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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance
Volume XV. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1898. Number 43.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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BILL ARP ON PENSIONS.

Sad memories come over us at out this time. The tocsin of impending war carries us back thirty-seven years, when Georgia and the south everywhere was in a state of feverish excitement—when the roll of drum and the thrilling notes of the fife were heard in cities and towns and recruiting camps and men, women and children all seemed to be wild with patriotic enthusiasm. Only the aged men and women were serious and solemn and silently smothered their apprehensions. After the state had seceded it was hardly safe for a man to talk for the union. Here and there could be heard a bold, defiant voice like that of Pettigrew, the great lawyer, who, when asked by a countryman the road that would lead him to the lunatic assylum, exclaimed: "Any road, sir, every road, sir; all the roads, sir. The whole state is one vast lunatic asylum."

The war fever is as contagious as the smallpox, and is an epidemic for which there is no cure but blood.

April is a historic month. In April the first guns of the war were fired and Fort Sumter fell and surrendered. In April President Lincoln called for 75,000 men to suppress the rebellion. In April Virginia seceded from the union, and General Robert E. Lee seceded from his allegiance to the United States army and tendered his sword to his state and the confederacy. In April President Davis telegraphed Governor Brown for three companies to march immediately to Norfolk, and in twenty four hours a battalion was on the cars and arrived there before the Virginia troops did. And, last of all, in April Lee and Johnston both surrendered their armies and the war was over. There is a world of history, sad, thrilling and glorious history between the beginning and the end. Who that was in it can forget it? It grows brighter and grander as the years roll on. No wonder the surviving veterans wish to meet once more. For thirty years their glorious deeds have been tossed about as treason and rebellion and a crime, but these old soldiers have never surrendered their convictions nor felt ashamed of their sacrifice. And so let them gather in Atlanta in July and have one more embrace and confederate again in memories of battles lost and battles won and hardships innumerable, and at the last a sad but sweet return to home and kindred—a home desolated and a kindred thinned by death.

Every train brings news now—news of impending war—but we are not excited like we were then. We remember when there was no telegraph wire to Rome and the daily signal came with the daily train from Kinston. If Wiley Harbin, the old engineer, gave three long, loud, cheering whistles on his approach to town everybody waked up for good news and exchanged greetings. "Lee has whipped 'em again," was the watchword, and the people hurried to the depot to meet the train and get all the good of it. Two whistles from the engine was indifferent news and one was bad and sad, but did not come often, for old Bob Lee and Stonewall whipped them as often as they got at them and would have been whipping them yet if our boy children had grown up a little faster. We almost robbed the cradle and the grave for soldiers, and even then got only one for three foes. I shall always think they ought to have toted fair with us and fought us two to one instead of three—don't you? I wouldn't have a pension that took three to one to win—would you? When I was a schoolboy I had a fight with another boy and two of my friends clubbed in and sorter helped me, and I never felt so ashamed of anything in my life.

But old Georgia has never discounted her gratitude to her soldiers or their widows. She is a long ways ahead of her sister states. Last year she paid more to them than all the other southern states combined paid to theirs. Virginia paid to hers $140,000, Alabama $116,000, North Carolina, $113,000, South Carolina $100,000, Florida $65,000, Tennessee $68,000, Mississippi $75,000, Arkansas $42,000, Kentucky nothing and Texas $38,000, while Georgia paid over $600,000.

Now while we can boast of this, yet I am free to say and dare to say, for I am not a candidate for anything limited or unlimited, that our pension laws are not just and need reforming—Georgia has overdone the thing. Pensions should be awarded to the needy, and the needy only. The grand juries of the counties should distribute the pension fund and make selection of the poor soldiers and the poor widows and be required to add 25 per cent to the fund apportioned by the state. Considering the general depression, the state is paying too much. It should be reduced at the least one-half, and let the counties make up part of the deficiency. Where is the justice or the propriety of paying a man $100 a year who is worth $10,000 or $20,000 while many poor invalid soldiers who fought just as hard and endured just as much, but did not lose an arm or a leg get nothing. I see that both Atkinson and Bernet, in their declarations, speak of the rewards that were promised the soldiers. That is a mistake—nothing was promised nor was anything expected. They fought for their country and $10 a month and hard tack and bacon or beef, and that was all they expected. The word pensions was not in their dictionary. I know a widow whose husband was killed at Bull Run and she does not need her pension and at first declined to receive it, but changed her mind and gives it all to widows who are needy. The grand juries of the counties know who should be the beneficiaries of the pension fund and if they have to add 25 per cent to it they would be careful to see that it was not misapplied. It seems to me that a leak of at least $100,000 might be stopped in this way, but as I am not a candidate, maybe I don't know. Then there is another leak that needs stopping. The railroad commission should be reformed. When Campbell Wallace and Colonel Trammell and Sam Barnett first took hold of it there was lots of work to do and it took nearly all their time. But they built up a system without having a guide or precedent and these have long since been reconsidered and readjusted, and are now generally accepted and approved by the railroads and the people. Now the commission has to meet only once or twice a month and one competent man as chairman is all that is needed. Colonel Trammell, from his long experience, could run the whole business and this would save $5,000 a year, besides the secretary's salary, which is another thousand. If Colonel Trammell, or his successor needed any occasional help to decide new questions he might call in the comptroller general and the secretary of state, who would willingly serve for nothing part of one day in a month. School Commissioner Glenn has that kind of help on his board and it costs the state nothing. Why can't we do that and save a leak of $16,000? Why not? I tell you, my longsuffering friends, the government expenses have got to be cut down in some way, not just a little, but a good deal. "Sine qua nons" are bigger things now than sinecures. The people are poor. The preachers tell us that a hungry man can't get religion and if he should he can't enjoy it. If we don't stop the leaks the whole dam business will burst and wash away and the mill can't grind at all. I remember well when we had no pensions nor school fund, and the people got along pretty well. The young men married the young girls and left the widows for the widowers. There was no such a word as trousseau in the dictionary, but if there were less clothes there was more love and fewer divorces.

But we will talk about these things later, when we get to the legislature. I'm not going to vote for any man who will not promise to cut down the taxes, and we will talk about this pension business when the veterans meet in July. I was ruminating about that day—the anniversary of the greatest battle ever fought and the greatest victory ever won by confederate soldiers. It was a small affair compared with Gettysburg and Shiloh and the Wilderness, but its impression on the country and the soldiers was more profound than any other. It was like a young mother's first child—none that came after ever created so great a sensation. How vivid are the scenes, the rapid night march from Winchester, the crossing the Shenandoah by torchlight, wading to the armpits with guns and cartridges held up. I can see Jimmy Smith, the little drummer boy of the Eighth Georgia, and little McKosker, bobbing up and down over the deep places with water running into their mouths, while taller soldiers behind them held them steady. I hear the shouts of stonewall Jackson's men as they came through the woods and turned the tide to victory. I see the willow glade and the little branch where Dr. Miller and his assistants worked all night with their knives and probes and bandages, and every little while said, "next," like the barber to their customers. I see the dead in the pine thicket and the wounded placed in the ambulances and hurried to the Lewis house for a hospital. I see the New York Zouaves in the field near the old stone house on the pike. How thick they laid upon the ground—how fat they seemed next morning as the burial squads rolled them into the shallow trenches. They had swollen in form and feature during the night until their corpses filled their loose clothes almost to bursting.

But when we all meet on the 21st we will talk over the misty past and rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep. A sea of tears has already been shed, both north and south, but still the chalices are not empty nor the hearts of the veterans seared over by the iron hand of time. BILL ARP.

How War Revenue Will Be Raised.

Raleigh Post.

The first move after the declaration of war will be to "provide revenue." A bill is already prepared for this purpose which provides for a revenue tax of $1 per keg on beer, an increase from 6 to 12 cents per pound on manufactured tobacco and snuff, $1 increase per thousand on cigars and cigarettes; a tax on all stocks and transfers of corporations, stamp tax on all checks, drafts, and all instruments of business—(mortgages, loans and bonds;) on patent medicines, telegraph messages and express packages. In the bill under consideration for the pressing needs of the government the Secretary of the Treasury is given the general power to issue certificates of indebtedness payable in one year, and to bear not to exceed 3 per cent. interest.

The Secretary of the Treasury is also authorized to borrow on the credit of the government by popular subscription a loan of $500,000000. This loan is to be placed through the postoffices of the country, the sub-Treasuries and government depositories, in low rate bonds, which are to be sold at par. They are to bear 3 per cent. interest and to be redeemable after 5 years, at the option of the government, and to be due in 20 years.

The revenue features of the measures, it is estimated, will raise $100,000,000 of revenue. It is highly probable a tax of 3 cents per pound on coffee, and 10 cents per pound on tea will also be added.

A French General on Stonewall Jackson.

PARIS, April 17.—The Figaro prints an interview with Gen. Cluseret, who won the grade of General by fighting for the North against the South in the American war of the Rebellion. Gen. Cluseret admiringly praises the tenacity and courage of the American soldiers, whom he places the highest in the world.

On the other hand, he says that the skill of American officers is at zero. Gen. Grant, he declares, was a man of dense military ignorance. The only officer on either side who had any knowledge of tactics was "Stonewall" Jackson, but the quality of the soldiers on both sides covered their leaders' defects.

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by M. L. Marsh & Co.

REV. SAM P. JONES ON CIDER SELLERS

I am about to find myself a crank on good roads and improved highways. I have been driving some lately, and it is a thing of beauty and joy to drive over some of our Georgia roads. The sandbeds of south and middle Georgia are giving way to hard, cemented, clay roads. The three-miles-an-hour gait with a good team is giving way to the eight and ten miles gait with as little damage to the horse as formerly.

In north Georgia we are improving our highways and roads. Many of the counties are using the misdemeanor convicts under an overseer and guards. Bartow county has been using her convicts in this way for four years, probably; and a man who left this county half a dozen years ago and returns today marvels at the great improvement in our roads. It pays a thousand times better to work these convicts on the public highways than to put them up in jail and feed them at the expense of the county. The convicts themselves are better satisfied out at work. We have one of the best bosses in the country. He is kind and humane to the convicts, and yet everything works and moves along with vim and efficiency. It is getting to be a delight to take a drive in Bartow county behind a spanking team, and if I was driving a bull in the shafts with a shuck collar and hames around his neck and a bridle in his mouth I'd rather have these good roads a thousand times than the sort we have been having.

Rance Sellars, our boss of the convicts in this county, is a model boss and model workman in the improvement of our highways. Even Cartersville, our county town, seeing the contrast between the county roads and the streets of the town, is coming to the front with improvements. We have a street boss in Cartersville now who is doing his work well by permanently graveling the streets.

And there is no investment that brings greater returns than the improvement of our roads and streets. I am a thousand times more willing to pay taxes for the improvement of our streets and roadways than I am to be taxed to keep up the office holders and pap suckers. I verily believe that when our roadways are put in good shape we will look back with astonishment on the fact that we have been such fools about our highways in the past.

It is a saving on our horses and on our vehicles. Now a farmer can put five bales of cotton on his wagon and come rolling into town any sort of weather. Five years ago he could hardly get in with one bale. It took him all day then to come and go. Now he gets back home by dinner time. No wonder the farmer is the hind dog in the race. He has worked at a disadvantage all along. The only trouble to him I see caused from good roads is that he may come to town too often. A farmer had better stay out of town. They are laying for him, and he can hardly visit the town without leaving something that is in his pocket or something that he is going to get in exchange for his toil. Some farmers come to town every day until their credit is gone and their farm gone with their credit.

Rube Satterfield, a merchant who lived in my town, once had some very long-handled hoes in his store. The people asked him what he ordered those long-handled hoes for. He said that Mr. Blank, living about five miles from town, wanted hoes with handles long enough for him to be able to stay in town and cultivate his crop, and he ordered them especially for him. I know some other farmers around in our county who had better get long-handled hoes and long-handled plows to go with their long-eared mules if they expect to make a crop.

But coming back to the subject again: Atlanta never did a better thing for herself than when she stretched out her hundred miles, more or less, of belgian block pavement in her streets. The enterprise, growth and development of a city is largely bottomed on the condition of its thoroughfares. Nothing gives a city the blackeye to a stranger more effectively than to see boggy streets in wet weather and dust six inches thick in dry weather. How different cities are in this matter! We may go into one city or town and we are astonished at how beautifully the streets are payed and macadamized. We go into another and the streets are wholly neglected. It is not so strange, either, for towns or cities differ just as individuals differ. Each has its characteristics whether it has character or not.

I believe it would have been a wise movement if the legislature of Georgia had put every convict in the state on the roadways for ten years, using them only for the purpose of improving our highways, macadamizing all the dirt roads and leveling the grades.

If the commissioners in each county in Georgia who are still neglecting their roadways will visit the other counties which have used the convicts for the improvement of the roads, they will come back home and put their convicts to work if they have any county pride or public spirit. Just as a railway bed is for the engines and cars, just so our county roads are for our horses and vehicles. I never have known a prosperous railroad or a first class railroad management that did not labor for a good roadbed and a good rail over which to run their engines and cars. And so we must see that wisdom and sense all agree that the money and labor expended upon our county roads will yield the best returns in the end.

Our old system of road working—calling the neighborhood along the line of road to work three days in the year—was a joke on creation. It was a three-day frolick and two hours of work; and what little they did really do made it worse. But now, when system and common sense have taken charge, we see advancement. I dare say that in north Georgia the county commissioners and road bosses must see that no dirt road in our section of the country is permanent. Our hills are full of rocks, our valleys full of gravel, and the money expended in macadamizing and graveling the roads is the best investment of all. Of course, in the southern and middle parts of Georgia they have the clay under the sand, which when mixed with sand, becomes a cement and makes a most splendid roadbed, seemingly impervious to water, and as hard as asphalt. I stick to it, it is the best investment for the county treasury; it is the best money spent by the town treasury—that of improvement of the roadways—and in the end the most economical.

By way of parenthesis, I want to add that we have some merchants in Catersville selling cider. That is the name of the stuff, but from all I can hear, it gets up a mighty mean, fussy, stinking, puking drunk. No gentleman wil lsell that sort of stuff, and a vagabond ought to be in the chaingang for selling it. If there are any blind tigers in our town selling whisky, we don't know it, but some of our merchants are selling cider. I stick to it, if they know that stuff is getting our boys on these drunks, they ought to be in the chaingang. If some of them don't know it, they ought to be in the asylum. If I were mayor of the city of Catersville, I'd go to the bottom of these facts. If I was judge of the court, I'd go to the bottom of that cider busines. If either the mayor or judge of the court or the grand jury want any proof on this line, just let them call on your humble servant. I don't know anything, but I can prove some things by witnesses that do know. I believe Judge Fite will do his duty, and I want the thing sifted to the bottom. If the law is violated, I want these fellows to hit the chaingang for twelve months for each offense.

Cartersville is not the only town in this country that is cursed by this cider stuff. When a man gets drunk in Cartersville, I want to know that it is Rome or Atlanta or Chattanooga rotgut that is doing him up, and not some stuff that is being sold right here in violation of law. I respectfully call the attention of all parties interested to the foregoing, and if any of them object to anything I have said on this subject, let them quit selling cider, and until they do, they can get no row out of me. I have some choice about who I row with. SAM P. JONES.

The Caucasian Thinks the Democratic Pop Convention Will Fuse.

The Caucasian last week says that if the Democratic and Populist conventions are representative of the masses of the two forces.

In the editorial the paper says:

"A large majority of the committee favor co-operation of all who are opposed to the gold standard and the election of an anti-monopoly Legislature. There was, however, a difference of opinion among those favoring co-operation as to the day on which the convention should be held. The Caucasian thinks it might have been best to have held the convention on May 25th. If the convention had been held on that date, then there could have been no misunderstanding among the people as to who was sincere and who was insincere, and as to who was responsible for a failure to co-operate, if there should be a failure. But if all sides are sincere, the date for holding the convention is all right. But the fact that the Populist convention meets one week ahead of the Democratic convention makes it necessary for the proposition to co-operate to be so fair and just that no honest man in any party can object to it. If the masses of the People's party are properly represented in the People's Party State Convention, and if the masses of the Democratic party are properly represented in the Democratic convention, there will be a fair and honorable co-operation that will not only equitably arrange the places of trust between the parties, but will also make a great triumph for the principles of good government. For twenty years the State Legislatures of North Carolina have been dominated to a greater or less extent by corporations and monopolies. If corporation attorneys and the agents of monopoly, and men who would barter the welfare of the State for an office, control the conventions, then there will be no co-operation, and the monopolists will win."

Against Fusion.

Salisbury World.

At the meeting of the Democratic executive committee of Rowan county, Saturday, the committeemen exchanged views on the fusion question.

Every committeeman present, of whom there were twelve, expressed himself as unqualifiedly opposed to State, congressional or county fusion. The sentiment of the executive committee is, of course, not binding on the convention, which meets here May 21st, but it reflects the sentiment of nine-tenths of the Democrats of the county.

One of the committeemen remarked that it settled any desire he might have had for fusion when he read that the proposed plan would necessitate his voting for Shuford.

Suspicious Characters.

ATLANTA, GA., April 18.—Considerable anxiety is manifested here by the military officials over the actions of three men, supposed to be Spaniards, who for nearly two weeks have dogged the militia and Federal troops in their military movements. The State volunteers, under emergency orders from the government, have increased their weekly drills of late, and these men have been out on each occasion. Particular attention has been paid by them to the evolutions of the signal corps.

Has Cuba Been Given Freedom.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Through one of the legations here there comes a story of startling import. This is that through the mediation of the Pope the insurgents have come to terms with Spain and that war in Cuba is at an end. This story declares that Gomez has gone to Madrid under assurances that he can carry back to his people the freedom for which they have been fighting.

A circular addressed to all the ticket agents, baggage masters and conductors of the Southern Railway has been issued by W. A. Turk, general passenger agent, stating that it has been reported to him that the excess baggage rules are not being enforced by all agents as required. The circular states that any failure to carry out the instructions governing excess baggage will call for the severest discipline and no excess will be taken.

FACTS ABOUT THE NAVY.

The United States is the fifth naval power in the world. The navies of Great Britian, France, Russia and Italy rank ahead in the order named. Germany and the United States are about tied.

Our present effective fighting force consists of four battle ships of the first class, one battle ship of the second class, two armored cruisers, eighteen cruisers, fifteen gunboats, six double turreted monitors, one ram, one dynamite gunboat, one dispatch boat, one transport and eight torpedo boats.

The powder used is brown. A charge for the biggest guns 500 pounds, and is hoisted to the breech by a derrick, the powder being sewed up in burisp bags.

Armor plates are tested by firing steel projectiles weighing from 100 to 1,500 pounds at them from guns charged with 500 pounds of powder and at a distance of about a city block.

Our battle ships have a speed of from fifteen to seventeen knots an hour. Cruisers make nineteen to twenty-four knots, while the monitors can travel about twelve knots.

The biggest guns in the navy are forty-nine feet long, big enough for a man to crawl into; four feet in diameter at their largest part, and weigh 135,500 pounds, or thereabouts.

There are six rear-admirals in active service. The offices of vice-admiral and admiral are unfilled, so there is no head of the nay excepting Secretary Long.

The fastest vessels in the navy are the torpedo boats Porter and Dupont, each of which can travel 27.5 knots an hour.

Battle ships cost from $2,500,000 to $3,750,000, and cruisers from $600,000 to $3,000,000. A good torpedo boat costs over $100,000.

Battle ships are for the heavy work; cruisers are commerce destroyers; monitors are useful only for coast defense.

The Indiana could lie outside Sandy Hook and throw 1,200-pounds shots into New York at the rate of four a minute.

Those artists who show smoke in their pictures of naval battle are wholly wrong. Smokeless powder is used.

All of the cruisers are named in honor of cities, and the battle ships, except the Kearsage, in honor of States.

A big battle ship has on board an electric plant capable of lighting a town of 5,000 inhabitants.

The boilers of the Iowa have a heating surface of eight acres and hold thirty tons of water.

Great Britain has 294 torpedos and torpedo-boat destroyers; Uncle Sam has only eight.

Five hundred and forty-six men and forty officers are required to man the cruiser New York.

At present the total enlisted force of the naval militia is 3,870 officers and men.

Behind the heavy armor there is a padding of either corn pith or cocoa husks.

It costs $500 every time one of the big guns on board a ship is fired.

The Brooklyn and the New York are our armored cruisers.

Sailors are paid from $9.50 to $12.50 per month and board.

An act of Congress in 1872 abolished flogging in the navy.

The American navy has practically all been built since 1883.

A captain in the navy ranks with a colonel in the army.

The oldest iron vessel is the Michigan, built in 1844.

Five battle ships are now under construction.

We have the only ram—the Katahdin.

Statistics Imported From Spain.

Atlanta Constitution.

As pertinent to the existing crisis we quote some interesting figures published recently in one of the commercial magazines of Barcelona showing that Spain is ill-prepared for war with the United States.

The aggregate population of the kingdom is placed at only 18,000,000, against 75,000,000, the aggregate population of the United States.

Not less than 8,727,519 Spaniards are without either trade or profession. Only 6,104,470, or barely more than one-third of the aggregate population, can read and write. Some 4,861,922 Spaniards are engaged in agricultural pursuits. There are 43,528 priests, friars and church dignitaries.

Spain's aggregate school attendance amounts to only 1,728,920. She has 97,257 office holders and 91,224 professional beggars.

These figures can safely be relied upon as accurate. They have been compiled from the official records by one of the country's leading publications, without reference to the existing crisis and for commercial purposes exclusively.

In addition to the weakness which these figures represent there is serious domestic strife in Spain at this time.

Under such conditions, can Spain with any confidence, expect to vie successfully with the United States, whose population aggregates some four times that of hers, one whose strength is undivided and Gibraltar-like?

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else For sale by M. L Marsh & Co.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by P. B. Fetzer.

Shakespeare make a man on a stormsmitten ship exclaim, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground!" Modernized and amended, this cry may take the form of the exclamation, "Now would I give a thousand square miles of Alaska for the rockiest acre on a New England farm!" Many a disappointed Klondiker would compromise on a half-acre.

HIS WIFE WAS PECULIAR.

Just at nightfall the colonel came along to a pioneer's dugout on the wide prairie, with the pioneer himself sitting by the roadside with a pipe in his mouth, and after the usual salutations the colonel asked if he could be lodged for the night.

"Wall, that depends on my wife," was the reply. "I'm fur takin' everybody who comes along, but she's raythe pertickler. Ar' you a married man?"

"I am," replied the traveler.

"That's bad, to begin with. We've got a gal twenty y'ars, old, and my wife is lookin' fur somebody to come along and marry her. Ar' you the guy'ner of the state of any other big man?"

"No, sir; I am only a humble citizen."

"Then your humbleness will be bad fur you. The old woman would be proud to hev a big man stop with us, so she could crow about it, but she wouldn't care to make a fuss over a humble man. Got some sort o' religion, I 'spose?"

"No, I haven't," replied the colonel.

"Then that's more agin ye. The old woman's got three different kinds, and if you don't belong to one of 'em she'll tell you to walk on. Kin you play on a mouth organ or sing?"

"I'm afraid not."

"That's too bad. The old woman does on a mouth organ, and she goes around singin' from mornin' till night. I'd like to obleege you, stranger, but I know how peculiar the old woman is. Hev you ever bin in Yurup?"

"I never have," sighed the colonel, as he remembered that it was four miles to the next shanty.

"That's wuss and wuss," said the man as his face expressed real anxiety. "The old woman is dead crazy about Yurup, and she'd be sure to ask you a lot of questions. If you was a purty good liar, now, you might make her think you bad bin in Yurup."

"I—I don't think I'd like to lie about it."

"Wall, jest as you please, but I want you to see that I'm willin' to obleege you. What's yer politics?"

"I'm a Republican."

"Woosh!" exclaimed the settler—"that settles you fur good and all! The old woman is a Democrat from head to heel and sorter runs this hull country. If she knowed you was out here she'd be loadin' the shotgun. Everything seems again' you, but thar's jest one lettle chance that you might squeeze in. Kin you make up poetry?"

"Alas! no!" groaned the wayfarer.

"Can't you make up a single verse?"

"Not even two lines."

"Then your goose is cooked and you had better be gittin' along. The old woman is a poet and loves poetry, and even before you got down to the supper table she'd be askin' you to make up a verse on Venus or Mars, and if you couldn't do it she'd give you the skip. Stranger, I'm a kind-hearted man and feel sorry fur you, but you see how it is. I own this ranch and do most of the bossin', but there ar' days when I hev to lay hid in the grass because I hain't got to be president of the United States and don't wear gold in my front teeth!"

Bryan Imposed upon.

Sanford Express.

We see it stated that Mr. W. J. Bryan has written a letter a "prominent Democrat" practically endorsing Butler and urging the Democratic press to cease their criticisms of and to fuse with him. We don't believe Mr. Bryan ever wrote such a letter. If he did it he was imposed upon and made to believe that Butler was unjustly criticized and persecuted by the Democratic press of the State. We must believe that Mr. Bryan knows very little about the man or he would not ask the Democrats to fuse with him. We have reason to believe that there are two or three office-seeking Democrats in the State who have kept up a correspondence with Mr. Bryan for the purpose of making him believe that the only way for the Democrats to carry North Carolina this fall is to fuse with Butler and his crowd. These men think that if some kind of a fusion arrangement can be carried out they will be among the first to get their fingers in the pie. They are after office and are willing to lick Marion Butler's feet to get it.

The Alliance shoe factory at Hillsboro has shut down until the first of September.

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