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"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOLUME 20. WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 27. 1890. NUMBER 10

FOR ALL KINDS OF
—JOB WORK—
SEND YOUR ORDERS
—TO THIS OFFICE—

BILL ARP'S LETTER

THE WHITE MAN MUST AND WILL RULE.

That is the sum Total of the Whole Race Problem.

When a man writes every week to the public and disposes his random thoughts it is reasonable to suppose that some people will join issues with him. Of course they will, for we can't all see alike, and so I have no right to be offended when I receive letters that question my positions or deny my conclusions. But I receive a good many letters that make me feel sad and helpless and that discourages my hopes of harmonizing our Northern brethren. Some of these letters are anonymous and scandalous and vindictive and go into the fire without thought. But some are sincerely written with good intent only show how ignorance and delusion can make a fool of a good hearted man.

The following is a fair sample of some that have been sent us of late, and it will explain why I feel helpless.

WOODBURN, Iowa.—BILL ARP: For several years I have been reading and enjoying your weekly letters, and your moralizing upon the common affairs of life. But when it comes to the negro, or the nigger, as you call him, you seem to be entirely unable to see a man under a dark skin. Do try for the sake of your influence with your people to raise above your inherited prejudices. From the position you seem to be taking, the negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect. Do you want to fight it out on that line? You don't seem to realize the changes that thirty years have made, or you would shudder at the consequences of a conflict on such grounds. Did it ever occur to you how ridiculous it was for your people to blame the negro for theft, while you are stealing his vote. I implore you as a friend, do not stand in the way of destiny. Many of our union soldiers would be glad to see good homes provided for your poor soldiers, but your cut throats and your lawless classes throttle down every generous impulse.

JOHN NEWSOME,
Old Army of the Potomac.

I believe that Mr. Newsome at heart a good man. He is one among the thousands who are just as clever and just as ignorant, and that is what is the matter. Northern politicians and Northern newspapers have so long deceived the masses that we cannot undeceive them. They still believe that secession is treason, and that the negro is awfully oppressed, and that our society is largely mixed with cut throats and assassins. Mr. Newsome begs me to rise above my inherited prejudices. Perhaps he would be surprised to learn that my father was a native of Vermont and was reared in Massachusetts, and that his prejudices were all against the South when he ventured here as a school teacher, and that he married a Southern girl and eventually became an owner of slaves. If there ever lived a better, purer, nobler man than my father in his humble sphere I never knew him. He outlived his prejudices, and was so thoroughly a Southerner that his influence and his money brought nearly all his kindred and many of his New England friends to Georgia, and they, too, became slave owners. They did what they could to civilize a barbarous race, and it is our comfort to know that those who were our slaves are not found in the jails nor chain-gangs of the South.

Prejudice means a "judgment before"—that is, before investigating the matter. I was born and raised with negroes and have known and studied them as a race, individually and collectively, from my youth until now and can have no prejudices. Mr. Newsome had no such experience; perhaps he never saw a hundred in his life; perhaps he never hired one or worked with one, or befriended one. He lives a thousand miles away from them. He never had to send his children to school where there were negroes working in the fields near by where his daughter had to pass along. He knows nothing of the apprehension that parents feel who live in the country and have to send their girls to school or on errands to their nabors, or who sometimes have to leave wife and daughters unprotected at home. Only two weeks ago a "cut-throat" was lynched near Madison. The sweet and innocent child of only twelve summers was found in a deep ditch where he had outraged her and then cut her throat from ear to ear, and afterwards confessed that "she begged him mighty hard not to kill her but he was afreed she'd tell on him." How did our hearts beat widly and grieve over the agony of that poor child. Hardly a week passes that our newspapers do not record a similar case somewhere—not so heart-rending, perhaps, but always brutal and fiendish, and always perpetrated by the new set that have grown up since the war. These things are ever before us in memory and our vengeance, smothered and unspoken, is burning in the Southern heart. If the conflict comes that Mr. Newsome seems to threaten, woe be to the negroes and their Northern allies who take a part in it. When only seven hundred brave men under Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna and all his army, the cry that nerved their arms and gave them victory was "remember the Alamo," and so when the conflict comes, it it shall come, our people will have a battle cry in almost every community. If I was a negro preacher, or teacher, and loved the peace and the welfare of my race I would preach and teach to them continually the enormity of such crimes, but they do not. They had rather teach and preach the outrage of lynch law, and make pitiful appeals to their northern friends, but lynch law will go on nevertheless, and neither Governor Gordon nor his military companies can stop it.

Dr. Austin Phelps answers to all this: "Why don't you educate him up to the level of the Republican ballot," and Mr. Newsome echoes the same sentiment when he says: "Let him vote and do not stand in the way of destiny." Well, we have been educating him with all our might, and he has been voting the Republican ticket with all his might, and yet our penitentiary records show that eighty per cent. of the colored convicts who have been sent up within the last ten years can read and write and were never slaves.

Now, Mr. Newsome, let us say to you and your sympathetic friends in all kindness and good will tuat we know that the negro, as a race, is not fit to govern our people, and we do not intend that he shall. In this region he votes as freely as I vote, and without intimidation, but if his vote would put him in office he should not hold it, and that is all there is about it. In the black cotton belt and the sugar region, where they number five or ten for one white man, we are willing for them to have representation in our legislatures, but even then they come rather as petitioners than law makers. We are going to govern this part of the country, conflict or no conflict. Our salvation depends upon it. If the negroes don't like it they can go to Iowa or Vermont. The masses of them have but little to keep them here. We know thousands that could go to Woodburn on an excursion ticket for ten dollars and leave nothing behind them. They could just put out the fire and call the dog and go—I would be glad if the next negro who is sentenced to the chainging in our court was given an opintion by the judge—the option of going to Woodburn and deliver himself in good order to Mr. Newsome. The question is will Mr. Newsome send the ten dollars, and will he take him and hire him and let him vote? I fear he is like Mr. Roche, the New York merchant prince, who has recently visited Florida and interviewed a negro politician and wrote a letter about it to the New York Tribune, in which he said he was well and pleased with the high intelligence of this negro, and that he invited him to visit New York and call on him at his store. But the negro said he could not go to New York, for there was no decent hotel in that great city for a gentleman of his color. There was an opportunity for Mr. Roache, but he did not embrace it. He only invited him to his store. Mr. Newsome asks why it is that I can't see a man under a black skin. Yes, I see a man, a negro man—a nigger, if you please—sometimes we say nigger, just like we say injugs for Indians, or yankees for northern people. Our negroes call themselves niggers very often—quite as often as we do. It is a very proper word—negro comes from the Latin word "niger" which means black. I see a man under a black skin just like I see an Indian under a red skin or a Chinaman under a yellow skin. I see an inferior race—a race without fitness to govern themselves much less the white race We know his good traits and his bad ones. They have our regard and sympathy and most of them look to us for protection and get it. But there is a line they must not cross. Mr. Harrison will find it out sooner or later. Southern Democrats and Southern Republicans are a unit on the race question—all except a few unprincipled office seekers like Buck and his satellites. If the votes of the negroes elect a white Republican to office we submit with as much grace as possible, but we will not submit to the election of a negro except in counties densely dark—neither shall they be our judges or our jurors, nor hold any judicial or ministerial office. These are our sentiments all over the South, and if anybody says to the contrary, he lies, and he knows it.

The solicitude of the North about the negroe's vote is amazing. He had rather have something to eat or to wear. With the masses every where it is a matter of business. Up North, in the manufacturing districts, it means a continuation of employment—with tens of thousands in their cities it means a dollar or two dollars for a vote. With the average negro down South, in the cities and towns, it is a drink or two drinks to the voter, and fifty or a hundred dollars to the negro preacher who controls them. This is politics—a debasing, corrupt thing, and the negro is better off to be out of it.

But I must forbear. Let me conclude this letter by commending to our Northern brethern the speech made in the Mississippi Legislature two years ago by Hon. L. W. Moore the colored representative of Bolivar county. He is on of the six colored members and they presented the speaker, Mr. Madison with the silver tea service. The speaker said, I was born in Mississippi but raised in a Northern state. Associations up there led me to regard southern white men as our foes but associations here have eliminated those prejudices from the mind of the feeble sex and for them I speak. If the spirit manifested by this body prevails through the State, it is a certain and sure solution of the race problem in Mississippi. This has been called the Jeff Davis legislature because the Republicans all voted for the confederate monument bill and the large appropriations for the white institutions. But we regarded the voting for these bills as a feeble but sincere manifestation of our race gratitude.

"As this tea service glitters against the brilliant chandeliers of our hall may your useful service as a statesman glitter in future counsels for peace and good will. Then take it, sir, as the permanent bridging of the race chasm in this state. Take it as a guarantee that no blasting apprehensions are entertained by the colored people of this state. This democratic house has shown itself to be our friends—not our enemies. Then consign this humble token to your domestic archives as a memento of your conservative course as a distinguished courteous and impartial speaker of the Mississippi house of representatives."

When the bill came up to make an appropriation for the confederate monument, Mr. J. G. Harris, another negro over sixty years of age, arose and was recognized as the member from Washington county. He seemed very feelble, but soon gained strength from his own earnest eloquence, and drew inspiration from his subject.

He said: "Mr. Speaker, I have risen here in my place to offer a few words on the bill. I have come from a sick bed, and was forced to struggle up here leaning on the arm of a friend. I stand here in considerable pain. Perhaps it was not prudent for me to come. But, sir, I could not rest quietly in my room, sick though I am, and allow this discussion to pass without contributing to it a few remarks of my own. I was sorry to hear the speech of the young gentleman from Marshall county. I am sorry that any son of a soldier should go on record as opposed to the erection of a monument in honor of the brave dead. And, sir, I am convinced that had he seen what I saw at Seven Pines and in the seven-days' fighting round Richmond, the battlefields, covered with the mangled forms of those fought for their country and their country's honor, he would not have made that speech. When the news came that the south was to be invaded, those men went forth to fight for what they believed, and they made no requests for monuments to commemorate their brave deeds and holy sacrifices. But they died, and their virtues should be remembered. Sir, I went with them. I, too, wore the gray, the same color that my master wore. We stayed four long years, and if that sad war had gone on till now I would have been there yet. I know what it all meant, and understand the meaning of my words when I say that I would have been with my countrymen still had the war continued until this good day. I want to honor those brave men who died for their convictions. When my mother died I was a boy. Who, sir, then acted the part of a mother to the orphaned slave boy, but my 'ole misens?' Were she living now, or could she speak to me from those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead, she would tell me to vote for this bill. And, sir, I shall vote for it. I want it known to all the world that my vote is given in favor of the bill to erect a monument in honor of the brave confederate dead."

Now, will Mr. Newsome believe that, or had he rather believe it a lie.

BILL ARP.

FOR THE FARM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Original, Borrowed, Stolen and Communicated Articles on Farming.

PURPOSES OF THE ALLIANCE.

The Views of Col. L. L. Polk, President of the National Farmers' Alliance.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—Having an unoccupied hour this worning I concluded to pay a visit to the headquarters of the National Farmers' Alliance. I found the President and Secretary of the Order comfortably located at 916 E. street, N. W. The President of the National Alliance, Col. L. L. Polk, a native of North Carolina and citizen of Raleigh, looks as much at home in his apartments as when addressing a gathering of honest farmers in Old Fields, Wilson county. I found him and his private Secretary, Mr. Rittenhouse (a North Caroliniau by adoption) both busy, but not too busy to give me a "Tar Heel" welcome. After a pleasant chat, I went with Col. Polk over to the National Economist. This paper is the official organ of the National Alliance. It has large and improved presses and is printing the Alliance almanac and all the blanks for the Alliance. In the business office of the National Economist are young ladies—and good looking ones, too. One of them is from North Carolina. The Economist is a strong, vigorous and able paper, and its utterances are heard in every State of the United States.

Since the St. Louis convention, the Alliance is growing rapidly, It has sub-Alliances in twenty-three States and organizers at work in six other States. Col. Polk is coming up to all expectations and is pushing the work with his accustomed vigor in this broad field. He contemplates taking a tour through the Northwestern States in the course of the next month, and addressing gatherings for farmers. He will please them with his eloquence and largely increase the membership and influence the Order throughout the West. I had a long talk with Col. Polk under economic questions and Alliance matters, and obtained the following interview for the Chronicle:

"Was the bill recently passed by Congress requiring the census of mortgage indebtedness passed at the instance of farmers' organization?" I asked.

"The various farmer organizations of our country," replied Col. Polk, "demanded its passage, notably through the National convention held at St. Louis."

"What are some of the advantages that you think will be derived from its passage?" I continued.

Col. Polk replied: "The most important advantage will be to demonstrate, as we believe, the deplorable financial condition of the farming interests throughout the country. Complaints are made, but we have learned that they are not accepted as facts or arguments by the legislators. We believe if we can present the true condition of the American farmer in the iron logic of facts and figures, that it will arouse the public mind to the realization of the alarming and perilous condition of this great and important interest.

Suppose we show, as we believe we will, that the mortgage indebtedness of farmers should be eight billion sof dollars. The average interest on this indebtedness cannot be less than eight per cent. This would the appalling drain on the farmer in the single item of interest alone of 640 millions of dollars annually. This is at out twice the value of the wheat in the United States for the year 1888, and nearly as much as the entire crop of cotton and wheat, and one hundred and twenty-five millions more than the total export of domestic agriculture for the year 1888."

"Has the alliance," I continued, "any plan for reducing this enormous indebtedness and thereby relieve the people?"

"Yes," Col. Polk said, "and our plan is to be found in the bills introduced in Congress by Mr. Pickler, of S. Dakota, in the House and by Senator Vance in the Senate. The prominent features briefly stated are: The establishment of government warehouses for the storage of grain and cotton by the farmers, thus enhancing the farm products, and by the government loaning money to the depositors at one per cent. instead of eight on the products so deposited.

The value of the corn, wheat, oats and cotton crop of the United States for the year 1888 was 1,500 million of dollars, and at one per cent. the interest on this enormous sum would only be fifteen and a half millions of dollars, thus saving the farmer on these crops alone one hundred and ten millions of dollars in interest. Under the bill the farmer is allowed to draw only eighty per cent. of the amount deposited, and this allows the government a margin of twenty per cent. to cover fluctuations in prices.

We believe that no safer security could be given for the government to issue legal tenders on than these crops which must be consumed during the year. We believe that the government should issue its currency on products directly to the producer, and not through the ruinously expensive system it now employs—the banks.

We believe that governments alone have the power to create money and that they should alone exercise the power to control or regulate its issue. We believe that all issues of the government should be based on real value and not on evidences of debt. This system we freely admit is revolutionary and contrary to our present financial system, which is both unjust and oppressive—unjust because the credit of the government is loaned to a class, and oppressive because that class obtain, through the necessitiess of the people, usurious rates of interest. And it is not an untried experiment. Germany and France have both used it. The former built up the empire through this plan. The latter saved the Republic in the last great trial by its use, and so admirably did it meet the exigencies of the situation that France adopted it as a permanent financial policy.

The world will never forget the readiness and ease with which France paid the enormous indemnity of $100,000,000 imposed by Germany in 1870, and the marvelous rapidity with which she recaptured notwithstanding the loss of two of her richest provinces; but the world has been slow to learn the secret power which she possessed. That power was derived from her system, and we now present the same plan to the American Republic. Its most valuable and commendable feature is that it gives us a volume of currency exactly adapted to the demands of trade, and better than all, a flexible volume, which expands or contracts as the necessities of the people require. I need not elaborate this system further, as it will be uppermost in the minds of the American people for years to come, and will be more thoroughly discussed than any similar question ever presented to the public mind."—State Chronicle.

A few fowls well cared for are more profitable than a large number neglected. This has been fully demonstrated.

A good crop of both corn and weeds cannot be grown on the same ground at the same time, any more than two railway trains can pass each other on the same track.

Farmers report that a great deal of wheat was killed by the cold weather last week. The blades and stalks were cut down almost to the ground.—Newton Enterprise.

What is going to be the result of the wheat crop of this section cannot be anticipated at present. Much wheat that was in joints was cut down by the cold snap and the outcome is extremely uncertain as yet.—Lincolnton Courier.

If you wish to raise a few superior potatoes, go to the woods and collect all the rotten wood and leaves that are available, fill the furrows with this vegetable mould, and you will produce the finest potatoes you ever had. This is the opinion of an agricultural editor.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Have You Been There?

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, give me that nose that I breathed through last night. Bring back the smeller that two days ago, knew not the torment of a continual blow. Wipe from my moustache the moisture of sneeze, put wooden splints on my poor weakened knees. Rub my red nose as you oft have before with tallow, dear mother, oh, it is so sore. Backward, turn backward, O time of the nose! I am so tired from my head to my toes. Tired out with mopping and coughing and sneezing, weary from handkerchief continually sneezing. I have grown weary of sniffle and snuff, of wiping my bugle until it is rough. Stick my poor head in a high pillow slip, and sew it up, mother, I have la grippe."—Atchison Globe.

Some of our most prominent citizens have been cured of chronic rheumatism by that wonderful pain-banisher—Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

"Why Jones, what a ho(a)rse you have in your throat!" "Yes, I raised it from a col(d)t in my head. I've too much live stock." "Well, like cures like; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you. The Bull will quickly scare the ho(a)rse away."

NEWS OF A WEEK.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD AROUND US.

Condensed Report of the News From our Contemporaries.

Florida is said to be overrun with Northern tourists.

A Stanley county man is the father of 32 children.

Mr. J. B. Duke, who has been elected president of the American Tobacco Company, draws a salary of $50,000 a year. This perhaps the largest salary ever paid to any man connected wirh the tobacco trade.

A. L. Farrell has bought a half interest in the Raleigh Evening Visitor, W. M. Utley retiring from the paper.

The Southern Educational Association and Express will hold its annual meeting at Morehead City, N. C., July 1 to 6.

How are cities built? In one word, it has been done and can only be done by using printer's ink.—Southern Ledger.

If Chicago does hold the World's Fair she can show the nations of the earth the American hog in all its glory.—Reidsville Review.

We have seen no commercial fertilizer on the Sanford market and the farmers have not up to this bought much.—Sanford Express.

Some people, says the Orange Observer, never have their prayers answered, because when they pray for bread it's pound cake they want.

The Blackwell Durham Tobacco Works, of which Julie Carr is President, have been sold to an English syndicate for between three and four millions.

The Pittsboro Record tells of the burning to death of two negro children. They were left alone in the house by their mother with the too often result.

The Sunday School Journal is the name of a new denominational paper published at Raleigh and devoted to the interests of the Sunday Schools of the State.

Commercial men and the leading papers are predicting general prosperity throughout the country during the coming spring and summer.—Henderson Gold Leaf.

Ten thousand acres of land in Columbus county have been sold by the State to Forest Robinson, of Michigan, who will erect mills thereon and saw out the lumber.

The Morganton Herald has been informed that there is a probability that Rutherford College will be moved to Marganton if the citizens of the town will supply the necessary buildings.

The Fayetteville Observer says About twenty negroes almost entirely from Seventy-First township, left here via the Wilson Short-Cut R. R. on Friday morning last—their destination Arkansas.

Gladstone has published 299 books and pamphlets. This does not include his magazine articles or any of his speeches. He has all his life been assimilating knowlege and giving out ideas.

Mr Walters, Manager of the W. & W. R. R. will be here about the middle of the month in regard to building a branch road to this place from some point on the Scotland Neck and Greenville branch of that system.—Washington Progress.

Mr. T. D. Maller is exhibiting some very fine specimens of iron and copper ore discovered recently upon the farm of his father, Mr. Calvin Maller, in Dutchville township, this county. The find appears to be a very important one.—Oxford Day.

Solicitor Bower sent in a bill against the alleged Morganton lynchers, as Solicitor Long did in the Lexington case, and result was the same as at Lexington. The grand jury failed to find the bill a true one.

Several prominent truckers in our locality say they will plow up their peas this week and replant. Others say they will plant other crops. Fruit growers say the early crop is all killed, but the later varieties will be benefited by the recent frost.—Elizabeth City News.

The Charlotte News says Mr. C C. Moore lost a fine colt in apoculiar manner. The colt got tangled in the halter in its stall, and in its struggles to free itself fell and broke its neck. Mr. Moore had refused three hundred dollars for the colt.

A little child of Joe Henderson who lives on Mr. Lewis Sharp's place, in Mallard Creek township, was burned to death yesterday. The parents of the child were out in the field at work, and the child was alone in the cabin.—Charlotte News.

The meeting in the interest of the Oxford Female College last night was encouraging and it is now very likely the remainder of the shares in the proposed company will be speedily placed and everything satisfactorily arranged to placed the school on a firm basis.—Oxford Day.

The National Summer Normal School for Teachers and Sperintendents will honor Asheville with its presence between the days of July 28th and August 9th. The institute holds a session of two weeks each in eight different cities, and this is the only city in the South which will be visited.—Asheville Citizen.

The body of Arthur Davidson, a ten-year old negro boy, was found yesterday morning in a pile of cotton seed, at the Oliver Oil mill. About a week ago the boy was seen playing around the mill, and digging holes in a pile of cotton seed hulls. He was driven away, and was not seen again until his dead body was found yesterday morning.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Mr. C. A Lawrence, of Scalesville, Rockingham county dropped dead while sitting in a chair reading He was in usual health, and had just been at work. It was a case of heart disease. He was sixty five years old.

The North Carolina Steel and Iron Company have secured the handsome office in the National Bank building, East Washington street, and will have it properly furnished and opened for business at once.—Greensboro Workman.

The reading clerk of the Ohio House of Representatives died of diptheria Thursday. His wife had died less than a week before immediately after the death of four children, making six deaths in the family within little over two weeks.

The gold mine known as the Saures mine, about one and a half miles from High Point, and belonging to Prof. Chas. G. Mann, has been sold to an English gentleman and we learn that the work of reopening the mine will be begun at once.—Lexington Dispatch.

The Ohio Senate passed a bill providing that railroad employees who have been on duty twenty-four consecutive hours shall not resume until they have had eight hours rest. Twelve hours are to constitute a day's labor. The fine for violation is $150 in each case. The bill passed in the House sometime ago and is now a law.

The Vance Guards have recently had an addition of ten soldierly-looking new recruits. During the thunder storm last night the old Baptist church caught fire from lightning it is supposed. The fire was put out after considerable damage was done to the floor, windows, &c.—Henderson Tomahawk:

That remarkably old man of Stanly county Billy Whitley is dead at the age of 113 years. He is said to have been the last surviving subject of King George III. He was born in 1775. It is doubtful whether there is in Great Britain or its colonies a surviving Representative of George III's reign.—Sanford Express.

The Carolina Spoke and Handle Factory, operated here by Carson Brothers, has for three years past been shipping fine grade spokes, handles and rims to various points in Germany, and has never yet been able to get ahead of its orders. The Charlotte factory ships goods to Germany, Australia, and, in fact almost every party of the world.—Charlotte News.

The report of the bureau of labor statistics is in the hands of the printers. It is always interesting. Commissioner Scarborough has devoted particular attention to it, and there are some new features. Farm wages have steadily decreased, while wages of other kinds of employes have as regularly advanced. Agriculturists are pretty badly in the soup.—State Chronicle.

We learn that there is a movement on foot in this county to raise an African emigration party. Some of the colored brethren have talked to us on the subject, and express themselves as satisfied with this county and willing to live and die here, despite the intimidation and suppression of negro votes as howled about by Northern fanatics.—Rutherford Banner.

A mass-meeting of negro Republicans is called for Guilford on the 3rd of April. Simultaneously meetings of the same sort are called in all the other counties of the Fifth Congressional District. They have had little or no recognition from the administration, and are thoroughly indignant, and for political kicking, are expected to shame the animal that invented that kind of calisthenics.

Salisbury correspondent of the Charlotte Chronicle: The Salisbury Cotton Mills are now making from $50 to $60 clear profit per day. The Knitting Mills are running on full time with sufficient orders ahead to keep them at work for several months. The Salisbury Gas Company has recently put down 7,000 feet of new mains, and placed half dozen new lights in the suburb of Brooklyn. The output of the company has increased 50,000 feet per month for the past two or three months.

At Wilson's Mills, this morning on the North Carolina railroad, B. M. Upchurch baggage master, was run over by a shifting train, and received fatal injuries. He was uncoupling cars while they were in motion, and got his foot caught between the track and a guard rail. The car passed over him crushing the leg which was fastened and an arm almost entirely off. His home was in this city, and he was brought here this evening, but died while being carried from the depot to his home.—Raleigh Dispatch 21st.

Rockingham Rocket: John Bracksville, colored, who committed a most atrocious, cold headed murder near Laurel Hill, this county, about four years ago and made his escape from jail while under sentence of death, was recently captured in Roberson county and is again in jail at this place. He was was tried in the Superior Court, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and pending the action of that tribunal he effected his escaped. Of course he will have to be resentenced by the Sup Court after the former verdict has been confirmed by the Supreme Court.

Why let the baby suffer and perhaps die, when a bottle of Dr. Bulls Baby Syrup would at once relieve it and effect a cure. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Persons of sedentary habits, and overworked find in Laxador a specific for want of appetite, palpitation, debility constipation and many other ailments. At all druggists. Price 25 cents.

A FAMOUS SOUTHERNER.

Some Notes and Eccentricities of "Uncle Remus."

ATLANTA, GA., March 12, 1890—Yesterday afternoon I was standing on Whitehall street when I saw coming along a VERY common-place, countryfied looking man. There was a country produce wagon standing near me, and I supposed, at first, that he had gotten out of that. It was a bright spring day, but he had on a thick overcoat—a very old and rusty one it was, and the rest of his clothing coincided with his overcoat. He carried a good sized hickory stick in his hands, and his general appearance flavored very much of a genuine Georgia "cracker." But us he came nearer I discovered that it was Joel Chandler Harris, the famous author and editor. Mr. Harris stands at the head of Southern literature. His books are read, not only all over the United States, but they have been translated into several languages.

But Mr. Harris does not know he is famous—if he does he certainly does not show it. He is one of the most unostentatious men I ever knew. And he is as shy as a country boy at his first party. He will stand out on the platform of a street car rather than sit near a woman. He is one of the Atlanta Constitution, and by far the ablest and wittiest of the staff. The editorial squibs of that paper bubble over with his wit. I instance it by quoting one from today's issue:

"Col. Robert Ingersoll says he will smoke as he lives. Afterwards, we suppose he will sizzle."

It is not a rare occurance that literary loving people from a distance who have been charmed by his writings, when in Atlanta, call to see the author of 'Uncle Remus.'

One afternoon I was sitting in the editorial rooms of the Constitution, when two very distinguished looking foreigners came in. They walked up to the table where he was sitting, and said, that they desired to see Mr. Harris. "That's my name," he drawled out. "Oh, but we want to see Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the author," they replied. "Well, that is my name," he said, continuing to write. And after he finished what he was doing, he returned to them, and in a very prosaic, business manner, inquired their business.

Mr. Harris is about forty years old. He was born and has lived a great deal in the country. And his residence in the city for the past several years, and his fame have not changed his manner of living and working. He gets to his office between seven and eight in the morning, goes to dinner promptly at twelve o'clock, and "knocks off" in the evening at five. He believes in working by daylight.

Another one of his country habits that has clung to him is his love for PERSIMMON BEER. He is about the only citizen of Atlanta who keeps on hand this delightful and old time country beverage.

Cuts or pictures of Mr. Harris are seldom seen. He has an aversion to having them taken. And for this he is not to be blaimed.

A. H. M.

The Feminine Kiss Doomed.

The brilliant editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal does not confine his reformatory efforts to the tariff, but strikes out boldly for a kissing reform. It riles him all through, this wilful waste of labial sweetness, when he sees one woman kiss another, and he boldly declares that the buss feminine must be busted and no longer tolerated in civilized countries. All masculine Kentucky, regardless of party, will stand by him, as it should.—Wilmington Star.

Where was the Cat.

A cook who had burnt a piece or roast veal weighing four pounds threw it away, and afterwards explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat.

"Very good," said the lady, "we will see that directly."

So saying, she took the cat put in on the scales, and found that in weighed exactly four pounds.

"There, Fredcrick," she said, "are the four pounds of meat, but where is the cat.—Kolner Tageblatt.

An English Medical Authority

affirms that the best regimen for preserving health may be summed up in the maxim, "keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels active." There is a world of wisdom in the observation. Obstinate constipation or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other diseases; and, with many sedentary habits or occupations, this inaction of the bowels is a source of constant annoyance, producing piles, prolapse of the rectum, fistula, and various dyspeptic symptoms. All these are warded off, and health is maintained, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

All medical authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It in held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

POLITICAL.

THE BEST THOUGHT OF LEADING EDITORS.

What the Papers of the Nation Say of Politics.

Epitaph on the Blair bill: Talked to death.—Reidsville Review.

'What to do with the surplus!" will soon be changed to "What to do to get another surplus!"—Wash. Star.

The Harrison administration is a success in one respect. It has turned the rascals in, and that is one of the main objections to it.—Savannah News, Dem.

It is evident that the power will hesitate at nothing that will strengthen its savage warfare on the States and the liberties of the people.—New Berne Jouenal.

A gentleman just in from Mitchell informs us that there is some of of the liveliest kicking going on among the Republicans in that county just now that has ever been.—Morganton Herald,

President Harrison, who thinks that "fitness and not party service should be the discriminating test," fitted 34,000 party servers into postoffices during his first year.—Phil. Record, Dem.

In all the States in which election have recently held the Democrats have been vitorious. This is not accidental, but it is the natural result of education, organization and efficient management.—New Bern Journal.

Brower and Ewart have been washing their dirty linen before the public gaze. When Republican Congressmen fall out honest men may get their dues and even the Devil himself secure a settlement long-standing back accounts.—Reidsville Review.

Never before in the history of the Democratic party was one-half as much level-headed, careful, efficient work being done for perfection and building up the party organization as is going on at the present time.—Washington National Democrat, Dem.

Hon. John S. Henderson tells the editor of the Raleigh State Chronicle that "the 51st Congress will be historically famous or infamous as the most wasteful, the most extravagant and the most costly representative body which ever received the suffrages of a free people."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Republican, after interview 1,626 farmers in Missouri, Illinois and Kansas, has come to the conclusion that what the farmer out there are suffering most from is a want of capital. When we come to think that Kansas farmers are burning corn because they can't afford to buy coal it does look that way.—Wilmington Star.

Scoop a Little to Boot."

About the time that Daniel Drew began his Wall street career he was up in the country one time to visit some friends, and two farmers called upon him to decide a case. One had sold the other five bushels of wheat, and proposed to measure it in a half bushel, and sweep the top of a measure with a stick. The other objected, and Uncle Daniel was asked to decide.

"Well, legally speaking, a bushel is only a bushel," he answered.

"And can the measure be swept off?"

"I think it can."

"What with?"

"Well, if I was selling wheat I should probobly use half the head of a flour barrel."

"Which edge of it?"

"Gentleman, that is a point I cannot now decide on," sighed the old man. "If I was selling to a widow or a preacher I am certain that I should sweep the measure with a straight edge, but if I was selling to a man who pastures his cows in the road and his pigs in the neighbor's corn, I'm afraid I should use the circular side and scoop a little boot."—Wall Street News.

A Worthy Example.

We know a young man of eighteen summers who is a capital telegrapher. The knowledge of the art cost him close application and study, and no money. He now commands a salary of $40 per month with the probability of doubling it soon. The boys of the land should note this and parents should call their attention to it. There are always good place and good pay for those who know how and are willing to work.—Statesville Advocate.

"Like sunshine in a shady place,'
The poet called a woman's face
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.
A face, no doubt, that gleamed with health,
And lightens every daily duty.
Oh, how can woman whose life
With many a wearing pain if rife,
Escape the grasp of such affliction,
And be a power to bless and cheer?
The answer comes both swift and clear—
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weakness and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.