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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance
Volume XVI. CONCORD, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1898. Number 13.

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CONSUMPTION

TILLMAN TALKS ABOUT FUSION.

The South Carolina Senator Says He is Sorry for Us.

News and Observer, 22nd.

One of the most unique characters in national politics was here yesterday. Need I say that Senator Ben Tillman, of South Carolina, is the man to whom I refer? He was on his way home from the North, where he has been for a vacation. Though he was in Raleigh only ten minutes, and did not get off the train, I could not resist the temptation to hunt him up and talk to him.

He is looking as brown as a Spaniard and says he feels much improved by his rest. There was just enough work in it to make him enjoy it, he said. He spoke at Haverhill, Mass., on Labor Day, and later at the New Hampshire State Fair. Then he went up into Canada till he struck frost, then back down to the St. Lawrence, to Quebec and to other points along the border.

This was all interesting enough, but it wasn't what I climbed on that train to talk about.

"Senator, how are things politically in the good State of South Carolina?" I broke in.

"Just the very question I was about to ask you," he replied, laughing. "You see I've been out of my State some three months now and I know very little of what's going on there—except, of course, that our people are doing the right thing."

"Wish you could say as much for the people of North Carolina."

He drew a long breath and looked out the window for a moment, then slowly turning his face toward me, while his one eye glowed like a-coal that seemed to burn through you, he said, just a little sadly, I thought:

"Yes, I wish I could. You are bad off, and I'm truly sorry for you. North Carolina is today the most God-forsaken State politically in the Federal Union."

I confess I was somewhat surprised to hear Tillman say it.

"South Carolina," he continued, "was never so bad, not even in the days of the scalawag and carpet-bagger. And since we ran the Radicals out in 1872 we've been all right. North Carolina, too, had her days of darkness during the reconstruction period. But they were as a Sunday school in comparison with her present condition. Then the white people were united, now they are divided and that's the sad part about it all."

Was that a sigh that came from the big-heartad, fire-eating Tillman? The face would have had a look of sadness on it had it not been for its strong lines, the firm-set chin and the blazing eye.

There was a sort of solemn awe in his voice as he said all this.

"I wanted to warn your people against this in 1896. I'm no prophet, but I saw what was coming. I wanted to speak in your State and tendered my services, but after some hesitation your State chairman decided against me; thought I was too hot a number, I suppose."

"Are you so situated now that you could come here and help us a little?"

"Well, I hardly know. I have not considered the matter. You are in such an awful fix, though. I hardly know how I could refuse if asked by your committee. Every man and good citizen must look upon the political situation in North Carolina with shame. From the hour of fusion, four years ago, between the Populists—an element of your good white people—and Republicans, the negroes—there has been an era of corruption and incompetence. It is almost incredible, the condition into which the proud old State has fallen. The carpet-baggery of thirty years ago does not compare with it.

"I sincerely hope that you may be able to redeem yourselves in the coming election. I rejoice to hear that the outlook is encouraging."

Then somehow we drifted off into a discussion of the Congressional outlook.

The train was now going and the warm hand-grasp the South Carolinian gave as I hurried out, made me understand that he had meant every word he said, and that beneath his rough exterior was hidden a warm, generous heart and a patriotic desire for the country's welfare.

Not the least interesting thing to me in this short interview was the personality of the man—this rumpled giant, who, as prize-fighters say, would "strip well." He is of heroic proportions. He has mountain shoulders; big, honest hands; a square, firm jaw; a fierce, piercing eye set in a hard, determined face. The absence of one eye accentuates the strength and intensity of the other, giving the face a picturesqueness that it otherwise would not possess. At first glance the South Carolinian looks as if he could do any or all of several things—knock you down, preach a sermon, eat a horse—but whatever he did he'd have no apologies to offer afterwards.

I doubt very much whether he could tell you the difference between an isoslese triangle and a logarithm, or explain to you the binomial theorem, but he can quickly make up his mind what to do under given conditions and go at it with a determination that brooks no opposition.

He is a man whom fortune has not spoilt. Risen from the ranks of the people, success has not made him forget them.

"The people are honest," he told me yesterday, "and will do the right thing in the end. The only trouble is getting them to see the right."

Intensity of purpose, absolute sincerity and untiring industry are his strong points.

To the railroad magnate, the manufacturer, the ward politician and the soiled ploughman he is one and the same. And that is why he has been so much abused and so often misunderstood.

He was on his way home all the way from Canada, where he has been for a rest—a long journey, but he was taking it in a day coach, with the people. That is Tillman all over. No Pullmans and dining cars for him. It is refreshing to talk to such a man.

The Atlanta Constitution sees us through the same sort of glasses as does Senator Tillman, and it has coined the expression "North Carolinaized," and is warning the people against the Populist-Republican fusion that has brought such a curse upon the Old North State.

And the Waycross (Ga.) Herald says the scalawags in wire-grass Georgia would put that section in the same condition that North Carolina is in if they could. "Scalawags are entitled to no consideration and should be fought like fighting fire. They are the worst enemies the South ever had."

Discussing the situation in North Carolina, as it affects Georgia, the Washington (Ga.) Gazette says: "The situation in North Carolina is so bad that honest men, without distinction of party, should swear a great oath to stand by one another until it is rid of the private thieves and public robbers.

The Perverted Truth Straightened.

Charlotte Observer.

It is perhaps worth the while to call attention to the tortuous twisting of facts by the fusion stump orators to suit their purposes. The deep-dyed-in-the-wool Populists who are steeped in prejudice, and the pie-hunting office-seekers of the party, are not open to conviction, but all the candid and thoughtful members of the Populist party will see at once the unfairness of such statements.

Dr. Thompson, being hard put to it when confronted with the horrors of black supremacy with which fusion has cursed the east, strives to parry this thrust by saying that Democratic Speakers of the State House of Representatives have appointed negroes to inspect the State institutions for the afflicted and helpless, etc. In particular, he cites the case of Speaker Lee S. Overman, in the Legislature of 1893 appointing Watson, a negro from Vance, county, as an inspector of the blind institution. Mr. Overman, as told in yesterday's Salisbury correspondence of The Observer, points out the mean unfairness of this statement, showing that the negro was appointed not as an "inspector," properly speaking, but as a member of the House committee on deaf, dumb and blind, because of his inalienable right as a legislator to serve on some committee. The Observer believes that the members of the House and Senate committees are generally decided upon by their party caucuses and are appointed by the Speaker, in a perfunctory way, after such election. Is not this true? How unfair, then, to charge Democratic Speakers with the responsibility for such appointments, when there would not be a negro member of the Legislature if they or their party could prevent it!

In a strenuous effort to escape taking his medicine, Dr. Thompson also asserts that the fusion government is not responsible for the negro, Jim Young, being an inspector of the white institution. He charges the blame for this to Mr. B. F. Montague, a Democrat, and hold-over president of the board of directors of this institution, Mr. Montague has a card in yesterday's Raleigh News and Observer exposing this malicious slander of Thompson's. He shows that every member of the board of directors, according to long precedent, takes his turn as inspector of the buildings, and it was in this way that Young became an inspector along with Dr. Meserve. Governor Russell appointed Young as a director, and he, in the sight of God and men, is directly responsible for the iniquity. And yet Dr. Thompson cries out in his speeches, as he accuses Montague of the offence: "You Democrats, guilty of stealing yourselves, are charging us with your theft! It is a wonder to me that God Almighty does not blight some of you for this!"

Is an unfair, unjust, not to say sacreligious man like this, fit to be kept in power in North Carolina? The Populists never dreamed of bringing about such a state of affairs as exists to-day when they left the Democratic party and fused with the Republicans. Let them ponder these things, and then determine, as the honest men the great majority of them are, what is their duty to an oppressed and groaning State.

The Return of Reason Bringing Good Men Back to the Fold.

Raleigh News and Observer.

The five counties of Brunswick, Chatham, Nash, Pitt and Wake have been strong Populist counties, and not one of them has elected a Democrat to office since the Populist party has been strong.

What is the condition of those counties to-day? In Brunswick and Nash more men were delegates in the Democratic convention who voted the Populist ticket in 1896 than men who voted the Democratic ticket that year. No fact could be more significant.

In Wake, quite a number have returned to the Democratic party, and many others have bolted the fusion gang and will run a ticket of their own.

In Pitt, State Senator Moye and other leading Populists openly declared that their convention was controlled by the Republicans, that the convention had rejected every candidate who was a Populist from principle, and named a ticket headed by the drunken preacher, Phillips, who was a member of the Pee-Dee-Bee commission, and made a spectacle of himself in Raleigh in 1895. A relative said to him to him: "Phillips is getting on very well. When he is not drunk he is preaching." No wonder Senator Moye and other self-respecting men refused to endorse such a gang.

In Chatham the court house ring has heard their death knell. Led by Senator Atwater, all the better class of the Populists in Chatham repudiated fusion with Republicans, and have called a mass-meeting. They declare that they will not longer be Republican agents to foster negro rule and the gold standard on the people.

And these counties may be said to illustrate the silent revolution that is going on. There are thousands of Populists and hundreds of white Republicans who will not longer help the disgraceful gang that has made the State ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and made the lives of the women full of fear.

"Bike, and the world bikes with you.
Walk, and you walk alone;
And you can't get into society
If you haven't a bike of your own."

A CONTRAST—COST OF DEMOCRATIC AND FUSION RULE.

It Cost More Than Twenty Bales of Cotton More Every Day to Pay the Expenses of the State Government Under Fusion Rule Than It Cost Under Democratic Rule.

News and Observer.

When the candidates, who are now the office-holders, were making their pleas for election in the campaigns of 1894 and 1896, they were vehement in their denunciation of the Democratic party because it had not reduced salaries to correspond to the reduction in the price of agricultural products. They promised, if given the reins of government, that they would reduce salaries and fees, abolish useless offices, and reduce taxation. How have they kept these promises?

According to the reports of the State Auditor the expenses of State government under the last three years of Democratic rule were as follows:

1892	$1,056,934.00
1893	1,219,648.10
1894	1,195,620.25
Total,	$3,573,201.95

Let us contrast these expenses by the Democrats with the expenditures under the present administration which came into office with the solemn pledge to reduce expenses. The Auditor's report gives the figures as follows:

1895	$1,349,335.65
1896	1,246,566.27
1897	1,364,048.49
Total,	$3,959,650.21

This shows that under Fusion rule the expenses of the State administration have increased in three years $386,748.26 over the last three years of Democratic rule.

These figures are not denied by anybody. In Hal Liar's Hand-book he undertakes to prove that all this excess of $386,748.26, or $413.19 per working day was proper and correct and necessary. He does not deny the increase.

Think of it, tax-payers, the Fusion parties have required nearly $500 a day more to run the State government than the Democratic party required. What do farmers, who voted for a reduction of salaries as the basis of low agricultural products, think of having to give more than twenty bales of cotton every working day to carry on the State government than the Democrats required? Is that keeping the promises of reduction to the scale of agricultural products?

The Progressive Farmer has devoted several columns to trying to prove that the increase was only about $200,000 and that that the increase was necessary. It says this week that "the real increase is only $206,397.55."

The people will choose rather to accept the figures from the reports of the State Auditor than from the Political Farmer, but even that Republican sheet admits an increase of fourteen bales a day.

This administration promised reforms and reductions.

What do they show?

Scandals and explanations! The people asked for bread and the Fusionists have given them stone.

A thousand explanations that do not explain, and ten thousand excuses that do not excuse will not be accepted in lieu of solemn promises to retrench and reform.

We assert, without fear of contradiction, that in view of the low prices of agricultural products there is no excuse for the big increase in public expenses ordered by the Fusionists, and the fact that they have secured an increase in taxes does not justify the extravagant expenditures that they have ordered, to the cost of twenty bales of cotton every working day during the three years that they have been in power. This would be true even if they had not come into office upon the sacred promise of sweeping reductions.

The country people have long memories. They remember that in 1894 and in 1896 the burden of the cry of the Fusionists was "Public salaries should be reduced to a basis of the reduction in the price of agricultural products." When these tax-eaters go around to ask a re-election, the people will thunder at them: "You have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. You did not keep your promises."

Sam Jones' Latest.

Taken from Sam Jones' letter in the Atlanta Journal: "I see the Baptist brethren in their East Point Convention the other day sat down on clubs and tobacco. I am with them on the clubs, for I believe them a thing of evil and a thing of the devil. I don't believe tobacco is a very decent thing for men to monkey with either. I don't believe dirty socks are respectable. I have seen some good men wear them though. I didn't see the socks, but I knew they had them on. They were like the South Carolina school teacher who explained to the judge what created the odor in the court house, when he said: "May it please your honor, I think some gentleman have drew a boot." I never shoot at finger rings, ear bobs and tobacco much. If I had a gun of smaller calibre and had nothing else to do I'd take a few shots at those things; and yet I say I would no more advise a man to smoke and chew than I would advise a man to wear socks that ought to be in the laundry. Fight the clubs, gentlemen; and when you are nearly out of a job, shell the woods over finger rings, ear bobs and tobacco But if you had rather shoot canary birds than bear, fire away."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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.

Hal Ayer has not yet thanked Cy Thompson for publishing him as the whisky tank of the administration. What's the matter with Norwood or Rev. Dr. Babb for that position if Ayer declines? If they decline, there are others, and plenty of them.—News and Observer.

A NUMAER OF INSTANCES OF NEGRO IMPUDENCE AND MEANNESS.

Kinston Free Press.

Mrs. J. F. Taylor and Mrs. H. E. Mosley were out riding on their wheels one evening last week. They turned into a narrow side path to avoid meeting a lot of negroes who were going home from the tocacco stemmery. There were several negro women in the path. The negro wenches seemed determined not to step aside to allow the ladies to pass. Mrs. Taylor was in front and determined that she would ride ahead anyway, so she brushed past the negroes. One of the wenches then got right in the middle of the path and Mosely had to dismount from her wheel and roll it around the impudent negro wench, and all the impudent wenches laughed loudly and clapped their hands at making her dismount. Such exasperating occurrences would not happen but for the fact that the negro party is in power in North Carolina, and that there are negro magistrates and other negro officials in office, which emboldens bad negroes to display their evil, impudent and mean natures.

Negro men on wheels do not turn out at all for ladies but would ride right over white women if they did not get out of the way. Their brazen impudence is a result of the negro party being in power.

A negro woman whipped one of Dr. Faulkner's little boys one day last week with a buggy whip. It was done without the slightest provocation that we can learn. Dr. Faulkner is awfully mad, as he has just cause to be, and is trying his best to learn the name of the nasty, mean negro wench.

The negro Congressman White said in his speech here Saturday that the Populists were in honor bound to vote for him. He slandered the Populists. Hereafter there should be no Populists. The place for all white men, with white principles, is in the Democratic party. All true white men must work together and vote together to restore white government in North Carolina.

Saturday evening Chief of Police J. H. Rouse arrested John Bright, a negro, for being drunk and disorderly. The negro resisted arrest. When Rouse took hold of him the negro tried to stamp the policeman's feet, and the latter hit the negro over the head with his billy.

Amos Grainger, another negro, said to the negroes: "Will you all stand around here and let the —— ——white man arrest one of your race?"

The negro Bright was finally arrested and lodged in jail and then Chief Rouse arrested Amos Grainger for counselling resistance to an officer. Both negroes gave bail for their appearance for trial Tuesday.

A negro woman was also cursing and snorting around advising resistance to an officer, but Chief Rouse could not find her after he made the other arrests.

The Free Press has only given a few facts. There are many others of a similar nature constantly occurring. The condition is becoming unbearable. We have proper regard for good negroes who know and keep their places, but for mean, impudent and unruly negroes we have the utmost contempt. The rule of the fusionists has served to develop in the bad negroes all their mean traits. It is rapidly approaching the point where the patience of all true white men will be exhausted—when such men will take the law in their own hands and by organized force make the negroes behave themselves. Unless white government is restored at the next election this point will certainly be reached and there is strong probability that it will be reached before the election.

There are many good negroes, who are disposed to be, and are, polite and respectful. If this class has any influence over the unruly ones of their race, it is high time they were exerting it. Unless they do, a clash is surely coming between the races, and in such clashes the white race is always victorious.

Flies Carry Fever Germs.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Common house flies, according to a report of the medical commission appointed to investigate the cause of so much typhoid fever at various camps, introduced the deadly germs. The commission visited the camps at Jacksonville, Huntsville, Fernandina and Chickamauga. Everywhere it found typhoid fever and found it spreading. It also found flies were in every camp by millions. They declare they found flies fed off of fecal matter from hospitals and then at meal time shared the food of soldiers. In the first instance the fly picked up on his six hairy legs infinitesmal particles containing germs of typhoid, and as he walked over the hardtack and other food he deposited them there.

Large numbers of flies carried enough germs in this way to inoculate large numbers of soldiers. The commission presents the case exhaustively in proof of this remarkable explanation, and declare most postively that the proof is overwhelming in support of their diagnosis. Recommendations for disinfecting sinks and killing germs so flies cannot carry them are made, and it is declared that with this danger removed, well selected camps connot be anything but healthful.

The poles are up for the telephone line from this place to Norwood, via Ansonville. The wire has been ordered and it will only be a few days now before Wadesboro and Ansonville and Norwood will be in speaking distance of each other. The line will connect at Norwood with the line from that place to Salisbury, giving Wadesboro direct telophone connection with the latter town, as well as with Ansonville and Norwood, says the Wadesboro Messenger.

The little ten-year old daughter of a widely known Presbyterian minister and popular pastor of this city, was walking down Third street yesterday afternoon when two negro girls, much older than she, walked insolently by and deliberately pushed her against the wall of an adjacent yard. The child protested and told the negroes she would report them, but received in reply only jeers and derision.—Wilmington Star.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"I haven't found one Populist going back to the Democratic party," said Dr. Cy Thompson in his Concord speech. Either Dr. Cy is the champion liar of the State or is the blindest man in it. And Dr. Cy was never accused of being very blind.—Charlotte News.

The Wilson News says that while Mr. Larry Moore, Democratic candidate for Solicitor, was speaking at Elm City, "a négro mounted the platform and insisted upon having his say, raising quite a disturbance before he was put down. After quiet had been restored, the speaker pointed to him with the remark that 'this is a living example of negro rule.'" The man who votes against the white man's party votes for just impudence and riot-breeding conduct.—News and Observer.

A prominent citizen of Newton writes that in the speech by Chairman Holton "he said some things too dirty to print." He was met at Newton by some of the sorriest fellows unhung, and yet Holton said, "the meanest low down Republican I have met is better than the best Democrat." This is a sample of the speeches that Republican orators are making this year.—News and Observer.

We have been looking and listening—looking carefully, week by week, over Populist papers—Caucasian, Progressive Farmer, Home Rule and others—for denunciation of the McKinley-Russell administrations on account of five cent cotton. We have listened for some speaker of that grand combination of mid-night howlers to tear his hair in denunciation of this gold-bug plutocratic-government in behalf of the poor farmers on account of five-cent cotton. We have looked and listened in vain. Cotton is not only selling for five cents, the best grades, but the commoner grades are selling for two cents less per pound. Twenty dollars per bale is the price the best cotton is selling for, and yet not one word of complaint from Cy Thompson, of Jeremiah Ramsey or Hal Ayer or Otho Wilson.—Raleigh Post.

Under recently enacted laws the best office in North Carolina is that of Secretary of State. It is said to pay $6,000 a year. Dr. Cyrus Thompson, its incumbent, in going over the State now, blackgaurding his betters and preaching the beauties of fusion, presents the spectacle or the dog who stands up on his hind legs and "speaks for bread."—Statesvile Landmark.

The average price of cotton for the crop year—September, 1895, to September, 1896—was eight cents per pound, or thirty-two dollars per bale. The average price for the crop year 1896-1897—from September to September—was 7.42 cents—not quite 7½ cents per pound, or thirty dollars per bale. During this latter year the Progressive Farmer and Caucasian and the Cy. Thompsons howled themselves almost as black as the party they have been swallowed up by, charging the Democrats with being responsible for the low price of cotton. So far this present crop year the highest price our North Carolina farmers have gotten is five cents per pound, or twenty dollars per bale. Yet the Farmer nor Sucker-Fish Cy. say a word to show that Russellism has not caused the farmer to lose ten dollars on every bale of cotton sold this year. Why is this?—Raleigh Post.

Dr. Thompson hissed out his slime at Concord Monday, mingled with the same falsehoods with which he opened his campaign in behalf of negro domination and indecent and dishonest government in the State. But when Mr. Aycock got through with him, his terrific exposure of the utterly reckless and cowardly misrepresentations, Cyrus began to realize that Falsehood and Dishonor cannot prevail in Old North Carolina. Mr. Aycock's exposure of his head and front of bad and disgraceful government in the State was pittiless. That Thompson will continue to slander honest men we have no doubt. He has nothing else in stock with which to regale his hearers, and the more violent and unblushing the falsehood the more he hopes thereby to divert the minds of honest people from the disgraceful and offensive government we have under his fusion arrangement. Let him continue it. Our only fear is that Holton, whom Thompson is serving, will close him up, seeking the effect of such gross miss-satements. The people can be trusted to place the proper estimate upon such a creature and such mendacity, and the party that can offer nothing more to commend it to popular consideration in the face of the bad condition of affairs which all people of all parties in every county realize is upon them. Let him go on with his malicious misrepresentations. Convicted from the records by Capt. Cooke of deliberate lying in the most serious charges he relied on, and so exposed by Mr. Aycock before the people of Cabarrus, he can be nothing more now than a howling wilderness, enveloped in his own conceit and disgrace.—Raleigh Post.

Every true man and good citizens must look upon the political situation in North Carolina with shame and righteous indignation. From the hour of fusion, four years ago, between the populists and republicans—and the negroes are included in the latter—the good people of that state have looked upon nothing but public corruption and their own degradation. It seems incredible that there could be in any state of the south—and least of all, in the old liberty loving, proud spirited North Carolina—such a state of affairs as now exists there. Senator Butler and his deluded followers sowed the wind and they are now reaping the whirlwind. The situation is so bad that honest men without distinction of party, have sworn a great oath to stand by one another until the state is rid of the private rogues and public robbers. The carpet-baggery of thirty years ago throughout the south was decency itself compared with Populist and negro fusion of to-day. The former was bold, open-handed and brazen, and we knew what to expect in fighting such an enemy; but the latter is a worse combination than John Randolph's hybrid of "the puritan and the blackleg."—Washington Gazette.

The man who is entirely satisfied with himself is easily contented.

THEN AND NOW A TAX EATER AND A TAXPAYER.

News and Observer.

In his speech at Pittsboro, trying to hold the Populists to fusion with the party of the black man and the yellow metal, Dr. Thompson made three utterances which illustrate his political morals. We quote:

"We must co-operate with the Republicans as a matter of necessity, not because we want to but because we need their help and we could not get along without them and they could not get along without us.

"We must co-operate with gold bugs and monopolists now in order to retain our organization in 1900, and then we will nominate W. J. Bryan for President ahead of the Democrats."

He also said that "the Populist party has been as true to its convictions as circumstances would permit."

In 1892 this speaker proclaimed that he was forced to leave the Democratic party because it had nominated Cleveland and denounced as a traitor to silver all who supported Cleveland or any other goldbug.

Then Cyrus Thompson had no office and was a private citizen of Onslow county. Then he demanded devotion to convictions and did not speak like a trader about "as true to convictions as circumstances would permit." That is the language of a private citizen wanting reform. Now that Cyrus Thompson is advising and urging fusion "with goldbugs and monopolists," he is a public officer and draws a salary of more than $6,000 a year—or $18.97 for each working day. It takes almost a bale of cotton every day to pay Thompson's salary, and he can afford to talk about being as "true to convictions as circumstances would permit." A man with a salary of a bale of cotton a day can talk glibly about "co-operating with goldbugs and monopolists," but the man who is raising five cent cotton wants to fight the gold-bugs and monopolists who are largely responsible for the low price of agricultural products, and not "co-operate" with them. He knows that if he co-operates with gold bugs it will be to the undoing of the masses, though it may give Cyrus Thompson a bale of cotton every day. The cotton raisers would prefer free silver and eight cent cotton to Cyrus Thompson in office and five cent cotton, strange as Cyrus may deem this choice.

Inspected By a Negro.

Newbern Journal.

Jones county is suffering from the resulted in the present Board of Education which elected five school committeemen, three of them white and two colored. One of these negroes is named Ed. Kinsey and he has maintained his "rights" by inspectin a white school.

Mr. J. B. Collins is the school teacher who had charge of the Maysville school last. He is a young man of intelligence and gentlemanly demeanor. The school at Maysville has some fifty white scholars, boys and girls, and some of the girls almost old enough to be dignified by the title of young ladies.

There are three white school committeemen in Jones county, but the negro Kinsey visited the school alone. He spent an hour in the school room where the white boys and girls were being taught. He found that the desks were not made properly and recommended that the backs be changed. What further changes the negro considered necessary is not told.

Mr. Collins found the situation very embarrassing but considered it best to let the negro make his "inspection" and depart, and so the school continued on the even tenor of its way. There are murmurs loud and deep in Jones county and it is declared that this condition of affairs will not be endured. A very prominent Populist of the county said last Saturday that the next Legislature must change all this. Then let him and all such vote with their white neighbors and put the negroes where they no longer have the power to push themselves among white people.

Buzzards of Politics.

Kinston Free Press.

The buzzards of the air are black, but there are political white buzzards—they are the white fusion politicians who delight in their carrion politics at the expense of good rule by white men, who consort in politics with negroes. If you are a white man, will you vote for a buzzard?

A man must reap as he sows. If he sows ill-health he will reap ill-health. If he neglects his health the weeds of disease will grow up and choke it.

It is a daily and hourly marvel that men will recklessly neglect their health, when a moment's thought should tell them that they are courting death. It lies in most every man's power to live to a green old age. If a man would only take the same care of himself that he does of his horse, or cow, or dog, he would enjoy good health. When a man owns a hundred-dollar horse, and it gets sick, he does not waste any time about doctoring him up. When his garden gets full of weeds, he doesn't delay about rooting them out, for he knows they will choke out his vegetables. When he is out of sorts, sick, nervous, headachey, has no appetite and is restless and sleepless at night, he pays little attention to it. The result is consumption, nervous prostration or some serious blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men. It gives edge to the appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchial and throat affections, weak lungs, bleeding from lungs and kindred affections. Do not wait until the lungs are too far wasted to admit of being cured.

"As you know, five years ago the doctors had given me up to die with consumption," writes Mr. E. G. McKinney, of Deepwater, Fayette Co., W. Va. "I took treatment from Dr. R. V. Pierce, and am entirely well now. I had taken steadily, as directed, his 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

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