otent efforts of the servants of Waverey,
Suddenly, however, as the comedy
turned swiftly to black tragedy, this
parely speciator leaped into quick,
off his peny, and with another he was
streamous life. With a spring he was
uver the stone wall and flying swiftly across the field. Looking up from
his victim, the great yellow horse
saw this other enemy approach, and
spurning the prostrate, but still
writhing, body with its heels, dashed
at the newcomer.

Bot's permission it is in may gift and
I bestow it freely upon you.

The Abbot plucked at his subordinate'n siesee. "Bethink you, brother sacrist." he whispered, "shall we
not have this man's blood upon our
heads?"

"His pride is as stubborn as the
horse's, holy father." the sacrist answered, his gaunt face breaking into
a malicious smile. "Man or beast,
one will break the other and the
world will be the better for it. If
you forbid—"

But this time there was no hasty flight, no rapturous pursuit to the the horse, and wall. The little man braced himself bestowal of it." straight, flung up his metal-headed whip, and met the horse with a crashing blow upon the head, repeated and may it be as sweet and as gentle again and again with every attack. In vain the horse reared and tried to bot of Waverley!" overthrow its enemy with swooping houlders and pawing hoofs. Cool. swift and alert, the man sprang swiftly aside from under the very ring blow from the heavy handle.

wonder and fury at this masterful stout bridle which held it. man, and then trotted round in a leaving the creature to nibble circle, with mane bristling. streaming and ears on end, snorting whence he came, in its rage and pain. The man, hardly deigning to glance at his fell neigher, raised him in his arms with a there are two things upon earth expected in so slight a body, and carried him, groaning, to the wall.

As he sprang down, a dozen monks ed sullenly away without a word had

"Nay, 'Squire Loring," said he, this day, for if there is breath left in our servant's body it is to you next that we owe it."

"By Saint Paul! I owe you good will, Abbot John," said the young man. "The shadow of your Abbey has ever fallen across the house of Loring. As to any small deed that I may have done this day, I ask no thanks for it. It is not for you nor for your house that I have done it, but only because it was my pleasure so to do."

The Abbot flushed at the bold words, and bit his lip with vexation. It was the sacrist, however, who answered: "It would be more fitting and more gracious," said he, "if you were to speak to the holy Father Abbot in a manner suited to his high ank and to the respect which is due a Prince of the Church."

The youth turned his bold blue es upon the monk, and his sunburnface darkened with anger. "Were not for the gown upon your back. nd for your silvering halr, I would inswer you in another fashion," said "You are the lean wolf which growls ever at our door, greedy for the little which hath been left to us. Say and do what you will with me but by Saint Paul! if I find that Dame Ermyntrude is balted by your ravenous pack I will beat them off with still remains of all the acres of my

law of England?"

"A just law I fear and obey." "Have you no respect for Holy

"I respect all that is holy in her I do not respect those who grind the poor or steal their neighbor's land." "Rash man, many a one has been blighted by her ban for less than you have now said! And yet it is not for us to judge you harshly this day. forester?

"With a blood-letting and an elecwithin a month."

though his thoughts of Holy Church

The it back to his farm."

in faith!" said he hath chasen me twice round the gate paddock; it has nigh slain my bevyeble was a low gray been happy wince When the sacrist here took it for a ver found its master yet. a fifty-shilling debt he made his own. The great hauns hes gathered under soon show him that he was unconbargain and must ablde by it

"Brother sacrist, you to lay it again."

the sacrist rittance-master can stop the fifty shillings from my very own weekly dole, and so the meantime here is Wat with his arbalist and a bolt in his girdle. Let him drive it to the head through this cursed creature, for his hide and his

A hard brown old woodman, who had been shooting vermin in the Abbey groves, stepped forward with a grin of pleasure. After a lifetime of stoats and foxes, this was indeed a noble quarry which was to fall to him. Fitting a bolt on the nut of his taut crosslow, raised it to his shouder and levelit at the fierce, proud, disheveled head, which tossed in savage freedom at the other side of the wall. His finger was crooked on the spring. when a blow from a whip struck the bow upward and the bolt flew harmless over the Abbey orchard, while woodman shrank abashed from

Nigei Loring's angry eyes, "Keep your bolts for your weasels!" creature whose only fault is that its spirit is so high that it has met none yet who dare control it? You slay such a horse as a king might be proud to mount, and all because a country franklin, or a monk, or a monk's variet, has not he wit

nor the hands to master him?" The sacrist turned swiftly on the "The Abbey owes you an quire. "The Abbey owes you an ffering for this day's work, however ude your words may be," said he, If you think so much of the horse, you may desire to own it. If I am

you forbid-" home home way, brother, you have bought more,

the horse, and you may have the "Then I give it-hide and hoofs, tail and temper-to Nigel Loring,

The sacrist spoke aloud amid the tittering of the monks, for the man concerned was out of earshot. At the first words which had shown him of death, and then again the turn which affairs had taken he came the swish and thud of the uner- had run swiftly to the spot where ng blow from the heavy handle. he had left his pony. From its The horse drew off, glared with mouth he removed the bit and the tail grass by the wayside he sped back

"I take your gift, monk," said he "though I know well why it is that bor, passed on to the wounded forest- you give it. Yet I thank you, for strength which could not have been which I have ever yearned, and which my thin purse could never buy. The one is a noble horse, such a horse where a dozen hands were outstretch- as my father's son should have beed to help him over. Then, at his twixt his thighs, and here is the one leisure, the young man also climbed of all others which I would have the wall, smiling back with cool chosen, since some small deed is to "Its name," said the franklin,

praise him; but he would have turn- that none may ride him, for many have tried, and the lucklest is he who he not been stopped by Abbot John in has only a staved rib to show for it." "I thank you for your rede," said Nigel, "and now I see that this is inyou be a bad friend to our Abbey, yet | deed a horse which I would journey must needs own that you have far to meet. I am your man, Pomplayed the part of a good Christian mers, and you are my horse, and this night you shall own it or I will never need horse again. My spirit against to our blessed patron Saint Bernard thine, and God hold thy spirit high, Pommers, so that the greater be the adventure, and the more hope honor gained!" While he spoke the young Squire

had climbed on to the top of the wall and stood there balanced, the very image of grace and spirit and gallantry, his bridle hanging from one hand and his whip grasped in the other. With a fierce snort, the horse made for him instantly, and his white teeth flashed as he snapped; but again a heavy blow from the loaded whip caused him to swerve, and even at the instant of the swerve, measuring the distance with steady eves and bending his supple body for the spring. Nigel bounded into the and fell with his legs astride broad back of the yellow horse. For a minute, with neither saddle stirrupsc to help him, and the beast ramping and rearing like a mad thing beneath him, he was hard pressed to hold his own. His legs were like two bands of steel welded on to the swelling arches of the great horse's ribs, and his left hand was buried

deep in the tawny mane. Never had the dull round of the lives of the gentle brothren of Waverley been broken by so flery a scene. this whip from the little patch which Springing to right and swooping to left, now with its tangled wicked head betwirt its forefeet, and now "Have a care, Nigel Loring, have pawing eight feet high in the air, a care!" cried the Abbot, with finger with scarlet, furious nostrils and d. "Have you no fears of the maddened eyes, the yellow horse was

the lithe figure on his back, bending like a reed in the wind to every movement, firm below, pliant above, with calm inexorable face, and eyes which danced and gleamed with the loy of contest, still held its masterful place for all that the flery heart beast could do.

and the Iron muscles of the great Once a long drone of dismay rose You are young and hot words come from the monks, as rearing higher easily to your lips. How fares the and higher yet a last mad effort sent the creature toppling over backward "His hurt is grievous, Father Ab- upon its rider. But, swift and cool, bot, but he will live," said a brother, he had writhed from under it ere it looking up from the prostrate form, fell, spurned it with his foot as it rolled upon the earth, and then selztuary, I will warrant him sound ing its mane as it rose swung himself lightly on to its back once more "Then bear him to the hospifal Even the grim sacrist could not but brother, about this ter- join the cheer, as Pommers, amazed rible beast who still gazes and snorts to find the rider still upon his back at us over the top of the wall as plunged and curveted down the field But the wild horse only swelled were as uncouth as those of Squire into a greater fury. In the sullen Nigel himself, what are we to do with gloom of its untamed heart there rose the furious resolve to dash the life "Here is Franklin Aylward," said from this clinging rider, even if horse in ant destruction to beast and man was his, and doubtiess he will take With red, blazing eyes it looked around for death. On three sides the But the stout red-faced farmer five-virgate field was bounded by a "Not high wall, broken only at one spot "The beast by a heavy four-foot wooden But on the He would never be happy one of the granges of the Abbey, pretill he had ridden it, nor has he ear senting a long flank unbroken by length of checking him and guiding

There is not a door or window. The horse stretch- him on the way that he would have hind in my employ who will enter his had alself into a gallop, and headed him go. Ill fare the day that eyer I straight for that craggy thirty-foor his mouth, and his head was turned took the beast from the Castle stud wall. He would break in red ruin at north once more. As well go that at Guildford, where they could deal the base of it if he could but dash, way as another, but the man was mad nothing with it and no rider could forever the life of this man, who indeed if he thought that such found bold enough to mount it' claimed mostery over that which had horse as Pommers was at the end of

comes no more to the Crooksbury grass, as faster and still more fast the broke his heart to do so. frantle hers, bore himself and his then he flew up the long, long ascent. "And he stays no more here," said rider loward the wall. Would Niger Would he ever get to the end of it? you spring off." To do so would be to Yet he would not own that he could have raised the devil, and it is for bend his will to that of the beast go no farther while the man still kept beneath him. There was a better his grip. He was white with foam whip and bridle into the left hand and gasping, his nostrils expanded, which still held the mans. Then with his coat stark and recking. On he the right he slipped his short mantle flew down the long Sunday Hill until from the shoulders and lying forward he reached the deep Kingleey Marsh along the creature's strenuous, rip- at the bottom. No, it was too much

> ly shrouded in unexpected darkness canter. the amazed horse propped on its

back into position the moment of danger had passed, for the horse, its purpose all blurred in its mind by this strange thing which had befallen, wheeled round once more, trembling in every fibre, and tossing its petulant head until at last the mantle had been slipped from its eyes and the chilling darkness had melted into the hamaly circle of sunlit grass once homely circle of sunlit grass once

But what was this new outrage which had been inflicted upon it? What was this defiling bar of iron which was locked hard sgainst its mouth? What were these straps which galled the tossing neck, this band which spanned its chest? In those instants of stillness ere mantle had been plucked away Nigel had lain forward, had slipped the snaffle between the champing teeth, and had deftly secured it.

Blind, frantic fury surged in the its | yellow horse's heart once more at this new degradation, this badge of serfdom and infamy. His spirit rose high and menacing at the touch. He loathed this place, these people, all and everything which threatened his freedom. He would have done with them forever; he would see them no more. Let him away to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the great plains where freedom is. Anywhere over the far horizon where he could get away from the defiling bit and the insufferable mastery of man.

He turned with a rush, and one magnificent deer-like bound carried him over the four-foot gate. Nigel's contempt at the yellow horse, which be done in the winning of him, and hat had blown off, and his yellow had come raging after him once some honorable advancement to be gained. How is the horse called?"

and fell in the leap. They were in the water-meadow now, and the ripsurrounded him to thank him or to Pommers. I warn you, young sir, pling stream twenty feet wide gleamed in front of them, running down to the main current of the Wey. The yellow horse gathered his haunches under him and flew over like an arrow. He took off from behind a bowlder and cleared a furze-bush on the farther side. Two stones still It was enough. It was the end of mark the leap from hoof-mark to the contest, the acceptance of new hoof-mark, and they are eleven good paces apart. Under the hanging branch of the great oak-tree on the farther side (that Quercus Tilfordiensis is still shown as the bound of the Abby's immediate precincts) the great horse passed. He had hoped to sweep off his rider, but Nigel sank face buried in the flying mane. rough bough rasped him rudely, but I wot not whether it is you or I who never shook his spirit nor his grip. need the water most." Rearing, plunging and struggling, Pommers broke through the sapling grove and was out on the broad stretch of Hankley Down.

And now came such a ride as still ingers in the gossip of the lowly of that old Surrey ballad, now nearly forgotten, save for the refrain:

That Doe that sped on Hinde Head, The Kestril on the winde, And Nigel on the Yellow Horse Can leave the world behinde.

Before them lay a rolling ocean of lark heather, knee-deep, swelling in billow on billow up to the clear-cut hill before them. Above stretched one unbroken arch of peaceful blue, with a sun which was sinking down toward the Hampshire hills. Through the deep heather, down the gullies, over the watercourses, up the broken slopes, Pommers flew, his great heart bursting with rage, and every fiber quivering at the indignities which he had endured.

And still, do what he would, the a thing of terror and of beauty. But and to his flying mane, silent, motion- printed for copyright or for use he would, but fixed fate upon his ber, 1879, fetched \$200. purpose. Over Hankley Down. "The Cup," in uncut condition, the through Thursley Marsh, with the third of Tennyson's privately printed rs, onward up the long slope of the Headland of the Hinds, down by the Christmas day, 1880, brought \$180. Nutcombe Gorge, slipping, blunderng, bounding, but never slackening of Tennyson's privately printed plays, his fearful speed, on went the great produced at he Globe Theatre, in Lonyellow horse. The villagers of Shottermill heard the wild clatter of hoofs, but ere they could swing the tion of "The Cup" and ex-hide curtains of their cottage doors London, 1884, fetched \$100. horse and rider were lost amid the nlies behind his flying hoofs. mursh-land could clog him, no hill ould hold him back. Up the slops by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and Linchmere and the long ascent of the former's first publication, London, Fernhurst he thundered as on evel, and it was not until he had own down the incline of Henley Hill ... one over the copples in front, that much below those paid for the same at last the eager outstretched neck sank a little on the breast, and the breath came quick and fast. where he would in woodland and on down, his straining eyes could catch no sign of those plains of freedom which he sought.

And yet another outrage! It was fourth bad that this creature should still building, cling so tight upon his back, but now he would even go to the intolerable There was a sharp pluck at his spirit or his strength. He would He it, the eager hoofs drummed the quered, if it strained his sinews way than that find, quick and des and caked with mud. His eyes were cided, the man swiftly passed both gorged with blood, his mouth open pling back he cast the flapping cloth Flesh and blood could go no farther. As he struggled out from the reedy wicked self."

The result was but too succession, for it nearly brought shout the down-clinging to his fetlocks, he at last fall of the rider. When those red eased down with sobbing breath and eyes straining for death were sudden- slowed the tumultuous gallop to a

Oh, crowning infamy! Was there

across his shoulder. He bounded his own height in the air at the pain and the shame of it. Then, forgetting his weary limbs, forgetting his panting, rocking sides, forgetting everything save this intolerable insult and the burning spirit within, he plunged off once more upon his furious gallop. He was out on the heather slopes again and heading for Weydown Common. On he flew and on. But again his brain failed him and again his brain failed him and again his brain failed henceth him, and his limbs trembled beneath him, and yet again he strove to ease his pace, only to be driven onward by the cruel spur and the falling lash. He was blind and giddy with fatigue.

He saw no longer where he placed his feet, he cared no longer whither he went, but his one mad longing was to get away from this dreadful thing, this torture which clung to him and would not let him go. Through Thursley village he passed, Through Thursley village he pass his eyes straining in his agony, his heart bursting within him, and he had won his way to the crest of Tharsley Down, still stung forward by stab and blow, when his spirit weakened, his giant strength ebbed out of him, and with one deep sob of agony the yellow horse sank among the heather. So sudden was the fall that Nigel flew forward over his shoulder, and beast and man lay prostrate and gasping while the last red rim of the sun sank behind Butser and the first stars gleamed in a violet sky.

The young Squire was the first to recover, and kneeling by the panting, overwrought horse he passed his hand gently over the tangled mane and down the foam-flecked face. The red eye rolled up at him; but it was wonder not hatred, a prayer and not a treat, which he could read in it. As he stroked the reeking muzzle, the horse whinnied gently and thrust his nose into the hollow of his hand. It was enough. It was the end of conditions by a chivalrous foe from

a chivalrous victor. You are my horse, Pommers, Nigel whispered, and he laid his cheek against the craning head. "I know you, Pommers, and you know me, and with the help of Saint Paul we shall teach some other folk to know. low on the heaving back with his both. Now let us walk together as The far as this moorland pond, for indeed

And so it was that some belated monks of Waverley passing homeward from the outer farms saw a strange sight which they carried with them so that it reached that very night the ears both of sacrist country folk and forms the rude jingle and of Abbot. For, as they passed through Tilford they had seen horse and man walking side by side and head by head up the manor-house lane. And when they had raised their lanterns on the pair it was none other than the young Squire himself, who was leading home, as a shepherd leads a lamb, the fearsome yellow horse of Crooksbury.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rare Tennyson Edition,

New York Times. The Tennyson collection acquired by Prof. Albert E. Jack, of Lake Forest University, Illinois, was sold at auction by the Anderson Company in West Twenty-ninth street yesterday. Included in it were a number of rare firse editions of the English poet.

man clung fast to his heaving sides the original blank out paper covers, less, inexorable, letting him do what the Kendals, who acted it in Decem-

reeds up to his mud-splashed with- plays, written for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry who performed it on "The Promise of May," the rarest

> don, in 1882, sold for \$180. A copy of the first published edi-"The Falcon," "The Sailor Boy," printed for Ten-

high bracken of the Haslemere val-ley. On he went, and on tossing the Victoria Press, London, 1861,, sold No for \$100. "Poems, by Two Brothers," written

the 1827, sold for \$65. The 'blophilic rage for Tennyson rarities is not so great as it was a and the gray castle tower of Midhurst few years ago, these figures being

works in the Morgan and Acnold sales.

Sand Cure for Dyspepsia. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A number of persons in Westchester. Pa., who are sufferers from stomach troubles are trying the sand cure. The sand, so a dispatch tells us, comes from Mississippi in bags of two quarts each. It is taken in doses of a teaspoonful, and as often as the

patient feels trouble coming. "When any animal has an attack of stomach trouble." argues one of the believers in the cure, "It goes at once to the ground for some clay or sand, and why should not a man?"

Why not, indeed? There is no reason under the sun for man's going elsewhere than to the ground for a cure when he has stomach trouble, unless it be that when man has stomach trouble he is more unreasonable

than at any other time. The sand cure will appeal strongly to the great majority of people whose stomachs are all right, and in time these people, when their stomachs go wrong, may, by the exercise of will power, convince themselves that duty to themselves and to their families, to say nothing of friends and courtry, demands that hey shall go to the ground for a cure.

No Way to Overhaul, Charlotte. Durham Herald.

No. Durham is not as large Charlotte, and the country round about it it should have found out who would not help out much if we should take in two or three townships.

LIFE OF JOHN HARVEY

BY R. D. W. CONNOR.

The Assembly and the Governor apparated in December, 1768, on good terms. The session fas prorogued to meet in June, but owing to the death of some of the members and the absence of others, Tryon thought it advisable to dissoive it and call a new election. When the new Assembly met in October John Harvey was again unanimously elected Speaker. The new members and the Governor met in harmony, and at first the business of the session proceeded as smoothly as a ship on the bosom of a quiet lake. But as beneath the surface of the water often dangerous reefs lie hid, upon which the vessel goes to wreck, so beneath the surface of smooth words with which the Governor greeted the which the Governor greeted the House lay the rocks of disaster. In the preceding May the Virginia Assembly had passed a series of strong resolutions upon the disputed question of the extent of the authority of Parliament over America. These resolutions were sent to the speakers of the several Assemblies just as the circular letters had been sent. Mr. Speaker Harvey laid them before North Carolina Assembly November 2. This time the members spoke out in no undecided terms. As soon as the resolutions were read the House went into the committee of the whole "to consider the present state of the colony." Our old friend John Campbell was in the chair. 'After some time spent the committee came to the following resolutions, to "Resolved, nem con, That the sole

right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of this, his. Majesty's colony in North Carolina, is now and ever hath been legally and constitutionally vested in the House of Assembly, lawfully convened according to the ancient and established practice with the consent of the council and his majesty, the ing of Great Britain, or his Governor for the time being.

"Resolved, nem con, That it is the undoubted privilege of the inhabitants of this country to petition their sovereign for redress of grievances and that it is lawful and expedient procure the concurrence of his Majesty's other colonies in duitful addresses, praying the royal interposition in favor of the violated rights

of America. "Resolved, nem con, That all trials for treason, misprison of treason, or for any felony or crime whatsoever committed or done in this, His Majesty's said colony, by any person or persons residing therein, ought of right to be had and conducted in within the said colony, according ot the fixed and known course of proceedings; and that the seizing any person or persons in this colony suspected of any crime whatsoever committed therein and sending such person or persons to places beyond the sea to be tried is highly derogatory to the rights of British subjects, as thereby the inestimable privilege of being tried by a jury from the vicinage, as well as the liberty of summoning and producing witnesses on he would have been blamed here, such trial, will be taken away from Lord Hillsborough has found out at

the party accused. "Resolved, nem con, That an hum-An uncut copy of "The Falcon," in ble, dutiful and loyal address be pre- March 30, reveals to us the commandsented to His Majesty to assure him of our inviolable attachment to his the father of all his people, however remote from the seat of his empire, to quiet the minds of his royal subjects of this colony and to avert from them those dangers and miseries which will ensue from the seizing and carrying beyond the sea any person residing in America suspected of any crime whatsoever to be tried in any other manner than by the ancient and long-established course of proceeding."

Following these resolutions which was to be presented to His Majesty. It bears marks of John Harvey's workmanship. The following paragraph is worth our attention. After expressing their "just regard for the British constitution (dearer to them than life)" the petitioners

"When we consider that by the

continue:

tablished laws and constitution of this colony the most ample provision is Harvey, on account of his bold stand made for apprehending and punish- for the privileges of the colony, was ing all who shall dare to engage in not acceptable to the Governor. Such your Majesty or disturb the tranquil- but does a great injustice to all the in his honor." ity of government, we cannot without horror think of the new, unusual, and permit us withal humbly to add, unconstitutional and illegal mode please the royal Governor; it is an recommended to your Majesty of insinuation that Tryon had no betseizing and carrying beyond sea ter sense than to bite at he the inhabitants of America suspected of any crime, of trying such persons Caswell was not true to the colony in any other way than by the ancient and was ready to lend himself as a and long-established course of proceeding, for how truly deplorable must be the case of a wretched Amer- | Harvey was willing to show the white ican who, having incurred the displeasure of any one in power, is dragged from his native home, and his dearest domestic connections, thrown into a prison, not to await his trial before a court, jury or judges, from a knowledge of whom he is encouraged to hope for speedy justice, but to exchange his imprisonment in his own country, for fetters among strangers, conveyed to a distant land, where no friend, no relation will alleviate his distress or minister to his necessities, and where no witnesses can be found to testify his innocence, shunned by the respectable and honest and conveyed to the society and converse of the wretched and abandoned, he can only pray that he may soon end his misery with

"Truly alarmed at the fatal tendency of these pernicious councils, and with hearts filled with anguish by such dangerous invasions of our

pers. The Americans, convinced by repeated failures that the ears of the King were deaf to their appeals, had begun their appeals to their British These resolutions caused consider.

able stir in the North Carolina world. When Tryon saw the journal he wrote to the House in white heat that they "have sapped the foundations of con-fidence and gratitude, have torn up by the roots every sanguine hope I entertained to render this province further service, if in truth I have rendered it any, and made it my indispensable duty to put an end to this session." To Lord Hillsborough he wrote: "I must confess the proceedings of the last Assembly have wounded my sensibility and, being dangerously ill at the time, conduct took advantage of the then weak state of my mind, and for that reason perhaps has made the deeper impression upon it. I wish I could say with Lord Botetourt that my prospect brightens. Confidence. Lord, that delicate polish in public transactions, has received an ugly scratch, and I fear we have no artists here who can restore it to its original perfection." Lord Hillsborough replied that the conduct of the Assemoly in adopting and concurring "measures and resolves so unbecoming and unwarrantable" gave

great concern" to his Majesty. But the friends of America were just as much pleased at the resolutions as her enemies were displeased. To oJhn Harvey Heury Eustace Mc-Culloh, the agent, wrote: "A letter from Mr. Pryor acquaints me of the dissolution of the late Assembly and of my appointment as agent. I am pleased to think the Assembly had virtue to deserve the first event; and I am sensible I am greatly to thank you for the second." Later he referred again to the subject in the following words: "The public papers and before His Majesty's courts held inform me of the proceedings your late Assembly. . . . In my opinion the

proceedings of your late Assembly have vindicated the honor of the province, and I pray God future assemblies may ever have the wisdom to see, virtue to assert, and courage to vindicate the just rights of themselves and their constituents." days later he wrote: "Your Governor (in my opinion) would have done wiser to have been less passionate; and had he been so I do not believe Lord Hillsborough has found out at last that dissolutions do no good." A sentence in McCulloh's letter of

ing position which John Harvey had now won in the province. Acknowlsacred person and government, and edged leader of the people, there reto be eech his royal interposition as mained no place in the administration of colonial North Carolina which he could now accept that could have been considered a political promotion for him. Says McCulloh: "For reasons you approve, I shall endeavor hard to get some of the yacant seats in the council filled by gentlemen from the northward. I may be wrong, but I at present conceive it would be a lessening of your dignity and weight to take one of them. Pray write me unreservedly on this A great many of the leadthe journal is a copy of the address ers of North Carolina had stepped up from the Assembly into the council; for Harvey alone it was suggested that the transfer, if it should come, would be a step down.

When the new Assembly met in

December, 1770, Richard Caswell was

elected Speaker. It has been frequently stated that the Assembly took this action because they anxious to placate Tryon and that treasonable practices against a statement is not only erroneous, persons concerned. It is an insinuation that the Assembly could stoop to the sacrifice of their leader to it is an insinuation that Richard peace offering at, the expense of his leader; it is an insinuation that John feather after having so arrogantly waved the red flag. There need to seek such a complicated explanation of the event: the simple truth is that John Harvey was at home sick when the Assembly convened and so a substitute had to be found. What better substitute for bold John Harvey could be found than the versatile Caswell? It may as well be said here that the relations between John Harvey and William Tryon were of a friendly and eyen a confidential nature and nothing more absurd than to suppose that he was sacrificed in order to placate

The session convened at a critical time in the history of the province. The Regulators were disturbing the peace of the province and were soon Whatever may be the sympathies of North Carolinians to-day, one thing is very certain, the Regulators received dearest privileges, we presume to scant sympathy from the people of

his friend.

The substance (as hearly as I can recollect from what he told me of it) was this—to enforce in effect, though not in express words, the riot act as it is in England—to empower the King's attorney or any o of the province, and if any person so prosecuted did not surrender in a limited time, that they (sic) should stand convicted and outlawed; - em powering, likewise, the Governor to take such draughts from the militia as he should think necessary to enforce the execution of the civil power. This bill, I believe, sir, you would have thought expedient, though severe, but desperate diseases must have desperate remedies. . . . Your absence, sir, at so critical a period is absence, sir, at so critical a period is much to be lamented, but yourself is (sic) equally to be pitted for the un-happy occasion, as your country for the unhappy effects of it." Another indication of Harvey's attitude is found in a letter from his friend, Mc-Culloh, to the famous Colonel Edmund Fanning, so severely abused by the Regulators, in which he refers to Harvey and two others as "our common friends." Tryon, too, con-fidently relied on, and seems to have.

received, Harvey's support in course toward the Regulators, To militia, he wrote, just before setting out from Newbern on his Alamance campaign: "Though I am apprehensive your situation lays too remote from the seat of the disturbances in this country to give government in time and aid to suppress the in-surgents, I, nevertheless, out of respect to you, take the liberty to in-form you that I propose the last week in next month to begin my march from Newbern to Orange county so as to be if possible the first week in May in the settlements of the in-surgents." He then adds that if Harvey can send a company of fifty men from Perquimans and Pasquotank counties he will be pleased to take them under his command, continu-"I take this opportunity to ing: thank you for your kind present to me the last winter. Wishing you a perfect 're-establishment of health, I am." etc. Then in a postscript he adds the following sentence: "I wish your son could command the company." The battle of Alamance followed.

after which William Tryon went to New York and Josiah Martin came to North Carolina. By this exchange New York lost and North Carolina' won, for the strongest of our colonial Governors was followed by the weakest, and over this weakling John Harvey and his colleagues had little difficulty in winning a series of important victories for civil and political liberty.

Bryan Didn't "Look Good." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When a stranger places his name on the hotal register, it behooves the clerk to show him every deference, just as much as if he were a known celebrity. No matter what town the guest puts down after his name, the clerk, if he is wise, will bear in mind that the stranger may at any moment get control of some delegation and become prominent while others sleep "I'll never forget the first time I met William Jennings Bryan," said Cashier Field at the Euclid yesterday, pendering over this thought, "Possibly Bryan would not remember me, as I didn't have my mustache then, but I remember that he came to the Planters, in St. Louis-I was clerk at that hotel theh-at he time of the Republican convention that nominated McKinley in '96. I didn't know him from a lead of wood, and he didn't know me any better. The place was chock full of people, guests sleeping seven and eight in a room. Well, this fellow who registered as W. J. Bryan didn't look extra good to me, and I told him he would

he occupied it along with saven Republicans. "It was only two months after that when Bryan came to the Planters again, but this time there was a 'We! come' over the door in electric lights

have to pay in advance. Of course, they all had to the way things were

then. I gave him a \$2.50 room, and

A Troublesome Comme ondon Chronicle

One more instance of the power of punctuation. play the very deuce. Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the Nanconformist ministry, and to wear no-saccerdotal garb. And he announced this intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my ing the words, "I shall That delightful fallow-Christians." comma made him the laughing stock of the university and the joy of the picture-shops, whose windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. X. Y. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow-Christians.

Thaw's Intellectual Range Durham Herald.

Thaw's record shows that he has no more sense than the average man needs, but anybody knows that he had sense enough not to do what he did do unless he thought he could get out of it.

Where Editor Donglass Erred. Durham Herald.

While The Industrial News was about it is should have found out who the combine had slated for the Greensboro posteffice.

Snowdrift Hogless Lard The Recognized Southern Standard of Superlative Quality and Guaranteed Purity