

# THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

(By the Patriot Publishing Company, GREENSBORO, N. C., in Advance.)

## Dr. A. R. Wilson,

GREENSBORO, N. C.,  
offers his services in Medicine and Surgery to the people of Greensboro and the surrounding country. Residence, 101 North Third Street.

## Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

—OFFERS HIS—  
PERSONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country. Residence, 101 North Third Street.

## Dr. W. J. Richardson,

—OFFERS HIS—  
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## Gilmer & Wright,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,  
Practice in the State and Federal Courts. Collections solicited.

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## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails.  
Stir up the camp-fire bright!  
No matter if the eastern falls,  
We'll make a roaring night.  
Here Shenandoah braves along,  
There the burly Blue Ridge echoes strong.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

To swell the brigade's roaring song  
Of Stonewall Jackson's way.  
We see him now; the queer, drab cap  
Cocked over his eye; the speech, so  
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech, so  
So calm, so blunt, so true!

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The cute old Elder knows them well.  
Says she, "That's Banks," he's fond of  
Lord save his soul! We'll give him—  
Well—  
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all!  
Caps off!  
Old Blue Light's going to pray:  
Strangle the foe that dares to scoff—  
Attention! It's his way.  
Appealing from his native soil,  
In forma pauperis to God—  
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth  
Thy rod!"  
Amen! 'Tis Stonewall's way.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

He's in the saddle now—fall in!  
Steadily the whole brigade:  
He's at the ford—cut off, we'll win  
His way out, hall and blade.  
What matter if our shoes are worn?  
What matter if our feet be torn?  
Quick step! We're with him before  
The dawn!

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

That's Stonewall Jackson's way.  
The sun's bright lanes road the mist  
Of morning; and by day!  
Here's Longstreet struggling in the  
Hemmed in by ugly gorge.  
Pope and his Yankees—whipped before.  
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall  
Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score  
In Stonewall Jackson's way.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah! maidens, wait, and watch and  
For news of Stonewall's band:  
Ah! widow, read, with eyes that burn,  
That ring upon thy hand:  
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!  
Thy life shall not be all forlorn:  
The foe had better never been born,  
That gets in Stonewall's way.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

A Good Shot.  
"Have you got any nerve?" asked  
my friend Simpson, as we halted  
before a saloon in Tonghville,  
Mont.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

"What if I haven't?" I answered  
evasively.  
"I asked for information. You  
are a stranger here, you know, and  
you don't truck your pants in your  
boots, or talk about our private  
graveyard, or anything like that,  
and as I've got to go in here and  
interview the proprietor I won't  
take you along unless your nerve  
will stand it."

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

"Go in," I answered laconically.  
We entered a long, low-ceiled  
room with a bar at one end. Several  
card tables were scattered about  
at which gentlemen of rather  
unsavory appearance and reckless  
manners were playing.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

While my friend was transacting  
his business with the proprietor I  
drew a chair into a corner and tried  
to appear perfectly at home.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Taking a cigar from my pocket  
I calmly placed it between my lips  
and lighted it, when—whiz! it was  
knocked clear out of my mouth by  
a pistol ball.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

I never so much as winked an  
eye! I did not even turn to see  
who had done the firing, but, with  
the greatest coolness, I drew an-  
other cigar from my pocket and  
lighted it. I leaned back in my  
chair and smoked with extreme  
nonchalance. "I don't think I have  
ever before or since, been so utterly  
and so hopelessly nonchalant as  
upon the occasion set forth."

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

As I smoked, the ashes naturally  
accumulated upon the end of my  
weed, and I was just thinking of  
knocking them off when that un-  
known friend with his convenient  
pistol performed the service for me.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Every one in the saloon was look-  
ing in my direction, but did not  
show the barest tip of a white  
feather. I pulled away, with head  
thrown back and a dreamy content-  
ed expression on my face that I  
would have tried in vain to pro-  
duce under ordinary circumstances.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Again the ashes accumulated,  
and again the timely bullet removed  
them.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

At this stage I found myself  
wondering how I was going to keep  
my nerve when that cigar had  
burned down to a mere stump and  
my friend's marksmanship would  
be required to pick it out from be-  
tween my teeth.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

But I was equal to the emergency,  
and when my cheroot was two-  
thirds gone I held it out between  
my thumb and forefinger, while the  
unknown shot it out with a skill  
that was remarkable. Then I dust-  
ed my hands, brushed the ashes  
from my clothes and joined my  
friend at the door. Before we could  
leave the room, however, a man in  
a blue shirt and buckskin leggings,  
carrying a six-shooter in his hand,  
approached and embraced me.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

"Say pard, dern my pictur if I  
hain't clean gone on yer nerve.  
Here's a bucker that I've carried  
ever since I broke jail in Ohio en  
come hyer. Take it on wear it in  
yer pants' pocket for the sake of  
Vermillion Pete, the all round ter-  
ror of Bitter creek. And pard!"

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

"Well?"  
"Say, I want yer to stand up  
there in the corner let me shoot  
a dime off yer nose—"

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

"Come on here," said my friend  
Simpson, as he yanked me through  
the door by the tail of my coat,  
without giving me time to frame a  
reply.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

But I was glad he did it. A dime  
isn't very thick, and then Ver-  
million Pete might have missed it—  
Exchange.

## "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Italy's exports have decreased  
\$1,000,000 in seven months; her  
imports, \$20,800,000, and revenue  
from customs, \$4,300,000.

## JONES IS IN IT.

AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE  
FOR GOVERNOR.

Every Member of the Present Dele-  
gation Except General Hooker  
Marked for Retirement  
by the Alliance.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sep. 2.—A con-  
ference was held in Congress Hall  
this afternoon which will certainly  
have an important bearing upon  
State politics. Representative De-  
mocrats from New York and Buffalo  
were present. The principal cele-  
brity on hand was Lieut. Gov. Jones,  
who, at the conclusion of the con-  
ference, expressed a willingness to  
accept an independent nomination  
for governor. Little of what trans-  
pired at the conference has been  
made public, but it is known that  
a part of the plan of the campaign  
decided upon is a convention at  
Albany of the central labor unions  
of the State, to be held between the  
dates set for the holding of the  
Republican and Democratic State  
conventions. This convention will  
place Jones in nomination. It is  
known for a certainty Lieut. Gov.  
Jones will run for governor this  
fall on an independent ticket.

UTICA, N. Y., Sep. 1.—The De-  
mocratic caucuses in this city today  
were largely attended and bitterly  
contested. Of the twelve wards,  
nine elected Hill delegates and a  
tenth will be contested. The Utica  
Observer announced on Saturday  
that the party was divided and a  
"struggle for the mastery" was on  
between the friends of Cleveland  
and Hill, at the same time declar-  
ing its adherence to the Cleveland  
wing. The indications are that in  
the county Hill has the best of the  
fight and will have the delegates  
from the three districts, though  
two delegations will probably go to  
Saratoga from the First and third  
districts.

Good nature or a sunny, pleasant  
disposition leads men on every oc-  
casion to be affable and cordial to  
all with whom they come in contact.  
Some men are like sunshine where-  
ever they go. They do not criticize  
or find fault, but are sympathetic  
and bright everywhere they go, so  
that they become general favorites.  
Good nature is no sign of weak-  
ness, for many great men have been  
so lovely that they have had large  
followings of friends who would  
undergo any privation of danger  
for them. In contrast with the  
pleasant, bright-faced man we have  
the crank or gloomy individual who  
has a singular faculty for making  
people uncomfortable and stirring  
up strife.

The good natured man is strong  
because of the unconscious sym-  
pathy that he displays. Even the  
surly and disagreeable man in such  
presence brightens up and becomes  
less offensive, while it is restful to  
the tired, simply to bask in the  
sunshine of such a sunny presence.  
As a single ray of sunshine can  
dispel the darkness of a gloomy  
cellar, so even one man whose dis-  
position is bright and cheerful can  
lighten up his surroundings and  
make things go smoothly. When-  
ever a man forgets himself and  
abandons his selfish efforts to get  
an advantage over his fellows, and  
endeavors to help those whom he  
meets, he unconsciously brightens  
up and attracts people to him.—  
Recorder.

## Two Millions a Month.

The Minneapolis millers are  
turning out 100,000 barrels of flour  
every week, the largest production  
on record. This involves the grind-  
ing of 500,000 barrels of wheat  
weekly, costing in round figures  
half a million dollars. Even this  
great output is steadily increasing  
and the mills will presently be  
running 100,000 bushels every day.  
The increased production is stimu-  
lated by the export demand, the  
enlarged output all going abroad.  
This is all the better for our side.  
The more labor we can put on our  
products and the further we can  
advance the process of manufac-  
ture before exporting them, the  
more profit to us in many ways.  
To export wheat is very well, but  
to export flour is twice as well.  
And the best of it all is that the  
crop prospects of the present sea-  
son warrant the prophecy that this  
milling boom can be kept up for a  
long time to come. Europe is hun-  
gry and it is to be America's privi-  
lege to feed her. She can well af-  
ford to pay for it, and we can  
stand it if she can. A flurry on the  
produce exchange now and then  
may squeeze the speculators, but  
as long as the crops grow the  
farmers need not fear. The world  
is America's market.—Durham Sun.

## PERT BUT LUCKY.

A Story of a Small Boy and a Mer-  
chant Prince.

A few weeks ago an 11-year-old  
lad approached Marshall Field, the  
noted Chicago merchant, and asked  
him for a raise of salary.

"You'll have to go to your man-  
ager," replied Mr. Field; "he at-  
tends to the pay."

"I've been to him, and he won't  
do anything," said the lad.

"How much do you get?"

"Five and a half a week."

"Well, my boy, that's 50 cents  
more than I got when I was your  
age," said Mr. Field, assuringly.

"Perhaps you weren't worth any  
more," the lad retorted.

The youth is getting \$7 now.

There are 325 electric roads in  
the United States.

## HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

President Lincoln Tells Senator Sew-  
ard How it Was Made.

One evening in the executive  
chamber there were present a num-  
ber of gentlemen, among them Mr.  
Seward. A point in the conversa-  
tion suggested the thought, Mr.  
Lincoln said: "Seward, you never  
heard, did you, how I earned my  
first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Sew-  
ard. "Well," replied he, "I was  
about eighteen years of age. I be-  
longed, you know, to what are some-  
times called the 'scrubs'—people  
who do not own land. But we had  
succeeded in raising, chiefly by my  
labor, sufficient produce as I  
thought to justify me in taking it  
down the river to sell. After much  
persuasion, I got the consent of my  
mother to go, and constructed a  
little flat boat large enough to take  
the barrel or two of things that we  
had gathered, with myself and a  
little bundle, down to New Orleans.  
A steamer was coming down the  
river. We have, you know, no  
wharves on the western streams;  
and the custom was, if passengers  
were at any of the landings, for  
them to go out in a boat, the steam-  
er stopping and taking them on  
board. I was contemplating my  
new flatboat, and wondering whether  
I could make it stronger, or im-  
prove it in any particular, when  
two men came down to the shore in  
carriages with trunks, and looking  
at the different boats, singled out  
mine and asked, 'Who owns this?'  
I answered somewhat modestly, 'I  
do.' 'Will you,' said one of them,  
'take us and our trunks out to the  
steamer?' 'Certainly,' I said. I was  
very glad to have the opportunity  
of earning something. I supposed  
that each would give me two or  
three bits. The trunks were put  
on flatboat, the passengers were  
seated on the trunks, and I sculled  
them out to the steamer. They got  
on board, and I lifted their heavy  
trunks and put them on deck. The  
steamer was about to put on steam  
again, when I called out that they  
had forgotten to pay me. Each of  
them took from his pocket a silver  
half dollar and threw it on the floor  
of my boat. I could scarcely be-  
lieve my eyes as I picked up the  
money. Gentlemen, you may think  
it a very little thing, and in these  
days it seems to me like a trifle, but  
it was a most important incident in  
my life. I could scarcely credit  
that a poor boy, who had earned a  
dollar. The world seemed wider  
and fairer before me, I was a more  
hopeful and confident being from  
that time.—New York Evangelist.

## EMMA'S LUCKY OVERALLS.

They Secure Her a Good Husband and  
him a Pretty Wife.

Miss Emma Yargill is quite the  
prettiest girl living on Wood street  
in old Kansas City, Kan. Her ad-  
mirers, most of whom work at Ar-  
mour's, Fowler's, or Dodd's, are to  
be counted by the score. Miss Em-  
ma is full of pluck and so tasty in  
her dress, though it be simple calico  
or sateen, as to completely knock  
the shine off of all the rest of the  
girls around, although the latter  
may be attired in more costly rai-  
ment.

Miss Yargill's father is dead, and  
her mother recently became an in-  
valid, so the young lady, finding  
the home treasury slowly draining  
down to nothing, resolved to refill  
it from the fruits of her own in-  
dustry. Her resolve was backed up  
on a decidedly sensational plain of  
campaign in search of riches. She  
would take a man's part in the  
world and she would don man's  
clothing and draw a man's salary.

Miss Yargill came to these con-  
clusions Sunday, and laughingly  
told one of her young male friends  
of her intention. The matter passed  
off as a joke. Monday morning,  
however, a handsome and decidedly  
shapely person in a new suit of  
"ducking" passed along West Sixth  
street in the direction of Dodd's  
packing house. It was Miss Emma  
and she was in search of a job.

Undoubtedly she would have car-  
ried out her determination of ap-  
plying for work but for the fact of  
running up face to face with the  
"very best" one of all her numer-  
ous male friends. Her cropped hair  
and male attire did not fool him a  
bit, and he just stopped her then  
and there with the exclamation:

"Emma! Well, I'll be darned!"

A conversation followed between  
the two, Miss Emma dwelling par-  
ticularly upon the financial despair  
of the family pocketbook, an in-  
valid mother, and a little brother and  
sister not old enough to work.

The young man said something  
about being tired of living alone in  
the world without object or aim,  
and it is declared by friends who  
joined the two as they stood there  
talking that Miss Emma went back  
home with a tear glistening in her  
eye and a happy sensation in her  
heart. She promised to forever  
discard the overalls and blouse, and  
is soon to become the bride of the  
man who interrupted her in her  
search for a man's job at man's  
wages.—Kansas City Times.

## A JAIL BIRD'S AWFUL LEAP.

Sawing Out, He Swings to a Roof  
Eighty Feet High.

NEW YORK, August 31.—Neither  
guards, double sets of iron-barred  
windows nor a very great height  
from the ground could keep Eugene  
O'Hara, the desperado who boasts  
that he is the most ruffianly man  
in New York, from breaching the  
confines of Jefferson Market Prison  
at some hour before daylight this  
morning. He was simply missed  
by sleepy Keeper Quirk about 5  
o'clock this morning.

O'Hara's cell door was locked;  
but he had sawed through two of  
the upper bars. Then, leaning  
three feet over from his high bal-  
cony, he had sawed through one  
bar and bent another in the outer  
window, got through it, swung  
himself, on a rope made of bed  
clothes, six feet over to the some-  
what lower roof of the market  
building outside the jail wall, and  
walked to the elevated railway sta-  
tion to liberty.

He would have fallen eighty feet  
had his improvised rope broken or  
had he missed his footing on the  
market roof.

## The Lions Fought.

MONTREAL, Que. Sep. 1.—While  
Robinson's circus street parade  
was in progress today several of  
the lions in an open cage began  
fighting. Equestrian Lawler tried  
to quiet them when one of the lions  
seized him with one of his paws  
and lacerated his head and face in  
a terrible manner. It is thought  
he will die.

## POLK'S PARTY.

HE LAUGHS AT THE IDEA OF A  
DUEL WITH ANY EDITOR.

It Will Fight All Parties Who Op-  
pose It or Decline to Accept  
its Platform.

WASHINGTON, Sep. 1.—Presiden-  
tial Polk, of the Farmers' Alliance, re-  
turned to Washington today with-  
out having passed through the dan-  
gers of a duel with the North Car-  
olina editors.

Mr. Polk said to a Star reporter  
today: "I do not think any one is  
thinking of fighting a duel. The  
whole story is the invention of a  
very sensational reporter. I have  
received dispatches and letters  
from all over the country, begging  
me to show my moral courage by  
refusing to fight a duel. Some of  
the letters have come from Ver-  
mont. If any one wants to fight a  
duel with me I have not been in-  
formed of it. The thing is a lot of  
nonsense."

Speaking of the Alliance, Mr.  
Polk said it was growing stronger  
all the while, and the man who lost  
sight of it for three days was left  
away in the rear. The Alliance is  
getting no set back. "If either of  
the old parties come out and take  
a stand squarely on the Alliance  
platform," he says, "that party will  
get the support of the Alliance, but  
every member of the Alliance will  
fight any and all parties who op-  
pose them or do not accept their  
platform without reservation."

EMMA'S LUCKY OVERALLS.

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## MOUNT AIRY NEWS.

A New Railway Projected with Mt.  
Airy as a Terminus—Negro  
Sentenced to Jail.

MT. AIRY, N. C., Sep. 1.—Civil  
engineers on the North Carolina  
extension of the Norfolk & Western  
railroad from Iron Ridge, Va.,  
stated here today that a cablegram  
had been received from President  
Kimball, saying that he had pro-  
cured a loan of seven million dol-  
lars of English money which would  
allow them to push to completion  
the North Carolina extension which  
has been surveyed to











## Phila. Record.

Can you ask more?

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### DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS

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dec14 GREENSBORO, N. C.

**NORTH CAROLINA, Superior Court, GUILFORD COUNTY.**

Wm. A. Apple against Annie L. Apple.

Alldivort having been made in the above entitled action to the satisfaction of the Court that the Plaintiff has a good cause of action for divorce a vinculo matrimonii against the defendant for certain causes therein set forth. It is ordered by the Court that the defendant, Annie L. Apple, appear at the next term of the Superior Court to be held at the Court House beginning on the last Monday in August next, in Greensboro, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint which shall be filed by the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is for a divorce a vinculo matrimonii. It is further ordered that this notice shall be published in the Greensboro Patriot, a paper published in the city of Greensboro, N. C., for six successive weeks.

This July 22d, 1891.

**J. M. J. NELSON, C. S. C.**  
 Jul. 20-6w.

**POMONA HILL NURSERIES.**

**POMONA HILL NURSERIES**

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Jan. 28.

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feb. 5.

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feb. 5.



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