

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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JOHN B. HUSSEY, Editor & Proprietor.
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FIVE WASHINGTON TOPICS.

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worthy social events take place until after January 1st. After New Year's day, however, they start with a rush, and day and night for seven weeks the pace is very fast. There is no rest until Ash Wednesday, and even then it is only the larger entertainments that are omitted.

If one is in Washington social life at all, all other occupations and interests must be subordinated. It is a jealous idol and demands from the worshiper his or her exclusive devotion during the months of domination. What with 11 o'clock breakfasts and early afternoon luncheons, kettle drums, teas, dinners, theater parties, musicales, official and private receptions and balls and midnight germanes the devotee is engrossed as the soldier is on the battlefield. To take the alleged social joys and delights in moderation is to discriminate and therefore to offend.

Visitors at the National Capital frequently remark that the appearance of the average theatrical audience is by no means striking or brilliant. They are the more surprised when they consider the character of Washington sojourners during the session of Congress. The exactions of social entertainments explain the enigma. Dinners are rarely at an end before 9.30 or 10, and unless the dramatic or operatic attraction is something out of the common the theatre is seldom patronized during the very busy season.

There is one side of the social life of the Capital that is rarely touched upon by those who write the paragraphs which appear in the papers under the head of "Society," and that is the literary side. There are several literary organizations. Men and women of local and national fame meet regularly at each other's homes and discuss essays and literary subjects. An essay or paper is read by one of the members; mild refreshments are served and the entertainment ends before midnight.

The amount of mail that a Congressman has to handle is almost appalling. I was reminded of this fact the other day by a remark of Judge Gifford, of Dakota. "I have not made a copy of a letter since I came to Congress," said Judge Gifford. "Perhaps there are a half dozen exceptions to this rule, and I should not make the assertion so broad, but it is a fact, that I never think of copying a letter now unless it relates to some money matter. I suppose have written 5,000 letters a year since I came to Congress, with the few exceptions which I have mentioned, I have not a copy of one of them."

Few Congressmen think of copying any but the most important of the letters which they write. It would be almost impossible for them to do so. Few of them find time to answer all the letters they receive, and if they should attempt to copy the answers they would have to hire a corps of boys to do nothing else.

Republican office seekers are already here by the score. "Oh, Senator," they are after us even now. There is no telling what the rush will be after March next. A private letter received here from St. Louis tells of a meeting of Republicans there, the largest meeting of that particular faction of the party ever held; and every man present was an office seeker. It looks as though the rush in March was to discount that of four years ago. The Republican party boasts of having plenty of material. Some of the leaders will find after March 4th that it has almost too much material.

To the ambitious man Washington, from afar, is the sphere of glorious action and unbounded success. It is a beautiful and attractive city, with evidences on all sides of opulence, fashion and refinement. But to the class of whom I speak it is a standpoint from which the outlook is into emptiness, or, at best, into vague and painful uncertainty. To the greatest, its vista ends in untimely obscurity; to the lowest, it leads, perhaps, to penury, certainly to deprivation. The illustrious men who have become famous in the Capitol have all longingly gazed upon the White House. Those who have occupied the White House have left it feeling that full opportunity for the execution of their particular mission had been interfered with or denied them.

The Government is a hundred years old. During that period Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Representatives, Commissioners, chiefs of divisions and bureaus, heads of departments, clerks, messengers and even chair-women and furnace stokers have at all times walked in the shadow of political vicissitude and eventually all marched out the same way. From the beginning to the end it has aggregated a great army—always stunted by disappointment; always looking forward to the uncertainty. The comparatively

few who have left behind them illustrious names written within their country's history, have, within their memoirs and biographies, the common story of disappointed personal aspiration.

I sometimes stand in the Hall of Statuary, the old House of Representatives, and listen as the guides place themselves here and there, and then test the famous echoes of the place. And I cannot help thinking of the echoes that for nearly three quarters of a century resounded through this same hall, seeming to those who produced them the call of fame, while in truth they were the symbols of the dying away of even remembrance. In the old Senate chamber I have stood on the spot where Webster rose to reply to Hayne, where Clay assumed his characteristic attitude to pour out his eloquent speeches, where Calhoun sat and meditated upon the principles of government, and I could not keep back the great fact of their lives that all this learning, logic and eloquence was subordinated to the burning desire for place they never reached. And realizing the more recent uses of this historical chamber I could see Chief Justice Chase sitting in grave state at the pinnacle of professional ambition with a heart sore at the disappointments of political aspiration.

I ramble through the streets of Washington, and I view many times magnificent or more pretentious, but comfortable, dwellings built and occupied by men of our day, who filled large places in the public service. Their substantial air reflects the expectation of lasting residence and continued public service. Now they seem to be monuments erected by their owners to the passing glory of political life, to warn others of the ruthless disappointment of political ambition.

Every day I see men with thoughtful look that was not there only a few weeks ago. It is the look of expectancy, seeming to say: "What next?" Every day I see Congressmen brightening over congratulations on their recent election, and by vivacious effort shaking off the memory of the damp chills of the fall campaign, but never once able to clear their minds of the shadow of two years hence. The President manfully keeps the deck without a quiver in his hand-shaking, and with no falter in his voice of greeting. But he has passed under the shadow, and knows that every man who looks him in the face is trying to catch there some expression of the great disappointment that is on his heart.

Fires, Accidents and Incendiarism.

J. F. Morris' shingle mill at Leard have been burned, it is alleged, by incendiary fire. The property was not insured.

A. H. Daly's flour and grist mill, near Seven Springs, Wayne county, was burned night before last. The loss is \$3,000, with no insurance.

J. F. Oliver's cotton gin and a quantity of cotton, at Warsaw, have been burned. Recently his dwelling was burned, and also another gin.

The loss of tobacco barns this season has been smaller than in a good many years. Better construction and greater care have caused a great saving.

Last week at Lillington, Harnett county, the cotton gin of Dr. J. A. Sexton was entirely burned. It was stored a quantity of cotton. His loss is probably \$3,500.

A fire at Keyser last week, caused by a defective fuse, burned the telegraph office, depot, and warehouse of the Raleigh & Augusta Air-Line Railroad, together with all their contents, including the express matter.

The saw mill and sash, door and blind factory of Messrs. H. T. Campbell & Co., of Taylorsville, were destroyed by fire about two weeks ago, and one night last week their plank kiln with 10,000 feet of dried lumber was destroyed. Mr. Campbell now believes that both fires were incendiary.

A fire at the town of Cameron last week burned the stores of J. E. Phillips, N. M. McKethan, McKell & Guess, and J. W. Kelley (all general merchants), the drug store of H. Turner, and the millinery store of Mrs. W. E. Burt. All the buildings were of wood, and most of the goods were saved. The loss does not exceed \$5,000. A white man was badly hurt by a falling chimney.

An Author of Means.

Alexander Dumas is one of the few modern authors possessing enough of this world's goods to live handsomely. He has a charming chalet near Dieppe. Then he has a splendid house in Paris, which contains marvelous treasures of art. Dumas is now a strong and vigorous man, who bears his sixty-four years well, and with his keen eyes twinkling with wit and malice, his short brush-light mustache, robust appearance and erect stature, he gives one an impression that he is a General on half pay.

PROGRESS IS THE WORD.

The News From Every Section of the State Confirms this Assertion.

—The Durham & Northern R. R. will be ready for business by January 1st.

—Henderson is to have a savings bank. All arrangements have been perfected.

—Arrangements are in progress for the establishment of a cotton factory at Siler City, a thriving little village in Chatham county.

—W. J. Boylin and M. A. Underwood will begin the publication at Monroe, January 1st, of a weekly paper, to be known as the Southern Farmer.

—A railroad from Walnut Cove to Martinsville, Va., is in immediate contemplation. The distance is only 29 miles. The grading is to be let out at once.

—Material has arrived for a telegraph line on the Georgia, Carolina and Northern Railroad, and the wires will be put up from Monroe to Chester.

—An architect from the United States Treasury Department will visit Statesville for the purpose of choosing a site for the public building which is to be erected there.

—Forty miles of the Wilmington extension of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad have been graded and it is expected that the whole will be completed next year.

—Very handsome new cars have been put on the Durham, Oxford & Clarksville Railroad. A quicker schedule on the North Carolina Railroad between Greensboro and Goldsboro has been effected.

—The Fruit Canning and Manufacturing Colony at the old Mulchahy station, now called Peachland, on the C. C. R. R., are not making any plaster or blow, but they are moving on all the same.

—A cotton compress is to be built at Fayetteville in readiness for the next cotton season. Fayetteville is rapidly regaining its old time prestige as a business centre, and also as a manufacturing town.

—Senator Ransom has secured the use of the United States coast survey schooner Schoresby, which it was reported was to be sent to Florida, until the survey of the North Carolina oyster beds is completed.

—The Richmond & Danville Company is making an unusual record. The net earnings are increasing. For the last fiscal year there was a gain of \$167,000 net, while including leased lines, the increase was \$425,500.

—The capacity of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad is taxed to the utmost this season. New cars are being rapidly turned out at the shops at Fayetteville. The lumber trade is very important. There are sixty saw mills on this line.

—An extensive enlargement of the Charlotte water works has just been completed. There has also been an extension of the Durham water mains to the lively suburb of East Durham, now a railway station.

—A number of Asheville capitalists with outside aid have agreed upon an organization of a company for the purpose of establishing at once another cotton factory in Asheville, and for this purpose have subscribed one hundred thousand dollars.

—The contract has been let for the construction of the stone piers of the great iron bridge to be built by the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad over the Cape Fear River near Fayetteville. Granite from the extensive quarries near Mt. Airy will be used.

—The Wilkesboro road is graded to Rural Hall, where it makes connection with the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad, making a direct line to Mt. Airy. Nearly eight miles of track have been laid and the cars will be running through to Rural Hall by the 1st of January.

—The contract for the construction of the Williamston & Plymouth Railroad has been awarded and work is in progress. The contractor has secured convict labor, under State supervision and control, and fifty convicts are now at work. There are to be 150 in all.

—The Richmond & Danville Company is finding that the patronage increases daily on its new line from Durham to Keyesville. The company has arranged so that passengers will breakfast at Durham and dine at Keyesville going north and take supper at Oxford going south.

—The plant at the Wadesboro brownstone quarries has been greatly increased and is now worth \$20,000. These are the largest brownstone quarries in the South. The new machinery saws the stone into blocks for building purposes. There are large contracts for stone, in Baltimore particularly.

—The people of Goldsboro, in conjunction with those at points on the line of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, will press the merits of the plan for the extension of that road towards the west. They will also confer with

the Coast Line in regard to a railway from Goldsboro to Jacksonville, the county seat of Onslow, and of the extension of the Coast Line's branch road from Greensboro to Goldsboro via Snow Hill.

—The grading from Winston-Salem to Walnut Cove, a distance of seventeen and one-half miles, is practically done and track laying at the Walnut Cove end will be commenced within the next ten days, and the weather being favorable the cars will be running from Winston-Salem to Walnut Cove within the next sixty days.

—An important meeting was held at New Bern last week, at which the question of extending the Atlantic & North Carolina Railway was discussed. There is no opposition to the extension. An important letter from the Chamber of Commerce of Charlotte on the subject was read, and the plan of operations was left with a committee of fifteen. It is desired to make this extension either to Charlotte or Concord.

—The working force on the Chowan & Southern Railroad is now spread out all the way from Suffolk to Tarboro. The piles for the bridge over the Chowan river at Tunis are in place. These roads, in the northeastern part of the State, will open a timber country unmatched in the South. The timber interest is already very important. There are already twenty saw mills near New Bern, which are now cutting 200,000 feet of lumber daily. In Beaufort county fourteen mills are cutting 300,000 feet daily.

Christmas Literature.

The New Testament, in fact, is the direct inspiration of the new Christmas literature, as it was of the old, but in a far wider, higher, and more luminous sense, with implications infinitely more significant. This literature does not mock at gifts and alms for the holiday season or any other, but it warns us that they are provisional merely, expedient, temporary, and that the practice of charity in this form is not inconsistent with the hardest selfishness. It appeals to no sentimental impulse, but confronts its readers with themselves, and with the problem which it grows less and less easy to shirk. Turkeys to the turkey, with celery and cranberries galore, and nourishing wines to the sick—yes, these are well, and very well; but ineffably better it is to take thought somehow in our social, our political, system to prevent some future year, decade, century, the destitution which we now relieve. This is what the new Christmas literature says to us, beginning with Lyof Tolstoy, that voice of one crying in the wilderness. The whole of his testimony is against the system by which a few men win wealth and miserably waste it in idleness and luxury, and the vast mass of men are over-worked and under-fed. From the volume called *What to Do*, dealing with the poor of Moscow, to the latest utterance from his seclusion—which he calls *Life*, and in which he rises to the question of how a man shall save his soul—he bears perpetual witness against the life that Christendom is now living—the life that seeks the phantom of personal happiness, and ignores the fact that there is and can be no happiness but in the sacrifice of self for others.

Whatever we may say of his example, we cannot deny that his influence is increasingly vast, and that multitudes hear him who will never follow him to the work of the fields. His audience is, rather oddly, made up, as yet, chiefly of cultivated people, who have been surprised into the attitude of listening by the spectacle of a man, noble, rich, brilliant, like Tolstoy, renouncing their world as of no worth. They hear with heartache and trouble of mind, and many think it is a new prophet come to rebuke them; but Tolstoy himself constantly reminds them that it is Christ who has spoken the truth he tells, and bids them hear Him. Christ and the life of Christ is at this moment inspiring the literature of the world as never before, and raising it up a witness against waste and want and war. It may confess Him, as in Tolstoy's work it does, or it may deny Him, but it cannot exclude Him; and in the degree that it ignores His spirit, modern literature is artistically inferior. In other words, all good literature is now Christmas literature. The old heathenish axiom of art for art's sake is dead as great Pan himself, and the best art now tends to be art for humanity's sake. It does this sometimes unconsciously, and would be defiant of the superstition that it was working with an ethical purpose; but there is nothing so sanative as truth, and the literature that shows human nature as human wildness and error have made it in fulfilling a "mission" to men's souls, in spite of all theories and professions to the contrary. Yet the interesting and consoling fact about so many masters of our time is that they are conscious of a duty to man in their work, and they do it with a sense that it does not begin and end in themselves, and even art does not compass it all, and that to amuse or thrill their readers is no longer enough.

—A railroad from Kernersville to Reidsville is soon to be built. By completing the North Carolina Midland to Mooresville, most of which is graded, the Richmond & Danville will have an air line, independent of the leased N. C. Road, from West Point on the York River via Richmond, Danville, Winston, Mocksville, Mooresville to Charlotte.

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ONLY A CHILD'S CRY.

But One of Those Little Stories That Go Straight to the Heart.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell my fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for my youngest—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies her mother had made for her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy; and how when the cattle were sold the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it into my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well, and when the storm that had been brewing broke and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or may be six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I thought me of the hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found the dripping little thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the dreched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked heaven on my knees before them. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirrup. That's Dolly yonder, with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving. I think, (but then I'm her father and partial, maybe) the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.

—A railroad from Kernersville to Reidsville is soon to be built. By completing the North Carolina Midland to Mooresville, most of which is graded, the Richmond & Danville will have an air line, independent of the leased N. C. Road, from West Point on the York River via Richmond, Danville, Winston, Mocksville, Mooresville to Charlotte.

Pickett or Pettigrew?

(Wilmington Messenger.)

Capt. Bond, of Scotland Neck, Halifax county, has laid the whole people of North Carolina under obligations to him.

He has written an excellent pamphlet of forty pages in vindication of the truth of history respecting the battle of Gettysburg and the part borne by the North Carolina troops on that memorable occasion.

The theme is a very happy one, and the Captain has handled it with great ability and consummate skill. He was a participant in the series of engagements at Gettysburg, and knows whereof he writes, and sustains his assertions by military facts and official figures.

Capt. Bond maintains that Pettigrew, and his North Carolinians, and not Pickett and the Virginians, belong the highest honors of heroism and the loudest encomiums for matchless valor on that sanguinary field. He sets out to correct the popular error of the world—we quote: "The theme is a very happy one, and the Captain has handled it with great ability and consummate skill. He was a participant in the series of engagements at Gettysburg, and knows whereof he writes, and sustains his assertions by military facts and official figures."

We have not room for lengthy extracts from the pamphlet of Capt. Bond, but to sustain his claim that North Carolina, and not Virginia, bore the brunt of the famous "charge"—the greatest military blunder in the history of the world—we quote:

"To how many does the name of Gettysburg suggest the names of Tennessee, Mississippi or North Carolina? And yet the Tennessee brigade suffered fearfully; but the courage of its survivors was unimpaired. There were two Mississippi regiments in Davis' brigade, which between them had one hundred and nine men killed on the field. Pickett's dead numbered not fifteen to the regiment. The five North Carolina regiments of Pettigrew's division bore with fortitude a loss of two hundred and twenty-nine killed."

"Pickett's fifteen Virginia regiments were fearfully demoralized by a loss of two hundred and twenty-four killed. Virginia and North Carolina had each about the same number of infantry in this battle. The former had three hundred and seventy-five killed, the latter 995."

To any mind the reading of Capt. Bond's work must conclude the facts in favor of his assertion, and we would like to know that his pamphlet was being read throughout the State. Most writers have accorded Pickett all the glory of the Gettysburg charge, while the fact appears that it failed because Pickett's men did not properly support Pettigrew and Trimble.

But we are bound to admire the spirit of the Virginians which always claims everything for Virginia. Their intense State pride is the grandest thing in the history of the Old Dominion. Their arrogance and egotism are positive virtues, and we love them for the display these Virginia people make of them on all occasions. There never was a man who could write "of Virginia" after his name that did not glory in his pride of the fact.

When we see a people exalting their State as the Virginians all ways do, we are bound to honor them for it. Few North Carolinians make proper display of their love of State. We have always been wanting in State pride, and the result is we "play second fiddle" on every occasion where States pass in the review of a full history.

We all know that North Carolinians did the best fighting of the war, but historians omit mention of the fact. Virginians walked off with the honors of the war, and they mean to constantly reassert and maintain them.

Capt. Bond well says: "In the four years' struggle for Constitutional liberty, the first Confederate soldier fell at Bethel. He was a Tar Heel, from Tar river. The last blood was shed by Cox's North Carolina brigade, at Appomattox. And why the troops which shed the first blood, the last blood and the most blood, should not now stand as high everywhere, as they did years ago in Lee's Army, may appear a problem hard to solve, but its solution is the simplest thing in the world, and I will presently give it."

Emperor William's Income.

William II. has no fixed salary as Emperor of Germany, but there is a million of dollars he can use if necessary. As King of Prussia, however, he has a civil list amounting to \$3,550,000; but the taste for travel and other expenses incurred in the interests of the Empire, necessitate, it appears, an increase of revenue. So when the Reichstag reassembles a proposal will be made to add several millions of marks to the imperial civil list. The Emperor's recent visit to Vienna and Rome cost about \$260,000. Among the presents that he distributed along his route were eighty diamond rings, thirty diamond and emerald necklaces, fifty fine scarf-pins, thirty gold watches and chains, six sabres, studded with diamonds and emeralds, and one hundred boxes of cigars.

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WRITING FAMOUS POEMS.

Something of Interest to Remember When You Read the Verses.

(From the Library.)

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

Gen. Lyle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

The noted poem, "The Falls of Niagara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainerd, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. He wrote it under pressure in response to a call for "more copy."

Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that his scenes were not penned on the spot, instead of in a retired dwelling in Derbyshire.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house (a stranger to him), walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Something that may be of Use to Generous Housekeepers.

(Mrs. Bessie D. Webster's "Talk Table.")

While curious novelties are hunted up for other state feasts, the Christmas bill of fare has remained unchanged for many generations, and few would care to have it changed. Christmas would not be Christmas without the turkey, goose, plum pudding and sugar plums.

Santa Claus, with his mysteries, I fear, is fading from the imaginations of our more practical children, but the luscious bonbons, the dainty and beautiful tokens of friendship are certainly not less welcome than in former years.

The pudding for our feast should be made at least two weeks before the occasion and put away to ripen and grow rich.

The candies may be made two days before, and put in tin boxes and covered from the air.

The cranberry and pudding sauce should also be made at least the day before and the turkey and goose drawn, wiped carefully and hung in a cold place for four or five days ahead. All this being done, the immediate preparation of the dinner is comparatively light.

MENU.

Supper on Half Shell.

Soup Travy.

Fried Smelts.

Parboiled Potatoes.

Roast Turkey.

Boiled Rice.

Scallop of Omelette and Tomatoes.

GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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HALLOWED CHRISTMAS.

Not even in the grand domain of art have antiquity and "the memories of old" invested the countries of the Old World with a dignity which impresses more or a quaintness which is more pleasing than they have interwoven with their holidays and feast-days—those lands so rich in the garnered treasures of the past, the keepers of the relics and the echoes of the Coliseum; fringing the shores of the Mediterranean, and guarding the decaying splendors of the Alhambra and the proud old cities of Granada; lying in their smiling fairness along the banks of the Rhine where the gray medieval castle is crumbling, with its memories fragrant still; sheltered by the chalky cliffs of the British Isles, with the majestic cathedral and the gray abbey—the treasure houses of centuries of history.

We of this country, now in its lusty youth, are too intent upon investing the present with great events and making history for the future, to halt long for the celebration of deeds that have gone before us. But once in each year we pause with reverent brow uplifted for the light from heaven, and catch the whisper: "Peace on earth—good will to men," which has never died in the human heart since that blazing single star pierced earth's gloom, and showed to men a lowly manger and the Son of God. It is a season of reverent thanksgiving and of good cheer; old age at the chimney nook takes new comfort, and warms its withered shanks at the yule log's warmth and sparkle; manhood relaxes its gravity, and with gentle hand puts by the wearying cares of the hour; youth comes bounding in, radiant, holly-crowned like a young god; childhood, with eager and rapt vision, climbs a golden stairway to the fairyland of gills—and, like a string of pearls dropped through limpid waters, the glad refrain comes clear as a bell through the frosty air: "Peace on earth—good will to men."

Rapid as light and fair as a dream come the pictures now—all too fast for the writer's pencil: the gifts and their givers—hearts throbbing with love and glowing with a faithful friendship; beautiful pictures, radiant jewels, the sheen of silk and the splendor of velvet; tokens for the loved where the radiant light streams out from the abode of wealth and the "window panes are touched with flame," or the more modest offerings for the dear ones where the single rushlight meets the hurrying footstep in the darkness—wherever there be the love of human hearts it is sanctified by the benign spirit ushered in by the dawn of this hallowed day.

Even where the sorrowing soul is busy with bitter memories and the darkened room is peopled with the shadows of the past, Christ's natal day brings its blessing, and infinite comfort comes with the promise:

So long thy power hath led thee on still
Will lead thee on,
O'er power and sin, o'er error and torment,
Till
The night be gone,
And with the morn those angelic
Sails
Which thou hast loved long since and
lost awhile.

The light dies down, the embers glow and deepen and pale; the log falls apart, and the gray ashes lie upon the hearth; through the mystery and silence of night comes a tremor like the sigh of awakening earth—and Christmas Day has dawned at last!

Gov. JARVIS has arrived from Brazil after a rough voyage. He is thirty pounds lighter in weight, and looks altogether unlike himself. He will not return to Brazil, and will not be a candidate for Senator unless he is dead sure of an election. He was met in Washington by Henry Skinner, who no doubt told him the result of Capt. Suggs' recent visit to the Alexander homestead near Charlotte. Mr. Jarvis is not well.

The most outrageous frauds were perpetrated in Mitchell county in the recent election, if all reports are true. Johnston will contest Ewart's election. Even a Republican House cannot fail to seat him, if the charges of fraud are sustained.

The country is waiting to hear from Brower.

By the way, Ransom is something of a farmer. He raises from 50 to 100 bales of cotton, and the Alliance men ought to take him in hand and make him diversify his crop.

The word comes from Washington that Mills' "rule or ruin" policy will be adhered to. It means that a Republican Congress will repeal the tobacco tax.

Why not make the *Progressive Farmer* State printer, if the farmers in the Legislature are to have their own way about small things?

JOHN E. HARTIDGE, of Florida, has been appointed to the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Settle.

Three Steps.

The Forty-eighth Congress organized with a Democratic majority of 78 over the Republicans in the House. The tidal wave had swept the Republicans out of power. The Hon. John G. Carlisle was Speaker, and the Hon. William R. Morrison was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

The first Morrison bill, known as the Horizontal Reduction bill, was introduced from the Committee on Ways and Means. The caucus and every other appliance of party pressure were employed to put it through. It was debated long and stoutly. On May 6, 1889, the first Morrison bill was rejected by a majority of only four.

That fall the tariff question went to the country. The Forty-ninth Congress was elected, and in the House there was still a Democratic majority, but reduced from 78 to 43, a loss of 45 per cent. Mr. Carlisle was Speaker again, and again Mr. Morrison was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

The second Morrison bill was introduced from the Committee on Ways and Means, and an attempt was made to force it through the House. On June 17, 1890, the House refused to consider the second Morrison bill by a vote of 157 to 140.

The tariff question again went to the country that same fall. The Fiftieth Congress was elected, and the Democratic majority in the House went down from 43 to 17, a loss this time of 60 per cent. Among the tariff smashers left at home was Mr. Morrison himself. Mr. Carlisle was still the Speaker, and Mr. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, became the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means.

The first, and up to date, the only Mills bill was introduced from the Committee on Ways and Means. Not only were extraordinary means within the control of the tariff smashers in command employed to force and buy a way through the House for this measure, but the whole political power of the Executive was also turned in the same direction. The Southern theorists had convinced the White House that a theory was a condition. The Mills bill passed the House on July 21, 1888, by a majority of 13 votes.

A third time the tariff question went to the country. Within sixteen weeks after the event just recorded, the country elected the Fifty-first Congress, and in this Congress the Democratic majority in the House wholly disappeared—a loss of 100 per cent.

Does the President, does any sane and loyal Democrat, think that it is for the political advantage of the Democratic party that Mr. Cleveland and the remaining architects of Democratic disaster and repulse should still assert their leadership in the task of tariff revision?

The Man the People Want.

No man has ever served his constituency with more faithfulness and greater efficiency than has Senator M. W. Ransom. He is eminently qualified for the position by his superior mind and agreeable disposition, and when you add to these qualities his experience, I think it is clear that he should be returned. No one who is at all posted will question for one moment that he is one of the greatest and most influential men in the Senate. Do we not want just such a man, and especially at this critical period in our national history? Would any new man do half the service "Our Ransom" can? Let the Legislature return him and thus endorse a faithful servant, and at the same time do themselves and the people great honor. Ransom is the man the people want.

Wanting to Hear from Brower.

I have interviewed a number of Congressmen and officials within the past few days as to the probability of any legislation this winter affecting the internal revenue tax. Senator Vance says: "The internal revenue amendments are a part of the general Tariff bill, and as the House and Senate will never agree on a high tariff bill, nothing will be done this session."

Hon. John S. Henderson says positively that "no measure affecting the internal revenue tax will pass during this Congress." He believes the majority of Democrats in Congress think as he does on this subject. Mr. Brower has promised me his opinion at a later date. Commissioner Miller says: "You may quote me as saying there will be no legislation this winter which will affect the internal revenue."

DO THE REPUBLICANS

Propose to Reform Themselves or Only "the Rest of Mankind?"

[New York Herald.]
The Republicans have managed to make a good deal of political capital out of what they are pleased to term the suppression of the negro vote in the South.

Next to the threadbare statement that "the Confederate idea" is still in the saddle, with pistol at half cock, comes the reiterated assertion that the polling booths of the South are surrounded by white men with shotguns and that blacks are numerous murdered whenever they attempt to vote.

Now, a free ballot and a fair count are matters of prime importance in this country, and those two rights should be guarded as carefully as we would guard the honor of an only daughter.

The principle of freedom and fairness, however, should have a national, not a sectional application, and the man who throws stones should move out of his glass house before he indulges in that pastime.

Political immorality is just as immoral in New England and New York as it is in New Orleans. The injunction to pull the beam out of your own eye because it will give you clearness of vision when you attempt to pull the mote out of your brother's eye seems to be regarded as a part of the Apocrypha by many Republican leaders.

If they are really anxious to purify American politics they may profitably study the example of the preacher who announced his intention of going on a mission to the heathen, and then allayed the disappointment of his audience by adding that he did not propose to leave town.

For example, the man who on the eve of an election notifies his employees that "These works will be shut down if Harrison is defeated" shows bad taste when he prates about the Southern who accomplishes the same end by different means.

Again, when the leader of a party which is ambitious for success instructs his lieutenants in Indiana to divide the purchasable voters into "blocks of five," and to keep them in view until they have deposited the ballots which have been paid for, it would seem entirely unnecessary to go out of town in order to find heathen who need be converted.

And when on Saturday before election one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are received to be applied as an emergency fund—that is to say, for the corruption of the wavering at the last moment—we need not be surprised if the South turns on us with a quotation from Carlyle: "Make yourself a good man, and then you will be sure there is one less in the world."

A glance at the official returns for 1884 will perhaps throw a strong light on this subject. They show—that may surprise some of our Republican readers—that in many sections of the South the colored man has the right of way at the polls, entire control of local affairs.

In West Virginia nineteen counties gave a white and black Republican majority; in Virginia forty-seven counties followed suit; in Texas, twenty-two; in Tennessee, thirty-seven; in South Carolina, three; in North Carolina, twenty-seven; in Missouri, a Republican majority, white and black, was returned in thirty-nine counties; in Mississippi the same thing was done in nine counties; in Louisiana it was done in sixteen; in Georgia it was done in six congressional districts; in Florida in nine, in Alabama in nine, and in Arkansas in eighteen counties.

These figures seem to show that the negro is not entirely submerged, and in more than two hundred and eighty counties and congressional districts scattered through the Southern States a mixed Republican majority of blacks and whites is counted, it is more safe policy, of which we hear such wild stories, is not as prevalent as our politicians would have us believe. It is part of the game to make capital out of sporadic cases of violence, but, after all, we are a just people and believe in fair play.

If the Republican party proposes to inaugurate a genuine reform, to abolish political corruption—that is one thing. Reform is greatly needed in the South and North alike—perhaps equally—and in the East and West alike. But if it has no higher object than to damn the South and let the North do as it pleases, why, that is not reform; it is political demagogism and devility.

If the Republicans have a platform of principles to be universally applied—to themselves as well as others—then Night's candles are burnt out, and pound day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.

But if they have one theory for the South and a more complaisant one for the North, that is hypocrisy, not patriotism.

Marriage a Success.

[From the Boston Globe.]
Why would people keep raising the question, "Is marriage a failure?" when the statistics of recorded marriages show that a woman's chances to marry are one-fourth of one per cent. from 50 to 55 years of age; three-eighths of one per cent. from 45 to 50; 2½ per cent. from 40 to 45; 3½ per cent. from 35 to 40; 15½ per cent. from 30 to 35; 18 per cent. from 25 to 30; 32 per cent. from 20 to 25; and 14½ per cent. from 15 to 20. The average percentages still exceed those of any other business speculation.

Gov. Jarvis in Washington.

[Washington Post, 16th.]
Ex-Gov. Jarvis, of North Carolina, arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel yesterday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Jarvis. "I do not expect," he said to a Post reporter, "to return to Brazil again. I have not seen the President or the Secretary of State since my return, but I will not likely go back to Brazil unless there is some special reason why I should return."

"Is it true," asked the reporter, "that you are to be a candidate for election to the Senate from North Carolina?"

"That is a matter I know nothing about as yet," was the reply. "I have been away from North Carolina for two years, and cannot tell what I will do until I have been back home."

Minister Jarvis spoke in the highest terms of the people of Brazil. "They favor everything," said he, "that will bring them into closer relations with this country. The Government has not yet taken official action in regard to the proposed Three Americas Exposition at Washington, but the project is regarded with the greatest favor, as is everything else that will tend to bind the American nations closer together. The Emperor is a man of rare attainments, and his enlightened policy has done much to advance the country. The regent, Princess Isabella, is a really remarkable woman of great force of character, but at the same time very modest and unassuming."

Race Troubles in Mississippi.

It was telegraphed over the country Monday that a collision had occurred near the town of Walthalla, Kemper county, Miss., between whites and blacks and that 12 white men and 40 negroes had been killed. Later reports modified this intelligence very much, and from last reports it appears that last Thursday a bad negro named Maruder had a quarrel with an old white man about the right to the road in which they met with vehicles and that the negro beat the old man severely; that a posse went at night to arrest him, but he had gathered a number of his black friends together, all of them armed, and that they fired several volleys upon the attacking party killing 3 of the whites. The whites renewed the attack several times but the negroes were well fortified and repulsed the attack each time without any loss on their side. When the whites finally withdrew to wait for morning and to re-inforce, the negroes dispersed and hid, and neither Maruder nor any of his friends can be found. When an armed force of whites made a raid upon his place the next day they burnt every building on it and butchered all of his stock, and it is given out that whenever Maruder or any of his defenders are found they will be killed. All is quiet at present and troops sent to the scene have been informed that they are not needed and have returned home.

Downed by Both Parties.

[To the General Assembly of North Carolina, soon to be in session.]
Gentlemen—On the 22d day of March, 1871, the Senate of North Carolina, sitting as a court of impeachment, pronounced judgment against me in six out of the eight articles of impeachment filed against me by the House of Representatives. I was held by that judgment as guilty of "high crime and misdemeanors." I deny this in the most solemn manner. I do not ask you to repeal or rescind this sentence or judgment, for it is being executed, and it might not be repealed or rescinded save by the same court that passed it, but I ask you most earnestly to resolve or declare that in your opinion I was actuated by good motives in what I did, and that I had for my object the best and highest interests of the State. I am not now a party man. Both parties have downed me. I appeal to you solely on the ground of justice. I have never been an enemy to the State. On the contrary I have loved her well, and do now, and am her loyal son, though proscribed and banned.

A Dead Mute Killed.

[Richmond News-Observer.]
The incoming mail train on the R. & A. yesterday ran over and killed a man about one mile this side of Southern Pines. The train was about two hours behind time and was running at a high rate of speed. The man was seen from the engine walking along the left side of the track just outside of the left hand rail. The whistle was blown loud and long, but the man who was evidently a deaf mute took no notice of it, and the train rushed upon him, knocking him from the track and killing him instantly. He was a stranger and could not be identified, but bore evidence of being a tramp umbrella mender.

It was also learned here yesterday that a fatal accident occurred on the Carolina Central Railroad night before last. The engineer observed an obstruction on the track ahead of him while the train was in motion, and in attempting to jump from the engine fell and received injuries which will probably prove fatal.

All for Buncombe.

[Asheville Letter.]
Buncombe in the past has furnished a Swain, a Merrimon and a Vance, to adorn the State on the Supreme bench and in the Governor's chair and to represent the best people in America in the United States Senate. Let the Legislature elect another distinguished son of Buncombe to the Speaker's chair as a tribute to the talent and merit of a pure, upright citizen.

HARRISON'S CABINET.

Stephen B. Elkins and Ex-Senator Davis Will Both Fight Goff.

A Washington special says: A gentleman who has just returned from Indianapolis says the "South in the Cabinet" is a problem which is vexing General Harrison's soul. He finds the problem worse than a Chinese puzzle. There is so much South and there are so many Southern men, each claiming reward for having broken the solid South, that the President-elect is amazed at the number of great men who have suddenly grown up like mushrooms, and he wonders if the South will have any backbone left.

The rival claimants, like music-teachers, are not very friendly to each other. Word comes now that Mr. Mahone, of Virginia, has given General Harrison to understand that he is the only claimant to the title of solid South smasher. He is not pleased at the prospect of a West Virginian getting ahead of him. Virginia and West Virginia cannot both get into the Cabinet. While General Harrison is on the best of terms with General Nathan Goff, and on general principles prefers him to Mahone, believing as he does that Goff has wrought a great victory in West Virginia and done more to put the South in the other column than any man south of the Potomac, he has to face an unexpected opposition to Goff in the person of Stephen B. Elkins.

Just here there is a bit of inside history. Mr. Elkins went to Chicago to accomplish two things—to nominate Mr. Blaine and fix General Harrison in Blaine's Cabinet as Secretary of State—firmly believing that he would succeed. He was very close to General Harrison, and is to-day one of his bosom friends. Mr. Elkins claims legal residence in West Virginia. That means just now that he will not, if he can, let Goff into the Cabinet to overshadow him, neither will his father-in-law, ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, who is General Harrison's most intimate friend. Both Davis and Elkins will fight Goff.

Business Before Politics.

[Washington Post.]
A significant piece of news from the South is that a committee of Birmingham, Ala., manufacturers have gone to call on Gen. Harrison with an address concerning his Southern policy. This address was signed by about fifty prominent business men, most of them Democrats.

The central ideas are that "the South can now divide on practical issues," that the signers are "pleased with the triumph of protection" and that Gen. Harrison should "recognize the best element in the Republican party in making appointments in the South."

Most of the signers to this document being Democrats, the appearance of this committee before Gen. Harrison may be regarded as the first break in the South from the lines laid down by Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic leaders during the late campaign.

It has been known all the time that there was a large protection element in the Southern Democracy. Here it comes to the surface in tangible, practical form. Whether it is the forerunner of something more widely extended and important, is a question, for the answer to which we shall have to await further developments.

Birmingham is probably the most thrifty city in the South. Its growth and prosperity have been almost phenomenal. Its citizens are naturally disposed to be protectionists and to look at public affairs from a business standpoint. There is an increasing tendency of the same sort all over the South. The people long for tranquility and material development. These are simple facts, stated without reference to party consideration. But if there is any opening at all for a successful Southern policy on the part of the incoming President it lies in the direction of business rather than politics.

A Very Safe Man.

[Richmond Letter to Richmond Dispatch.]
Gov. Scales' broad and certainly successful policy in regard to the management of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad is subjecting him to attacks, entirely unjust, but which do not weaken him at all. Formerly the road was operated as a local affair. Governor Scales realized the fact that the State of North Carolina (that is, the whole people of the State) owns more than half of it. He therefore made it a State road. That is the gist of the matter. The people who desire it again to be a local road attack the Governor; those who hold that all the State is entitled to a voice and share in the management of a road in which the State is so great a stockholder take the Governor's side.

It is no flattery to say that Governor Scales is very accurate and just in his conclusions. He is a very safe man.

A Young North Carolina Artist.

[Richmond Observer.]
We were shown yesterday a beautiful pastel painting executed by Mr. Ernest Haynes, who is developing quite a talent as an artist. The picture was a likeness of Mr. Haynes himself and was his first attempt at pastel work. It is an effort worthy of the most skilled artist, and shows that Mr. Haynes has an extraordinary capacity for this kind of work. We have never seen a picture to excel it either in accuracy of reproduction of the original or in skillful execution and finish.

A Chapter of Lamentable Misfortunes.

—David Sommerville, Warren county, mistaken for a chicken thief, was shot and killed by his cousin Alonzo Sommerville. Both eyes were shot out.

—John Batts, a white man, was caught in the cotton gin of William Varnelson, in Edgecombe county. All his clothing was torn off and he was cut to pieces.

—Mrs. Rebecca Fry, an old lady living in Catawba county, fell into a well about thirty feet deep. She was drawing water, when the plank covering the well gave way, precipitating her to the bottom.

—Alexander McIntyre, of Robeson county, was shot while in his yard Monday night by an unknown party. His injuries are very serious. In the same county recently James Butler while standing in his door was shot.

—T. M. Snelson, while running a saw mill, near Leicester, Buncombe county, was caught on the belt and was painfully and seriously injured. His jaw bone was broken, his arm dislocated, and he was otherwise seriously injured.

—Robert McLelland, Cabarrus county, an old, sturdy farmer, was alone in his house, standing over a fireplace, when he was suddenly stricken with paralysis and fell with his head partially in the burning fire. His head was burned to a crisp.

—The boiler of the steam engine of Berry Aycock's saw mill at Selma exploded yesterday afternoon, fatally wounding Aycock's son Charles, who was engineer, and Fireman Needham (colored). Young Aycock's skull was crushed and his arms broken. Three other men were wounded.

—Henry Lillard, Rockingham county, was hauling a load of wood to Reidsville, and was killed by his horses running away. The wood fell on him, breaking his neck and crushing his skull. The horses were scared by a passing train. Lillard leaves a wife and five children, who were dependent on him.

—In Halifax county George Powell, in company with a man named Turner, went to some fish-traps in Roanoke River, and in passing through some vines the gun which Turner was carrying was discharged, the shot striking Powell in the leg. He at once cried out: "Oh, Lord, I am ruined," and before he could be given aid died. The shot had severed the femoral artery.

—A thirteen-year-old daughter of Wesley Bradshaw was burned to death in Morganton last Monday. She was stooping about the fire place when her clothing took fire and she ran out and was caught on the streets a flaming mass, but not until her clothing was literally burned off of her, and she was carried back in the house in a perfectly nude state.

—Near Swansboro, Onslow county, the house of Edward Cox was set on fire accidentally by two children of his while their mother was absent. She returned and saw the house on fire, reaching it just in time to hear the last cry of her youngest child, aged eighteen months. She tried to enter the house, but could not, as all was on fire and the roof about to fall in. She heard a noise under the house, and crawling under it found the other child, aged 3 years, crouching wild with fear. Though its clothing and her own was on fire she saved it.

Quite Too Previous.

The Postmaster-General is already receiving a great many resignations from postmasters, who apparently are not going to wait to be kicked out by Harrison's Postmaster-General; but in going to the bottom for their reasons it has been discovered that many of them are pulling the wires to have Republican friends of theirs appointed before the new Administration takes hold. The department officials are refusing positively to do this on the ground that it is not proper to try to forestall the Harrison Administration. Postmaster-General Dickinson says that every appointment between now and the 4th of March will be confined to men who are Democrats. Few of the resignations received have been acted upon in any way, shape or form, and there are no reports that many of the postmasters are abandoning their offices.

No Tax Receipt No Vote.

[Richmond Letter to Richmond Dispatch.]
There is a little talk and stir about a tax paying qualification in North Carolina. There are many things to be urged in favor of such a plan. Of say, \$2,000,000 taxes, the negro pays only \$125,000, as near as can be calculated, and the white man \$1,875,000. These are pretty startling figures. The number of negroes who have never paid poll-tax is surprisingly large. The truth is, the white people, in the main Democrats, are carrying, and have been carrying for years, a very heavy and certainly not diminishing burden in the shape of the African. If the tax receipt be made a prerequisite to the vote the State will be much the richer and the burden on the white man will be lessened.

Where Fruit Never Falls.

In Polk county, North Carolina, is the thermal belt or line of no frost. It has for years been mainly a curiosity, but now all the section in it is being rapidly planted in orchards. Fruit is a certainty there year after year. The famous "belt" is right along the mountain-side and in plain view for miles.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

Of Infinitely Greater Importance than the Christmas Holidays.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Democratic Senators are rather bitter in their denunciation of the action of the Republican Senatorial caucus which was held this morning. The caucus concluded that the tariff bill was of infinitely greater importance than the Christmas holidays, so it decided to sit right along and struggle with the bill and the opposition, while other folks are hanging up their stockings and wondering what Santa Claus is going to do for them. The outlook is not generally regarded as a cheerful one and those Senators—both Republicans and Democrats—who are not especially interested in the pending measure wish it was far enough away. The caucus action will not, however, interfere with the holiday recess of the House.

The Senate will agree to allow the House to go home on the 21st and enjoy itself until Monday, January 7th. The caucus action was practically unanimous, but while it openly agreed to no holiday there will certainly be one. The majority of Republican Senators will take a holiday anyhow, and the work of pushing the bill to its passage will be left in the hands of a faithful few. This condition of affairs has been foreseen by the Democrats, and they are apparently furious at what they term the revolutionary proceedings of the majority. The Republican leaders are determined to press that bill to a passage as rapidly as possible, and to get it over to the House, if they can, in time to fix upon the Ways and Means committee the responsibility for failure of the House to take it up. Had the Democratic Senators continued in the course of easy indifference they at first adopted, this would have been accomplished with ease. But now they are standing between the House and the bill, and they are determined that the bill shall not go through the Senate in an undigested state. The Senate is now probably a little more than a fourth of the way through the bill, but practically all this progress was made before the Democrats adopted their energetic policy of attack.

Before they took up this policy about thirty-three or thirty-four pages were gone over very rapidly. Since then not more than seven or eight pages have been passed, and the progress appears to be getting slower as they advance. This is that has led the Republicans to the extraordinary efforts they are making. They will have to work night and day and during holiday week, and work all in harmony to get through with the bill.

POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

It is well understood now that the Democrats are not engaged in temporary obstruction of the bill, but will continue their present policy until the last line is read. When they were once aroused to the contest they took hold of it with a determination to acquire themselves as no act to be subject again to the reproaches of their friends in the House. As they go on with the bill those who are taking the lead are availing themselves of every opportunity to broaden their grasp of the question. They are determined not to let the bill go to the House for some time yet.

The caucus action indicates that the Republicans are not less in earnest, and, besides, upon the whole, they are better equipped for the contest than are the Senators on the other side. The fight will go on actively, and it is regarded as not unlikely that some of the appropriation bills will be seriously delayed by it. Meanwhile the House is making rapid progress as possible with the appropriation bills, so as to relieve them of the responsibility for an extra session and to make the show of being ready to consider the tariff bill whenever the Senate shall send it to them.

The Mitchell County Frauds.

Johnston will contest the election in the Ninth Congressional district. Ewart was given the certificate as the State Board of Canvassers could not look into the alleged frauds in that district. In Mitchell county alone there were 400 votes more counted than there were voters in the county. The Republican ballots were all marked with black pins. That was a "device" in law and in fact. It is believed that there were more than enough fraudulent votes to make up Ewart's majority of 635.

A Railroad Commission.

[Richmond Letter to Richmond Dispatch.]
Governor Scales in his message to the Legislature will strongly urge that body to create a railway commission and clothe it with ample power. He has reached the conclusion, after mature deliberation, that a railway commission is necessary in North Carolina.

A Gifted North Carolina Woman.

[Reidsville Weekly.]
There is perhaps not a better artist in this section than Mrs. Henry Sampson, of Reidsville. Some of her landscape paintings, which we have seen, might betray the mastery touch of a pre-Raphaelite. Mrs. Sampson gives lessons to several art pupils.

What the Farmers Can Do.

[Charlotte Chronicle.]
If the farmers can elect the Speaker, it is more likely that they will be able to control the U. S. Senatorship.

Yes, and the State printing too. And if a Railroad commission bill passes, what is to prevent the farmers winning that also?

The Milling Business.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The local article which you were so kind as to insert in the column of the Greensboro PATRIOT, and the communication, signed "Observer," which appeared in the same issue, give me an opportunity of "rushing into print"—in my case, the old adage will be verified of "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread."

While "Observer's" communication and your courteous notice of the "Greensboro Grain Mills" doveltail admirably, I have no reason for assuming that "Observer" was writing in my interest—indeed, certain expressions would indicate that in his opinion the present management of the Greensboro Grain Mills is not that which should be selected to continue a roller flouring mill with adequate capacity—but both appear to be striving for the accomplishment of the same end, and I thank him for the publication of his timely views.

It may not be amiss for me to repeat emphatically what was stated editorially: that I am prepared, with 40 per cent of subscription, to put a complete ample roller mill in operation within 60 days, and to guarantee by indemnity, to per cent on the stock for two years—only that I will go farther, and, at the expiration of the two years, renew the guaranty of the same profit on the investment.

How much of the \$40,000 or \$50,000 for a mill "Observer" prepared to "plank down," I am of course unprepared to say; but as applicable to his favorable consideration of "inexpensive" stock, with a subscription of \$2,500, of the people of Greensboro, I can immediately put in here a "plan" of \$10,000, with approved machinery, and no good business man will fail to be convinced that a better investment could be made of his capital.

Without further trespassing upon your space, let me conclude by saying that in these days when enterprise and energy push all branches of business to their extreme limits, competition is to be expected, and, I for one, do not fear it—provided, always, that it is a fair fight, with no "hitting below the belt." There is not a transaction in any of the details of my business which I am not willing to exhibit to all men at all times, and I make no contract or promise which I do not strive to make good. I claim to know my business thoroughly, and hope to make it a success if industry and honesty can attain the desired

The PATRIOT will not be issued Christmas week, but the office will be open every day for the transaction of business.

LOCAL NEWS.

"Dog and Humanity."

D. A. Montgomery killed two dogs a few days ago, aggregating 852 pounds—only weighing 40 and the other 371 lbs.

Weights and Measures.

Read the last notice of Mr. Geo. D. Smith, standard keeper. Prompt compliance with the law is an absolute necessity, and will save trouble and costs.

Earnest Workers.

The "Earnest Workers" of the Presbyterian Church will give an entertainment in Bogart Hall this evening for benevolent purposes, which we hope to see well attended.

An Excellent School.

The catalogue of Oak Ridge Institute for 1888-'89 is on our table, and a cursory perusal of its pages gives pleasing evidence of its continued and increasing prosperity. Guilford is a community of educational institutions, and none better deserve public commendation than that under the management of Prof. Holt. Seven States and two Territories award Oak Ridge their patronage during the past year, with an enrollment of 255 students, who are now prepared for higher collegiate and university training by a regular graded course of instruction.

The Pearson Meetings.

We learn that the committees from the different churches have, after a thorough consideration of the subject, decided upon West Market Street Methodist church for holding the Pearson meetings during the month of February. Unless we except, perhaps, the tobacco warehouses, there is no building of sufficient capacity to accommodate these meetings. Of all, the Methodist church is doubtless most suitable, and we must c'en do the best possible with the facilities at command. Some had thought of securing the big tent which was used at Goldsboro for the purpose, but the frequent inclement weather which we may expect in February would render that plan impracticable.

Glass Blowing.

A company of glass blowers will entertain the people in Bogart Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. The work is very interesting, and the performance will be given for the benefit of the fire company. We give as follows the following commendatory notice of Prof. Jones from a Portsmouth, Va., exchange:

"The electrical museum closed a very successful week's engagement last night, and we have yet to hear of the first person who was dissatisfied with the entertainment. As far as we can learn, it is the universal verdict that every promise advertised was fulfilled to the letter. The presence of 1,500 persons yesterday evening at Kirm Hall offered a new illustration of the old adage, 'Honesty is the best policy,' in the amusement as well as any other business. We believe we voice the sentiment of a large majority of the citizens of Portsmouth when we express the desire to see Prof. Jones and his company again at no far distant date. The most popular show-bill holder proved to be Miss Bain, who was declared the winner of a purse of cases of very handsome glass work valued at \$25. The company goes to Hampton for one week."

A Beautiful Tribute.

Mr. Charles F. McKesson, of Morganton, writing to the Lenoir *Register*, pays the following feeling and touching tribute to the memory of the late Judge Settle:

"I know how tenderly, how fondly, that great heart twined its tendrils of hope and ambition around his boy. There could have been no keener pang in parting than the failure to see in its highest sense the full fruition of that hope and of that ambition; for, remember, young Thomas Settle is yet in the red of the morning. There was no nobler, manlier man than Thomas Settle. He was the highest type of North Carolina manhood. No truer, braver man was ever fashioned from North Carolina's clay. Court-polished, handsome, there was a charm about his manner that was a magnet in the social circle. On the bench he ranked with Bartle, Ruffin and others who have illumined our judiciary. On the stump he was peer of the best. The gifted and versatile lawyer found in him 'a foeman worthy of his steel.' No higher tribute can be paid to the memory of any man than to say of him 'that he was better because he died in it.' Such can truthfully be said of him. North Carolina sustained a great loss in his death. He was one of her most distinguished sons, one of her ablest defenders and the legacy of his name a rich heritage to the State. In the final and supreme hour before the waves of the cold river dashed against his feet, well might he have exclaimed, not *crux*, I have fought, but *vixi*, *vixi*, I have lived, I have lived!"

Death of an Estimable Lady.

Mrs. Joseph Otterbourg, mother of Mrs. E. R. Fishblade, so highly esteemed by the people of our community, died at the residence of her eldest daughter, the wife of Hon. S. H. Fishblade, in Wilmington, on the 17th inst. Mrs. Otterbourg was a most estimable lady, full of good works and crowned with the honors of a long life of usefulness, and had many friends in Fayetteville and Greensboro. She had reached an advanced age—nearly 88 years—and had been in declining health for some time.

Superior Court.

His Honor Judge Shipp adjourned court on Wednesday evening, with a continuance of the civil trial docket to next term. On Tuesday the trial of R. H. Smith for the murder of William Marley took place, the prisoner offering no testimony. The State was represented by the Solicitor and Mr. J. A. Barringer, Col. Jas. E. Boyd appearing for the prisoner and closing the case with the concluding address. After the Judge's charge the jury retired, and at the expiration of half an hour brought in a verdict of manslaughter, whereupon Judge Shipp sentenced him to one year in the jail of the county.

A Democrat from Away Back.

He lives in one of the "dark corners" of Guilford—where they haven't long been through voting for "Gen'l Jackson," and never knew of the war until some of the soldiers passed through that way after the surrender—and came in town court week to hear how much Cleveland got ahead of the other fellow. He brought his wife with him, a crock of butter and two or three hams, and started out to sell his stuff and get the election news. The old lady was still sitting in the cart at 12 o'clock, on South Elm street, and he was dancing a jig, "I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," in a corridor of the Government building, badly demoralized, chock full of Harrison and benzine, with a flask ballasting each tail of his long brown jeans coat. It took four policemen to carry him to the mayor's office, and as they yanked him around the court house, he took a grip on a corner of the building and tore out three bricks.

When they arraigned him before His Honor he jumped up, struck his feet together three times and landed with a yell: "Lemme go, men; don't let 'em tech me judge, for I'm jest rank pizen!"

The police force turned a trifle pale and clutched their billies more firmly; three law books fell to the floor with a crash, and a rat terrier scooted out and tore madly up street. Just then a long, sinewy arm, clothed in blue home-spun, reached through the door and took the hero by the back of the neck:

"Lemme have him, judge; jest lemme have him! He won't pester you no more."

He looked around and collapsed. "Why, Saicry! Jest havin' a little fun with the boys. Come along home all peaceabul and serene."

Half hour afterwards they were driving up West Market street toward the setting sun, Saicry in front with the reins, while the old fellow sat at the foot-board with his legs hanging down, and drank a parting health to the town out of an upturned flask.

The Church Festival.

The ladies of St. Agnes Church entertained quite a large assemblage of friends and patrons in Bogart Hall on Wednesday and last evening—and entertained them right royally. The hall was handsomely decorated, and facing the door the visitor's eyes were greeted by a mammoth Christmas tree bearing rich fruitage for the merry hearts of the children. The bazaar offered beautiful articles to purchase, while the meat and cake tables—no omitting oysters of incomparable quality—stand for other refreshments set forth for the guests' tables with goodly cheer. A grand old Christmas turkey trimmed in old gold, with a blue ribbon about his soon-to-be-asphyxiated neck, and a jumbo bird cage for an abiding place, had 78 applicants for his ownership, at 10 cents a chance, and it will be his fate to grace the table of Mrs. Dr. Beall. Mr. Harris, of Callum & Co., won the handsome toilet bottle, which we have good grounds for believing are now surmounting the toilet table of a fair lady's boudoir. There were cakes, candies and fruits in profusion, and the evening was very pleasantly spent.

On yesterday the ladies furnished dinner, and there was a fine oyster supper last night.

On Thursday night the attendance was equally good, and the enjoyment as great. Miss Estelle Gray had been awarded the cake for the loveliest young lady the evening before, and a similar prize was given to Miss Lizzie Jackson last night. Mr. C. D. Benbow drew the turkey and the banner (what luck some men have!) and the ladies presented a pair of slippers to the handsomest, most "killing" gentleman, Mr. J. Parrish, and Mr. Jas. O'Connor lugged off the cake for the ugliest man (but he would not have done so if a certain friend of ours had been present).

Two charming young ladies honored us with a call this morning, presenting some delightful cake (we rather think it was for the same reason that the slippers were awarded to Mr. Parrish), and in behalf of the ladies of St. Agnes Church we desire to thank the people of the community for the liberality which enabled them to realize a handsome sum from the entertainment.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Good Folks Who Buy to Make the Heart Glad and the Busy Folks Who Sell to Make the Pocket Glad.

We determined the other day that we would see other people up to their eyes in the varied joys of this festive season, even if ourselves a stranger in a strange land and a "looker-on in Venice." As the

"Way to a man's heart, the hungry singer—
How the fact well—is through a good dinner."

we entered the establishment of J. W. SCOTT & CO.,

and found ourselves straightway in the whirl of the day's business. But even then Mr. Scott gave us the affectionate "arm clutch," and made with us the tour of the whole immense building. Never was a man's time more emphatically money—we saw that in his eye; so we thought as fast as nature permits us to do, and jotted down accordingly. The dry goods and notions departments are strictly wholesale, with a magnificent stock in store, and the many beautiful and valuable goods go out, not in the dainty package of the lady shopper, but in great boxes where the dray and the elevator are in demand. Think of it, boys and girls! on the second floor of the department of staple and fancy groceries we saw a pile of walnut "goodies" ready for shipment abroad, in which two or three of you might luxuriate up to the neck! On Tuesday and Wednesday this firm sent out 144 large packages of goods, and Thursday's business at that hour bid fair to excel any previous day of the week. Though the season was over, we saw in the warehouses something to attract the eye of the novice—the traces of the great dried fruit trade of Messrs. Scott & Co. One bin still remained, containing hundreds of bushels of dried blackberries, of which in the flush of business they ship several carloads of 28,000 lbs. each, together with hundreds of barrels of apples and peaches, a sample being shown us of which one shipment was made of 40 barrels. This fruit goes mostly to New York and Chicago. In the main building, alive with the hurry and bustle of meeting the eager demands of the retail trade, the clerks were hurrying to fill orders in every thing combining to make good Christmas cheer: French candies, candy fruits and toys, plain candies, raisins, figs, nuts, cakes, crackers, cocoanuts, bananas, Florida oranges, preserves, jellies, mince meat, plain and mixed pickles, canned fruits and vegetables, hundreds of boxes of cigars and about 100,000 cigarettes—together with everything in the shape of staple household supplies that could be called for. Energy, close attention and upright dealing merit all these gratifying evidences of prosperity, and as we passed out we wished them heartily not only a merry but a most profitable Christmas.

For the lovers of the chaste, the artistic and the beautiful GEO. FITZIMONS & CO.

have catered with rare taste. Their elegant show-cases and counters are laden with articles combining exquisite workmanship with intrinsic value: beautifully carved dressing-cases for ladies and gentlemen, ornate albums, toilet boxes, novelties in brackets, brushes, &c., &c. Bric-a-brac of new and attractive design cannot fail to captivate the fancy, while the display of perfumery of every kind bouquet and extract, in bottles of beautiful finish, is unexcelled. The brown charger, whose graceful head and neck seem to greet the visitor with a stately nod on entering the carriage and harness establishment of JOHN HARRIS,

stands guard over treasures rich and rare, and there is little wonder that the passer-by hears the frequent feminine exclamations of delighted admiration at the varied stores of beautiful goods displayed: Embroidery silks, chenille, arasene, ribbons, tinsel cord, ornaments of gilt and silver—in fact, all the material for the making of the most elegant silk hose, articles in lace and the thousands of artistic knick-knacks which beautify the drawing room and adorn "my lady's chamber." Mr. Harris has gathered to himself a wonderful trade in this line of business; during a brief conversation with him, he showed us orders from South Carolina and Michigan, stating that there was no part of the Union where he does not sell his goods. In vigorous vernacular the leather work in pocket books and purses "took our eye;" their workmanship is of the best, and the taste is faultless. One Japanese pocket book, of oxidized clasps and trimmings, is a gem to delight the heart of the collector of articles of *verve*. We have rarely seen more beautiful samples of brocade silk, for the trimming and making of tea gowns and other parts of woman's adornment and attire. Adepts in fancy work and all kinds of embroidery will find a visit to Harris's establishment one of unusual pleasure. As for the other branch of the business under the roof of this commodious store, there is a most complete stock, kept well up in style and quality, of harness, saddles, carriages, buggies, phaetons, lap robes (some of remarkable beauty and value) together with all the other articles which the customer can call for in this line of trade.

C. E. HOLTON

Plumes himself with good reason upon his specialty of unexcelled

perfumery, the best of cologne and extracts of recognized merit and reputation, together with all other articles of toilet use: cosmetics, toilet boxes, delightful bouquet soaps, fine brushes, combs, &c. He offers to the hand all the appliances for putting the irresistible touches to beauty or adorning the sterner sex, in dressing cases of beautiful finish, complete in every article, while holiday gifts are temptingly displayed in every article, while holiday gifts are temptingly displayed in every article, while holiday gifts are temptingly displayed in every article.

W. S. MOORE,

on East Market street, has been very busy for days past, and over and above the holiday trade, has found the fall trade very satisfactory—rather better than usual, especially for fine goods. Dry goods and barter trade has come fully up to the average; five and ten cent counter goods have gone off well. In organs and pianos Mr. Moore leads all others with the old and esteemed "SHONINGER," the company makes the instruments a specialty for his trade, and his orders keep him busy. Mr. Moore is the leading fur buyer—his business dating back nearly 25 years—and he pays the highest prices.

Mr. Moore also has quite a run on wall paper, which he keeps in large stock and of great variety. In the southern corner of the Benbow building is a temple of the beautiful in art, *bijouterie* and *belles-lettres*, and

Mrs. M. E. HOWARD

and her assistants have found the devotees at the shrine numerous for many days. There is a much more general appreciation of tasteful things than most people suppose, and the rapidity with which her goods have been sold attests this. The pictures are of unusual merit and excellence, while we examined certain novelties which we have nowhere seen surpassed: exquisite baskets, metal tables of rare design, albums richly embellished and arranged in upright form, a splendid assortment of gold pens and pencils, from which most appropriate presents could be made, brackets, fancy work boxes, mirrors, picture frames, standard poems superbly illustrated, Bibles and books of prayer in tasteful boxes for gifts, etc. The holiday books and other articles for children have been selected with great care, and are unusually appropriate and valuable.

THE DIKE BOOK COMPANY

has always been looked to as "headquarters" for things most *recherche* and unique in bric-a-brac and fancy work, over and above the large stock of standard goods carried in their line, and the faultless taste of Mrs. Ball and Miss Johnson has enabled them to offer greater attractions than ever to Christmas buyers. An enumeration of articles which make so tempting a display in this large establishment would be impossible, but one might pass hours with unabated interest in turning from one to another of objects of art and fine workmanship. We were delighted with views of Niagara—among the very finest we have ever seen—which are only of a piece with other fine pieces of landscape and historical painting. In Japanese goods there are scores of most beautiful gifts, a collection which has been made at great cost and care. Mrs. Ball takes a pardonable pride in a very attractive array of Indian work, collected under her own supervision, nothing equal to which is perhaps to be found in the State. Albums, baskets, frames, brackets, easels, mirrors, Bibles and prayer books, handsomely bound and elegantly illustrated volumes of prose and poetry, together with everything in the form of holiday books and toys, combine to form a most attractive assortment.

All along West and East Market, David and Elm streets the stores are crowded from early morning until late at night, in many of which we felt ourselves too much the idler to ask questions and consume the time of busy people. We are glad to know that business is giving general satisfaction, one proof of which is that the express office is now overrun with work.

Persons.

Miss Terry is passing the holidays with Mrs. Gidding.

Mrs. E. D. Steele, of High Point, has been visiting Greensboro this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Virginia, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Cunningham.

Mrs. Pryor and her charming daughter, Miss Kate, are visiting friends in theory.

President Crowell, of Trinity College, paid Greensboro a visit during the week.

Mr. All Haywood, of Raleigh, came up yesterday for a few hours on legal business.

Judge Avery spent a few hours in the city on Wednesday, on his way to his home at Morganton.

We were pleased to receive a visit today or two since from Mr. Pepper, editor of the Danbury Reporter.

Mr. Whitaker, of Graham, has spent a day or two here this week, warmly welcomed by his many friends.

Mrs. Fry is paying a visit to her son and daughter, Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Fry, residing on West Market street.

We are glad to welcome back to the city Mr. J. J. Thornton, who has been making an extended visit North.

Prof. W. P. Sullivan, of Greensboro Female College, departed on Tuesday evening last for a visit North during the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. M. Caldwell and daughter, Miss Erie, departed on Monday last for Rich-

mond, Va., where they will permanently reside for the future.

Mr. H. M. Lee, now residing in Wilmington, N. C., a well-known trained and experienced newspaper man, is spending some days in the city.

The people of our city part with sincere regret with Rev. J. A. Cunningham and family; he has gone to the duties of his new charge as Presiding Elder of the Warrenton District. We learn that Rev. Mr. Stamey, the new Presiding Elder of the Greensboro District, will make this city his residence.

Christmas Recital.

A large audience of the friends of Greensboro Female College were present in the chapel on Friday evening, to enjoy the Christmas closing music and recitations. Under the efficient direction of Prof. Sullivan, the following attractive programme was rendered, to the great interest and delight of the audience:

PROFESSIONAL MARCH.

1. Piano Quartette—500,000 Teufel-Polonoise. Grabau-Hoffman. Misses Minor, Whitehead, Ingram and Serogge.

2. Vocal Solo—"Sweet the Angelus was Singing." Operti. Miss Margaret V. Smith.

3. Piano Duo—Polonoise Brillante. Chopin. Misses A. Jones, M. Alderman.

4. Recitation. Miss L. Tate.

5. Chorus—"Ave Maria." (Lorey.) Mendelssohn. Miss Wilson and Choral Class.

INTERMEZZO.

"Il Dolce Suono"—Recitative and Aria. Donizetti. Scena del dilirio, de l' opera "Lucia di Lammermoor." Miss Hackett.

Finale obligato, Mr. Sidney Alderman.

SECOND PART.

1. Piano Quartette—Marche Militaire. Schubert. Misses M. Alderman, Fletcher, Nelson, Harrington.

2. Recitation—(with organ accompaniment.) Miss Alice Jones.

3. Vocal Trio—Evening Song. Alt. Misses Wilson, Phillips and Atwater.

4. Piano Solo—A. Transcendental. (op. 12, No. 7.) Schumann.

5. Cseude au Chaudron. (op. 139, No. 1.) Boudel. Miss Myra Alderman.

6. Solo and Semi Chorus—Contique de Noel (O Holy Night!) Adam. Miss Hackett and Semi-Chorus.

Violin Obligato, Mr. George Woodroffe.

Notice!

All persons using weights and measures, steelyards or balances, and all other instruments used in weighing or measuring in the county of Guilford, are notified to have the same tried and adjusted by Standard Keeper of said county within 20 days from this date. Office or place where standards are kept is 2nd door from North State Office, Mendenhall building, Greensboro.

Forfeiture for failing to comply with this notice is \$50, and for selling without having same tried and adjusted is \$40, each offence. Parties have disregarded notice heretofore given, and now it is given again, and in case of failure the above penalties will be enforced, and this may be relied on. This 18th of December, 1888. GEO. DONNELLY, Standard Keeper.

Shooting Match.

There will be a turkey shooting match in South Greensboro on Christmas Day.

Error.

In the excellent communication from "Observer" in last issue we made the mistake of speaking of a *water* instead of a *steam* mill.

The principal thoroughfares have been crowded with people—both town and country—for the past week.

Tobacco Market.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather for handling tobacco, our warehouses are having daily sales, and the Star, Banner and Farmers are enjoying good breaks.

The following are to-day's quotations, from Messrs. Lund & Mitchell, of the Banner Warehouse:

Filles—Common, \$2.50 to \$4.00.

" Fair, \$4.00 to \$4.50.

" Fine, \$4.50 to \$5.00.

Snokers—Common, \$3 to \$5.

" Fair, \$5 to \$10.

" Fine \$12 to \$20.

Cutters—\$22.50 to \$27.50.

Wrappers—Common, \$12 to \$15.

" Fair, \$20 to \$30.

" Fine, \$30 to \$45.

" Fancy, \$50 to \$85.

A LIST OF

APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

WHICH WILL BE

ATTRACTIVELY BOXED

—AND—

SENT by RETURN MAIL

Upon Receipt of Their Price,

—BY—

Woodward & Lothrop.

Dolls, bisque, jointed, 25, 50c. and \$1.

Dolls, bisque head, jointed, kid body, 50c.

Dolls, all bisque, dressed, 75c. Dolls, extra size, kid body, \$1.

Dolls, large size, prettily dressed, \$1.25.

Dolls, large, handsomely dressed, \$1.50 to \$5.00.

NOTE—We have thousands of Dolls, of every kind, size and nationality, so suggest as the better way that you write for what you want, describing the size, kind etc., and about the price you wish to pay, and we will make our best selection for you. For instance: you write like this: "Please send us the largest blonde dressed doll you have for one dollar; or 50c, or for 25c, or so on."

Handkerchiefs for children, 5c to 12c.

Handkerchiefs, white, for ladies, 10c to 25c.

Handkerchiefs, colored borders, for ladies, 10c to 25c.

Handkerchiefs, white, for men, 12c to 50c.

Handkerchiefs, colored borders, mens, 12c to 25c.

Handkerchiefs, scalloped edges, 15c to \$1.

Handkerchiefs, "Initials," ladies, 15c to 37c.

Handkerchiefs, "Initials," mens, 25c to 50c.

Handkerchiefs, China silk, 25c to \$1.

Handkerchiefs, fancy silk, 50c to \$1.

Mufflers, white Cashmere, 25c to 50c.

Mufflers, silk, white and colors, 75c to \$3.

Ladies black hosiery, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Ladies unbleached hose, 21c, 25c and 35c.

Ladies, fancy hose, 25c, 37c and 50c.

Ladies black silk hose, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Childrens black hose, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Childrens silk hose, \$1 and \$1.25.

Mens unbleached hose, 18c, 25c and 37c.

Mens fancy striped hose, 25c and 37c.

Mens "Fast Black" hose, 37c and 50c.

Ladies all linen collars, 10c and 12c.

Ladies all linen cuffs, 10c and 12c.

Seck ruchings, 6 yards in box, 30c.

Seck ruchings, 6 yards in box, 50c, 75c and \$1.

Ladies fancy scarfs, 25 and 50c.

do mull ties, 12c, 37 and 50c.

do mull fichus, 50 and 75c.

do black lace scarfs, \$1 and \$2.

Ladies embroidered silk shawlettes, \$5.

Ladies black chashmere shawls, \$2.

Ladies colored cashmere shawls, \$1.50.

Fancy plaid shawls, \$3.

Gloves, kid, for ladies, \$1.

Gloves, kid, for ladies (finer \$1.50).

Gloves, 8 But. mousquetaire, ladies, \$1.

Gloves, 5 But. opera shades, ladies, \$1.75.

Gloves, kid, for misses, \$1 and \$1.25.

Gloves, suede, for misses, \$1.35.

Gloves, kid, for men, \$1 and \$1.50.

