

CENTRAL EXPRESS



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BOOMING A REPROBATE FOR SENATOR.

This is What the New York Herald is Doing—The New Tariff Law Getting in Its Work—Lights and Shadows of Christmas.

Special Correspondence.
Sanford, Dec. 15, 1890.

So the *Herald's* booming of Mr. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the *Sun*, is not a joke after all but sober earnestness.

Just why the *Herald* should boom Dana is hard to say. That paper is not given to booming anybody much until some one else booms him first and the majority of folks take his side. It usually sits on the fence and waits to see who is going to win and then jumps in and helps the upper dog. One reason doubtless for the *Herald's* admiration of Dana is that in the recent municipal election Dana fought tooth and nail for Tammany, (just as he did in the days of Tweed) which the *Herald* wanted to do, but being afraid simply sneered at the municipal league, and jeered the preachers when they were whipped. Another reason for its love of the 200-pound hater of fatness in presidential candidates is because Dana is a foe of Pulitzer, whom the *Herald* hates for having rushed its circulation in this city by selling more sensational news for the same money than the *Herald* could sell and by coming squarely out for the Democratic party in its editorials.

These seem small reasons for the support of a big newspaper in so important a matter as the United States senatorship, but they are the best I can think of. For the *Herald* knows as anybody that Dana is a protectionist, and therefore not a Democrat whatever may be his pretensions to the contrary. He tried to defeat the Democratic presidential candidate in '84 and helped to elect Harrison in '88. He is wholly out of harmony with the progressive spirit of the Democratic party.

WHAT MCKINLEY'S BILL IS DOING.

The shadow of impending disaster still hangs over the New York business world. "We have immense consignments of goods on hand," said the book-keeper of a large commission house to me the other day. "We can't get rid of them except at a great loss to our customers. People don't seem to have any money to buy with. We find it extremely difficult to make collections. We are practicing great caution just now and doing a very careful business."

Democrats cannot but feel grim satisfaction over the fact that prominent Republican business men as well as prominent Republican politicians are suffering because of the passage of McKinley's bill. One of them is Mr. Edward H. Ammidown, ex-president of the American Protective Tariff League, a protectionist of the "rank" sort. He was the principal stockholder in the Rittenhouse Manufacturing Co., which did big business before the McKinley bill put a heavier tax on raw wool. As soon as the new tariff act was signed by the President the prices of woolen goods went up. Sales of woolens therefore fell off. The Rittenhouse company failed and the rich Mr. Ammidown, its principal stockholder, is not so rich as he was by some thousands. Perhaps if Mr. Jay Gould were a manufacturer of woolens he would not advise the people to buy one coat a year instead of two in order to make both ends meet under the burden of higher taxation. If they don't follow Jay's advice, however, they will, according to the *New York Tribune* (Rep.) pay \$100,000,000 more next year for clothes than they paid last—which is pretty nearly \$10 per family on an average. This tax will fall lightest on plantation pickinians and heaviest on Northern and Northwestern farmers.

CHRISTMAS FOR THE RICH.

The approach of Christmas is

marked by greater richness and variety in the display of goods in the shop windows and greater crowds in the shopping districts. One of the largest of the dry goods houses has in its window a moving panorama of scenes from the life of Christopher Columbus in which the figures are wax dolls three feet high. An enormous amount of money is spent every year on Christmas presents by the people of this city. I do not mean the rich people but those of moderate means. They save and save for months in order to make handsome presents. It seems to be a mania with them.

Looking into the shop windows one is impressed by the great beauty of this season's dolls. Of course many of them are very costly and only rich people can afford to buy them. Not only are the dolls themselves, with their walking and talking and singing accomplishments costly, but all their appurtenances and belongings are expensive in a high degree. The dolls of the little heiresses of Murray Hill are veritable ladies of fashion, with morning dresses and evening dresses and wrappers and slippers and button shoes and dainty bonnets and embroidered underclothing and silk stockings. There are even earrings of real diamonds and tiny fans of real lace for the dolls of rich. There are parasols and handkerchiefs and gloves for them and there are actually bath tubs made expressly for their use. They give parties in elegant ball dresses, and when they get married, as they do quite frequently, their trosses are elaborately made as those of wealthy young women of fashion.

THE "PORPHY" LYMPH OF EUROPE.

The *Evening Post* warns the medical men of the city that Dr. Koch's lymph is subject to twenty-five per cent. duty under the cause of the McKinley law affecting "medical preparations not otherwise provided for," and it thinks the duty much too low considering the profit that might be made by lymph if it could be produced in this country, and humorously suggests that lymph works best started in various parts of the country so that our consumptives may not have pauper produced lymph.

THE RICH GETTING RICHER, THE POOR POORER.

As Christmas draws near many calls are made through the newspapers for help from the poor. The "The bigger the city gets and the richer," and more "prosperous," the larger grows the pauper class and the more numerous are the charitable organizations. Every year the number of people who can't pay for their Christmas dinner increases. As the dollars pile up on Fifth avenue the dimes disappear from Mulberry street. Santa Claus will carry in his pack a hundred rag babies for every wax doll. A hundredth part of the people of New York owns the land and houses of the city. As the town gets bigger the number of tenants tends to increase and the number of owners diminishes, relatively. As the population grows rent grows and as rent grows poverty grows—for the masses.

South Carolina's New Senator.

The young South Carolina Senator elect, Mr. Irby, is being already sharply reviewed in the Northern public print. Thus far we have not seen any in Southern newspapers but the probability is that some have appeared. He is described of "aristocratic lineage." He was educated at the University of Virginia. He seems, from the accounts, to have led a roystering, reckless, desperate sort of life. In the *New York Sun* and *Tribune*, and in the *Boston Post* Dem., there are accounts of his escapades and violence. He is not a man of marked ability, but is shrewd in business. The *N. Y. Sun* gives this record of the new Senator to be:

"Back into the seventies he was outthawed by the Democratic Govern-

ment, who succeeded Hampton, for killing a man named Kirk in Laurens county. A reward of \$1,500 was offered for his arrest, but he fled the State and remained away until the affair blew over. Then he returned to Laurens, and with the aid of G. W. Shell, then clerk of court and now Alliance member of Congress from this State, was acquitted. Irby's next exploit was to arm himself with a shotgun while he was "painting the town of Laurens red," and defy the town authorities to arrest him. He paid a fine for this. Then some man offended him, and Irby brought one of his negroes from his plantation, gave him a horse whip, and catching the offending citizen unaware, held a pistol to his head and one to the negro's head and compelled the negro to horsewhip the man.

This is indeed a very ugly record, and give but little promise of a useful, safe and distinguished life. We hope the account is colored and that he was not the rowdy and blackguard as he is painted. Another account says:

"The performance at Laurens, his native town, when he got drunk and stood with a gun in a public square defying the constable to come and arrest him is admirably described in a way that brings his courage to the front."

He is a lawyer and a "Colonel" in the papers. He is now known to be a much better man than he was in his earlier days. He is thirty-six and has served in the Legislature. He has made a profession of religion, and is now a worthy member of a Baptist Church, it is said, and also a member of the Farmers' Alliance of good repute. We are pleased to know of his reform in life and change in heart and we hope he will make a faithful discreet and useful Senator. We can but deplore, however, that noble, high-souled, conservative, renowned, Wade Hampton was overlaughed and sent into retirement.

An Effective Canvass.

Wilmington Messenger.

The best thing that occurred in the last campaign was the canvass of Mr. Lew Stewart, the Democratic nominee in an Louisiana district. He would accept the nomination but upon one condition—that no one but himself should speak in the district and he alone should manage the canvass. The result was 8,000 majority. He did it in a novel but most effective way. He gave the people such an object lesson as they had never had and one they could easily understand. He purchased several trunks of reliable dealers in Chicago. On each of the articles he had the price paid marked. Then he had the price before the McKinley bill passed marked on each, and thirdly, he had the firm mark on the goods what the prices would be without any tariff. Besides this he had thousands of cards printed showing former prices and prices under the McKinley bill on all goods of every-day use.

That did the work. The goods were household articles and when he showed the cost without a tariff tax and then with the tax up to 6th October, and the new and increased tax under the McKinley bill it did the work thoroughly and cooked the Republican goose to a turn. Mr. Stewart made no speeches but showed the people the goods and how they were robbed. An account says:

"It simply set the people wild. They went home and talked about it. There was no getting round the fact that the McKinley bill makes the farmer pay more for everything he uses and compels him to sell his products at the same old prices. The people couldn't stand it, and when election day arrived, they voted for Stewart. He was elected and the object lesson did it. Tariff object lessons may be found in our stores all over the country."

That is about the best campaign teaching possible. Let the people have a practical demonstration of the burdens of the Radical machine and they will kick high every time, and with it break through the traces of Radicalism.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION.

The Building to Cover 201 Acres—International Military Encampment—Officers' Salaries, etc.—An Outline of the Magnificent Structure.

Chicago, Dec. 11th, 1890.—The directors of the World's Columbian Exposition are now placed on a solid footing. Chicago has voted \$5,000,000 for the advancement of the enterprise the nation entrusted to her management. The \$10,000,000 are now secured for the advancement of the Fair. The contract with the National Government is fulfilled. All and more than was ever anticipated will now be successfully carried out. The result demonstrates that the citizens are unanimous in their determination to have the greatest exposition the world has yet seen. President Harrison will now be enabled to issue his invitation to the nations of the earth to come and participate. Progress from this date will be rapid. A number of important questions hinged upon and had to await the election. This fact was not generally known.

In the meantime all possible preparations were being made, and all the wheels will be set in motion, and each department made active with its respective work.

Col. Corbin's idea of a grand military encampment has been elaborated upon by Secretary Dickinson, and recommended by the Classification Committee. The plan is to have a vast interstate and international military encampment and band contest at the dedication of the buildings, opening the first Monday in October, 1892, and holding until after the 12th. Enormous prizes will be offered. It is expected that all the first military organizations and bands of music in the United States, together with at least a military escort and band of music from every nation on the earth, will participate.

To reduce expenses the committees have been dismissed, and their work will be done by eleven bureaux. Those performing the work of the National Commission will be paid by the Federal Government, and the others from the funds of the Local Directory. Speaking of expenses and salaries, figures at best are dry, but to answer questions that come to headquarters from every point of the compass, excuse us if we drop a few here. The salary list of the Board of Directors reaches about \$80,000 per annum. Of this President Gate gets \$6,000; Vice-President Bryan, \$12,000; Secretary Butterworth, \$10,000. The National Commission's salary list reaches \$200,000. Of this sum the Director General gets \$15,000; President, \$12,000; Secretary, \$10,000; Vice-Chairman, \$8,000. The remainder goes for sundry expenses.

It is now estimated by the Classification Committee, judging from the Centennial and Paris Expositions, that it will require eleven main buildings to accommodate the exhibits of the twelve departments of the Exposition spoken of in our last letter, covering areas as follows:

Departments.	Acres
A—Agricultural Hall, - - -	15
B—Horticultural Hall, - - -	5
C—Live Stock, - - -	100
D—Fishes, - - -	2
E—Mineral Palace, - - -	5
F—Machinery Hall, - - -	20
G—Transportation, - - -	20
H—Electric Palace (besides open space) - - -	4
I—Manufacturers' Palace, - - -	20
J—Fine Art Gallery, - - -	5
K and L—One Building, - - -	5

Total, - - - - - 201
Buildings of the United States Government, Foreign and State Governments, private and special exhibits, are not included in the above estimate.

The "Centennial" buildings at Philadelphia, in 1876, covered 60 acres, accommodating 60,000 exhibitors. They were open 150 days, and had 9,910,906 admissions, aver-

aging 62,333 daily in attendance. The Paris Exposition buildings of 1889 covered 75 acres, accommodated 60,000 exhibitors, were open 183 days, and had 32,354,111 admissions, averaging 181,170 daily in attendance. In point of exhibitions by nations France has been decidedly the most successful. However, judging from the present outlook, the Columbian Exposition bids fair to surpass all predecessors. The buildings will cover double the amount of space, and the daily attendance, at the most moderate estimate, will doubtless exceed 200,000.

The most awe-inspiring structure yet proposed for the exposition is now receiving the consideration of the directors. It comes from C. E. Burton, of Utica, N. Y., and here it is on paper. The base is to be a great spheroid, with hemispheres built thereon; then a mammoth hotel structure with a great tower—the whole reaching a height of 18-93 feet. Calmly contemplate that. The first gallery surrounding the mighty globe is 250 feet from the earth; the second, 500 feet; the third, 700; fourth, 855; fifth, 1,125; sixth, 1,300 feet. From the top of the globe to the fourth gallery is planned for an immense hotel, to accommodate 10,000 guests in a combination of Gothic and Oriental architecture. From the fourth gallery will arise a tower similar to the Eiffel—the whole edifice, from the ground, attaining a height of 1,703 feet, and this surrounded by a colossal statue of Columbus 125 feet high. Beginning at the base, and encircling the vast globe twenty times, will be an electric railroad, reaching the great hotel after a journey of 12 miles.

It is now proposed to establish a mammoth zoological palace. It is to be the greatest animal collection beneath the sun. Into this palace will be brought a specimen of every creature (except man) that runs, walks, crawls, swims or lies between Point Barrow and Cape Horn; also all the creatures that roam through the Amazon basin, over the heights of Andes, into the deserts of Africa, across the immense plains of Asia, and over the island world of the Pacific.

A planetarium system exhibit will probably be established. It will be arranged high above the exposition, and will be operated by electricity, showing the solar system so as to get the relative sizes, distances and motions of the sun and planets. The stars and planets would be lighted up with electricity, and perhaps arranged with seats, so that the inhabitants of the earth might take a trip on them as they traveled through space in different directions on their annual tour. By this novel and instructive feature not only the nations of the earth but the planets of the solar system will be gathered into existence at the World's Columbian Exposition.

An Answer to Dr. Beall.

Last week we published an appeal to alliancemen by Dr. R. L. Beall, of Caldwell Co. The following answer to the same appeared in Sunday's *Raleigh Chronicle*, and we publish it, it being fair that both sides should be heard:

CARBONTON, N. C., Dec. 8.—I suggest to Dr. Beall that the business plan of the Alliance, as well as the signs and pass words, should be kept secret. Politics is by the constitution (but not in a partisan sense) made a special study.

I am very sorry indeed, if all the evils enumerated by Dr. Beall exist in his county Alliance.

I have heard there was some bad feeling in that county, but had no idea it was so bad. I have attended nearly all my sub and county all the State Alliances, but the first, and I must say I have seen none of these things. I have seen Alliances differ widely on many questions, but always perfect freedom of speech and expression of opinion have been allowed; and when a question was fairly decided it was

always submitted to quietly. I have seen no fest or idols set up to obey or bow down to. I have heard no man of ability, experience and devotion to the interest of the farmers denounced as unworthy of confidence.

I have never seen a man force himself into an Alliance, or force to remain in one day longer than he wishes to remain. Alliancesmen have been openly advised to note—and when any papers by vicious and malicious misrepresentation of our officers or members, shall seek to impair our strength and unity, that such a paper should not receive our support." There is nor has been any objection to fair and honest criticism.

Where is the evidence that an effort is being made through the Alliance to force members elect to the Legislature to violate solemn pledges and betray the people, &c?

Now what shall we do? Dr. Beall proposes to stand by the constitution. Good advice. Let us all do that; and I have no objection to a free and fair discussion of any question or the passage of any suitable resolutions as suggested. You may call it what you please—I would not continue to support a paper that viciously and maliciously seeks to injure me or impair my usefulness. I suggest that Dr. Beall's advice to all Alliancesmen to attend their county Alliance, and if it declines to adopt some such resolution, they immediately organize as a Democratic meeting and pass the resolutions as Democratic Alliancesmen, is all wrong and revolutionary so far as their duty to the Alliance is concerned. I believe such a course would ruin the order in a short time. They would have the right to meet anywhere else and pass such resolutions as they saw fit.

But in principle they have just as much right to attend the Legislature and if it declines to pass a resolution to suit them, capturing the place, immediately organize, and pass the resolutions as Alliance Democrats.

Mr. Editor, I think all this fuss is "much ado about nothing." I believe we have a Democratic Legislature. Those I know among them I believe to be all right. We can't spare Polk. Alexander is in Congress. Carr is not a candidate. I think it will be Vance.

G. WILCOX.

A California Girl the Victim of a Bad Man's Gallantry.

St. Louis Star-Sayings.

"I heard the oddest of all burglar stories when I was out on the Pacific coast," said a New Yorker who had just returned from there. "It was told to me as having happened to a household in a suburb of San Francisco. Private detectives were employed to hunt the desperado—but the fear of publicity hid the case from the authorities. In the front hall room on the second floor of a detached house slept the daughter of the house, the other members of the family being only her father and mother.

"The young lady was not asleep. She was in very poor health, and part of her ailments was an inability to sleep, except in cat naps. She heard a noise on the porch beneath her window, and a minute later her window was thrown open and a man stepped lightly into the room. Without halting to see if his action had aroused any one he passed along the very narrowest passage between her bed and her trunk—a way so narrow that it was the young lady's custom to sit on her bed and search her trunk, and to lace her shoes by putting on foot at a time upon the trunk while she was seated on the bed.

"As the burglar passed along beside the bed he dropped one hand upon the young woman's head and let it remain in that position as he moved, and it swept along her side over the bed clothes. But when his hand reached her feet he pinched one of her toes gently and mischievously and passed out of the room into the hall. She did not dare to

serbam, nor did she care to venture out after the thief. While she lay there, dreadfully frightened and wondering what to do, back came the man. He stood in her room, closed and locked the door, and then sat down upon the bed.

"Now," said he in a gentle voice not at all modulated to avoid being heard, "I know that you are awake, and I am going to sit here and talk to you." Upon my honor as a burglar of reputation and good instincts I will not hurt you. In only one way will I transgress the rules of good breeding. I am going to kiss you, that is all."

"The young woman found her voice and screamed.

"O," said the burglar, "I am sorry you are frightened. I have half a mind to go away and come again when you are more accustomed to my presence. But, no; I cannot do that. I only mean to take one kiss—"

"At this point her screams were at the loudest, and the noise she made was such as to wake any but a dead household, one would have thought.

"I really wish you would not do that," said the burglar. "It will not deter me. What do I care? I care only at the outside, and I am not in the least afraid to die. I have seen you again and again on the streets, and I have made up my mind to risk anything in order to kiss you—to kiss you when you are awake, and I know I am not stealing the favor, for I would not risk a day in jail to kiss a woman asleep. Well, if you won't stop screaming I cannot see any use in delaying."

"Here he put an arm under the girl's shoulders, and gently raising her body he bent his own and kissed her on the lips as lightly and respectfully as if she had been his maiden aunt. With that he lowered her still screaming, to her pillow and leaped out of the window. Her screams brought her father and mother, all too late, and they found her able to tell all that had taken place. Yet in an hour she had grown delirious, and it was a month before she was mentally herself again. The bravo was not captured."

SITTING BULL'S SOLILOQUY.

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence the fairy tails and rumors, With their frequent repetitions, And their wild reverberations, As of thunder in the mountains? I should answer, I should tell you, That they came from fake reporters, And the makers of newspapers, Who desire to arise famous, From the vale of Utopia, To the portals of the White House! I myself, Recumbent Taurus, Say these things and say them plainly; We are mild and gentle people, Sucking doves and tender ducklings; Haven't had a scalp for ages; Haven't had a drink of whiskey, Haven't had a good fat turkey, Stuffed with oysters and with chest-nuts.

For so long that we are hollow, And we feel that the McKinley Bill has done us mighty damage! Backs we are, all Utopians, And our squaws are Ucanamias; We are swell and very swagger Members of the Red 400. And we do not fight and murder! But you bet, we're Oca la-los! And our only Manitou-toe Won't take ass from no darn paleface! Do you hear this roaring Taurus? R. S. V. P. if you don't like it.

Mr. Harrison Gives Warning.

New York Herald.

"The most awful threat we ever heard of has just come through the sacred portals of the White House.

President Harrison, it is well known, is voluptuously ensnared of the Force bill. His affection is positively Swinburnian. He is so indignant with the Senators who disagree with him that like a Jovian microbe he hurls his two-for-a-penny thunderbolts at their heads.

In a moment of fiery rage the other day he exclaimed: "I tell you the Senate must pass that bill. If they do not, I shall—I shall—I shall decline—a renomination!" Great Scott! What would become of this country if such a frightful catastrophe befell?

Henry O'Connor, a newspaper man who was the author of the most brilliant article ever printed in the *New York Herald*, died in abject poverty a few months ago. He was bright and versatile, but after he had sucked like an orange and squeezed like a sponge, he was cast aside.