

THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 25, 1893.

NEW SERIES, NO. 1,185

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

8 Cents Per Line Each Insertion.

WANTED

To insert notices under this head at 8 cents per line first insertion. After first week at five cents per line—
—If you have a cow, pig, goat, horse, wagon, farm, house and lot to sell, advertise in this column.

LOST OR STOLEN—One note dated January 29th, 1892, for one hundred dollars, signed by S. W. H. Smith, and payable to C. P. Boren. The public is hereby warned not to trade for said note.
C. P. BOREN,
Sept. 20-4w. Pomona, N. C.

FOR SALE—A Farm of 220 acres at a reasonable price, on easy terms. Write or call on F. W. B. Boren, Greensboro, N. C.

FOR SALE—A Victor Pneumatic High Grade Bicycle—brand new. Cheap at \$10. Write to the PATRIOT, Greensboro, N. C.

NOTICE—I hereby warn all persons not to hire, feed or shelter any Fred Wiley, who left his home Sunday morning, Sept. 3rd, at 10 o'clock.
JACOB WILKY,
Pleasant Garden, N. C.
Sept. 13, 1893-2t

Money.

Parties wish to borrow sums of money varying from \$200 to \$1500, and will give first mortgage on first class real estate. DOLLAR, SCALES & SCALES, Aug. 5-1m.

Wanted.

Old dates of silver and copper coins, will pay the market price. Call on at the Bank of Guilford.
Aug. 23-4w.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. M. THOMAS, A. M. SCALES,

DOUGLAS & SCALES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
Office in rear of Savings Bank.
Oct. 26, 1892-1t

JOHN L. BRITAIN, O. L. SAMP,

BRITAIN & SAMP, ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Will be present at every term of Court, and offer his professional services to the people of Guilford county.
April 5, 1893.

Dr. W. H. Wakefield.

McAfee House in Greensboro on Wednesday Oct. 11th, and 15th. (The 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.)
FEE: \$1.00. Nose and Throat.
Aug. 2-1t

Dr. Arthur E. Ledbetter,

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country. All attend calls for day or night. Office at No. 220, 2nd Street, Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. W. J. Richardson,

Office over Porter's Drug Store, GREENSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in Medicine and Surgery in Greensboro and surrounding country. Jan. 1-1t

The EYE A SPECIALTY.

Do not complain about your blindness, headache or any eye trouble that you may have in any way, but go to W. B. FARRAR & SON at once, and they will give you relief if it is possible. They are well prepared with all the

Latest and most improved Optic

Instruments, and will do you justice in examining the eye. Speech, notes or any foreign substance removed without pain, glasses fitted to relieve all abnormal vision, troubles, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, Hyperphoria, Latent Bet, Proptosis, Muscular Insufficiency, or any compound troubles. We are agents for the GERMAN EYE WATER, prescribed by Dr. AGNEW. The best remedy for inflamed eyes, granular or scaly eyelids, and never fails to cure, and gives no pain.

Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

W. B. Farrar & Son,

JEWELERS,
102 South Elm Street, Greensboro, N. C.

POMONA HILL

NURSERIES,

Pomona, N. C.

Two and one-half miles west of Greensboro, N. C. The main line of the R. & D. H. R. passes through the grounds, and within 100 feet of the office and residence. Salem trains make regular stops twice daily each way.

THOSE INTERESTED IN

FRUIT OR FLOWERS

Are cordially invited to inspect our stock.

YOU CAN FIND

Over One Million Fruit Trees, Vines, Evergreens, Shade Trees, Nuts, Roses etc. In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class Nursery.

Three Green Houses

Full of a great variety of Flowers and Foliage Plants. Pot Roses for Spring planting a specialty.

Catalogue No. 1 of Fruit Trees, Vines etc., and Catalogue No. 2, Green House Plants, etc., turned free to applicants. Correspondence solicited.

J. VAN LINDLEY, Prop'r,
Pomona, N. C.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE,

DAVIDSON, N. C.

Fifty-seventh Year Begins September 14th, 1893.

Ten Professors and instructors. Junior and Senior studies elective. Chemical and physical laboratories. Well equipped gymnasium.

Terms reasonable. Location beautiful, community excellent, teaching thorough. Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, Literary, Commercial, Biblical.

Send for Catalogue.

J. B. SHEARER, Pres.

July 12-3m.

"MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"My dear Matt," replied the young man, lightly, "I come here as a humble artist, seeking subjects for my surpassing genius to work upon. If it is prying and spying to attempt to penetrate into the beauties of nature—both scenic, animal and human—I fear I must plead guilty; but otherwise—"

She interrupted him with an impatient exclamation, accompanied by a hitch of her pretty shoulders. "Don't talk like that; for then I know you're chaffing. Talk serious, and then I'll tell you something."

"All right. I'll be serious as a person. Go ahead!"

"Mr. Monk, of Monksbury, wants to marry me. He said so to William Jones."

The information was delivered with assumed carelessness, but after it was given Matt watched the effect of it upon the hearer with precocious interest. Brinkley opened his eyes in very natural amazement.

"Come, come, Matt; you're joking. 'No, I ain't.' It's true."

"But you're only a child—a very nice child, I admit—but to talk of holy matrimony in such a connection is—excuse my frankness—preposterous. People don't marry little girls."

But Matt did not consent to this proposition at all.

"I ain't a little girl," she affirmed, with a decisive nod of the head. "I'm sixteen, and I'm grown up."

The young man was amused, and could not refrain from laughing heartily. But the girl's brow darkened as she watched him, and her under lip fell as if she would like to cry.

"If you go laughing," she said, "I'll run straight back home, and never come here no more."

"Well, I'll try to keep my countenance, but the idea is very funny. Really now? Don't you see it in that light, yourself?"

Certainly Matt did not, to judge from the expression of her face. She turned her head away, and Brinkley saw to his surprise that a tear was rolling down her cheek.

"Come, Matt," he said, kindly, "you mustn't take this so seriously. Tell me all about it—there's a good girl."

"Will—if you won't laugh."

"I won't, then, there."

"Well, when I was lying in my bed this morning I heard William Jones talking to some one. He thought I was asleep, but I got up and listened, and I heard Mr. Monk's voice, and he said, 'She's over sixteen years old, and I'll marry her; and William Jones said: 'Lord, Mr. Monk; what can you be a-thinking about? Matt ain't old enough, and what's more she ain't fit to be the wife of a fine gentleman.' Then Mr. Monk he stamped his foot like a horse when he's in a passion, and he said, 'My mind's made up, William Jones, and I'm going to marry her before the year's out; and

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"Oh, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added, as she returned to her place: "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she dropped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, raised her cheek against his shoulder.

Now, our hero, the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow and a man of honor, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Here he had looked upon her as a sort of infant terrible, a very rough diamond; now he realized, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "grown up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown up young ladies.

It was clear that his duty was to disengage her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the meantime he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her foot, which he had seen her put down before, and which he thought she would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical, and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt!" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it today?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Penrose, and if I don't go he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

"But I'll come," she said, smiling, "to-morrow, and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word!" cried the artist: "those Welsh hats are very becoming."

She took his outstretched hand and waited an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the

temptation, but still nothing. Greatly puzzled, the young man looked at her, and mused. It was clear that there was a mystery somewhere, and he was getting interested. Presently he invited Matt to sit down on the steps of the caravan, and he placed himself at her side. He was too absorbed in speculation to notice how the girl colored and brightened as they sat there together.

"You have often told me that you came ashore," he said, after a long pause. "I should like to know something of how it happened. I don't exactly know what this 'coming ashore' means. Can you explain?"

"I don't remember," she replied; "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I came to shore in a boat, or summat."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

"William Jones says I could just talk some words, and that when he took me home I called him 'Papa.'"

Matt shook her head again. Once more the young man was lost in meditation. Doubtless it was owing to his abstraction of mind that he quietly placed his arm around Matt's waist, and kept it there. At first Matt went very red, then she glanced up at his face, and saw that his eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant sand hills. Seeing he still kept silence, she moved a little closer to him, and said very quietly:

"I didn't tell William Jones that you 'kissed me.'"

Brinkley started from his abstraction, and looked at the girl's blushing face.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I didn't tell William Jones that you 'kissed me.'"

Those words seemed to remind the young man of the position of his arm, for he hastily withdrew it. Then the absurdity of the whole situation appeared to return upon him, and he broke into a burst of boyish laughter—at which his companion's face fell once more.

"It was clear that he was not really so being in the nature of work; and his possessor, therefore, worked frequently in his idle way, bestirring himself a good deal; whereas, if he had been ordered to be still, he would have remained so."

"Well, this," he answered, rather ambiguously, "you are rather young, you know—quite a girl, although, as you suggested just now, and, as you probably believe, you may be 'growing up.' You must—how you must look upon me as a sort of father, and all that sort of thing."

"You're too young to be my father," answered Matt, indignantly.

"Well, say your big brother, I'm interested in you, Matt, very much interested, and I should really like to get to the bottom of the mystery about you, but we must not forget that we're—well, almost strangers, you know."

"Besides," he added, laughing again cheerily, "you are engaged to be married, some day, to a gentleman of fortune."

Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"No, I ain't!" she said. "I hate him!"

"Hate the beautiful Monk of Monksbury? Monk, the beneficent! Monk the sweet-spoken! Impossible!"

"Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and—when he kissed me, it made me sick."

"What, did he? Actually. Kissed you?"

He spoke the young man actually felt that he should like to assault the redoubtable Monk.

"Yes, he kissed me—once! If he kisses me again I'll stick something into him, or scratch his face."

And Matt looked black as thunder and set her pearly teeth angrily together.

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"Oh, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added, as she returned to her place: "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she dropped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, raised her cheek against his shoulder.

Now, our hero, the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow and a man of honor, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Here he had looked upon her as a sort of infant terrible, a very rough diamond; now he realized, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "grown up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown up young ladies.

It was clear that his duty was to disengage her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the meantime he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her foot, which he had seen her put down before, and which he thought she would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical, and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt!" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it today?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Penrose, and if I don't go he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

"But I'll come," she said, smiling, "to-morrow, and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word!" cried the artist: "those Welsh hats are very becoming."

She took his outstretched hand and waited an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the

temptation, but still nothing. Greatly puzzled, the young man looked at her, and mused. It was clear that there was a mystery somewhere, and he was getting interested. Presently he invited Matt to sit down on the steps of the caravan, and he placed himself at her side. He was too absorbed in speculation to notice how the girl colored and brightened as they sat there together.

"You have often told me that you came ashore," he said, after a long pause. "I should like to know something of how it happened. I don't exactly know what this 'coming ashore' means. Can you explain?"

"I don't remember," she replied; "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I came to shore in a boat, or summat."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

"William Jones says I could just talk some words, and that when he took me home I called him 'Papa.'"

"What was the name of the ship? Have you ever heard?"

"No," said Matt.

her hesitation, in which I fear she betrayed some little disappointment. Matt released her hand and sprang hurriedly away.

"Upon my word," muttered the young man, as he watched her figure receding in the distance, "the situation is growing more and more mysterious. I shall have to make a clean bolt of it, if this goes on. Fancy being caught in a flirtation with a wild ocean waif, a child of the wilderness, who never even heard of Lindley Murray. Really, it will never do!"

CHAPTER VIII.
THE DEVIL'S CALDWAY.

It so happened that the young man of the caravan had two considerable faults. The first fault my reader has, no doubt, already guessed; he was constitutionally lazy. The second fault will appear more clearly in the sequel; he was also constitutionally inquisitive. Now, his laziness was of that not uncommon kind which is capable of a great deal of activity, so long as that activity is unconscious, and not realized as being in the nature of work; and his possessor, therefore, worked frequently in his idle way, bestirring himself a good deal; whereas, if he had been ordered to be still, he would have remained so."

"Well, say your big brother, I'm interested in you, Matt, very much interested, and I should really like to get to the bottom of the mystery about you, but we must not forget that we're—well, almost strangers, you know."

"Besides," he added, laughing again cheerily, "you are engaged to be married, some day, to a gentleman of fortune."

Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"No, I ain't!" she said. "I hate him!"

"Hate the beautiful Monk of Monksbury? Monk, the beneficent! Monk the sweet-spoken! Impossible!"

"Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and—when he kissed me, it made me sick."

"What, did he? Actually. Kissed you?"

He spoke the young man actually felt that he should like to assault the redoubtable Monk.

"Yes, he kissed me—once! If he kisses me again I'll stick something into him, or scratch his face."

And Matt looked black as thunder and set her pearly teeth angrily together.

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"Oh, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added, as she returned to her place: "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she dropped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, raised her cheek against his shoulder.

Now, our hero, the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow and a man of honor, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Here he had looked upon her as a sort of infant terrible, a very rough diamond; now he realized, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "grown up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown up young ladies.

It was clear that his duty was to disengage her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the meantime he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands, which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her foot, which he had seen her put down before, and which he thought she would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical, and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt!" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it today?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Penrose, and if I don't go he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

"But I'll come," she said, smiling, "to-morrow, and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word!" cried the artist: "those Welsh hats are very becoming."

She took his outstretched hand and waited an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the

temptation, but still nothing. Greatly puzzled, the young man looked at her, and mused. It was clear that there was a mystery somewhere, and he was getting interested. Presently he invited Matt to sit down on the steps of the caravan, and he placed himself at her side. He was too absorbed in speculation to notice how the girl colored and brightened as they sat there together.

"You have often told me that you came ashore," he said, after a long pause. "I should like to know something of how it happened. I don't exactly know what this 'coming ashore' means. Can you explain?"

"I don't remember," she replied; "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I came to shore in a boat, or summat."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

"William Jones says I could just talk some words, and that when he took me home I called him 'Papa.'"

"What was the name of the ship? Have you ever heard?"

"No," said Matt.

"I don't remember," she replied; "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I came to shore in a boat, or summat."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

HOW THE WILD ANIMALS

SAVED THE COLONEL'S COMMAND.

It was only a Little Thing. But it Warned the Trusty Guide that There were Indians Ahead—they Escaped an Ambush.

We were going down the peninsula formed by the junction of the Yellowstone and Little Missouri rivers, hoping to intercept the Indians and turn them back. It had been a hard, swift march, a ride of over four hundred miles, with no halt above four hours, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon half the troops were sleeping in their saddles, as their lean and lame horses picked their way over the rough ground.

We had planned to reach the spot where the fleeing Indians would cross the Little Missouri a day or two ahead of them. We believed we had accomplished it. At ten o'clock we were within two miles of the spot. Then the head of the column halted for the men to close up. Our line had strung out for a mile or more. Between us and the crossing, as the halt was made, nature had made a highway. It was a grassy road, about twenty feet wide, twisting and turning like a creek. Either side was lined with dense thickets. Half a mile down the highway it was crossed by a creek with steep banks. Half a mile farther on was a second creek.

A Washington correspondent of the

Carolinian writes that "Congressman

Settle, temporarily residing in the

district, has been devoting most of his time to late

attempts to solidify the Republican

vote against the confirmation of

Mr. Elias and Mr. Simmons."

From his point of view, that is

practical politics. There may be

little that savors of statesmanship

in this sort of thing, but then Mr.

Settle is not posing as a statesman.

He is a sharp, shrewd, partisan

politician, and knows a good thing

for his party when he sees it.

The democracy united is invincible,

but with discord and division

in its ranks, and a prospect of

roving in the Populists and other

ends and ends, he sees light ahead

for his party. The defeat of Elias

and Simmons will, he thinks, bring

discord and bitterness in democratic

ranks. Perhaps it will, but

then he should remember that the

democratic party has an immense

stock of vitality in its make up.

It will not "down at his bidding,"

even with the united Populist and

Republican parties at his back. Its

large majority is somewhat a dis-

advantage. A little blood letting

perhaps would be helpful.

It is astonishing how many able

financiers we have in this country

at this present writing. We find them

at every cross roads, on the

street corners, on goods boxes, in

front of grocery stores, at home,

abroad. Thick as leaves in Valam-

broza or the multitudinous stars.

They can tell you just what's the

matter with the country, and what

is better still they know to a dot

what remedy is necessary.

It almost takes one's breath away

to hear them talk. Should you be

rash enough to express a different

opinion as to cause or remedy, they

fly into a passion, or stare at you

as an escaped lunatic. Should you

modestly suggest that you are not

quite sure you know how to diag-

nose the case and apply the remedy,

they turn from you with a look of

disgust. The wonder of it is,

however, they don't seem to

agree among themselves as to cause

and cure. You find among them

repeaters and anti-repeaters limited

unlimited coinage men, State bank-

ers, National bankers, wild cat

bankers, and no bankers at all.

There they are, "Tray, Blanche and

sweet heart," all barking up differ-

ent trees. The pity of it is they

can't agree for then the "winter of

our discontent would be over" and

the country saved.

O tempora! O mores! that is to say,

Vot a country! Vot a beoples!

Pleasant Garden Items.

October 16th, 1893.

Dr. R. F. Fentress is the happy

father of another big boy, we wish

the Dr. much success raising his

boys, and that his rest through the

long winter nights be unbroken.

Prof. A. C. Sherrell's school is

rapidly increasing and his outlook

is getting better all the time for a

good school.

The protracted meeting is still

going on at this place. The con-

gregation has been good all the

time, and much interest has been

shown in the meeting. Dr. Brooks

and wife spent a week at the meet-

ing, and the Dr. preached some

powerful sermons. Several have

been converted up to this time and

eleven penitents at the altar last

night. We have had frost for the

past two nights in this section, but

no serious damage has been done.

HUGH L. BOND DEAD.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 24.—Judge

Hugh L. Bond, Judge of the United

States Circuit Court, died here this

morning. He never entirely recovered

from an attack of grippe, from

which he suffered a year ago. His

death was due to heart failure.

Perhaps some of our readers

would like to know in what respect

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy" is

better than any other. We will tell

you. When this Remedy is taken

as soon as a cold has been contract-

ed, and before it has become settled

in the system, it will counteract

the effect of the cold and greatly

lessen its severity, and it is the

only remedy that will do this. It

acts in perfect harmony with na-

ture and aids nature in relieving

the lungs, opening the secretions,

liquefying the mucus and causing

its expulsion from the air cells of

the lungs and restoring them to a

strong and healthy condition. No

other remedy in the market pos-

sesses these remarkable properties.

No other will cure a cold so quick-

ly. For sale by Ward and Watkins

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens,

that for years we have been selling

Dr. King's New Life Pills, Buck-

ley's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters,

and have handled remedies that sell

as well, or that have given such

universal satisfaction. We do not

hesitate to guarantee them every time,

and we are ready to refund the purchase

price, if satisfactory results do not

follow their use. These remedies have

won their great popularity purely on

their merits. Sold by C. E. Holton,

Druggist.

A Paris dispatch says Marshal

Nahon's illness has assumed a

dangerous appearance, and much

concern is felt for the outcome of

the present attack.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Williams against Settle.—The "Com-

promise."—Waste of Time in the

Senate.—Cleveland All Right.—So

is Hill, Now.—Elias and Simmons.

—Zoological Park.

(Special to Patriot.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Oct. 21st, 1893.

Last Friday Messrs. Williams

and Settle appeared before the

Electors Committee with their at-

torneys, Messrs. A. W. Graham, R.

D. Graham and J. J. Hemphill, for

Mr. Williams who urged next Friday

for hearing the case. Maj. John

W. Graham for Mr. Settle stated

he had a court to attend at that

time and Mr. Settle one the next

week. The Committee will fix a

date for the hearing of the case at

its next meeting. It is understood

that some of the members of the

Committee, judging from prece-

