

# THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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## A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past  
When I asked of my scholars seven,  
"Now, tell me each one, please, in turn,  
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!"  
Cried young little North street Kitty,  
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,  
Was sure "heaven" was a great, big city."

Bessy, it seemed had never thought  
Of the home beyond the river,  
She simply told each perfect gift  
And trusted the loving giver.

Then spoke Ethel, tall and fair;  
Her voice was clear and ringing  
And told the Easter anthem choir,  
"In heaven, they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,  
"Twain a place for 'outdoor playing,'"  
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close—  
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk bell rang. But one child left—  
My school, I thought, "Floury."  
"Why, even just once to me a place—  
A place where you're never sorry."

W. B. Allen in Sunday School Times.

## A BURGLARY.

Once knew two industrious mechanics  
Named Pierre and Baptiste. They dwelt  
In a ramshackle tenement at Saint and  
Deleuil, where each had a dozen chil-

dren to support besides their wives, who,  
it is given to relate, were drowsy.  
They were only nominally acquainted  
with the art of locksmithing.

Pierre and Baptiste were hard workers.  
They worked far into the night and occa-  
sionally the thin mists of dawn had  
begun to break on the narrow city pave-

ments before their labors would cease.  
No one could truthfully say that there  
was not a hard earned pillow. Some-  
times they did not feel in vain. It de-

pended largely upon the police.  
It was early one November that this  
hardy headed pair planned the lar-  
gely of a certain safe located in a whole-

sale establishment in St. Mark street.  
On the particular evening that Pierre  
and Baptiste hit upon for the deed the  
head bookkeeper had been having a

wrangle with his accounts.  
"I can't make head or tail of this," he  
declared to his employer, the senior  
member of the firm, "yet I am con-

vinced everything must be right. An  
error of several hundred dollars has been  
carried over from each daily footing, but  
where the error begins or ends I'm

blinded if I can find out.  
The fact, so said the monthly sales  
had been unusually heavy, and a pop of  
the balance had been missed. The head

bookkeeper spent upward of an hour in  
counting up both the entries of himself  
and his subordinates after the establish-  
ment had closed its doors for the day.

Then he went home to supper deter-  
mined to return and locate the deficit if  
he didn't get a wink of sleep until morn-

ing.  
Bookkeepers, it must be borne in mind,  
have highly sensitive organisms, which  
are susceptible to the smallest atom re-

flecting upon their probity or skill. At  
8:30 the bookkeeper returned and com-  
menced anew his reticulated calculations.  
He worked anxiously three hours and a

half, at the end of which period he sud-  
denly clasped his hand to his forehead  
and exclaimed:

"Blot! Why haven't you looked in  
the safe for a missing sheet? Ten chances  
to one they have been improperly num-

bered!"  
He turned over the pages of the bal-  
ance on his desk, and sure enough, the  
usual numerical mark or designation in

the upper left hand corner which should  
follow 11 was missing. Page 12 in all  
likelihood had slipped into some remote

corner of the safe.  
The safe was a large one, partially re-  
ceding into the wall and containing all  
the papers, documents and several day

books in cash and drafts of the firm.  
The head bookkeeper in his efforts at  
uncovering the lost page of the cash bal-  
ance was obliged to intrude his entire

person into the safe. He was very pale  
and his dress was much rent and dis-  
ordered when his feet touched the floor.

But this pallor quickly made way for a  
red flush at perceiving the two burglars  
with the implements of their profession  
stretched around them.

Meanwhile Pierre and Baptiste them-  
selves stood transfixed by the sheer nov-  
elty of the situation.

Without any kind of speech, or warn-  
ing or without making any attempt at  
bravado, the bookkeeper walked delib-  
erately to his desk and rang an electric

call for the police. Simultaneously, it  
seemed, for so rapid and quiet was the  
action, he opened a drawer, took out a  
small revolver and covered both bur-

glars with a fatal precision. As he did  
so he uttered these remarkable words:  
"Gentlemen, I would indeed be most

grateful for the service you have just  
rendered me. I shall always regard you  
as any right minded man should regard  
those who have saved his life with im-

munity to themselves or, which is just  
the same, to their liberty. Any demand  
in reason you make of me I shall make  
an effort to perform. But my duty to

my employers I regard as paramount. I  
have accumulated a little money, and  
with it I propose to engage the best

counsel in your defense, which is cer-  
tainly marked by mitigating circum-  
stances. If, on the other hand, you are  
convicted"

Here the officers of justice entered,  
having broken open the door with a  
crash.—Strand Magazine.

The Action of Fruit on the Teeth.  
There is no surer way to destroy the  
tooth than by the want of brushing or  
rinsing after eating fruit. In California,

where fruit of all kinds is so cheap for  
19 cents in the year as to be within the  
reach of almost the poorest, beautiful  
teeth are rarely found, while it is a very

common thing to see even young women  
with false teeth. Excess in the use of  
fruit sometimes produces undue acidity  
of the stomach, which also reacts on the  
teeth.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Wire for Telephoning.  
A new kind of wire for telephoning use,  
having an aluminum bronze core and a  
copper bronze envelope, is being experi-

mented in Germany. It is said to have  
a low resistance and great tensile  
strength.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Another Monument for the Battle  
Ground.  
The Rhode Island State Society of  
Cincinnati met at Newport, R. I., on

July 4th for the transaction  
of business. Among those present  
was the venerable Nathaniel Greene  
M. D. L. D., a grandson of Gen.

Greene, who is President of the  
Society, and now 85 years of age. Among  
the proceedings of this meeting of the  
descendants of Revolutionary soldiers, we

find the following:  
"The Standing Committee was  
authorized to memorialize the Rhode  
Island General Assembly at its next

session to erect a monu-  
ment to Major General Nathaniel  
Greene on the battlefield of Guilford  
Court House, and to secure his invalu-

able public papers now  
in private hands in Georgia."  
This action was taken by the  
"Cincinnati" upon the suggestion

of Prof. Ed. Graham Daves, who  
projected and carried out the idea  
of erecting a monument to the  
memory of the Maryland soldiers on

the battlefield of Guilford Court  
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## A FAT MAN BLOCKED TRAFFIC.

Six not Able to Move Him—They  
Had to Give up their Attack af-  
ter Tugging at Him for a  
Long Time—Even Proof  
Against Flies.

"Brooklyn Bridge! All out!"  
cried the conductor in that con-  
fident air characteristic of pullers  
of the bell rope, as a Bleeker

street car came to a standstill at 2  
o'clock yesterday afternoon oppo-  
site the bridge entrance.

Three men and two women wear-  
ily made their way out of the car,  
mopping the perspiration from their  
faces. The conductor stood on the

rear platform. His car was  
behind time and he was impatient to  
give the signal to start.

One passenger didn't heed his  
"All out!" cry. He was a big man  
—a fat, big man. He sat in a cor-  
ner of the car, one gigantic arm

resting on the window. His hat  
was on the seat beside him. Lean-  
ing against the head and side of the  
car, he was very comfortable, ap-

parently.  
The conductor looked sharply at  
him and then strode menacingly to  
the front of the car. Placing a

hand on the giant's shoulder he  
shook him, but it was a very slight  
movement he made. The giant  
didn't budge an inch. The con-

ductor then saw he was asleep.  
"Here, now," the autocrat of the  
car began gruffly, "you'll have to  
get up. You're at the end of the

road."  
There was not even a snore from  
the big sleeper. The conductor  
tried his two hands now, but he

made as little impression as if he  
were tugging at a stone wall. He  
weighed only a 125 pounds, and the  
big man looked as if he would tip

the scales at four hundred.  
Backing away, the conductor  
took a careful survey of the beef  
he had been tackling. He looked

perplexed. Then he became angry.  
"This darned fooling's got to  
stop," he cried, returning to the  
attack. "I can't stay here all day

for your pleasure. You've got to  
get out right now."  
He went at his work like a man  
in the rush-line of a football eleven.

He tugged and swore and swore  
and tugged. Not a move was made  
by the sleeping monster. He breath-  
ed regularly and easily and there

was a childlike expression of con-  
tentment on his rosy face. The  
driver gave the conductor a hand,  
but even both of them didn't seem

to be able to turn a hair of the fat  
man's head.  
By this time several cars were  
blocked and many passers-by had

stopped to watch the fun. Other  
laughy conductors, their hands  
on their change pockets, ran to the  
scene.

"Let's throw him off," suggested  
one.  
Four of the bell-ringers stepped  
into the car, and they and the other

conductor and the driver went to  
work on the peaceable fat man.  
They took hold of him wherever  
they could—his trousers, legs, his

collar, his arms, and strained away.  
They puffed and blew and swore,  
but they couldn't move him. They  
didn't even wake him.

At him they went again when  
they had wiped the sweat from their  
brows. They were vicious  
now—just like dogs suffering from

the heat.  
"Here, no hitting below the  
belt!" yelled a man in the crowd  
who was ready to give odds that

the enemy couldn't rout the fat one.  
The assailing party was on a  
savage rush when this remark was  
made. The laugh from the crowd

chimed them, and they drew back  
and mopped their brows again.  
"Why don't you get a derick,  
jer-jays," suggested a lad whose

## THEY MADE HIM TIRED.

They Were Too Full of Fight to  
Suit His Quiet Spirit and Ach-  
ing Head.

It was a curious circumstance  
and everybody in the smoking car  
seemed to catch on at the same

moment. On the right-hand side  
sat a man with a cowboy's hat,  
woolen shirt, red necktie, pants in  
his boots, and a general air of

toughness. Opposite him sat an  
other man similarly attired, but  
with the addition of a grizzly  
bear's claw for a scarf-pin. One

had been with us for over an hour  
—the last had just boarded the  
train, says the Detroit Free Press.

Those two men at once began to  
size each other up and sneer and  
look sarcastic. Finally the man

on the right meaningly observed:  
"I reckon your bag of Injun-  
scalps is in the baggage-car, eh?"

"Yes, but my guns are here!"  
promptly responded the other.  
"What's the use of gun unless  
you know how to shoot?"

"What's the use of a gab if you  
don't back it up?"  
They were now hot and ready  
for more, and it soon came.

"Out on our ranch we size such  
fellows as you fur wolf bait," said  
the right-hand man.

"Is that so? Well, out on your  
ranch we don't wait to size up  
chaps like you. We know 'em a

mile away fur duifers."  
"Take that back!"  
"Never!"

They both sprang up, and of  
course we rushed forward to stop  
the fight. Near by was a man who  
had been trying to get to sleep to

cure a headache. He sprang up,  
pulled off his coat, threw down his  
hat, and shouted at the two ter-

rors:  
"Both of you sit down as if  
death wasn't fire feet away!"

"They dropped back on the seats  
like bags of sand and he stood over  
them and demanded of the one on

the right:  
"Where do you camp when  
you're at home?"

"In Ohio," was the meek reply.  
"And you?"  
"In Indiana."

"I guess that's right. That's  
about the way I sized you up.  
Just a word to you. Shut right

up. Don't peep another peep  
about bars, Injuns or ranches, or  
shootin'. You have made me tired,  
and if there's any more of it I'll

drop both of you off this car into  
the ditch."  
He went back to his seat to nurse  
his headache and the two terrors

sat so quietly for the next hour  
that some of us wondered if they  
hadn't been scared to death. Lat-  
er on one of them fondly caressed

his bar-claws and the other read  
a dime novel and they were at  
peace with all the world.

How Cremation is Effected.  
From the mouth of the furnace  
a long, narrow platform is built

out, on the top of which are rails  
and a sort of grille or trolley, with  
two wheels under it at the other

end. Oval-shaped rollers are placed  
on this trolley, and on them is  
placed the corpse, either in a light

## Swimming in the Creek.

Vacation's come, and now of course.  
The boys don't have to go.  
To school, 'd soon as chores are done,  
If they don't have to hoe

Potatoes, why, all on 'em meets  
Down where the trees were thick,  
'Nd then on oars and with a shout  
Go swimmin' in 'th' creek.

I tell yer what, when I wuz young  
'Nd had my holidays,  
'Char waz't no pleasure 'neath the sun,  
'Thet's what I thought, least ways,

'Thet ed compare, when days were hot,  
'Nd things began to stick,  
'Nd cuttin' down through our back lot  
'Nd swimmin' in 'th' creek.

When I wuz down to town one time  
I tried a city swim  
In what they call the Rooshun baths,  
Down in a cavern dim,  
Where they biled me fur a dollar

Till it nearly made me sick,  
'Nd I opined 'twazn't half so good  
As swimmin' in 'th' creek.

'Nd sometimes when I hears the boys  
A-shoutin' in their fun  
While I'm er plowin' furrers  
'Neath 'th' hot 'nd brillin' sun,  
I wish I wuz a boy agen

So's I cud cut and lick  
Right down to Sandy Holler  
'Nd go swimmin' in 'th' creek.

ARTHUR GERRITT.

Western People Want to Partly  
Dissolve the Union.  
The people of Creede, Col., were  
much distressed by the recent de-

cline in silver and in mass meeting  
assembled called upon the repre-  
sentatives in Congress to demand  
an amendment to the Constitution











