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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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Oct. 10—1m

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"DIXIE" AND ITS AUTHOR.

Robert Sherrin in October Century.

It is a fact not widely known that the author of "Dixie" is now living in his home in Mount Vernon, Ohio. His name is Daniel D. Emmett. If he shall survive another anniversary of his birth he will round out eighty years, having been born in Mount Vernon, October 29, 1815.

Daniel Emmett's grandfather was an Irshman. He came to this country before the Revolutionary War, in which he served a regiment as surgeon and chaplain at the same time. His son, Abrahamt Emmet, father of Daniel, was born in Virginia, and before of 1812 under General Hull, and later as a spy upon the Indians in the northern part of Ohio. Daniel is the first of a family of four.

Mr Emmett recently invited me to bring my violin to his home, promising to go over his old songs and tell me something of his early life. He recited numerous little anecdotes of the two Shermans (the general and the senator), who used to go to school at Gamber, near Mount Vernon. They had an uncle at the latter place whom they often visited and here Daniel met them. He remembers particularly that in playing "shinny" the Sherman boys were never allowed to be on the same side, for they were leaders and must lead opposing forces. Mr. Emmett says it was a fashion in those days among the young people to try their skill at making verses and sing them to some popular tune. "Jim Crow" was a favorite, and the boys and girls found great delight in fitting words to that tune. In this way he formed a taste for verse-making and singing, which later led him to negro minstrelsy.

In 1812 he learned to play the fiddle by ear. A short time after, he went to Cincinnati, where he engaged to play second violin with Stickney's Circus. Stickney's orchestra consisted of two violins, a bugle, and a bass drum, and in those days was counted first-class. The following Spring he engaged with Millers's Caravin at Cincinnati, which had a good eastern band. With this company he learned to play by note on the fiddle, picolo and fife. He was known at one time throughout the United States for his proficiency as fifer and drummer.

His work with the Caravan was to sing songs, chiefly darkey songs, accompanied by "hoe downs" and "walk rounds." Mr. Emmett made his own verses and sung them to some popular tune. He traveled all parts of the United States then visited by minstrel troops with Dan Rice, Spaulding, Seth Howes, Dr. Deonard, Welsh and Mann, Joe Sweeney and other noted minstrels. Everywhere he went Emmett was a favorite. His understanding and rendering of the negro dialect were perfect.

As the venerable old man recounted to me his palmy days of minstrelsy his eyes fairly twinkled with delight. His voice is thoroughly trained to the sweet tone of the melodious negro voice, and a few negro expressions and songs from him showed that he had not lost his old-time understanding of them. Since his time minstrelsy has undergone a change. The minstrels of that day did nothing but what the negro could and did do. The old-time darkies were not the acrobats and circus-clowns that minstrels make themselves to-day, and the old-time interpretations of dialect and mannerisms was more true to life than now.

"Dixie-land," which is really the proper name of the song, was written in 1859, while the author was a member of the well known Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, New York. His engagement with them provided that he should hold himself in readiness to compose a new "walk round" whenever called upon to do so, and should sing the same at the close of the performance.

One Saturday night as Mr. Emmett was proceeding homeward, he was overtaken by Jerrie Bryant, and asked to make a "hooray," and bring it the rehearsal on Monday morning. The great objects of the "hooray" were sound and noise. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed that walk-around the next day, and brought it to the rehearsal Monday morning, music and words completed. The tune and word of "Dixie," as now sung are exactly as Mr. Emmett wrote them. Various aspirants for the authorship of the song in their attempts to lay claim to it have been cut short by the timely interference of friends of the composer.

The original copy of "Dixie," here in fac simile, is very well preserved. The comblete song is as follows:

DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
'Cimmon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
In Dixie land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray,
In Dixie land we'll take our stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

His face was as sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Old missus acted the foolish part.
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away, look away, away Dixie land!

Now here's health to de next old missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
But if you want to drive way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat and a little fatter,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Den hoe it down an' scratch you grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away, look away, away, Dixie land!

From the first time it was sung at Bryant's Hall in New York it was a success, and it became a favorite all over the United States as fast as minstrel troops could bring it before the people.

It is interesting to know how "Dixie" became the Southern national air or war-song. Early in the war a spectacular performance was being given in New Orleans. Every part had been filled, and all that was lacking was a march and war-song for the grand chorus. A great many marches and songs were tried, but none could be decided upon until "Dixie" was suggested and tried; and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. It was taken up immediately by the populace, and was sung in the streets, and in homes and in concert-halls, daily. It was taken to the battle fields, and there became the great song of the South; and made many battles harder for the Northerner, many easier for the Southerner. Though it has thus particularly endeared itself to the South, the reunion of American hearts has made it a national song. Mr. Lincoln even regarded it as national property by capture.

I asked Mr. Emmett what suggested the words and tune of "Dixie." He told me that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go South, that is to "Dixie's land." On a cold day a common saying was, "Oh, I wish I was in Dixie's land!" and this was the key to the song. The tune was composed in in much the same way: one bar of music set the key for the whole.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Emmett was the originator of the first perfected minstrel troop in the United States. It was in the Spring of 1843, and was called the "Virginia Minstrels." It consisted of Daniel Emmett, leader; Frank Brower, Richard Pelham and "Billy" Whitloch. They played for six or eight weeks in New York and Boston. They then sailed for England, and traveled all over Great Britain, disbanding in Scotland. Daniel Emmett is the only one of four now living.

"Dixie" is as lively and popular to-day as when it was written, and its reputation is not confined to the American continent. It is much played in Europe, and ranks with the finest of simpler airs in touching the emotions of the people. Whenever it is played by a big strong band, the auditors involuntarily keep time.

Durrant's Trial.

Some time ago two young ladies disappeared in San Francisco, and finally the body of one of them was found in an unused room up in the tower of a church with which a medical student, Durrant, was connected. He was closely associated with the girl and the last person seen in company with her. There were many circumstances pointing to his guilt. The trial began about three weeks ago and is now nearing its close.

It has excited great interest. Durrant went on the stand, but did not mend matters, and it looks like a conviction is certain.

Because of the illness of the counsel the trial was interrupted, and the delay and suspense add to the interest felt all over the Union in this remarkable murder case.

If Durrant is aquitted on this first trial, he will at once be tried for the murder of the second girl, whose death is laid at his door.

Early in the trial he gave to his lawyers a sealed package, with directions to open it only if he should be hanged. Public opinion led the lawyers to open it. What they read was a revelation. Their client had told them nothing of what he wrote in his letter. If what he said was true he should be the leading witness for the State in a case against a brace of murderers instead of a man defending his own life against tremendous odds. He told his attorneys that he knew the murderers of Blanche Lamont—for there were more than one. He informed his lawyers that when he ascended to the upper gallerier of Emmanuel church he saw the last details of a murder. He wrote in his letter that he saw Rev. J. George Gibson and a young man prominent in the affairs af the church bending over the body of Blanch Lamont.

To be sure that is only a fiction made up by the guilty man.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of chughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottelt free at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Prof. Hicks, the weather prognosticator of St. Louis, predicts that January of 1896 will be a swinger for cold, and advises people, even in the South, to "provide bountifully against severe winter storms and great cold." This is good advice, whether the severe cold and storms come or not. The prudent provider is seldom left out in the cold.

A couple weeks ago the Brewster Carriage Manufacturing Company, of New York, one of the oldest and strongest establishments of the kind in the country, went by the board, and a few days ago the Gverman Carriage Company, of Cincinnati, followed suit; both knocked out by the bicycle, says the Wilmington Star.

It is now only a few weeks until the Western North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South, will assemble in Reidsville. Preliminary steps have already been taken for entertaining the body, says Webster's Weekly. There will be about 300 delegates and visitors, which the grand old town will take care of in a most royal style.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."

BETSY AT THE EXPOSITION.

Atlanta Constitution.

Yistiddy was Cleveland day at the exposition—the biggest crowd I ever seen. Our gang started out to the grounds soon so as to steer clear of the crowd, and 'peared like ever'body else tuck the same notion. The streets was so thick with folks you couldn't hardly git to a kyar. We'uns elbowed our way to the steam kyar and went out on it, kase it takes you so quick, but Cousin Pink got a cinder in her eye and 'lowed she'd walk next time, 'fore she'd go that-a-way agin. We promise to meet the Roberson gals and Becky Jane Rountree at the goverment building, and when we got thar they had the doors all shot and wouldn't let nobody in but the president and his gang. We done our best to git in, but them officers wouldn't let us.

Then we got behind the rope in the crowd that was waitin' to see Cleveland and hear him speak.

Me and Calebony tried to keep next to the rope, but one of them soldiers, with yaller breeches and a red jacket, shoved the crowd back so the military companies could pass and liken to er pushed us down, and while we was a scrougin' er-gin one another somebody stepped on Cousin Pink's foot and she sho did yell.

The sun was bilin' hot in our faces and they wouldn't let us hyst our umbrels, and the crowd kep' on gittin' thicker and thicker, a-scrougin' us on all sides, so we couldn't move nairy way, and couldn't hardly ketch our breath. Miss Gooden was mashed right betwixt two of the fattest old Dutch women you ever seen, and they was talkin' Dutch and so fightin' mad at the men a-pushin' ergin them on t'other side. Ever'body was mad, 'cept Caledony, and she liken to er killed her fool se'f a-laughin', and the more she laughed the madder them Dutch women got, aud the taster they talked, and the harder the folks shoved ergin us. A woman side of me 'peared like she would faint—they say a right smart chance of folks fainted.

Well, we stood thar two or three long, hot hours, wedged in that big crowd, a-waitin' to see Grover Cleveland. Cindy Roberson begged em' for goodness sake to let her out, said she had seed his pickter, and would let that do her; she wouldn't stay a minute longer squezed up in that crowd if she never got to see him. But she was in fur it then—poor thing, she couldn't move nairy way—back'ards, for'ards nor sideways. After while I scrouched my way out and went on the stand across the road from president and stood in a cheer and heard him say his piece. I looked down on thousands of heads of folks and they was all talkin' so they couldn't hear nothin'—ever'body was a-hollin' at somebody to hush a-talkin', and they was all in a work like bees on a 'lasses barrel—not a-seein' nothin', not a-hearin' nothin'; all they 'peared to want was to crowd up to the sand whar the president and vice president and all them big men was—they didn't keer wether they heard or not, jist so they seen 'em, and could go home and tell they had seed the president.

Pap shuck' hands with him—he has shuck hands with more governors and more big men is airy man in our county. Pap's a sight when he is in a big crowd; he talks loud; and says what he thinks, and keeps folks a-laughin'. He pays his own money aud has his own fun. The policemen hain't tuck him up yit—he ain't a-feared of none of none of 'em.

Some folks 'lows the best way to see this exposition is to go around by yourse'f; but laws, Pap says he wouldn't give chaw-ter-backer to go nowhars by hisse'f. He wouldn't er nigh come without me and Caledony.

Our gang has tuck up a right smart time a tryin' to keep up with one another. Some of 'em is continnerly a-gittin' lost, and as fast as you find one another gits away and you got to send somebody else a-huntin' for that one. It's hard to git all the squirrels up one tree at the same time.

Some folks is a-kickin about the Exposition not bein' finished. Caledony 'lowed thar was enough of it finished to finish her, if she tried to see it all in one day. She 'peared to be bardaciously wore out. Me and her was both so tired was couldn't hardly put one foot 'fore t'other. We had been a-trampin' around from California to Flerridy—a-rushin' from one thing to t'other, a'tryin' to get through in a day, and hadn't tuck time to see nothin' good. We was lost from our gang—we air Alabamy gals, and we was feelin' homesick. Caledony looked over a door and read: "Alabama—Here We Rest."

"Betsy," says she, "less us stop right here. Rest is what you and me needs now more'n anything else."

So we pranced right in, and seed a big reoms for the women folks, with a nice sofy to lie down on, and some rockin' cheers to set in; and it is the best place out.

We sot thar a bit, and atter while here come Pap and buddy, and Ikey Roberson and Cap Dewberry—and all our gang—and a whole crowd of folks from our settlement, and we felt better and 'lowed we'd stay longer.

We'uns has seed a heap here, but we hain't nigh seed it all. Pap's a-gwine to take us in the Midway to-morrow.

BETSY HAMILTON.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true rewedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at P. B. Fetzer's Drug Store.

Bradley, the Republican candidate, has the largest crowds in Kentucky, but Democrats are confident of Hardin's success. Blackburn says he will go to Louisville with 20,000 majority, which will elect him. Louisville is conceded to go Republican by from 5,000 to 10,000 majority.

A FIEND BURNED AT THE STAKE.

A Texas Mob Metes out Speedy Punishment to a Murderer.

TYLER, Texas, October 29.—This evening, in the public square in this town, a negro named Henry Hilliard was burned to death at the stake for the brutal outrage and murder of a woman named Mrs. Bell. The tragedy occurred at a point about four miles from here. The grounds showed that she had struggled for her honor and the condition of the body told of a cruelty that has only been equalled by "Jack the Ripper." After assaulting the woman the negro deliberately cut her throat and then, taking his knife, ripped up her body.

A posse was quickly organized, led by Deputy Smith, of Tyler, who, with lanterns in hand and aided by a hound, tracked the negro to within four miles of this place, where they found him fast asleep in a cotton pen. The negro was covered with blood, which he had attempted to wash off.

The posse started back here with the negro, but the rapidly-gathering angry citizens made it doubtful for a time if he would reach Tyler alive.

He offered no resistance. Soon after the officers had him handcuffed a mob of some 200 men demanded the immediate surrender of the prisoner, which was readily given. The mob then left for the scene of the murder, where they arrived this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The crowd continued to gather at the scene of the horrible crime until nearly 2,000 citizens of Tyler and vicinity where there. A few moments before the fiend was brought to the place a meeting was held, and a committee was appointed to investigate his identity.

Witnesses were summoned and closely interrogated. The result was a thorough identification. In a few moments an officer approached from over the hill followed by 300 determined men. When near the scene the officers were overpowered and disarmed and the negro, Henry Hilliard, brought before the committee. He made a full confession, in substance as follows:

"I was coming down the road and saw Mrs. Bell in the road. She was scared of me and I knew that if I passed her she would say I tried to outrage her, and I concluded that I would assault her and then kill her. I cut her throat and then cut up her body and left."

After his confession and thorough identification, a vote was taken as to the mode of punishment. It was unanimously agreed to burn him, and it was agreed that he should suffer the penalty on the public square. The line of march was taken up toward Tyler and at 4 o'clock the head of the line entered the main plaza, whence no less than 7,000 people were assembled. Large crowds of ladies and children were congregated on the awnings surrounding the public plaza. Wagons, carriages, trees and buildings were through at 4 o'clock.

A scaffold was erected in the centre the square. Wagons laden with kindling wood, coal oil and straw were driven to the scene and placed in position. The negro was then given an opportunity to speak, but his words were inaudible, but when he offered up his last prayer his words could be heard for several blocks. He was then lashed to the iron rail that extended through the platform.

Mr. Bell, the husband of the murdered lady, applied the match and the flames shot upward, enveloping the brute in sheets of fire. He begged for mercy and it was meted out to him just as he was merciful to the pure innocent woman whose soul he had sent to Heaven at this hour yesterday.

It was determined to burn him at once, but the fire was quenched after the last piece of wood was burned. In a few moments the fire was started again. From the time the match was applied until his death was exactly fifty minutes. The I. and G. N. southbound train was crowded with people from the towns north. Hundreds of negroes witnessed the execution, and representative negroes expressed their indorsement of the punishment. The officers were powerless, and the Sheriff wired the Govener, put his message was too late. All business houses and factories closed, and the big cotton belt shops were deserted.

One of Judge Norwood's Fool Acts.

Yadkin Cor. Statesville Landmark.

An amusing incident occurred yesterday. The judge at 12 m. announced a recess till 2.30 but still kept his seat on the bench. The people started out and a great many of them put on their hats. This seemed to anger the judge and he ordered the hats off. When most of the people were out one man, who by the way is one of the most prominent and influential men in the country, put on his hat and made for the door. The judge, in thunder tones, ordered the sheriff to seize that man and bring him. This was done but His Honor was merciful and let the man go on his way, cursing. People had better be very careful when they go to court if a reform (?) judge is holding it.

Now it is said that the prominent Populists are declaring that there can be no such thing as co-operation in North Carolina unless Settle is squelched. That has been the talk among several of the Populists and silver Republicans. Settle is out of line with the Mott-Butler-Harris free silver idea, and he will not be tolerated, but the silver fusion machine will grind him to fragments if it can. The edict has gone forth.

Col. O. H. Dockery, is avowed candidate for the Fusion nomination for Governor. He told Col. Olds that Spier Whitaker and Buck Kitchen tell him that he was really elected in 1888, but was swindled out of it. The democratic campaign of that year was in charge of Whitaker.

Catarrh in the Head

Is due to impure blood and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of Catarrh because it purifies the blood, and in this way removes the cause of the disease. It also builds up the system and prevents attacks of pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25 cents.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The reception given the President at Atlanta will please every good citizen in the South. No public man in thirty years has shown greater interest in the South or done so much to restore the Republic.—News and Observer.

It is just as might have been expected. Tom Watson is no better satisfied with the result of the second election in the tenth congressional district of Gerogia than he was with that of the first, he having been defeated both times, and now he proposes to content Maj. Black's election before the House. There is no way to satisfy a Populists except to surrender to him outright.—Charlotte Observer.

Attorney-General Harmon says: "There is not an atom of truth in the story that Secretary Olney has quarreled with the President and is about to leave the cabinet. I am willing to be quoted as saying that the relations between the President and the Secretary of State are wholly cordial and friendly. They have not had even a difference of opinion out of which the story of a quarrel could be built, and the tale is a lie out of whole cloth, without a shadow of foundation for it."

If it were not for the unfortunate differences among the Democrats on the subject of silver coinage they would be almost certain to win in the next Presidential election. The working of the new tariff law has given very general satisfaction, and if the Republicans propose to disturb it the people will rebuke them. In New York, in Ohio, in Illinois there are local causes that make our friends hopeful of carrying those States, notwithstanding the tidal wave against the administration last year.—Raleigh State.

The Progressive Farmer recently said editorially: "We believe it is now safe to advise the farmers in the cotton belt to hold their cotton as long as possible. If you must sell, then put it on the market slowly—a little at a time. Such advice has not always been safe, and we have hesitated, but think it is now settled that the crop will not be over 6,000,000 bales, probably less, and the demand will be for eight or nine million bales. The most liberal government and export reports show that the condition is not above 65, and frosts and storms may soon bring it below that estimate."

The Messenger gives an interesting account of the attempt of the anti-Russell faction of the Republican party in Wilmington to hold a meeting Thursday night "to consider the condition of the Republican party in New Hanover county," and of the row that resulted. The Russell crowd came in and took possession of the meeting, which for awhile had two chairmen and two secretaries, until finally the anti-Russellites were vanquished, the other crowd white, and Nixon, colored, the promoters of the meeting, left the hall. Cries of "take him down!" "put him out!" were frequent during the speeches of representatives of the contending factions, and at times there were demonstrations of physical force. The moral of it all is that a party which can't govern itself in a town meeting without its own members wanting to throw each other out of the windows, is not fit to govern the State of North Carolina.

Syphon for Communion Wine.

Smyrna, Del., Dispatch.

Frank Bailey, of this town, has invented a communion syphon, as a simple device to take the place of the much-talked-of individual communion service. It consists of a silver tube, which permits one to draw up the wine from a cup, but which, by means of a valve, prevents any of the fluid from returning to the cup after it has been drawn up.

His idea is that, supplied with these tubes, anyone fearing to partake of a general communion cup may participate in the sacrament without danger of contagion.

He has patented his device, which is strongly recommended by Dr. Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Take No Fusion in Theirs.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Oct. 26.—The State Executive Committee of the People's Party met to-day in this city, with all the members present either in person or proxy. About fifty prominent members of the party from over the State were in attendance. The committee determined on forming no fusion with any other of the political parties, and will work alone both in State and National affairs, adhering strictly to the Omaha platform. The committee will make no concessions whatever. The place for holding the State convention was left with the committee to determine later on. It will probably be held in Atlanta.

For Shame!

Wilson Mirror.

Walter Sadler was walking with his best girl by a lumber yard the other night, and all at once she began to blush, and Walter said, "my darling why do those roseate tintings ensconce themselves in the opulent luxuriance of that peach bloom beauty found on the stainless surface of thy parain alabaster cheeks?" She replied it was because all that lumber was undressed. Walter hid his face behind a nickle, lent up against a zephyr and wept.

Tillman Given the Lie.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 24.—An exciting scene occurred in the constitutional convention late last night. A duel was narrowly avoided. Senator Tillman and Frank Garry, an Abbeville delegate, passed the lie regarding the formation of new countries which Tillman favored. Garry opposed it. His friends averted a difficulty.

Patrick King Callahan, more familiarly known as "King" Callahan, the professional bridge jumper, leaped from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., bridge into the Hudson river, a distance of 212 feet, at an early hour Sunday morning. Callahan was fatally injured and died several hours after being taken out of the water. Only a few sporting friends saw the awful leap.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

NORTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 24.—In an interview to-day Senator Marion Butler said to The Sun's correspondent: "From the interview with Senator Sherman you see he favors fusion of goldbug Democrats and goldbug Republicans to organize the Senate. This is exactly what I expected from a gold man. I favor silver men of both parties coming together and organizing the Senate on silver lines. A majority of Senators were elected as silver men and claimed to be silver men. Therefore, if they will show their faith by their works, silver men can take charge of every committee of the Senate. If gold men control the Senate it will be by the help of men who claim to be for silver. Everybody knows committees control legislation, therefore it is more important for a silver man to cast his vote to organize the committees than his vote would be on a free-coinage bill, for unless the committees are so organized no such bill will ever be reported."

State Republican Chairman Mott was here last night and to-day in close conference with Senator Butler and other Populist committeemen. He says he believes the Democrats will put up an extreme gold man for President and that this will have tendency to push the Republican party back to the silver side. He says he is informed by Senator Pritchard that McKinley is not for gold, but is a bimetallist. Dr. Mott says further that while as yet no definite understanding as to the fusion in North Carolina has been arrived at, yet all the old fusionists desire it continued.

The Populist State executive committee was in session until midnight last night. Senator Butler desired it to meet in order that it might discuss the course he and other Populist representatives in congress should take. This was the chief thing done. Plans for the next campaign were talked of, but no definate action was taken. Senator Butler says the drift of sentiment in the State, as shown by reports made by committeemen, is that the people without regard to party favor the resolution adopted at the State silver convention here in September; that only true and proved silver men should be voted for.

Congress.

Raleigh State.

In six weeks the new Congress will be session. The house of Representatives is Democratic by a large majority. In the Senate there are six Populists, while the other members are so evenly divided that without Populist aid neither side can perfect an organization. The Senate then is a neutral body, but it leans towards the Republican party rather than the Democracy.

The President, however, stands in the pathway of extreme partizan legislation. Having the veto power and more than a third of the Senate to sustain him, he can check legislation although he cannot control it.

So the situation at Washington will be full of interest and perhaps there may be some surprise in store for the country.

Col. and Mrs. W. F. Smith, of Winston have received an invitation to attend the marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, the event to be celebrated in New York at high noon on November 9th. Colonel Smith is first cousin to Miss Vanderbilt's mother. It is stated that Miss Vanderbilt's memento from her parents will be $15,000,000. They will also present the man she is to wed with $3,000,000.

Dr. J. J. Mott publishes an article in the Gazette, the colored organ, in which he says that the advocates of silver in this State are for its free and unlimited coinage and that all Congressman Settle may say as to the electoral ticket amounts to nothing; that when the silver people get together two or three politicians shall not be permitted to dictate what they shall do.

Trilby parties are the latest. Several girls sit behind a sheet and put their bare feet through on the other side where the young men are collected to guess who owns the feet.

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Sept. 20.'94.—1y.

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