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SENATOR VANCE'S LETTER.

SENATE CHAMBER, June 23th, '90.

Elias Carr, Esq., President Farmers' Ailliance of North Carolina, Old Sparta, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—So many reports concerning my position on what is known as the Sub-Treasury or Farmers Warehouse bill have been circulated in our State, and I have received so many letters of enquiry on the subject, that I have deemed it my duty to answer them all in this way. I write to you as the board head of the Farmers' Alliance of North Carolina, and desire in this manner to make known to the people my honest opinion on this and cognate subjects. I do this all the more readily because I am conscious that I have never, in the course of my political life, concealed from the people who have honored me any candid conviction in regard to any important public matter. It is too late for me now to begin such a course.

On the 24th day of February, 1890, at the request of Col. L. L. Polk, President of the "N. F. Alliance and Industrial Union," I introduced in the Senate, bill 2806, popularly known as the Sub-Treasury bill, and procured its reference to the Committee on Agriculture and Fostery, where it was supposed that it would receive more friendly consideration than from the Committee on Finance to which it would otherwise have gone according to the rules. On receiving it I told both Col. L L. Polk and Dr. McLaune, the Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Alliance, that I was not prepared to promise them to support the bill; that it was a great and radical departure from the accustomed policy of our legislation, and that there were questions both of practicability and constitutionality which I wished to reserve. I told them also, that I hoped for good results from its introduction, and believed that its discussion would attract the attention of the country to the condition and the wants of the agricultural classes, and if this bill was not deemed the proper one some other would be formulated in the direction of the needed relief. I procured an early consideration of the bill by the committee, and a very able and most interesting discussion by Messrs. Polk and Macune was had. But so far without result. The committee has not yet made a report, though I am assured that a majority of its members are anxiously seeking to devise a method of relief which shall not be open to the objections of that bill.

My own proposition remains the same. I cannot support this bill in its present shape. But I am not opposed to the principle and purposes of the measure. On the contrary, they are those which I have for ten years advocated, and for the accomplishment of which I have in every county in North Carolina again and again urged the organization of farmers, pointing out to them how that all other classes of society were organized for the promotion of their separate interests. It is a shameful truth, that in the enormous growth of the wealth of our country in the last twenty years, the farmers have not proportionately participated. All candid men admit that they have not had their share of the aggregate prosperity of our country. The reason of this is as plain to be seen as any cause for any effect. For a quarter of a century the legislation of our country has been notoriously in the interest of certain combinations of capital. The manufacturers have been protected by enormous duties upon foreign imports, many of which are absolutely prohibitory. The currency has been systematically contracted by the withdrawal of circulation and the demonitization of silver in the interest of the bankers, brokers, bondholders and all the creditor class. In this way the inevitable results have been produced. The enorm us wealth of our country has more and more ceased to be widely distributed and has become concentrated in the hands of a few. Overgrown fortunes have been accumulated by the favored ones, while mortgages have been the chief acquisition of the many. The farmer being compelled to sell his surplus wheat, beef and cotton in free trade markets of the world, was not allowed also to buy his supplies in the same place, but was compelled to bring his money home from Europe and buy his iron, his clothing and all his farm supplies from the domestic manufacturers at prices enhanced not only by these enormous tariff duties, but likewise by the severe contraction of the currency. What else could possibly have followed but indebtedness and bankruptcy for that class who had thus to bear the ultimate burdens caused by this disturbance of the laws of economy, and by which alone the undue riches of one class was secured?

All efforts to secure the repeal of this outrageous taxation and to restore the full use of silver as money, having so far proved unavailing, reasonable men are not surprised that the oppressed class of our people have at last organized and determined to do something. For one I sympathize most cordially and sincerely with this determination. Inasmuch as it is possible to compensate the farmer for the robbing of him under this tariff taxation by imposing tariff duties for his benefit—also for the reason that similar products to his are not imported into this country—the question arises, how shall he be compensated? If some way be not devised and we continue to impose these tariff taxes on him, we simply admit that he is to be oppressed forever or until he is sent to the poor house; and that whilst we have power under the Constitution to destroy by taxation one class of citizens, we have neither the power nor the disposition to compensate that destroyed class, nor to equalize the burdens of life among the people. I never will agree to this, and I stand ready to vote for any measure for the relief of the agricultural classes of the community that will serve the purpose, asking only that it be within the power conferred upon Congress by the Constitution. We live, happily for us, in a government of limited powers, but because, as I believe, the present tariff duties are utterly unconstitutional, and but "robbery under the forms of law." I can not gain my consent to vote for this Sub-Treasury bill which provides for the loaning of money to the people by the government, and which, in my opinion, is without constitutional authority. I believe, however, under that clause of the Constitution which gives Congress the power to regulate commerce with foreign countries and among the States, and others established elsewhere as well, for the reception of domestic articles, intended for exportation for sale in other States, and that the government could be made to receive these articles and issue receipts therefor upon which the holder could readily borrow money. This, I believe, would answer every purpose contemplated by the Sub-Treasury plan except that of borrowing money at a special cheap rate. However this may be, I know, my dear sir, that neither you nor the good and true men you represent would ask me to infringe in any way upon the organic law of our country, in the faithful observance of which alone consists the safety of our people.

Permit me to say that there is at this time a great responsibility resting upon you. There is an uprising of the agricultural classes of our people, the most powerful class of our society, which amounts to little short of a revolution. This revolution is directed towards a redress of the evils arising from unjust legislation. You are the chosen head and representative of that class in the State of North Carolina, one of its most honored and respected citizens. I feel, sir, with the freedom of a friend and fellow worker of the same political faith, I may say to you that you may do much to prevent this popular cry for redress from becoming a clamor for revenge. Guided within the proper channels, I believe it is the movement for which all patriotic men in our country have waited and wished so long, and that it will result in juster legislation and more equally diffused prosperity. But if recklessly, unwisely or selfishly directed, it may result in incalculable injury to our country and especially our Southern portion of it.

I notice with pain that much of the ill feeling of the farmers is directed, not against the authors and upholders of this nefarious legislation, but against their nearest neighbors and friends—those whose interests are as intimately connected with their own as is that of members of the same household. I observe that bitter feeling is springing up between town and country—between the farmer who brings his product to town and the merchant who buys it and in return sells him his daily supplies—that often the farmer is taught to believe that the lawyer, the doctor or the professional man is hostile to him or is in some way responsible for the ills which he suffers. I need not say to you that this is all wrong, unwise and hurtful to a degree to all concerned. It sapps the strength of the people and weakens their power to procure redress. We need everybody's help, because our oppressors are a great party entrenched in the strongholds of the government. Naturally the redress of wrongs occasioned by unjust legislation is the repeal of that legislation. The great Democratic party of America, now in a large numerical majority, but deprived of the control of the government by the most unscrupulous methods, openly and almost with unanimity, favors the repeal of all the legislation of which you complain. A little strengthening of its hands, and but a little, will enable it to triumph. Its triumph will be yours. A little sapping of its strength, a little diversion in its ranks, will be its defeat again. Its defeat will likewise be yours. The danger is that oppressed freemen become impatient and impatient men are often unwise. Your great organization is but little more than too years old—it is not yet grown. It cannot look for great harvest of result before the sowing and maturing of the crop. Already wonderful things have been achieved. Venerable legislators, life-long servants of corporations and Wall street policy have already come to know that there is a large class of the American people called farmers and who have rights and privileges like others. No greater shock for years past has been given to the sleek and comfortable recipients of class legislation that the recent passage through the Senate of the bill to restore the unlimited coinage and legal tender character of silver. This was undoubtedly due to the Farmers' Alliance. For the past six months there has been more discussion upon the condition of the farmers and matters pertaining to their interests than had taken place in 20 years previous. The more of this talk the better for the farmers. Their wrongs are so palpable that the justice of redressing them will become more and more irresistable as the light is turned on. The policy of the farmers, being now right, is to keep within the right. Demand nothing that is illegal, ask nothing that is unreasonable. Especially, it seems to me they should be careful not to injure their friends.

They should hold their forces in hand ready to rid those who favor them and to strike those only who are hostile to their purposes and principles. To attempt to make a political party of the Farmers' Alliance for the purpose of supplanting either of the great parties who divide the American people would be a great mistake. In the South it could only destroy the Democratic party and leave in undisputed control that other party which is the author and upholder of the evils by which we are afflicted. By your own rules you exclude from membership a majority of the community, and for that reason, alone, you should not undertake to become a political party. I see many indications of that tendency which give me much concern. In the neighboring state of South Carolina there is a contest raging which, as it looks to me, can only have the result of putting that State back under African rule. This, too, among men who profess to agree upon all matters of principle. Let us hope that we may avoid such dangerous and unseemly contests in our State. I trust much to you, my dear sir, and to the conservatism, good sense, moderation and patriotism of the farmers of North Carolina, to avoid the taking of any position or the doing of any thing that would prevent the Democrats who are in the Alliance and the Democrats who are not in the Alliance from working together for principles which are common and interests which are general, with that harmony which so triumphantly brought us out of the house of bondage in the period from 1870 to 1876, and which has in so great a measure restored our State to a reasonable degree of prosperity and credit. Let us not imitate the conduct of the Jews when their sacred city was beseiged by the Roman armies, who fought their enemies with incredible valor all day and fought each other with incredible fury all night. Let us strive for a reduction of taxation on the necessaries of life—for a reduction of the expenditures of the government—for an increase of the currency and the price of farm products by the free coinage of silver and the restoration of its full legal tender character—for a repeal of the tax upon State banks—for the regulation of transportation rates by railroad commissions, and last but not least, let us earnestly contend against that spirit of centralization which is constantly threatening to absorb the local self-government of the people of the States.

Very truly yours,

Z. B. VANCE.

1111 OGDEN ST., PHIL. PA.
Mch. 28, 1889.

MR. RADAM:

Dear Sir—Had a violent attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism, which was promptly any quickly cured by your Microbe Killer. I used flannel bandages around the limbs and arms wet with it, besides using it internally.

MRS. B. T. JENNEY,

For sale by Dr. J. B. Clifton.

A melon trust is to be formed.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for it. For sale at Furman's drug store.

For weak back, chest pains, and a Dr. J. H. McLean's Wonderful Healing plaster.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

WHAT THE WITTY WRITERS OF THE WORLD ARE SAYING.

An Indian ought to be easy to shoot. You can always get a bead on him.

What a place for whist a Turkish bath must be. You can get a "rubber" so easily.

Kidnappers, keep away from Matanzas. They hanged three of you there recently.

All tongues but Russian have been suppressed in Finland. Of course, women's tongues are excepted.

Now a five thousand-year-old will has been discovered which Pharaoh made. Faro to-day spares the need of making a will.

Sam Jones is going to shake the Philadelphia feathers. Philadelphia chicken are hereby warned to look out for the shakes.

Poor Mwanga, the Arabs have again turned on him, but why don't he change his name? It's all they can have against him.

Be careful about your conduct towards cats. A Virginia man hit one, was bitten in return and death completed the catastrophy.

A good-looking girl when asked to give bail for her appearance said: "You can gamble on my appearance being what it ought to be."

A Mifflin (Pa.) young man broke his eighty-year-old uncle's skull in a dispute over a fence. Moral—Uncles and nephews should not miff even in mifflin.

Staten Island women complain of being terrorized by a monkey, which peeps in at their windows nights. And yet there are doubters of Darwin's theory.

Popinjay—They say that Mrs. Bigsby makes things hot for her husband.

Dempsey (who has breakfasted with Bigsby)—That certainly doesn't apply to his coffee.

An old soldier applied for a pension. He had been injured at a battle. On examination it was found that he was injured. He ran away so hard that he hurt himself.

"And this is where you teach the young idea how to shoot?" remarked the visitor to the pretty schoolma'am.

"Yes, sir," she replied; "we teach trigger-nometry here."

Here is a compliment. Four Frenchmen have honored America by writing to the Bridgeport Suicide Club asking for information and permission to form a branch organization in Paris.

Madge—Oh, isn't that a bull?

Charlie—Yes, but you needn't be afraid so long as I'm with you.

Madge—I'm afraid you won't be with me long if he comes this way.

Mrs. Fangle—Stanley complains that he cannot get married.

Mr. Fangle—Lucky dog!

Mrs. Fangle—What's that?

Mr. Fangle—I said he was to be pitied.

"You may charge this," said Jaysmith, indicating a watch he had selected.

"You seem to mistake it for a gun," replied the jeweller, as he placed it back in the case.

"To-morrow is Bronson's birthday. I say, fellows, let's send him a phonograph."

"Do you think he'd like it?"

"Like it? Did you ever know of a man who was fonder of hearing himself talk than Bronson?"

Mr Tammy—We can't wait for saints to fill our offices. Andy; because death precedes canonization.

Mr. McMump—True enough; but you've got the argument at the wrong end. Only a man's life can merit it!

"Now, children, who was the strongest man?" asked the Sunday school Superintendent.

"John L. Samson!" yelled a little fellow whose knowledge of sacred and profane history was somewhat mixed.

Aunt (just arrived on a visit and producing presents for the children)—To whom shall I give this little organ? Papa (sighing)—Better give that to little Frank. Aunt—Why so? Papa—Because he will break it the quickest.

English Lord (to a younger son)—It is time, Clarence, that you was thinking about a career.

Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I take orders, study for the bar, enter the army, or marry an American?

Foreman (to editor)—Here's a column and a half to fill, and there's nothing but a galley of "pi" left. What shall I do about it?

Editor—Run it in and head it: "A New Negro Dialect Story, by a Northern Author."

Lisle Thread vs. Silk.

In one of St. Paul's palatial apartment-houses lives a young widow—one of those willowy blondes, with brown eyes warranted to kill at 100 yards. The next time she has occasion to appear in full dress she will probably wear a pair of gloves which she won from a well-known gentleman who has apartments on the same floor. The gentleman came home one afternoon, and as he passed along the hall to his rooms he saw through the half-opened door of the fair one's room a sight that caused him to stop and exclaim, "What on earth are you doing?" The lady stepped to the door and explained that a new dress had just been sent home and that she had placed her mirror down on the floor so that she could see how the dress looked as she walked past.

"Looks all right," said he.

"That's all you know about it," said the widow. "In the first place, it doesn't hang well behind; there is a certain satisfaction and peace of mind to a woman who knows that her dress hangs well behind that the comforts of religion do not give. But the greatest fault with it is that it is so short that I am almost ashamed to wear it."

"That's so, it is awfully short," he said, looking down at the widow's graceful ankles as she moved around behind a chair. "But I always did admire those embroidered Lisle thread"—

"You don't know what you're talking about; they're not Lisle thread, and you have nothing to base an opinion on except your too fertile imagination."

"Well, I never worked in a dry-goods store, but I'll just bet you a pair of gloves that I am right, and that they are Lisle thread."

"And you won't ever tell a living soul if I show you that you are wrong?"

"Never! upon my honor."

"Well, come in and close the door, but remember that I trust you to be honorable in this and never breathe a word of it. And if I satisfy you that you are wrong I am to have a pair of eight-button white gloves."

"Yes, yes; that's all right," he answered impatiently, thinking it would be a good bet if he lost.

Walking demurely to a dressing-case, she opened the upper drawer and said:

"I bought three pairs yesterday: here are the other two and you see they are silk, not Lisle thread, and that they have just a little line up the side instead of embroidery."

"But I thought you were going to"——

"Sir! There are some subjects upon which you have no right to think. Never mind what you thought," she continued, as she held the door open for her caller's exit. "Just utilize your thinker in remembering that you owe me a pair of gloves."

Don't Turn Gas Too Low.

Many persons have a dangerous practice of allowing the gas to burn dimly all night long while they are asleep. If the gas is to be kept burning at all, it should for safety's sake be left blazing fairly high; for when the flame is reduced to the faint blue spark, the least diminution in pressure at the works will cause this to go out, and when the pressure is renewed the gas, of course, escapes steadily into the room, to the possible injury of all its inmates. A night lamp should be used, if light is necessary, or a fair blaze so shaded as not to fall upon the faces of the sleepers. A whole family were nearly killed recently through keeping a live light too low to survive the lapse of pressure soon after midnight.

How They Carried a Million.

Two men walked rapidly down Wall street recently, and entered one of the prominent banking institutions. They were sturdy, heavy-set men. One carried a small, black satchel. Both kept their eyes roaming from side to side. I followed them into the bank. The man with the satchel sat down, dropping the bag carelessly on the floor. The other went into the receiving teller's inclosure, reached down into his breast pocket and extracted a package of bills. These were hastily counted, and the two strangers left. The teller jammed the bills into an envelope, sealed it, and pitched it into a safe, afterward closing the door in a perfunctory manner. The entire transaction occupied less than two minutes. Then the teller turned to me and said,—

"How much money do you think was in that package?"

"Why, about five hundred dollars."

"Yes, and a little more. It contained one million four hundred and forty-odd thousand."

"You don't mean it!"

"Yes," he said, showing his memoranda. "You see, it's nearly all in ten thousand dollar bills. There is not great danger in carrying notes of that denomination, because, except here in New York, they are so seldom used that suspicion would at once be directed toward any one who attempted to negotiate them."

One thing still puzzled me.

"What did the messenger have in the satchel?"

"Nothing but a half brick. The satchel is carried as a blind, to throw any possible thief off the track.

An Extraordinary Recovery.

A servant boy was sent to a jeweller's with a valuable ring. On the way he took it out of its box to admire, and, passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been servant. One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew the stick, the ring was on the end of the stick.

McKinley neglected to pay his respects to ice in the tariff. And yet ice is now being imported into New York from Norway. Two cargoes arrived there Sunday. Some of the huge trans-Atlantic steamships should collar one of these big ice bergs now loose in the Atlantic and tow it into port. It might prove a good speculation.

FREQUENTLY accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

Chicago is to have a rapid transit railway.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption cure. For sale by Furman.

Jokes about plumbers should always be well leaded.

If you have a painful sense of fatigue, find your duties irksome, take Dr J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will brace you up, make you strong and vigorous.

Germany took the lead as the country of syndicates in 1889.

To allay pains, subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers the most prompt and satisfactory results are obtained by using that old reliable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

Saved by a scratch—Your "Uncle's" signature to a check.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's cure. We guarantee it. For sale at Furman's drug store.

The dollar you take in is a dwarf; the one you pay out is a giant.

When you are constipated, have headache, or loss of appetite, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pillets; they are pleasant to take and will cure you.

"How are you coming on?" inquired the man of his wet boot.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale at Furman's drug store.

The importation of American potatoes into Spain is prohibited.

Shiloh's consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. For sale at Furman's drug store.

Harvard and Columbia are to shorten the college course to three years.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by Furman.

"Ah, you made me tired," as wagon wheel said to the blacksmith.

Shiloh's Vitilizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price $1 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale at Furman's drug store.

The man who is continually looking for an easy place will always have a hard one.

You cannot accomplish any work or business unless you feel well. If you feel used up—tired out—take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla. It will give you health, strength and vitality.

Taylors say the fast man is pretty slow about paying up.

If you suffer from any affection caused by impure blood, such as scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, tetter ringworm, take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

James Whitcomb Riley's poems bring him twenty-five to fifty dollars each. In the early days of his verse-making he was glad to get a tenth of these sums for his poems.

BUCKLINS 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 cure piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

How the tobacco habit is spreading—even horses smoke after a hard run.

A SCRAP OF PAPER SAVES HER LIFE.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians she was incurable and could only live but a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, roseplump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottle of this wonderful Discovery free at W. H. Furman's Drug Store.

Cotton factories are being projected and built in the South, by Northern capital, and the number of saw mills and ice factories going up are too numerous to mention.

Diptheria is dangerous when it gets among our little ones, but there is no danger if you give them Radam's Microbe Killer. It never fails to cure, and as a preventative it is sure.

For sale by Dr. J. B. Clifton.

Endorsed by the Press.

"For several months past the readers of this paper have seen each week special reading notices showing the wonderful cures effected by Swift's Specific, better known as S. S. S., and in the face of such testimony we are ready to say that in all the world there is not so good a blood medicine as this remedy. The cures are simply miraculous, and if any of our readers are afflicted with any of the blood diseases that it is known so effectually to cure, why do they not give S. S. S. a trial. The company who makes the remedy is one of the largest patent medicine firms in the United States, and are heartily endorsed the leading men of Atlanta and Georgia."—Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.

Swift Specific Co.
Atlanta, Ga.

You haven't got much religion if you praise the Lord only when you feel like it.

A small investment when health can be obtained should be no consideration, and Radam's Microbe Killer will surely kill the microbes, and when that is done you cannot be sick. For sale by Dr. J. B. Clifton.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE

Read the following: Mr C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says:

"Was down with abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in the best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at W. H. Furman Jr's Drugstore

Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

The reason Radam's Microbe Killer is the most wonderful medicine, is because it has never failed in any instance, no matter what the disease, from LEPROSY to the simplest disease known to the human system.

The scientific men of to-day claim and prove that every disease is

CAUSED BY MICROBES,

AND

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malaria Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every Disease known to the Human System

Beware of Fraudulent Imitations.

See that our Trade-Mark (same as above) appears on each jug.

Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer," given away by

Dr. J B CLIFTON Druggist, Agt.

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