between a gang of roughs at the corner of Third avenue and Colgate street. He partially succeeded, when Thomas Hartigan of No. 460 First street dealt him three terrific blows in the face, stunning him, and tearing his uniform into pieces. Murphy finally conquered him by clubbing him on the head until he became unconscious. A man, who by three terrific blows in the face, could tear another's uniform to pieces, must have a power of execution far superior, not only to John L. Sullivan, but to Orlando Jack the Giant Killer, Hercules, Guy of Warwick, or any of the great fighters of old. Besides tearing the policeman's uniform to pieces, Mr. Hartigan stunned him. But neither that nor the loss of his clothes had any effect upon the gallant "copper." Stunned as he was he went on clubbing, and finally reduced the obstreperous Hartigan to the same unconscious state as himself. Then both seem to have become quiet. It will be some time, I venture to say, before even the Evening Sun surpasses this story in its attempts at the wonderful.

Our Crooners.

Some persons remember the old fellow of South Carolina who was never satisfied with Providence as displayed in the weather and the crops. He was so addicted to croaking, that at one time, when the crops were so fine as to produce general rejoicing, some of his neighbors expressed the opinion that he still had some complaint to make to test which they approached him and congratulated him on the splendid outlook. "Mr Parker," said one of the men, "I guess you will admit that we have as fine a crop prospect as one could ask for." "Yes," said Mr Parker, with shrugging of his shoulders, the crops are fine, but I've just been thinking that the strain on the land in producing the present crop will be so great that we shall have a failure next year.

Unwise.

How the Atlanta Constitution and Gov. Gordon could have so lost their heads as to advocate a boycott of the North on account of the Federal Elections bill, under consideration by the Senate, it will be difficult to determine. The main point is that such a boycott would be impracticable, and if impracticable its adoption as a measure of retaliation would show up our Southern section in a very sad plight. A sham boycott—and no other sort would be practicable—would simply be ridiculous.

His Warehouse.

We learn from the Madison Leader that Mr. P. D. Price of this place has begun the frame of his new warehouse which he will build in that town.

Some Antlers.

On one of the box freight cars bound for Raleigh, this morning, could be seen a real wonder in the way of the head and horns of an immense stag, which was crated in a substantial manner and marked, "W. J. Hawkins, Raleigh." From the size of the neck and antlers one would doubt if such a creature could be a native of this continent; but it comes from Louisville, Ky. The great weight of the antlers would seem to have made it necessary for the animal who sported them to have weighed over five hundred pounds. These antlers consist of two prongs which grow out on each side to the distance of 3-2 feet apart at the points, with two or three sharp spurs at irregular distances, in addition to which there are four independent horns projecting from the forehead and in shape resembling a pitchfork. The elevation of the horns is 2-2 feet above the roots, the whole making one of the most formidably looking fighters that one could imagine. The neck at the point of severance from the shoulders is 14 inches one way and 18 inches the other.

Try to imagine such an animal turning on a pack of hounds and throwing them fifteen feet in the air, or running his antlers into the flank of a horse and putting the horse to flight, provided he was not wounded so badly as to be unable to fly.

Mrs. Carolann Howell.

This highly respected colored woman, the wife of Drury Howell, who keeps a restaurant on the east side of South Elm street, died Monday evening at 5 o'clock, and her funeral occurred at 3 p. m. today. She was a faithful and efficient help meet to her husband in his business, and was worthy of the highest confidence. Her husband will miss her sadly, as she largely managed the business of the house. The bereaved family deserve the sympathies of the community. Sometime ago she received a puncture in the palm of her hand from a fish bone. The place inflamed and was twice lanced, but it is thought that death was due to heart failure.

The Guatemalan War.

New York, July 26.—A special to the Herald, dated Guatemala City, via Mexico, July 25, says:

The Guatemalan artillery, under General Cayetano Sanceez, with eight hundred men, and the infantry, under General Manuel Aguilar, to the number of two thousand men, made an attack on the forces of San Salvador about 30 miles from the San Meguel boundary on the morning of July 23, and drove them back into their own boundary with a loss on both sides of about 400 men. Guatemala's loss was by far the most severe, less than one hundred and fifty men being killed on the side of Salvador.

Dreadful Cyclone.

South Laurence, Mass., was swept by a cyclone on the 26th inst, by which scores of buildings were unroofed, five hundred families rendered homeless and over twenty people fatally injured. Eight persons were killed outright. The account given of the work of this cyclone makes it a terrible affair, as it must have been.

NEW HOTEL ACCOMMODATION—Everything is now in first-class shape at the house known as the Planter's Hotel on East Market street, next to the post office. Either regular or transient guests will receive the best attention. Everything new. Location the most desirable in the city. For terms apply to Mrs. E. A. Grutcheff.

"Women and wine, Game and Deceit."

These words come to mind while reading the account in the Asheville Citizen of a very deplorable affair which occurred in a drinking saloon of that city on Friday night last. The particulars are too horrible to relate. Two men lost their lives, one dying on the spot, the other breathing his last next morning. The names of the men killed were Milster and McIntire. They seem to have disagreed about a certain disreputable woman, and it is natural to conclude that the inspiration and the occasion of the shooting were found in the bar room. We have an account of the affair from a correspondent at Asheville, but as the matter is undergoing investigation, we think it well to withhold the opinion thus expressed.

At the close of the services at the Baptist church yesterday morning the pastor greatly surprised the people by the following:

"I now offer my resignation as pastor of this church. After much prayerful consideration I have concluded that it is my duty to accept the call to Wake Forest. Not longer ago than last June I told some of the deacons of that church that they need not call me; for I did not see it my duty to leave my work here to go to any other field. I have been unanimously called and the whole field put before me in such light as thoroughly convinces me that it is my duty to go.— This decision has cost me a painful struggle of nearly three weeks. I do not think I have made a mistake. I would not dread death as much as I would a mistake."

At our Conference meeting on Friday evening I will lay before you some of the considerations which have led me to take the course. If I can arrange it satisfactorily with the church here I shall be glad to begin my work there the first of September. They are very anxious that I should begin with the opening of the session."

His Ashes Out into The Sea.

A novel funeral ceremony took place on board the iron steamer Taurus on her return trip to this city on Thursday afternoon. The ashes of Capt Richard Beare, who had been for a long time commander of one of the Cromwell line of steamers, and who died in Brooklyn on July 2nd, were committed to the deep in accordance with the wish of the deceased. The body was cremated at Fresh Pond on July 5, and the ashes placed in a metal case. The widow and a few friends made arrangements to deposit the ashes in the ocean on Thursday, and with the purpose in view made the trip on the Taurus.

The ceremony took place on the return trip when the steamer was about three miles from shore and bearing on the Highland light. The Taurus was brought to, and Capt Hobbs, at the request of the widow, took charge of the case containing the ashes. He placed the colors over the rail on the main deck, and a line was made fast to the case. As the line was cast off and the case dropped into the sea— Capt Hobbs made a few appropriate remarks. The passengers on the boat were greatly interested in the unusual incident.—N. Y. Sun.

New Bank Building at Oxford.

The Bank House of Cooper & Sons have bought a desirable site at Oxford, next to the postoffice, and will erect one of the handsomest bank buildings in the State. The design is by Architect E. S. Blackwood, of Washington, D. C., and is one that will challenge admiration in any city.—News Observer.

**SOME
Special
Bargains**

**Desirable Residence
PROPERTY
FOR SALE
THIS WEEK.**

S. S. BROWN,

E. M. Caldebaugh & Bro.



**China, -- Crockery,
—AND—
GLASSWARE.**

Have just received a large and well-selected assortment of these goods direct from the most reliable manufacturers in United States and Europe.

**TEA SETS, DINNER SETS
AND TOILET SETS.**

We have the largest variety of goods in the city to select from. Our goods are new and reliable. We cannot be undersold. We will be pleased with an early call.

Respectfully,

E. M. Caldebaugh & Bro.,
South Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.
Opposite Benbow Hall.